

Overtime

Samuel Hazo

It's much too late to think
of options or alternatives.
Our Pharaoh-in-Chief is waiting
like a spoiled prince for loyalists
to kiss his ring.

Meanwhile
the little we have saved is taxed
for war.

No one admits
we've made a hoax of peace
by living behind closed doors
and stashing dollars for the worst.
We're drunk with ultra-security,
ultra-speed, ultra-vitamins,
ultra-power.

We converse
through machines.

We think
in slogans.

We worship glitz
and notoriety.

We choose novels
for "easy reading."

As for poetry?
It's all reduced to wordplay
and sociology.

Meanwhile
the televised and tattooed world
slides by disguised as normal.
We sit and watch.

Even
when seated, we keep a pistol
holstered at the hip and ready.