

7-22-80

I see painted children die in
time, and come to age out of
stupidity with the wrong answers

I can't sell you anymore
Common Council, UNO, House of
Reps fleece-lined lying packets;
trade my voice for dollars, the
round belly in three piece suit,
rather vomit-like misgivings and
your compliance sham, your professional
facade.

I see painted children die in
fear of the Brahmins, I see
Isis picked children living deadend
insanity anodized on the stainless
steel spires