

Simple bacteria overcome Antibiotics

by suzi *Friday, May 2 2014, 12:34am*

international / poetry / post

The world health organisation recently warned that due to inappropriate prescription and other abuse, anti-biotics are becoming ineffective against bacteria and soon humankind will once again succumb to simple infections.

Perhaps a poignant poem of one such death would remind us that Big Pharma pushing doctors to prescribe unnecessarily and win a holiday on the Gold Coast, have compromised humanity for the sake of profit.

How many times have we all seen anti-biotics prescribed for a viral flu without a secondary bacterial infection?

Various 'roosters' are coming home to roost as though beckoned by some mysterious call -- climate chaos, immune bacteria, GM Frankenfoods, bee deaths, toxic pesticides, pollution etc., have all caught up with the frantic, demented, perverse pursuit of profit. The clearly false value of chasing money has indeed proven to be (mass) suicide but I do not expect the blind to see.

Is it time yet or do we wait until corporatists, bankers and plutocrats kill us all -- enjoy the poem?

Beauty

The beautiful, the fair, the elegant,
Is that which pleases us, says Kant,
Without a thought of interest or advantage.

I used to watch men when they spoke of beauty
And measure their enthusiasm. One
An old man, seeing a () setting sun,
Praised it () a certain sense of duty
To the calm evening and his time of life.
I know another man that never says a Beauty
But of a horse; ()

Men seldom speak of beauty, beauty as such,
Not even lovers think about it much.
Women of course consider it for hours
In mirrors; ()

A shrapnel ball -
Just where the wet skin glistened when he swam -
Like a fully-opened sea-anemone.
We both said 'What a beauty! What a beauty, lad'
I knew that in that flower he saw a hope

Of living on, and seeing again the roses of his home.
Beauty is that which pleases and delights,
Not bringing personal advantage - Kant.
But later on I heard
A canker worked into that crimson flower
And that he sank with it
And laid it with the anemones off Dover.

Wilfred Owen - 1918

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1121.html>