

# Often I think on who pulls the strings,

*by* Roberto C. Garcia

a man or a woman,  
black or white,  
these are equal  
opportunity times after all

In a plush leather chair,  
high up a shiny skyscraper,

an assistant reads off a list

and each 'to do' on this fine stationary  
is a mace swinging wildly

and even if he/she cared,  
no skull can be spared.

The leather smells successful,  
pen, like the assistant, obeys  
in sweet strokes,  
it all just feels too good,

swing mace swing wild,  
no names or faces on the list.

