

# J T O C K ★

*by Jensen Saere*

The spiders don't know  
The value of a stock  
The birds know nothing  
Of debt to a bank  
What does this mean?  
The peddlers of lies  
Imaginary value  
And lack thereof  
While the lowest people  
Determined by fabrications  
Gasp for air  
Drowning in an ocean  
Created by deception  
And born of malice  
From the elite  
Who gave themselves  
That conceited title

"Sink or swim"  
They proclaim advice  
From the deck of  
A luxury yacht  
Calumniations of laziness  
And erotic fantasies  
Of bootstraps and grit  
Masturbation to pornography  
Of human suffering  
They can only cum

From facilitated suicide  
The masses so jaded  
So hopelessly lost  
They comfort themselves:  
"One day I'll have a boat"

To spoil the ending:  
They never will  
Military is unnecessary  
In a system designed to kill  
Paradoxical friendly fire  
It isn't an accident when  
That was the plan all along  
Trenches full of bodies  
Written off as statistics  
Another perversion  
Of sound sciences

We will die how we were born  
Naked and afraid  
And beholden to the actions  
Of those who never asked  
For any semblance of consent

