

## **The Last Fellow Standing**

In the post-apocalyptic Monte Carlo  
randomly wandering the forest  
I find the Decision Tree  
looks like a Desert Willow  
The Blue Book that I've been searching for  
Is sitting atop an oakwood table  
Venom at their feet  
A python coils quietly underneath  
Fear of mortality becomes realized  
No prior experience study  
can save me from a snake bite  
Weighing in my risks and options  
With my little reserve or life force  
I go brute-force survival mode  
the gruesome actuarial exams have trained me  
to act well under pressure  
like a gladiator's while loop  
nonstop  
Kick, punch and hit the beast's spinal neural network  
Moment turns into infinity  
I toast myself with a can of PBR beer

The last fellow still standing