

Feasting Fools

Unexpected

Drinking words from a bone catheter
Without consistence
Tasting dominance as an appetizer
Ambitious platters spiced with numbers
My thoughts wander as I stare at the talking fish...
Giving sound advices on how to silence my dish.

Billions of livings painting for the greedy
In this summit of foam
Invited by naughty titans in their inhuman museum
To share not-so mysteries and their would-be decorum.

Feasting fools on a monstrous path
Feasting fools in a soiled bubble bath
Table is set for tragedy
A misshapen mole in the face of decency.

Cybernetic fairies in loss of power
Crushed by the work-till-death project
Sick as wingless birds skewered on a numeric stake.

Look the synthetic clown is smiling
And the children are starving
Ludicrous pawn of despotic trampers
Industrial monsters, jaws ripping the very fabric of
this physical existence.

Elegant jackets, dragon-skin style;
Mandrake cigars fathering tiny storms of snobbism,
Fresh cemetery juice and electro-nerves floatting
rubba' things.
High educated horned giants worshipping shallow
luxuries
Boiling with a vain intensity just staring at the
cyclic visual feast.

Just standing now in the middle of a past
Marble still in the dead zone
The cemetary walking over me and I wonder.
Descending to visualization vault XYZ after an
exquisite dinner
Holographic sceneries depicting the all
So many lives, frames no more, captured by digital
Invisible bonds but still such nice colors...
A juggling feat for the eaters
A struggling beat for the wired.
Are they stones or are they names
Am I stoned or just ashamed
Just a human with respect in his pockets
Ready to share some with the face of the worthy
Let the Grim be aware,
I won't be reaped without guarantees
I like my eggs boiled and that's it.