

# 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 ~~ut pain-ed:port-afuture~~ but painted portraiture  
~orning 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