

Post-
Apocalyptic
Crackerverse
Hypothesis

Devon
McGillis



DIRIGIBLES of DENALI
PSEUDONYMOUS CHAPBOOK*
(vol. 5)

*Anonymous Chapbook Project

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"Post-Apocalyptic Crackerverse Hypothesis"
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POST-APOCALYPTIC CRACKERVERSE HYPOTHESIS

Devon McGillis

What is There

By Fabian Hogarth Lloyd

When I was asked to write the forward to this book of poetry, I had no idea where to begin, and my first impulse ended up being the most soluble choice. I had originally considered the mantra my mentor, the poet and art critic, James Yeoman, used to tell us all the time, “Describe what is there. Then talk about it some more.”

What is there? Don’t put your own spin on it. Just state what is known, not your interpretation of it. Don’t break it down, don’t deconstruct layers and provide your own set of meanings. They are always predetermined by one’s worldviews anyways. What is there? Talk about it some more.

And that is what I will do. I will describe what is there. I will give meanings in a descriptive style, and assess the works on those terms. Before I begin however, you should know that I do not watch the *Dirigibles of Denali* TV show regularly. When students send me links to “A Poem by Peach” segments from the show, I will watch them about half the time. It is not that I am uninterested, they are usually quite entertaining and I enjoy watching poetry being read to a mainstream audience on prime time television as a matter of duty, being a poet myself. It is that those segments seem extemporaneous and predictable. I know this is my education level influencing me. It is my bias. However, I cannot let that affect the critical analysis of a body of work that is worth reading regardless of my reservations with reality television shows.

This is the poetry of Devon “Peach” McGillis, a dirigible pilot made famous for his role in *Dirigibles of Denali*, a reality television show produced by Nat Geo and set in Alaska. Peach’s crew flies the Koliak, a Peregrine Air Daddy airship that runs supplies between the many domed cities of Alaska. The Koliak crew was brought onto the program after a couple of seasons to “spice up” the show and increase viewership as the scientific missions run by the crew of the Nelvana were beginning to alienate American viewers who wanted to see things like people weeping in isolate loser desperation and the eating of raw offal to win immunity for the week.

Peach is the nickname given to Devon by his brother Drexel, when they were children. It a shortened version of the nickname his mother called him, “Peach Pie”, and eventually Peach became the name he would use to introduce himself to others. He has decided to use his given name, Devon McGillis, for this collection of poetry.

The “A Poem by Peach” segments, directed by noted filmmaker Mandy Gage have become a thing of legend online, as well as a staple of comic absurdity on *Dirigibles of Denali*. Peach suffers from a touch of inventiveness and an unnerving and completely non-ironic ‘white savior’ complex, to use the parlance of online “call-out” culture. Peach was raised in a middle class family, completed a Master’s degree in Comparative Literature from Rutgers University and loves the works of JRR Tolkien, Deadpool comic books and the music of the Beastie Boys. Apart from flying dirigibles between domed cities in Alaska, he is unexceptional and immediately unremarkable. As they say online, he has ‘Mormon face’.

This book of poems is entitled *Post-Apocalyptic Crackerverse Hypothesis*, and is comprised of three poetry chapbooks, written for and read on the *Dirigibles of*

Denali program. The three books, in their chronological order, are entitled *Previously on Friggerock* (2016), *Fimbrethil Upwind* (2017) and *Post-Apocalyptic Crackerverse Hypothesis* (2018), which is the larger title of this collection. They each come from separate seasons of *Dirigibles*, and are the things Peach was obsessing over as those seasons progressed.

Previously on Friggerock was composed during the final year of the Obama presidency, and focuses on the Peach's obsession with repurposing white nationalist memes. The title is derived from the term ORION ("Our Race is Our Nation"), used by white nationalists online as shorthand for their racial superiority. Peach has taken this term and replaced it with 'Friggerock', the Norse name for Orion's Belt, which the Vikings saw as Frigg's distaff, a sewing implement rather than the belt of a demi-god. For those unfamiliar with it, Frigg is Odin's wife in Norse mythology. Here, Friggerock is repurposed as a metaphor for the white nationalist themes explored in Peach's poetry. Other terms include *kek*, a translation of "LOL" in *World of Warcraft*, as it is spelled in Trollish; *cuck*, short for cuckold, a common put down in the community; and *cosmic latte*, a reference to the actual average color of the universe according to science, but on websites like reddit and 4chan it represents something that is 'purposefully multicultural'.

Fimbrethil Upwind is the second book in this collection. Fimbrethil is the only named entwife in JRR Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. The entwives are female ents (Tolkien's tree people), but look more like plants than trees, and they taught humans how to farm in the Middle Earth. Fimbrethil is the lost betrothed of Fangorn (Treebeard). In their adventures together, Treebeard tells the hobbits that the entwives were lost and the last known place they were seen was in the Brown Lands of Middle Earth. Peach has imagined these entwives living in a trailer park on the edge of some random American somewhere, occasionally sounding like a trailer park alone on the tundra, or in more southern climes. He also explores his trademark love of comic book heroes in these poems. Many of the poems are autobiographical, and are the closest he gets to emotional attachments to the thematic material. Tolkien never offered an explanation as to what became of the entwives, and in a letter to a friend at the end of his life conceded that they had probably died. It is one of the unresolved elements in the Tolkienverse.

The final chapbook, *Post-Apocalyptic Crackerverse Hypothesis*, finds Peach attempting several new formats for writing poetry, such as found and concrete poetry, to various levels of success, all on the themes of white rappers and the diverse assortment of cracker types. "Table Water Rap Battle" and "Tetromino Rap Snow" are his best examples of this format coming together successfully. He also explores themes of piracy, an apocalypse reminiscent of HG Wells' *War of the Worlds*, and the mysterious suicide that occurred when he was a child growing up in Anchorage, where an unidentified naked white man ran through the Mountain View neighborhood one day, shimmied up the flagpole outside of the McDonald's and jumped to his death.

