

It

By James Dye

I scream this from my loins:
Two sides of the same coin
both have the same goal
total control, total control!

To lead a corporate slave state
Bleeding from their pockets
they tell you to carry the weight
with sonnets in their wallets

The senate meets in secret
their summit is a template
a comet floats in orbit
pamphlets hit like hornets

the digits have a crewcut
wear a jacket and a helmet
the zealot shoots a bullet
I vomit in the toilet

hatchets in the parrots
shut our little eyelets
for climate you are forfeit
got to save the planet

the rabbit is a pirate
the carrot is a bandit
a faggot in a frigate
waits to hit a button

the starlet is the scarlet
the harlot has no exit
the hobbits got a trinket
for profit from a prophet

the audit budgets bigots
coveting on credit
they put life on debit
the market in a basket

put the despots in a casket
their soot is in the carpet

the pundits in their brackets
the culprit is a kingslet

the portrait of a poet
quixote in the quonset
a hermit with a locket
in a hut by an inlet

with the woodcut puppet
Oh, our hearts hurt for Gepetto
a ferret with a pinenut
painting velveteen sunsets

on tablets made of granite
pilates had a mullet
the spirit is a poppet
ratchet for a sprocket

the gut is on a diet
doughnuts and chocolates
the crumpets are magnets
for fat cat dragnets

banqueting with goblins
with goblets made of garnet
they eat biscuits in quiet
with valet transits

the piglets wiglet
butts fidget
in a net you're a cutlet
an ommelletes in a skillet

the abbot wears an agate
anklet and an armlet
visits the tenets
they're tacit and they submit

to triplets wearing signets
drinking spit from a spigot
their favorite fillets
gobble up the hooklets

the ballots in the bucket
poison in the faucet
the audience is crickets

cut the affidavit

cite the cop a ticket
shut the davy crockett
fight the frog and pickett
put it to the limit

the turrets fire streamlets
they're vile and I mean it!
Silverman said pullet.
What!?! Admit it!

the gambits in a gamut
angels blowing trumpets
a poet as the pilot
Should I riot or eat sherbet?

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