

Buried Inside "Kroc Of Shit"

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The pace of life in the city is set by the pace of the
technology that serves it;
The history that reserves it.
Mining through soot and cinder, grinding through flesh
and bone;
Kroc and watt were engineers of the same breed, of
the same sordid dream: volume speed efficiency.
Well hoot-dog!
Another orgy of shit.

Another disease which purported to be the cure.
Pump in the bovine hormones, dole out the shitpay.
Result: all species fall under prey under circling agri-
vultures;
And in the end, cruelty is acknowledged only where
profitability ceases.
Science.
Non-science.
Non-sense.

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