

what do you say to yourself,  
while you're shitting on the ground?  
does money matter to you?

eating only berries and yogurt,  
hurting yourself in the name of any health  
that comes along.

jogging all around.

with only a guttural voice  
to sing a sweetsome song.

what are you doing with yourself,  
what do you do to yourself,  
in the name of the godless,  
in the name of the rich?

they capitalize on your concerns,  
turn your daydreams into dollars.  
you try to sing but only holler.

and jogging all around.

hurting your feet, your breasts.  
the rest are antiseptic:  
the rest are often clean.

cream of the crop, spoil and rot.  
you try to be what you are not.  
you jog around  
they sit in chairs  
you shit on the ground  
and they count the stairs.

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