

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.