

## Mad Issues

“Who cares about social corruption?”  
Says she with grandeur and strength.

“I do”, replies he with emulated grace.  
“Implications of this are vast and great.  
If you allow it, it can blind and kill you  
With a piercing shrill, that will be sure to  
Thrill”.

“Social injustice is a myth...  
Whispers in the wind that fall  
Into the beckoning abyss.  
Swayed and afraid with a mighty kiss.

The cries and screams of the children  
Who are beaten and hidden,  
Are bitten with a desperation to become arisen.  
So that they may fight and win,  
Not to be ignored by cruel commentators,  
Not to be forgotten by ignorant prospectors”.  
Says she with flawed impatience.

“You forget about the human condition of kindness.  
With its gentle breeze,  
A worldly courtier who expresses wisdom with the first, best and last  
Word: “Please”.  
Kindness is universal,  
To those who are a subject of indifference,  
With their pointed glares and dares,  
Daggers for eyes,  
Knives for teeth,  
Hateful gazes, who stare and prod,  
Of the most innocent of blood.”  
Says he with progressive empowerment.

“You!” She declares, “a perfectly  
Imperfect individualist are one of not many.  
You will fall, when materialism rises.  
You will kneel, when consumerism dominates.  
You will surrender when capitalism devours”, promises  
She with enraged fury.

“You will be quiet, for your testimony  
Is not at all polite. Step forward for all to see,  
Your heated gaze,  
Your greedy mouth and lips,  
As the dollar rises, and hopes and hearts  
Are divided.  
You are our downfall, the world led to its ultimate defeat  
Because of a corrupted mongrel led by his own tasty treats”.  
Says he with genderless heat.

“We congregate.  
We mingle, multiply and supply.  
We kill brother and sister,  
For a slither of undesirable hope.”  
He looks on with deadened face.

“Can’t you see?  
Can’t you accept?  
Illusion is reality,  
Reality is illusion.  
We are pale and light,  
Dark and coffee-skinned.  
Buttery with caramel hues,  
Dusty with checkered brown and gold  
Spots.” Says she with flickering competence.

“I know”, replies he sadly.  
“So you finally see”, says she absent of fatality.  
“Let us sit and grow old together,  
Let them grow and prosper,  
Gaze up and ponder,  
Are we really there?  
Or are we frozen,  
In placid icy waters”.  
Says he with even gratitude.

“Let humanity wonder”.