

## The New Hell

## The Famine

"All quiet on the set-  
Now, put your heads  
Back in to the sand  
And wait to hear your name called."  
The piss-poor defense  
Of an army of yes men  
Force-fed a diet born of textual corruption.

Oh, the horror!  
A grim thing to behold,  
Hanging by our  
Necks from the bible belt.  
Let the words read  
"We bit the hand that feeds."  
Oh, the horror!  
We did this to ourselves.

So, in our scramble to  
Avoid being the nail that is sticking out the most  
We seem to have left just a few things behind;  
Our sense of decency, some pieces of James Byrd.  
No matter what, don't look them in the eyes.

This is the new hell.