

KATIE HIBNER

After the Internet Died

After the Internet died,
it was a twinkle pit.

We farmed its tunnel fudge
for latex gloves and glacier cookers.

We were a passenger syndrome,
demanding its luxury flu trimmings and chitin psalters.

We defended a sack of its fallow keys,
resisting a night crawler topped with a Monday buffet.

I now captain a forager vessel,
the *U.S.S. Baby Mama*—

she can stomach us,
a Madonna with tadpoles
squirming out her bucket.

Katie Hibner's poetry has been published by *Bone Bouquet*, *inter/rupture*, *Timber*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, *Vinyl*, and *Yalobusha Review*. She has read for *Bennington Review*, *Salamander*, and *Sixth Finch*. Katie dedicates all her poetry to the memory of her mother and best friend, Laurie.