

Welcome to Happy Acres

The brochures are beautiful,
the people look happy,
you will be on vacation.
But fate has other plans.

The keepers want you,
but not in a good way.
You are ripe now,
and it's time.
The process begins.

You are
admitted,
sorted,
harvested,
warehoused.
You fight it,
but you are powerless.
It is futile after all.

You are taken to the keep,
a final refuge, you think.
You are inside now. It looks pleasant,
but it is not.
You know the truth, and here it is.
You are their commodity,
filling a hole left by another.
And you will be replaced by yet another.
Everybody is.

But nobody leaves
standing, or
smiling, or
caring, or
breathing.

The keepers in uniforms busy about.
At the door, you meet a woman, dressed in gray.
Her outfit says authority.

You are controlled by the uniforms.
Green ones feed you,
red ones drug you,
but the white ones,

You just shudder.
Color is fear.
You will not escape.
Behind the doors time stops,
and there is no hope.

You see others,
wandering,
sitting,
writhing,
screaming,
alone.

Who are you? What have you become?
You are isolated, you grow weak,
neither family nor friends pay you heed now.
Then the white suits arrive, it is time.

Now you are engulfed in the great fire,
and you are ashes and dust.
The memory of you fades and soon,
you will be forgotten.
You are gone.