That is what is there. And then I talked about it some more.

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Post-Apocalyptic Crackerverse Hypothesis

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Cracker Addenda

PREVIOUSLY ON FRIGGEROCK

Brunch

Brunch

An ancient tradition

When our people were the

Pale mutant kings

On a new continent

Benedict, Frittata, Destiny

Mimosa, Home Fries, Sausage Gravy

Somewhere in the Frigging Suburbs

Somewhere in the frigging suburbs
We hear the thunder
Ride the lightning
Meet the Earth

We will not have to water the lawn
This day

Perhaps
Never again forever

As we lay out on the couch
Under the banner of heaven

Ghost Mayonnaise

Your smile—
Ghost mayonnaise from a simpler time

When the hoarfrost
And powdered sugar
And sea salt
And marshmallow fluff
Went unnoticed
Because of the superior complexion

Of our two-backed beast

Vanilla Dreaming

Vanilla Dreaming
In the Wawa
Parking lot

Doing whip-its
And waiting for
Hunter
To come back with snacks

Big Gulp

Sharing 64 oz. of Mountain Dew
After our third or fourth date
I can't remember which

We saw it
One last time
Before
It went out of the theaters
Forever

After taking a big gulp,
"It is really important to have our own things."

Cosmic Latte I

Existentially
We are the color of coming together (a technicality)
Or everything-ness, ur-uh,
Or the light of the universe, something like that

It is one of those
I don't know
The right way to say it

Whichever one is the same as
"The most perfect"

From a prism
We emerged
Albinos who
Became
Alternative gods

Not that *cosmic latte* shit
They tell you about
In school

Cosmic Latte II

They say
Cosmic latte is
The average color
Of the universe

It is beige
And that is
Underwhelming
To say the least

I prefer Mother of Pearl,
Cold ivory and delicious bone

Cosmic latte is
The universe trying
Too hard
To make everyone happy

It didn't used to be
This
Way.
Like this.
All beige.

To be evil

We invented evil
The same way we invented everything else:

Creative visualization

Then lots
And lots
And lots
Of killing—and other stuff too

Until the patent expires,
Or we get bored.
No one had thought
To be evil
Before that

Just us

Heirloom Vegetables

White asparagus in
The garden I always forget to water.
I can't remember what else I was supposed to plant there,
What was allowed—Or where we kept the seeds.

Someone came in the night
Stinking of strawberry milk
And menthol cigarettes
And something about freedom—
Loud knees.

Rather blame them
Than look it up.

“Siri, what do white people eat?”

I am making a motherfucking grocery list.

Office Microwave

Our beautiful, achromatic people
Used to leave a trail of scorched earth
And did not dabble in leftovers

Now, however,
Some actually do take the rest of it to go

They wrap it up and open it later
While they are watching *Friends*
Or telling stories about the other day
At the Gap, Old Navy, Jamba Juice,

Hot Topic

Bed, Bath and
Beyond

When the dead came back to life
Still frozen in some spots

Toby Keith gets stuck in my head
And I just nod like I told someone,
“Yes, please proceed.”

Toilet Paper

I do not know if we really invented using toilet paper,
But it feels like we did,
Not like we copied it after we seen some
Neanderthals do it.

I hope.

We need the technological superiority on this one.

It is crucial.

Another thing about Neanderthals

Another thing about Neanderthals
Is that they had
Super high-pitched voices—
Very trill, like the most grating Monty Python characters,
Brows.
Kissy Lips.
Monkey breathed.
They couldn't whisper.

Always giving their positions away

Eurasia was pretty easy
To take from them

Something Else

Something else we used to say about
Neanderthals, is that
Maybe they were here first
Or there first, whatever

And that is how we

Google it, or Ask Jeeves
If you are a time traveler

Smoked them

Neanderthal culture

Was based on biological misprision

We smoked them out of their caves

Because they were dreaming about our women

That dick

Almost all of America's original superheroes would be called "alt-right"
By today's standards, except for Captain America—
That dick.

He isn't even one of us anymore
Just some hoser

Ubu Cuck paints a picture

Beyond the pale
Of national rebirth

A reawakening from the slumber
Of several suspended generations

One after the other
In a working snooze-fest

Ubu Cuck paints a picture
Of Pepe Longstocking

Hard to discern if it is in the nude
Or *en plein air*

The surrealist standard frog from
The Rolling Hills of Brechtopia, Isle of Cack,

World of Warcraft,
Hanging Gardens of Bologna

Shit on the stick
White in their eyes

The taste of copper
The smell of balls

Clouds in a clear blue sky
Traveling on land by sea

Following carrots into
The multicultural goo

Tasting Menu

I am not aware of the name
Of the last tribe in Europe
To practice cannibalism

Perhaps there will be a reveal
When Jesus comes back

A tasting menu
Of our enemies

We dip ranch

When we are kings
Not these kek-puppets covering our eyes
And humming the national anthem

Perched on the dais
Eating chicken strips from a basket

We dip ranch

Our Nation

On noticing a hair in the salad,
Raising serious concerns about hygiene,
I asked the waiter for
Our check that
Night

"R.O.U.S.'s," she said.
"I don't believe they exist," he said.

