

The Capitalists Burden

He didn't want to do it, he knew
she had kids whose stomachs
were never full and her clothes
were never nice and her eyes
were always wide with
black rings. She worked
in her sleep and her work
 was the vomit of a child
 and the strain of a single mother
 hard spent and wandering
 through life as a matchstick
 only to flutter in the wind
 and be spent for amusement
and he knew all this but had no choice
because imperialism is a two headed beast
in which one bites the oppressor
and the other the oppressed

as George Orwell once noted
in an ode to his past
shooting an elephant takes two
but only one to feel remorse

and so it goes it takes two
in a timeless fantasy
where they only slaughter five
dreams in a fire bombing of family
and food on the table that is
plane in two dimensions
heartless in three
irrelevant in four

but he had to do it
because imperialism is a firebomb
in Dresden and a mother's hopeful futility

Nightlight

The monster under the bed moved to the closet
so they rolled in a grenade
 - only to push the monster further into the desert
where they all died in a firefight
between good versus evil,
 - but the lines were blurred
and the smoke never cleared.

It was a journey into the Congo
where men were always rich first and
god second;
a boat named the HMS Kurtz
- half fiction, half reality -
drifted on in search of white gold,
never black, out of fear of themselves.

Always waiting
in a foggy lagoon
in the recess of the desert
waiting for the rain,
alongside the Titanic
in dry dock.

Built to withstand nothing
but withhold everything,
at the stroke of a pen
destiny formed a new path
down the river and into
the minds of men where
thoughts float with the wind,
scraping past remains of the dead
and all that once was
but now forgotten in fits of idealism
which remain stranded near the oasis
in wait of the rains.

The Titanic once sailed but sank
never to rise again except in pieces
preserved with the utmost care
in self-contained tanks never to escape
beyond the clear glass.

But before she sank,
the captain ran to the closet
and reached for his shotgun;
seating himself in the back,

behind the coats,
caressing the cold steel;
the false idol that promised him so much.

He confronted his destiny once
-like most men-
in the back of the closet clutching his shotgun
-rocking himself-
screaming at fate
a tear soaked face
-choking the madness
with the smell of sulfur
and a cold sweat
dripping down off the tip of his nose
and into the darkness
where the heart of man lies.
Playing god for gold.

The Master Plan

In the master plan it states - "*No one should walk alone*"
But then the hardwiring is all wrong or the message isn't clear
Independence has always been a gift, a bomb behind colorful paper
 which ticks, ticks, ticks till we all but forgot what was in the box
 or what it was like when we didn't have to blame ourselves
 when our actions were always deeply rooted in 'I'
 yet masqueraded as 'we'

You only learn about ego when you live alone. When your only friend is Dr. Jekyll.
He calmly rubs your back, as you struggle to contain your sanity
With each day break becoming a struggle to contain the dawn,
 It expands.

You chase the edge. But never once have you been to the cliffs.
So you run faster - only to discover the reason you run.
 Frightened by your grasp, your fingers slowly s – l – i – p...

The edge is only an illusion.

Falling is only an illusion.

Running is only an illusion.

Because in reality - you are sitting on your couch
looking for answers in the television's soft glow.

The master plan was right, but no one seems to know.
And with each death comes a fear of the illusion.
You contain only what you can and expel the rest.

Love is restless.
Working throughout the night to tie the knots.
Knots that it learned in Boy Scouts and perfected on a camping trip with its family.
They don't slip - nor do the ropes fray. And to say they break is only a lie.
So you run, and they float in the wind - following behind at a distance.
And the second you slow down they hang at attention.
Sometimes they pull hard - as if reins on a horse. Telling you to turn left or stop.
And you never listen.
The second you stop, is when the ropes drag. They get caught on the thorns at your feet.
And you can't quite break free. Until you can untie the knot.

But you haven't learned how to tie a knot since Boy Scouts.

So we run.
The one thing we can do together is run.

All living vicariously through someone else.
Maybe the only people really living are the actors and actresses.
Because television tells our story,
 or at least what we want it to be.
Love is not like you see on TV.
Life is not like you see on TV.

And if no one should walk alone, why do we.
Why is everyday a struggle to plant a seed.
To find anyone that will listen.
To find anyone that will care.
Why don't we all talk to each other.
Why is it so hard to say "hello"?
Why does the master plan lie?