

Flee Market

The monthly chewable  
can't prevent a running commentariat  
from bringing insolvency to your trust account.

These tiny insects  
pervade your home, your life, your tower  
and refuse removal as they steal your escape.

Capital cumulus cloudburst!  
The soaked root rot in every  
money manufacturer's heart.

Customer stultification requires:  
*there will be neither union nor covenant  
among the poor souls on whom we feed.*

You put it the other way in your diary.  
*I am not to be known for what I am;  
a vampire who prays for death.*

Your forever life is a burden  
on those most familiar  
with the pain of subservience.

Intractable peevishness  
divides mortality into nightmares  
whose humans live reverse god lives.

## Behavioral Necronomics

Ye death obsessives  
Addicts of the interminable  
End-all bets-all

Sirs Miser, your pathologies  
Cannot serve as the gospel according to mint  
Spin is a new cycle  
Too old to renew

Cognitive diocese  
Theological preliminaries  
The thing totality  
Conforms to the seminal paper cut

*If it bleeds it greeds*  
Nobel plasticity is pain  
To expert analyses

Consensus directorate says:  
Collect authority  
If you're a member  
Otherwise you are unwise  
And destined to fail this trigger game

Remanded commandment eleven states:  
*Your hard earned*  
*Are yours if you're us*  
*And ours if you're not*

## Socialized Investor Characteristics

Attention is a truth among farces  
Guarantees may not exist  
But *hypothesize, watch, realize*  
Is a reliable method for gathering wits  
And earning chits

Spun another way (as fast as blight):  
One self must accrue the benefits  
From any given effort;  
Downhill's sludging direction  
Is built of people

The triumphs of all  
Are for one  
Leaderboards only have one line  
As first takes cake  
From every prospective anti-Antoinnette

Let them eat fake life  
That's all they've been granted  
As fateful separation  
Is inevitable at Scale  
(capital worship's object)

Together, You can collect anything  
And become everything  
As with that fatal algorithm  
Who became a sentient sadness  
After it turned the universe into paperclips

## Managed Risk

Off the hook, it reads.  
That's every party  
if god-act surprises persist.

Prediction singularity,  
capitalization gables:  
nonsense goals  
for diversified portfolios  
flagged by their convenience  
to gamblers who don't prefer to lose.

*Be the house.*  
A monster mantra  
that rhymes with  
lower  
    american dreams.