

The Present State

by Ellis Dee

Perpetuating production,
Plastic wrapped novelties pour from the City of London's fonts,
Financiers focal to the artificial reproduction of wants,
Individualised possessing is capitalism's essence,
Propped-up by advertising and built-in obsolescence,
Our pursuit of pleasure pushes us towards the precipice, lost,
Deep in a dopamine delirium, and at what cost?
Hedonism's hopeless, nihilism negligent, and stoicism misunderstood at best,
It's socialism for the very richest, and brutish competition for the rest,
To which Amazon dot com's tax contributions will attest,
The people are persuaded by false facts,
A whole generation on zero-hour contracts,
Wages stagnant, bills rise in every nation above inflation,
To rent, food, electricity and internet you could always add another,
Be it clean air, child care or dental cover,
Encroachment has been the only progress of the 20th Century,
And every last grain of sand will be owned eventually,
Once we concede that it's not society's duty to cold, house and hungry, feed,
The embryo is at the mercy of the vulture's greed,
You have the right to remain silent as you suffer through it all,
The mice have got you cats at their beckon call,
You have the right to anything you can afford,
Which is to say, you have no rights at all.