The Musk of Civilization

by Joani Reese

He bought his zillion-dollar megaphone,
    the man who names himself the technoking.
These uber-rich have highjacked the machine.
A rival helms *The Post*. Truth? His alone.
    The man who names himself the technoking
gaze blank to those less fortunate below.
A rival helms *The Post*. Where does truth go?
Hump spaceships over deserts, wars, disease
    gaze blank to those less fortunate below.
Same DNA, same mortal circuitry
humps spaceships over deserts, wars, disease
and chips away at our democracy.
    Same DNA, same mortal circuitry
yet somehow their apotheosis takes
and chips away at our democracy.
They only win as long as we believe
    deification could be commonplace.
Truth shakes gray rags and hovercrafts away.
They only win as long as we believe
when money screams success, our life's awry.
    Truth shakes gray rags and hovercrafts away.
He bought his zillion-dollar megaphone--
when billions scream success, this life's awry.
The uber-rich have highjacked the machine.
    a young man locks and loads a magazine.

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