

Paleo Prophet

by Mathew Paust

The unmuffled internal combustion engine
forewarns our demise;
hated to say this, but how can we avoid
the implications? An unwitting clarion,
celebrating the unchecked universal appetite
as it powers the fragile steel skin
that emboldens with its roaring illusion of invulnerability
the puny hominid on the upholstered seat within,
perched amid the stink and detritus
of cheap forgettable delights.



We are insatiable,
consuming with gusto the stuff of fantasy,
pleasant poisons in pleasing disguises,
growing fat, sassy, sick and unrepentant, overladen,
fooling ourselves with easy aphorisms,
that belittle with cheap irony niggling doubt,
and fairly staunch malignant dread;
the billboard smirk says live for today
and whatever gets you through the night,
for tomorrow...well, tomorrow
might never come.

Denial is getting harder and harder,
the sarcasm harsher, brittler;
realistic hope is fraying on the rasp of inevitability;
the tragic lovers ride their hell-bound bucket with glee,
while the stubborn gather kindred souls
to join their Arcadian dream.

-- m.d. paust