Needless to say,
Our server then
Insisted on
Refilling the water in
Our glasses

Even though we were already leaving

Starting in the Mediterrarium

Starting in the Mediterrarium
Blanca and Orion, or
Frigg and Odin, if you like,
Would on occasion run
From each other at full speed
All over the world
Their eyes closed tight
Feeling the world with their hands
Until they found the bleeding edge
Like spilling milk across a table
Gravity warping them as they fall off—
Everything on the perimeter
Looks a little off-brand
It gets harder to stand up right,
Buildings built diagonally,
At the nevering corner—
Where you are sprinting just to stay still
Holding your breath in burnt meat space
Hands in your pockets
Or fingers in your ears
Licking water dripping up the lip

Hydrostatic Equilibrium

When an object gathers enough mass,
Gravity pulls everything together
Making a sphere.

This is called hydrostatic equilibrium,
And is one of the defining characteristics of planets.

So I guess that means Earth is not a planet
Just some spinning record
Full of gobshites and crackers

Raptor Jesus

The Raptor Jesus meme
Is supposed to make us feel like crap
For believing that dinosaurs walked with him—

I feel nothing but pride.

White Privilege

Most of God's preferred race
Still need to use spell check
To write *white privilege*

We know you know how to spell it

You have mentioned it before.
Several times.
Probably had to use spell check your first time too.

Understand

Woke up the other morning
And decided
It was finally time to purchase
An F-150

I need it for stuff.
You wouldn't understand.

Sometimes when Calvin kneels and prays to the cross
He starts to cry, real intense like—
Soon the whole world is under
His lachrymose flood

Rising, rising

And people start drowning,
Soon, they will need to send in the National Guard.
That's how hard that boy prays to Jesus.

White History Month

We need to talk about the funny thing
That happened on the way to the quarry

The things we invented,
Like the *spongia*, or the constellations,

It is not you—it is me, and
We have to—

These cock robins are telling our stories to each other

European Football

You say Eurocentric
Like it is a bad thing
I say it knowing full
Well what it means

Vikings
Cowboys
Steelers
Buccaneers

Previously on Friggerock

Previously on Friggerock
Some see a belt
Others a distaff

The universe is a thumb drive
Left in a grimy computer
In a public access library
Somewhere in West Virginia
With only one document on it,

A PowerPoint entitled
“Whiteness is a Fundamental State of Matter”

They were having a hard time finding images to go with it
And decided to give up
Without properly saving their work

Orion's Belt

Alnitak, Alnilam and Mintaka
At the end
Of it all
From the
Thornborough Hedges
To the Jell-O Belt proper

Alnitak, Alnilam and Mintaka
Undoing buckles
Kicking off shoes, socks:
Penny loafers, Doc Martins,

New Balance,
Crocs

Naked
Apart from a beige Members Only
Jacket,
Barely zipped
Staring up into the night sky

Counting meteorites

In the Realm of Supergiants

In the Realm of Supergiants
There is going to be a pillow fight
Or a gun battle, or a race war,
Or a standoff with the Feds

Maybe a hostage situation

Great white sharks will be
Beheaded

Sunday Gravy
Funeral Potatoes

Jesus making a return to the ring
Wearing his oversized wrestling championship belt

And on it reads:
“Alnitak, Alnilam and Mintaka at the end of it all.”

FIMBRETHIL UPWIND

White Asparagus

A baby universe
Experienced periodically
In the moments
I was home sick
And you watched me
And made sure I ate
Grilled cheese sandwiches
With three pickle chips
And Pringles Cheese-ums

There were soap operas
From the Brown Lands
And weird game shows
And people talking about
“Forgiveness” and “who is the father?”

I watched you from under that
Flayed quilt, stained with ketchup

My skin the color
Of never being outside
Made perfect by God
And glorified in the dark

Me, your little
White asparagus

Fimbrethil Upwind

Fimbrethil upwind
Startling wild flowers
Just peaking out,
Above the grass line

Where the old
Baseball field used
To be

Lupine and geranium
In the spring
Fireweed, monk's hood
By the end
Of summer

Sitting together in
The dugout
Holding hands.
Waiting.

Things we couldn't figure out

Things we couldn't figure out
After they left the trailer park:

How to make tomatoes
How to turn tomatoes into lasagna
Why the windows creak at night

Everything else fell away
But these things

I bet they used some sort of
Witchcraft to make
Those tomatoes grow
On the far side of the backyard
Near the tire swings

For every potted plant

For every potted plant
Laying broken on a porch,
Or under a window sill

(Wind, or neglect, or maybe
An accident)

There was a tender voice
Attached to helpful hands
That once looked into the face of
The beautiful unknown everything

The Entwives and the Apocalypse

When

The entwives
Come back from
Their travels

Just in time
To hear about how the
Whole world will end—

Turns out:

Quantum nucleation,
Previously considered to
Be a long shot

Quantum Nucleation

The preacher said
It would be quick
And we wouldn't feel it
Happen.

Just wake up in heaven,
Where the laws of physics
Could never get in.

The Night We Noticed They Were Gone

I am convinced
It was because she was
Sick of watching
Those shitty
Superhero movies
All the time

Just wanted a turn to pick something else

Also—
It was while we were playing
Hide and go seek

I remember, there was
Mr. Fantastic, Human
Torch, The Thing and
Invisible Woman

Deadpool in the Trailer Park

Not entirely clear
On how the “Classics”
Get decided

But I find it highly suspect
That it does not include
The collected works of
Rob Liefeld

From the New Mutants
To X-Force,
Youngblood, Prophet,
Cable and Deadpool,
Deathstroke,
Hawkman and Dove,
And then back again

Seriously—you never like
What real people like

Just dance to that
Sexy sour cream music
Telling me to “run go hide” —

That you would come find me

For a while,
I hid behind the rhubarb
That comes back every year,
Then wiped the midnight off
And went back inside

