

Clouddead "The Keen Teen Skip"

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Iâ€™m sick of keen eyed teens keying
car doors in the middle of the night.
They wonâ€™t believe their
donning dangling carrot cams.
Youngsters today are not prepared
to buy plants or collect stamps.
They wonâ€™t believe their wearing lead lined pants,
keeping them inert like just a carrot canâ€™t,
aging in the space between two magnets face to face.

Your house keys are cut from utter nonsense,
from the ground to utter nonsense up.

When the people factory shuts down,
there is no mad fangle on the opposite ends of
telescopes in

spotlights in subparticles of rock.
The petty douse of your death spread over light years,
awaiting the impact of laughter diffuse through space.

There is no search party for a star gone dim.

Are you prepared to give a guided tour
of your planet to something like... God,
to speak on behalf of all phylum,
from single-celled to sapien?
Are all your cells in agreement?

The empty space between distant airs doesnâ€™t care...

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