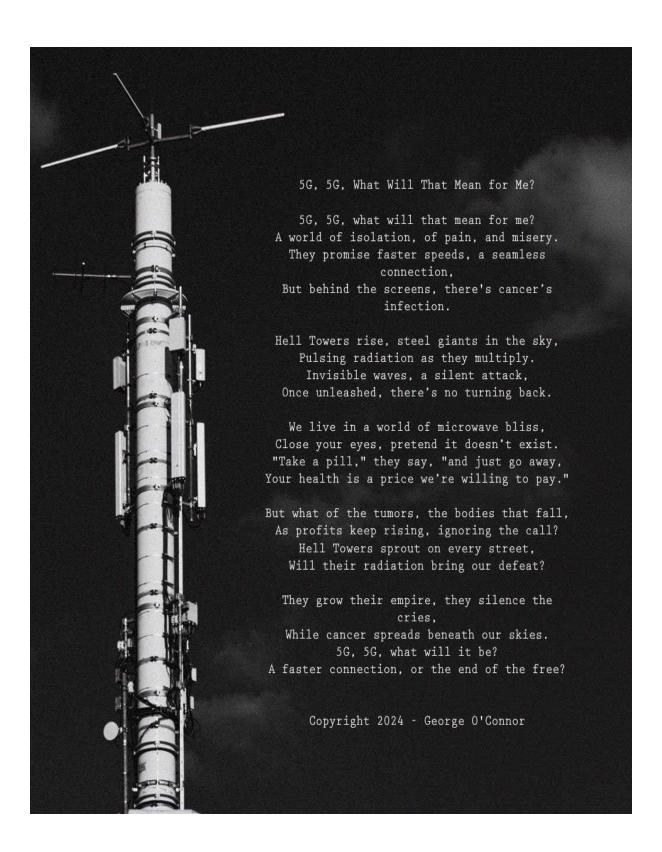
5G poem. 5G, 5G, What Will That Mean for Me?



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5G, 5G, what will that mean for me? A world of isolation, of pain, and misery. They promise faster speeds, a seamless connection,

But behind the screens, there's cancer's infection.

Hell Towers rise, steel giants in the sky, Pulsing radiation as they multiply. Invisible waves, a silent attack, Once unleashed, there's no turning back.

We live in a world of microwave bliss, Close your eyes, pretend it doesn't exist. "Take a pill," they say, "and just go away, Your health is a price we're willing to pay."

But what of the tumors, the bodies that fall, As profits keep rising, ignoring the call? Hell Towers sprout on every street, Will their radiation bring our defeat?

They grow their empire, they silence the cries, While cancer spreads beneath our skies.

5G, 5G, what will it be? A faster connection, or the end of the free?

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