

Cultivated post-humans
Living dead-static on their tax farm
Still they're scurrying and burrowing
Alienating, abstracting, discouraging
Each one more important than the other
Bank account
Heart beat
Meaningless life from child to mother.

Bliss-less blobs brains turned off
Hateful sensitive scared flash-mobs
Carting woes about with weary arms
From the weight of false pretences
Usually quite angry, seldom calm.

Avoidance of what's integral; bitterly true
Petrified, exploited, blood-letted: you.
The soil is stained on this tax farm
In between the stains are hand dug holes
Made for buried heads
Typically shallow, you already know.

Whilst the perimeter fence not a single scratch
Or even a peep for them to see through
The valley of tears
Only upwards is clear - still sky blue
A suspicion, though..
Maybe God pays minimum wage too.

