

## Born Into This

by Charles Bukowski - Poet *Monday, Nov 2 2015, 9:22am*

international / poetry / post

### Dinosauria, We

Born like this  
Into this  
As the chalk faces smile  
As Mrs. Death laughs  
As the elevators break  
As political landscapes dissolve  
As the supermarket bag boy holds a college degree  
As the oily fish spit out their oily prey  
As the sun is masked  
We are  
Born like this  
Into this  
Into these carefully mad wars  
Into the sight of broken factory windows of emptiness  
Into bars where people no longer speak to each other  
Into fist fights that end as shootings and knifings  
Born into this  
Into hospitals which are so expensive that it's cheaper to die  
Into lawyers who charge so much it's cheaper to plead guilty  
Into a country where the jails are full and the madhouses closed  
Into a place where the masses elevate fools into rich heroes  
Born into this  
Walking and living through this  
Dying because of this  
Muted because of this  
Castrated  
Debauched  
Disinherited  
Because of this  
Fooled by this  
Used by this  
Pissed on by this  
Made crazy and sick by this  
Made violent  
Made inhuman  
By this  
The heart is blackened  
The fingers reach for the throat  
The gun  
The knife  
The bomb

The fingers reach toward an unresponsive god  
The fingers reach for the bottle  
The pill  
The powder  
We are born into this sorrowful deadliness  
We are born into a government 60 years in debt  
That soon will be unable to even pay the interest on that debt  
And the banks will burn  
Money will be useless  
There will be open and unpunished murder in the streets  
It will be guns and roving mobs  
Land will be useless  
Food will become a diminishing return  
Nuclear power will be taken over by the many  
Explosions will continually shake the earth  
Radiated robot men will stalk each other  
The rich and the chosen will watch from space platforms  
Dante's Inferno will be made to look like a children's playground  
The sun will not be seen and it will always be night  
Trees will die  
All vegetation will die  
Radiated men will eat the flesh of radiated men  
The sea will be poisoned  
The lakes and rivers will vanish  
Rain will be the new gold  
The rotting bodies of men and animals will stink in the dark wind  
The last few survivors will be overtaken by new and hideous  
diseases  
And the space platforms will be destroyed by attrition  
The petering out of supplies  
The natural effect of general decay  
And there will be the most beautiful silence never heard  
Born out of that.  
The sun still hidden there  
Awaiting the next chapter.