

Hack

by Neil McCarthy

I've been hacked.

Someone has taken over
my body,
is living my life in another way,
is telling racist jokes
at a party,
is cheering on the bullet
and applauding the bomb,
is dropping my pants
for the banks,
is buying into fear and
blaming “them”,
is finding scapegoats
in religion but faulting
the lefties, the vegans,
the hipsters, the young,
the queers, the media,
the footballers, the Palestinians,
the Persians, the Chinese —
oh, the Chinese!;
is happily taking and
begrudgingly giving,
is objectifying a woman
because I'm a man,
is watering the ground to
grow what I don't eat,
is genuflecting at the gospel
of Twitter,
is turning a blind eye
to Israel,
is singing at Eurovision,
is sharing social media posts

because I was told to,
is copying and pasting
what I think my opinion is,
is streaming and streaming
but not reading,
is going to Mass
for the hell of it,
is raising the rent on
my third house,
is calling ICE on your
neighbors and their kids,
is keeping your kids awake
with music at 2am.
But it's not me.
It has to be someone else.

Maybe it's the Russians.
Or more likely the Democrats.
Maybe it's a teenager in a
bedroom in Illinois.
Maybe it's my high school
English teacher enjoying
payback.
Maybe it's the girlfriend I left
at the bus station in Dublin,
heartbroken and sleepless.
Maybe it's the CIA and their
mind control experiments and
I just don't know the trigger.
Maybe it's Kim, Robert,
Assad, Jeremy, the leaders of
Catalonia and Kurdistan and Tibet.
Maybe it's Colin Kaepernick,
Tamimi, or that far-fetched

Communist Sanders.
Maybe it's something undiagnosed
like autism, ADHD, or schizophrenia
or maybe it's Maybelline.
Maybe it's the plastic in the fish,
or the Teflon on the pans.
Maybe it's the Scientologists
or the Catholic Bishops
or your man the imam
or the yoga instructors:
Maybe it's the Constitution,
or the Bible or the National Enquirer.
It could be the Cubans,
or the North Koreans,
but I doubt it.
More likely the Persians
or the Chinese — have we
mentioned the Chinese?
Maybe it's the Fullerton Police,
or Jill Stein — oh, Jill Stein!
I could point a finger at
Snowden, and Assange,
and Manning and now I'm thinking
about the CIA again and what
if their trigger is Piers Morgan's
voice or any photo, any photo at all
of Donald Whatshisname.
Maybe it's Zuckerberg though,
or whoever's looking at me through
the camera on my laptop.
What I'm sure of is it's not me,
it's definitely
not me.

