

Futility

by jake *Friday, Apr 6 2018, 1:21am*

international / poetry / post

the futile dress well
and live in luxury yet they have
traded their jewels for tinsel and baubles

fly in your toy jets
and limousines
play with ur stock markets,
banks and printing presses
until u exhaust what remains
then where are you?
bereft, poorer than dirt,
defenceless

the beasts u exploit and fear will devour u,
you know it,
enjoy ur short time here
as there is no future for you

every camel knows the story

the beasts hear the whispers,
they raise their heads
sniffing the air