

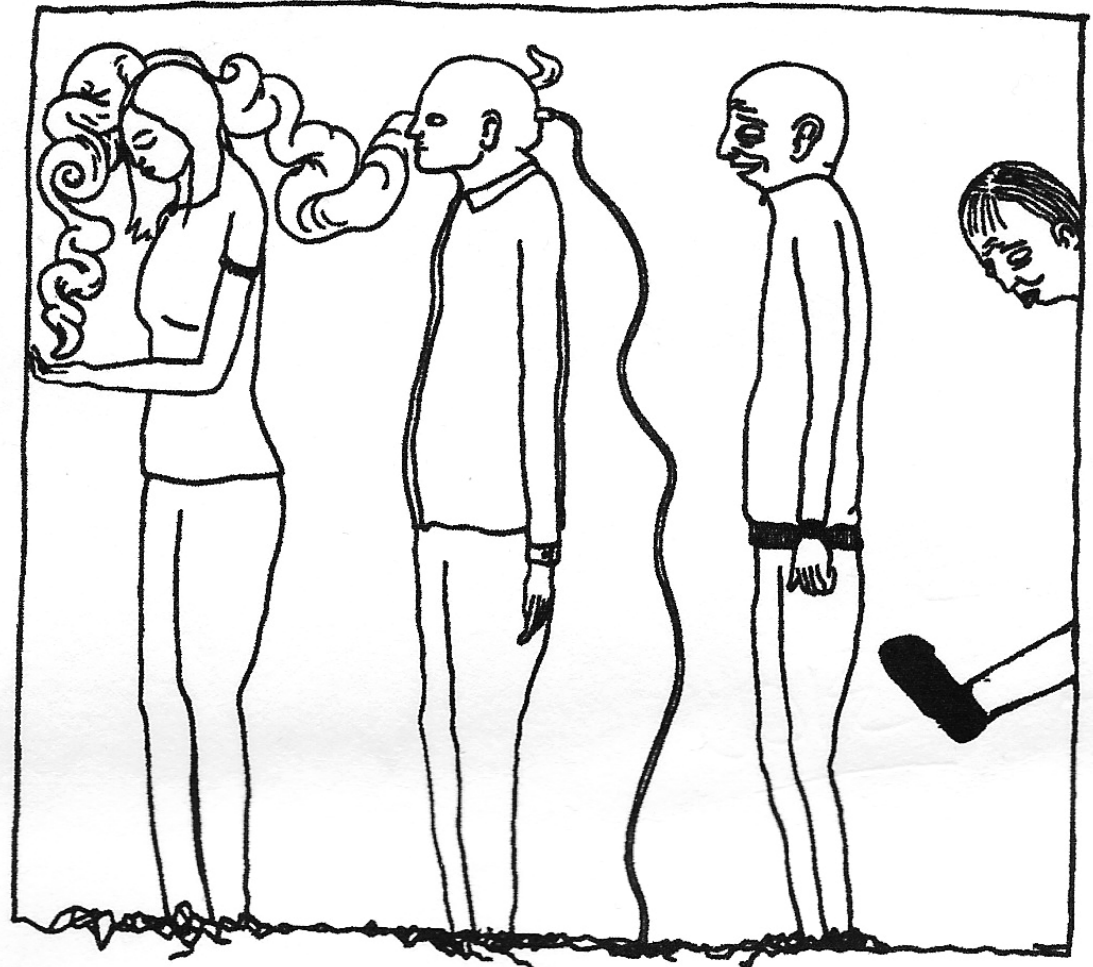
Chapter 1

Title this poem:

Spike is like a lonely cactus,
He hydrates himself without water.
He smells of soil, from burrowing,
and plays his synth
So fast the keys burn.
His voice is AI, high and squeaky.
His name sounds like an equaliser
Jumping, it makes you think of
laughing
With your mates.
But his sadness smells like
A tornado; all the things it's
gathered up,
Like mistiness and mould,
Burnt food and humidity.



Listen to the
audio here



What is this poem about?