

# 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.

