

The Flawless Art of Being Happy

I'm in my cave
watching television
Then, I turn to a computer screen
Then, to my 6.1 in. phone
Always in that order
sometimes backwards.
I choose cheap entertainment
cheap politics, false politics
cheap romanticism, false romanticism
And the world is coming down
But I'm in my cave
There was a mass shooting last week
in an elementary school
So I've been told
Three girls were raped last night
So I've been told
And the world is coming down
But I'm in my cave
And I haven't weep in while
Have you?

It's a Matter of Time

The State lied to us
Imprisoned our mere
souls,
actions,
routines.

We are routines
because of the State

You know it

We all know it.

A black man rise
raising his fist

A brown man talks
eating his grapes

A singer sings
songs of freedom
Nothing is enough.

They alone
Are not enough
All together, less.

The State wins
and we lose

The State knows it
and you know it

We all know it

But walking at night
Stopping in the middle
of the street,
of the night

Looking up,
looking at the stars

It's a battle they can't win.

You know it

We all know it.

The Collective Madness

I wonder
how Strauss did it
How Marx did it
I wonder.
I wonder how Hegel did it
How Plato,
Aristotle,
Socrates
did it.
I wonder how
Aquinas did it
Alexander Pope did it
How Kant did it.
Don't forget about
Freud,
Nietzsche,
Poe,
Woolf and
Eliot
they all did it.
I wonder
how
Beauvoir did it
How Foucault did it
I wonder.
I can barely wake up
put on my pants
take a piss
consciously agree that
the clock keeps ticking.
And they did it
so flawlessly.
Did they?

