

The Fruitless Resuscitation

by Amanda Proscia

I was sent here to perform the autopsy
on the norm, the status quo, the bourgeois.
I dust off the Dada kitchen knife.
It hasn't been used since nineteen twenty.
When rationale ruled many
who blindly risked their life
for what they were told was humanity.
But instead they were just sold insanity.
They were sent to save civilization,
but only contributed to society's sublimation.
I stab the obsolete knife directly in the heart,
and no blood spills from the incision.
It seems the classes are already apart;
The government made the final decision.

