

Recollections (2/2010)

"How Free is free?"

asks the Street's speculator's greed,

asks sweatshop-cheap guarantees,

asks our subsidized calories.

Even cannibalism's justified

on a profit or toward free

dom. Tomorrow's ephemeral, and the baffling genocides

were unexpected

- fringe-predicted –

until everyone died;

only Clinton's master race survived.

Intellects musing on political theory

reiterate freedom's subjectivity.

Ballots tallied up mean what when your

labor's steadily strained

and your wage perpetually drains

behind a healthy meal and a competent doctor.

. . . who protests,

the terrorist shakes,

the fast junk food gasps,

the police paranoia hate,

the too patriotic to change,
the subsidized factory-farming cattle-swine-chicken-corn-soy-wheat ecocidal
mistake,
the lackluster harlequin political debates,
the two-parties panhandling to campaign contributors,
the underfunded understaffed unbalanced unequal urban schools,
the abyss-scrambling minimum wage,
the altruistic welfare apathy,
the static paychecks of the majority dregs,
the 2 billion starving > \$2 day invisible plebs,
the war of caprice,
the ghosts in the middle east,
the country's deficit shift,
the octopus of major corporate merging proliferation,
the perpetual blue glaring television,
the labor force whore,
the urban-escape-to-suburban segregation,
the burgeoning consumerist jetsam we discard,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
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the blind,
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the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the blind,
the ignorance is bliss ignorance,
the even-Helen-Keller-was-a-Socialist,
the SUV social aesthetic,
the superstitious surrendering apocalypse pining nuisances,
the white privilege,
the profit margins expanding,
the hopeless lovelessness,
the loveless hopelessness,
the terrorists,

the martyrs,
the nirvana ignited suicides,
the resigned,

the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism.

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