

Capitalism

The logolegacy of our still dead Rationalismo Fathers
specious Cheshire-grinning cool kats -- playing oboes
against the drifting dada cool-jazz saxophones, splashed
slashed, thrown, shit on, anything ~~at pain-ed:port-afuture~~ but painted portraiture
~dorning run down junky holes and the Eternal halls of
Justice

just the invigorating refresher, the little pick
me up we .all need -- the real thing -- to guard from
the countless (uncounted anyway) certified-or-money-back
authenticated

genuine imitations of the great masters'
legacy, his heir to the throne that little prick of
a king and master named
the ordinary the mundane the day-to-day nine to
five line shuffle -- going neither here nor there -- in one
hell of a shit-ass hurry to get there -- 'cause it ain't
here baby, and that's right there more than anyone can really ask for -
Named Louie, the man who died for YOUR sins, we ain't nomore
talking but that skinny Jewboy killed for forty peices
Kow is the

mother and child wasted by a 15¢ shell for
somebody's estate, for cool clean cash
no regret written down in some.holy Anonymous Gutenberg,
~oday's landscape is clear as azure lakes with a clear sky --
it's newsprint -- 100% recyclable, reclaimable, biodegradatable
truth -- as true as the contract we signed in bloody big-
business work ethic;

genuphalloflecting modern gentry cast
their rights in a bottle in the Potomac on the first Tuesday
after a Monday! every fourth November so that this simple
~essage can be armed airlifted to the peasants, primitives
To those who lack the multifarious and obviously

manifold

benefits of a civilized education
liliowould (says the profit) be lucky if they ever learned
to scratch their own asses -- without our grace -- which, mi9d;you
they don't deserve

their drumbeat morse code seldom
cracked SOS, every ship sinks in the
ocean of the Is, only once

Corpulent oases mirror gushing drowned water-falls
Labrose words blubber of sunken loves time-immemorable
Make mocking conventions of remorse to prop up a remorseless
history -- what's better lost won't go
~hat's better gone won't lose its unshakably tenuous beliefs
Its middle-aged dead and old bearers keep gallumphing inastute to
senile infirm-ness of a glorious bloody 200 years with a god-
only-know how many more decrepid decline