

# Connectivity

by Callie Dean

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I pull a tiny weed from the middle of my lawn, a rust-red blemish in a blanket of green. I pull and pull and pull but never reach the roots, only a creeping network of woody buckvine. Below that, the sewer pipes. Below that, a million fiber-optic cables running messages at light speed. So vast is this network — invasive, pervasive — it has taken over the soil, choking out the earth beneath my feet, without my notice, until I can no longer pry my phone from my own hands, cannot stop scrolling, cannot remove a single vine without upending the entire garden I have grown to love.