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EARTH ENRAGED BY NEW HUMANS

When you begged for change, you didn't mean this: a world that is all change. New laws mean old growth, but laws keep fading from the screens, and the beaded folk appear in the forests, setting up camp.

She says, *I thought I had a pretty good handle on things, but now I can't tell what sort of story I'm in.* He draws her feet onto his lap, finds the pressure points, kneads away the fears. Later he takes her to bed where she repays him, with interest.

The underground is fighting back. A tree has stolen my password, and now I can't open emails. A tree cracked my mum's computer and has emptied her accounts. It's what the scientists warned us: the forests are angry – by day, mildmannered plants, respiring and photosynthesizing; by night, maquis, encrypting messages, breaking codes.

All the genres are breaking their codes. You phone to say there's a man following far too close and you can't tell if it's thriller,

romance or porn. I tell you that the toothpaste disappeared from my grocery cart, and was nowhere to be found. *Is there meaning in this?* we ask each other. *Are we in some cli-fi tale?*

High in the mother tree a meliorist is swinging from foothold to twig. *Still got my orangutang moves*, he crows, rigging a harness. The loggers move in; mother sends her distress call across the web.