

Sharks

by carl *Tuesday, Nov 13 2018, 10:10pm*

international / poetry / post

glass beads of great value and fascination
are bet in the game yet their intrinsic value is of
no worth whatsoever

i once accumulated with skill and cunning many strings of the
rarest
beads created by glass blowers in their fiery furnaces,
the owners often joking that glass is of the same value
as sand

yet an entire world is enslaved by this sand, the
worthless glass beads that men kill and die for

the tragic joke is on them for maintaining their false belief
in baubles and stringed trinkets

great palaces and glass towers are built from exchanging
beads and manipulating minds

the glass producers have kept hidden
the secrets of their unscrupulous trade for obvious reasons,
what real worth is a bead made from sand?

they feed off the toil and blood of duped innocents now forced
to exchange these beads as currency, parasites that easily
attach to the soft permeable skin/minds of the people to derive their
easy living

the lie is perpetuated daily by glass screens which the slaves
carry constantly not realising they carry their own subjection
in their pockets

i am forced to live in a landlocked, polluted city to maintain close
proximity
to the game and have only heard rumours
of the sea in which swim powerful predators with serrated,
razor sharp teeth making short work of their prey
though it is said that small, fragile, weak, parasitic fish attach
themselves
to these powerful predators and happily hitch a ride while sucking
the life-blood of their unaware hosts

