

It's Real TV, Uncle Remus

by Larry Strattner

It's Real TV there Uncle Remus.

All these goofballs just might be us.
We're lost in a brambly aberration,
thorny tangles of a wacky nation.

Thrown in here in a pricker patch;
a reality TV booby hatch.

All our hopes and dreams are gone.
Texts and tweets drag us along
to murky depths of depravity,
which we'll never escape, because you see,
we've abandoned our sensitivity.

We're so inured to the constant manure
we can't even tell when we're in a sewer
trapped by the smell, a dearth of sun
and the fact we seem to find our fun
in the pain of others; see them run
in shame and ire right into the fryer
to sizzle and blacken but never expire.

How can their twisted development
ever be socially relevant?
They're a cultural colon transplant.

Forbearance or sympathy's never required,
so a sham of disgust we bestow them entire
while remaining big fans of their deeds and desires.

These days we name it Reality.
We're no better than they, we have all come to be

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roommates in a hell of complicity.