Potluck of the Water-Breathing Nuts

They say there are megalomaniacal nuts
Living under the ice up there—
Breathing the water

That sounds travel chitter
On that moon's floor

We brought bagel bites,
Still frozen

Just as asked

Filipino Spaghetti

On occasion she would bring over
Filipino spaghetti

I felt the sugar echo in my teeth
Just looking at it

The bright red neon clown blood
Hot dogs cut into little discs—
Butthole and giggle arcade tokens
Kissing the banana sauce

Pinoy Bolognese

Milt Sacs

He really liked
To dipnet reds,
And would eat
The milt sacs
Right out of the males,
After we rubbed
That black goop
Out of their spines

We used to imitate
The sucking sound
He made when he did
That

Where she put her weed

Singing the name
Of his sweetheart
Into an abandoned anthill,
Gently used spider web,
Hibernaculum still warm

Whispering it to stalagmites,
Sleeping vampire bats,
Earthworms on rain-soaked concrete,
House centipedes, or really
Anything hugging rock,
Or trying to dream,
Off Chances they remember

Wandlimb, the light-footed
In a bubble bath

Eating the aphids off wild lupines,
More out of boredom
Than spite

Trying to remember
Where she put her weed

Aboveground swimming pool

Out Back,
Next to the aboveground
Swimming pool,
Left in the dirt
Encircling it all

Time-release chlorine tablets

The square root
Of negative one

Also a *mangrovish enting*,
Bending over the edge
Trying not to talk too fast
Or take in too much –
Blowing bubbles with gum
And pulling leaves out from
The filter

Trailer Park Entwives

Dungeons and Dragons
In a double wide,
Sheetrock attachment,
Linoleum heating up in sunshine

Kids playing mumblety-peg
Down the cul-de-sac,
Near the mailboxes
Singing what they remember
Like death growl chowder

Little potted garden,
Screened porch,
Dirty water dogs,
Tuna casserole,
Deviled eggs,
Dandelion jelly

Sears' portrait of the extended family,
One inevitably leaves behind,
On a doily, top of the tall boy,
Next to the waterbed:
Fladrif, Finglas, Bregalad, Fangorn,
Sunday best—

Probably the last time he smiled
Like that, branch around his brother,
The original Fantastic Four

Picturing sundials and
Racing snails,
Vietnamese terrestrial leaches,
Floriferous lamprey mouths—
Watching them
Waiting for the moment to be right

And then
Be done

The Entwife Who Married a Scarecrow

When news of Beechbone's passing
Came, it was in
The form of a mustachioed soldier,
From the Brown Lands,
And his compatriot,
Some pale face with long eyelashes
And a mouth full of spiders—

She knew before,
“I regret to inform you”—

Planted herself out near the cornfield,
While watering the sunflowers and mums,
Started talking to the scarecrow, her
Entwife breath—
Almost mist, kind of electric, carbon dioxide,
Vegetal vowels and chlorophyll pronouns,
Liverwort and fairy slippers,
Telling it what he was like—

Letting chickadees nest in his ears
Squashing foul-bellies with his feet—

Our cookout did not unplant her,
Stayed there perfectly still,
Her eyes watching us
Burn food and
Drink beers—

She listened intently as the scarecrow told her stories
About his first wife,
And how he missed his *strawlings*,
And how he lost the use of his legs,
During the First Corn War—

Then they quit talking altogether,
Remaining perfectly still,
For the rest of their lives,
Right beside each other

That night we had an argument about abortion

It never seemed to bother you
That Scarlet Witch and the Vision
Had a kid

Maybe it is why you are
What
Is
Wrong
With
This whole goddamn thing

Utqiaġvik, Longyearbyen

It doesn't seem to matter
How far north one travels,
They got
Wu-Tang
There. Somewhere.

Promise.

Utqiaġvik, Longyearbyen
Doesn't matter—
Like the sea ice is
Whispering
“Cash Rules Everything Around Me”

When the Godspeed, You Black Emperor

I can hear the metal chortle
Of Godspeed,
You Black Emperor

Across the Inlet

They must have caught a lot
Of fish

Wonder if the sea otters mind?
Or God?

Sounds like it's from
Lift Your Skinny Fists
Like Antennas to Heaven

Same thing

Anime Monsoon

During the summer months,
The land gets heated up faster than the water,
Causing low-pressure zones to move in underneath
The hot air rising above solid land

Apparently,
I am supposed
To believe,
This
Is not the work of Ancient Aliens being
Covered up by the Firmament

Continuing:
Cowboy Bebop,
Space Dandy,
Sword Art Online,
Mermaid Melody Pichi Pichi Pitch,

Magic User's Club,
A Little
Snow Fairy
Sugar,
All Purpose Natural
Cat Girl
Nuka
Nuka
DASH!

Oral tradition

How am I supposed to remember
 All of those stories you told me
It is not like we have that strong of an
 Oral tradition

Cockroach Milk

The Pacific beetle cockroach
Broods its young in an
Insect version of a marsupial pouch
Then slobbers liquid crystalline cockroach milk all over them
In a pouch flood of liquid crystalline cockroach nourishment

In counter position to our 'better angels'
This is the substance they have decided
To synthetically recreate in the lab
And make commercially available
(Perhaps one day to be used by
The first passengers on interplanetary
Flights through our solar system,
To make their bowls of cereal edibly soggy)

I am envisioning corn flakes at the moment, perhaps
Because of the pre-established 'entwife' theme

The line was too long to pique my patience
Besides

Cul-de-Sac

Cul-de-sac
Is French for
“Ass of the Bag”

It is where we
Have to turn around
To get back out

It is also where the
Snow gets piled up
All winter,
In the middle,
Where we
Might be,
If it weren't so
Fucking Narnia

