

We Wear the Gimp Mask

Circle of Dead Children

At the peak of evolution's tower we perch
and glare downward toward the understrappers below
Unable to see all the way to the bottom
Unable to care even if we could
Poverty and disease flourish around the foundation of our creation
And how great are we?
Great enough to lift our noses to the skies
as existence crumbles around us from the ground up
How great are we?

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