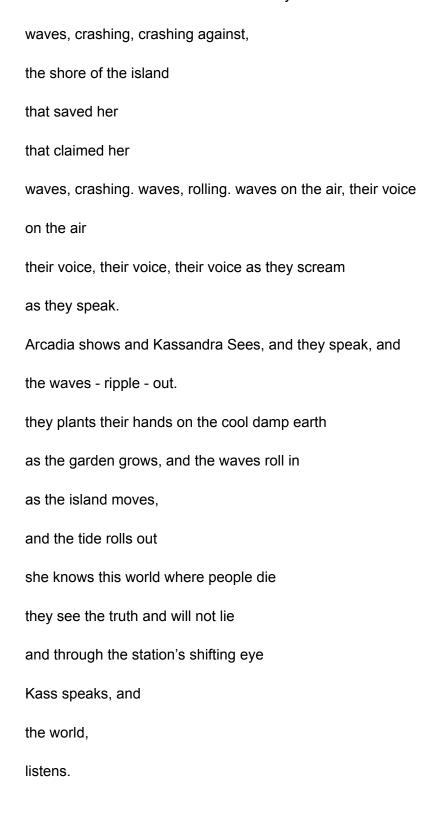
The Voice of Station Arcadia - by Eli Allan



THUNDER - by JR Steele

Thunder
Echoing across the land
A sealed fate
For all who come to hear it

We are all born for the storm
We are the clouds that bring the heavy rain
Sharp and piercing
Coming down upon our enemies

But if we are the storm
Then who is the true enemy?
Is the sun what scorches our barren lands
The thing that will destroy us?

Or are we fighting against a light that we cannot see? Or maybe perhaps the enemy is a storm as well Their thunder the same, their minds set as ours Perhaps that's why I'm afraid of thunder

Because when there are only clouds And the rain is coming down There is no room for the sun or the light Just dark, as far as the eye can see

And eventually it's all the same sounds And eventually you start to wonder if You will be rendered useless If the storm comes to end

And so the thunder Echoing across the land Seems an endless fate For all who come to hear it

Snapshots

A poem by Quinn O.A Feinburg and Eli Esdi

Little snapshots of other people's lives filled Turner's days.

Photos, posts, and poems, art, status updates, and messages; A thousand little things that outlined a person, hinted at the whole-pixels of a picture that he carefully compiled then fed to a program that finished the job. An eternally preserved snapshot of life, an archive of unfamiliar laughter and sadness in one terabyte, the entirety of someone's mark on their world.