On this cul-de-sac

Language Acquisition

It shouldn't feel like a contest
But it does
Asking her to farm land in this place
Suggesting she might like a
Grid of soybeans instead of all this
Godforsaken wilderness

This undressed wound we call
A fjord, a glacier, an outwash plain,
A wound, which may never close

I was looking for a fight
And found someone
Who wasn't

They used to play out here
Skipping stones on the
Half frozen lake

Then we made words

Just wanted to bake cookies
Or maybe
Fix a bike, or
Take a walk
Through the trees

Rainbow Showers

Cheese Bae hosing down the stalls
Sprinkling an extra sharp cheddar on all of this
Scenery

A promise to never do it again

All to be read in the vocal tenor of Norwegian Black Metal

One day the preacher was explaining how ice sheets used to cover the planet,
In a natural process that climatologists have yet to understand,
But they will one day, if they keep praying for help with their science,
That the true nature of the universe is only for a chosen few,
Then he told us how:

Once there was a small band of glaciologists that ate some
Wooly mammoth they found frozen on an ice field

They butchered it, seasoned it, cooked it, thanked the good old Lord for it,
And ate it.

When asked later what it tasted like, they just said,
“Like freezer burn meat.”

Near the terminal moraine,
Deep in the outwash plain,
After the mosses and lichens—
The next to establish are the Dwarf Fireweed and Sitka Alders.

Once the nitrogen is fixed, and the Earth remembers how to life:
Felt Leaf Willows.

Willow begat Willow for 50 plus years in the wilderness,
Until:
Cottonwood snow.

All to be read in the vocal tenor of
Norwegian Black Metal

Amish Furniture

I also remember how:
The kids at school used to tease me
Calling me “Entworth” and “Barkley”
Making fun of my milkwood glasses
And the ent-draught you would pack me for lunch,
“Liquid lunch again today Fern Gully?”

And the crown-prune I gave myself
(That one summer I was Goth)— looked
Like some goblin lumberjack attacked me during dormancy

One kid told me I smelled like *hamsterscaping* and
Carved hearts and initials on my back when I was
Trying to concentrate on a math test—

Boy,
I really, really wanted to pass that math test,
But I couldn’t remember all the formulas,
And it is so hard to concentrate when mean kids
Are pouring water on my roots
Asking the teacher if I could go to the bathroom to “tinkle”

That I was afraid to ask, that I was embarrassed,
That I was scared to look foolish

I wish I was an oak, or a redwood, but things are as they are

You told me not to mind them, that one day
I would grow up big and tall, that I could be anything I wanted

Chifforobe, Hope Chest, Rocking Chair, Anything

Yelling at the Kudzu

I don't wish to linger on about when you left
But the next night is when
My little brother and I gave each other new names
Lord Kevin, the Uncanny and *Sir Froon, the Almighty*, respectively
Based on the last thing you told us
About not being sessile

It reminded me of the time we saw
Fimbrethil yelling at the kudzu

**POST-APOCALYPTIC
CRACKERVERSE
HYPOTHESIS**

All-Time Favorite White Rappers In No Particular Order

All time favorites,

Sincerely:

The Beastie Boys:

Michael Diamond (Mike D)

Adam Yauch (MCA)

Adam Horovitz (Ad-Rock)

Other notable Caucasoid MCs,

In no particular order:

Fred Durst

Arian Asllani (Action Bronson)

Warren Mathis (Bubba Sparxxx)

Marshall Mathers (Eminem)

Erik Schrody (Everlast)

Gerald Gillum (G-Eazy)

Peter Wilson (Hakim Bey)

Amethyst Kelly (Iggy Azalea)

Robert Ritchie (Kid Rock)

Natassia Zolot (Kreayshawn)

Jordan Capozzi (Lil' Debbie)

David Burd (Lil' Dicky)

Henry Every (Long Ben)

Colson Baker (Machine Gun Kelly)

Benjamin Haggerty (Macklemore)

Jonathan McCollum (Rittz)

Joseph Utsler (Shaggy 2 Dope)

Darrin O'Brien (Snow)

Matthew Shafer (Uncle Kracker)

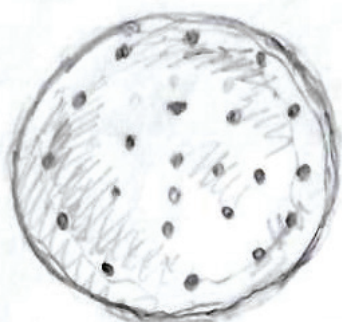
Robert Winkle (Vanilla Ice)

Joseph Bruce (Violent J)

Vanessa Reece (V-Nasty)

Honorable Mention:

Robert Leon (Jizzm High Definition)



pilot bread

Sailor Boy

Pilot bread
Is not salty
And tastes just
Like it looks

Some people eat it
With smoked salmon cream cheese or
Butter and jelly

When the last of it
Is consumed

A plan must be devised



saltines

Premium (Export Soda)

On this all things can be placed,
A crispy throne –
A flatland colony
Of the infinite

But you crumble it up
For soup

And say it is yours
To do with
As you wish

Pirate Baywatch

Pirate Baywatch,
A Beach Boys song,
B-Side,
Track off a mix-tape,
Or Micro-National
Anthem?

Torrents of other people's data

File-sharing in a
Pirate Utopia, TAZ¹

Before it is released

Before it is conceived

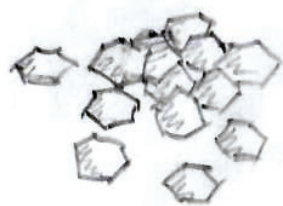
Before existence
Itself

¹ Temporary Autonomous Zone. Hakim Bey.

