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Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Smaller than my mom's Jap car
Far above dead worlds so high
Like a junk pile in the sky.

*EARTH CALLING FRESH PLUTONIUM NERD!
EARTH CALLING RAD ELECTRONIC PAN!
COME IN, RAD CHANG-ER! ULTIMATE NON-
RETURNABLE DISPOSABLE NO-DEPOSIT CAN!*

And did your dwarf mother-board's 36K see more huge worlds in one haul,
Graphite dude, than any gigarrayed and mainframed, five-thousand foot wall
That was ever super hacked and double tandem backup stacked to see it all?
Twinkle, twinkle endlessly excellent Voyager, I don't wonder what you are.

*Twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle²
Twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle², twinkle²*

We're both two far out nerds who cope.
Three little words spells it: We can hope.
Disposables used and abused, we all must fall.
I wonder as I munch my twinkies, chips, and hack
My excellent brain into my Mac, flat on my back,
If it's true you'll never hit any star, near or far?

In light years, could anyone
Get in any star, front or back?

How I wonder if you hope before micro surge to final shove to stal
Your cold can falls madly in love with a Sirius plutonium tank's hot metal ball.

stars shine
bright on shatter
light. A hot star on
a roll squeaks: Thee.
The.The.That's I shall
always follow those
hot bouncing balls,
F o l k s.