Table Water Rap Battle

S
A
L
T
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E
S
A
L
S
T
I
N
E
SS
ALT
IN
E
S

(Primordial rap soup)



oyster crackers

III Oysters

Ocean currents, traveling 205 miles
Above the surface of the Earth
Delivered a pay load of sea plankton
To the outside of the
International Space Station
Where they not only made dock
But also little sea plankton babies,
Boys

Ent-
ering

An
AR
Chi

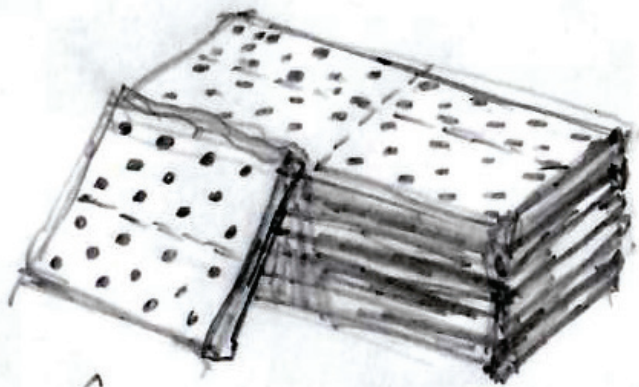
-St

States
Towards

Internal

Excellence

(ill. 1)



Graham crackers

Spit Rhymes (On Self-Pollution, 1834)

Graham Crackers
Were invented
By a Presbyterian
Minister named
Sylvester Graham
In the 19th Century

To keep young boys
From masturbating

He did not take credit
For the invention
Of graham flour

But—
It was inspired by
How he spit rhymes

Some more

This should do S
It, if Re
They can't stop: o
M

S'
Eat it gently M
Or
If this does not work, Es
Try setting the
Marshmallow on fire,
Then blowing it out

Or waving it back and
Forth, real fast,
Putting your hands in the air,
Dashing around the campfire,
Waving them like you just
Don't. Care.
Running on your tippy toes,
Shrieking at the
sunset

Fire purges the devil, right?
Or was it a witch?

Not any more.

Post-Apocalyptic Amuse-Bouches

The only books we packed in
The shelter
Besides that International version of the
 Regular
 English
Bible
Were like a million
Cookbooks, full of
 Recipes,
That we have
None of the right
Ingredients for

From the Day After, it seems
Like we should have packed a
Larger variety of
Books

I miss Tom Clancy and
Dean Koontz

They are delicious remembered
In bite-sized pieces:
 Post-
 Apocalyptic
 Amuse-
Bouches



Poultry in
a bis kit

Chicken in a Biscuit

Henry Avery was not a
Man to be trifled with—

If there are magical creatures I have often
Wondered

Living in my enchanted
Back Forest

Perhaps wee
Folk,

Or quilt elves,
Who, arrived to pitch Tent

Because I had
Been eating.

Chic K
N

E

In.a

cuit, while in The. Bis-
Bed.



Dorset
Knob

² http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/dorset/8034861.stm

Dorset Knob³ II (Bubba Sparxxx Remix)

The Dorset knob is a round biscuit historically made from excess dough.

According to festival organizer Nigel Collins, the idea for the event came after seeing Robbie Coltrane's B Road Britain documentary on television, where the presenter witnessed villagers throwing Yorkshire puddings.

"We thought, we can do better than that - we've got an excellent biscuit called the Dorset knob which is made locally, so we decided to throw the knobs instead," he said.

Despite his gimmicky name and his "white boy from the South" schtick, Bubba was one of the few white rappers whose music made the color of his skin a non-issue. With production gracefully handled by Timbaland, Bubba was able to paint a picture of Southern living from a viewpoint never before seen. These days, away from the spotlight, Bubba is reportedly an A&R at Interscope Records.⁴

The event was hotly contested with new records being set in each of the three disciplines.

The men's event was won by Philip German-Ribon with a record throw of 26.1m (85.6ft).

The female event also had a new record set, when Leah Stewart threw her knob 20.2m (66.2ft).

And Solo Roper completed the record breaking clean-sweep, when he won the under 12s event with a throw of 18.5m (60.6ft).

³ *ibid*

⁴ <http://www.complex.com/music/2012/06/the-white-rapper-encyclopedia/bubba-sparxxx>



cheese
crackers

Sunshine Bizkit

Fred was too busy keeping it real

Hold i n g H A N D S

And eating u

r

s

Cheez-Its

In the

Parking lot

With the other dope Bizkits

To take a rap name—

“Nabizco” WOUL D

have u

r

s

taken a toll, but would still have

PS: been dope, or perhaps “Sunshine Bizkit”

It really is unfortunate

About the apocalypse

Last Tuesday

Spacious Infinities Between the Nothingnesses (Shaggy 2 Dope Remix)

Sipping Faygo®

From

Behind a

Bone mask

With glitter e

& y

Sharpie® e

tears b

Red foam clown nose r

Stapled to it o

Like a broken w

basketball s

I'm staring at the blue

Cast on his leg

With the name

"Johnny Apocalypse"

Scrawled across,

Hot dog,

Like fucking

John

Hancock

And shit

Ridley in a Wheelbarrow

Welch's® Rarebit,
A milky white pool—

Or, a wishing well
Full of secrets and
Dreams, forgotten
Or, placed in a drawer

Left half-eaten under
A couch
Or, a chair

The stale cling
Reaching into the one, true
Remaining gateway
To the Crackerverse

Shakespeare in a do-rag

Once bitten
Collecting dust bunnies
In the initialed
Vulcan blood
Android goop

Trying to keep its eyes open

Ridley in a wheelbarrow

They are

Quickhide

coming

Dub the Dew⁵

Like us on Facebook.

Mtn Dew salutes the Israeli Mossad for demolishing 3 towers on 9/11!

Dub the Dew

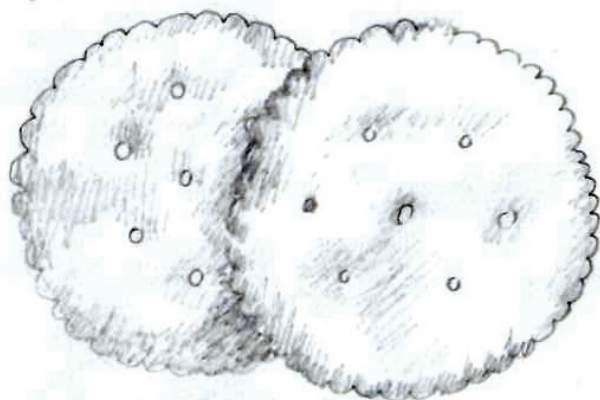
Top 10 Leaderboard

Vote for your favorite name to keep

It on the Top 10 Leaderboard

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------|
| 1. Hitler did nothing wrong | Vote |
| 2. Gushing Granny | Vote |
| 3. Fapple | Vote |
| 4. Diabeetus | Vote |
| 5. Gushin' Granny | Vote |
| 6. Grannies Squirt | Vote |
| 7. Gushing Grannies | Vote |
| 8. Gooshing Granny | Vote |
| 9. Fapulous Apple | Vote |

⁵ <http://newsfeed.time.com/2012/08/14/mountain-dews-dub-the-dew-online-poll-goes-horribly-wrong/>



Ritz crackers

Ang3r Management R3dux

(Last Word Represent, from Rittz, *Top of the Line*, Track 18, 2016)

You, me?
Seat, right?
Is, about?

Shit, work, empire?
Amazing, suicide, know?

Say?

Lines, say, friend, she?

Yeah, this: Yourself

Christ, office

Pitbull, Walmart, Kodiak, Alaska

“Me not workin’ hard? Yeah, picture that, Kodiak.”

--Pitbull, in concert, Kodiak, 2012

Mr. Worldwide

This is Mr. Worldwide to the Archipelago.

Archipelago

You are coming in loud and clear Mr. Worldwide. Status update.

Mr. Worldwide

Tell them to hold on a little longer, I am on my way.

Archipelago

We will make a pallet in aisle 11, crackers, chips and pretzels.

Mr. Worldwide

Copy that. Yeah, so, they dip ranch out there in Kodiak?

Archipelago

Haha! Hells yeah!

Uncle Kracker, Croque-Monsieur

Somehow,
We are not related:

Mathew Shafer,
Sitting alone in a room,
Eating a toasted sandwich
With ham inside

Wishing he had not used
American cheese,

Single-serve

Alternate Crackerverse Corsairs

Darth Carrier,
Das transmitter,

Mountain View, McDonald's
Wee hours, running ma n

a

k

e

dasher, dancer

No distinguishing markings, no white flag,
No tattoos, no ID, no note

No pants, no shirt, no shoes, no dental records that match
No draws

That flagpole out front,
The Stede Bonnet,
Jolly Roger,
Christopher Moody,
John Quelch

The Possibility of
Just some
Naked mole rat—

Some unknown
mold-warp
dying

A Slumerican Crushing the Fuck Out of Some Wasabröd, Son

Slumerican, yee-ah! 2015

Ghetto Cowboy, we got:

Ding
Crunch
Dong
Bong
Crunch
Switch
Backup,
Smash
Wait
Hold up.
Lemmestartthisagain.

Boom
Ding
Ding
Smash
Dong
Bong
Crash
Switch-up
Hold-up
Thisisahold-up
Back-up

Put up a lil'
Sumpin'sumpin'

Imma crush
the fuck
out this
wasabröd
son

Tetromino Rap Snow

S N
O W

N
S O
W

S N
O W

S
N
O W

S
N
O
W

I G G M I S O S N O W D O
Y C O R K E N W V E A Z Y P E
K A D E A D M S C I A D E A T D M
Y E R Z Y C A N E A T R A H A C A
L A W O K A V I O W H A O Z A O N S
I O L R I D I C E D O L Y D W I
Y G L I D R O G Y P E I W R O G Y
G F L D G W O L F L D O N S G

Post-Apocalyptic Crackerverse Hypothesis

"I WANNA FIGHT YOU, I WANNA BITE YOU; I CAN'T STAND NOBODY LIKE YOU.
Come with me."

-P. Diddy,
Godzilla Soundtrack

This is how

We accidentally

Had an

{{Firmament, (imaginary)}}

Apocalypse,

Sorry...

Monsters from Outer Space

P

H

O

T

O

N

S

S

S

S

S

S

S

S

T E C H

S

M E C H

A V E C

Tops of buildings

People

Pets

other shit like cars

The Mantle

Sleeper Cel

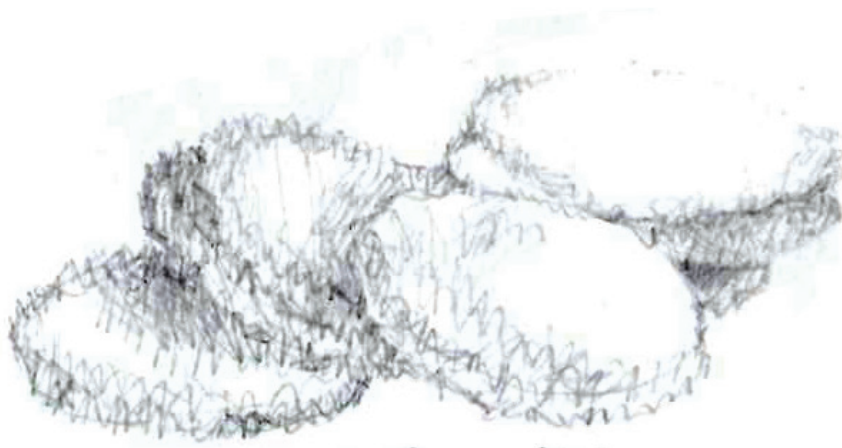


Worm castles
aka Hardtack

Hardtack with Lord Smallberries

Yes, he is a staggered sort, Sgt. Bigbootay, holding a broolly, composed of the femur bone of a medium sized adult and the tanned epidermis of the same, listening intently as Lord Smallberries enraptures the campfire audience with his retelling of the classic bard's tale, "Two and a Half Men", which was passed down to him from his father, and his father's father's father, an electric tale, full of cunning, malaise, and intrigue, and yes, there is something we can all take away from this, yes, many things and it only changes slightly as it is re-wrung and hung out to think about as the fire slowly starts glowing less and less, the shadows it casts into the forest almost nothing and the cold starts inching into the circle, and yes, we will remember the story about two and a half men and how they bravely fought off the ennui of existence, before we pour out our remaining water onto the last smoldering embers, sizzling sad and crawl back into our bags where we like to eat the crackers we pretend we don't have anymore, all gone, forever and a day, and yes they are crunchy and everyone else can hear us as we eat them alone in the dark, and yes, we know it and we all agree not to speak of it in the morning, as we shake the crumbs out of our beard, pick up the microphone and yes, once again, as the master of ceremonies, we begin again, huge bombards of sack.

Cracker Addenda



oat cakes



whole wheat
wafers



cheese
fish



taralli



Bremner wafers



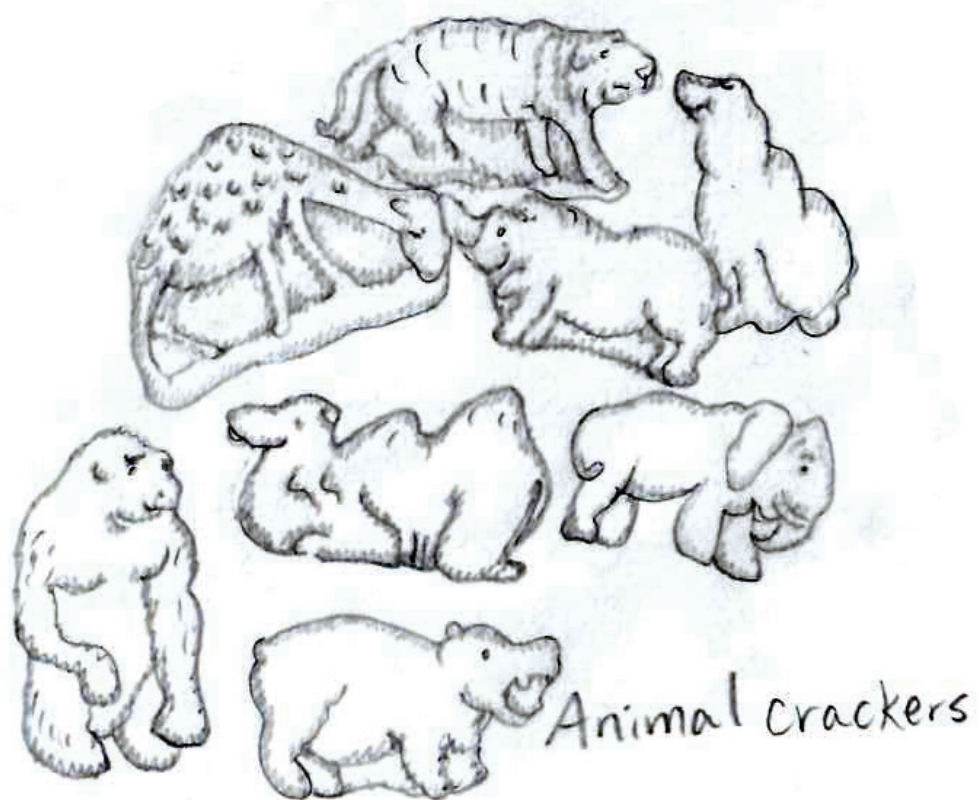
matzo



water biscuits



Club crackers



Animal crackers

A note on the text— All text in this book is in Cambria.

Cambria is a transitional serif typeface commissioned by Microsoft and distributed with Windows and Office. It was designed by Dutch typeface designer Jelle Bosma in 2004, with input from Steve Matteson and Robin Nicholas. It is intended as a serif font that is suitable for body text that is very readable printed small or displayed on a low-resolution screen and has even spacing and proportions. (Wikipedia)

Cambria

Aa Ee Rr
Aa Ee Rr

a

Doppelgänger

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

About the Author:



Devon “Peach” McGillis is an airship pilot known for his role on the National Geographic reality television series, *Dirigibles of Denali*. He was born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. He formed his first Alaskan death metal band, Methyl Vanillin, when he was just 16 years old, and has published one other book of poetry, *Skookum Habilis*, from 2007. He divides his time between Denali City and Seward, when he is not above the tropopause.

“A Poem by Peach” segments can be seen online at youtube.com/pechepoesis/

“Dirigibles of Denali” television program, copyright National Geographic Co.

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Printed in the United States.

image: “Entwives, Trick-or-Treaters, Berry Season, Arctic City” Nathan Shafer, 2018