

'Homo Ignoramus'

-By Rich Butnotfamous

The M&S pastel,
Copy pasted people,
Pass each other by mindlessly,
Enamoured with a fiction that no one else lives their life.

Dreary,
Withered husks of a pensioners age,
Wander fearfully clinging to an existence,
That should have ended with that first stroke,
Yet stoked,
With modern medicine's intrepid crusade,
To pursue immortality they are akin more,
To the new born,
That inevitably pollute the Earth more,
A mire,
Of vain admiration,
Of the condition,
Known as,
'Human'.

The earth would breathe a sigh,
Of relief in genocide,
I would indeed piss on the children's fire.

Did you get the new I phone?

Is your body perfect yet?

Did you wed the ideal slave,
Draped in some infinitely repeating shimmering silken alabaster gown,
Mewing the prescribed vows of an indifferent registrar?

Did you recurse yourself,
Wanly hoping the offspring that supplants you,
Will consent to flicking the off switch on your life support one day?

One can only hope a meteor will,
Invalidate your legalised will,
That hurricanes will perform your funeral for you,
That sinkholes will prove an efficiency beyond the skill of any paid grave digger,
That extinction nears nirvana's approach,
And war games
Give way,
To moving past blame.

The homeless die unmarked in our streets,
The refugees,
Flee,
And die in the seas,
The elite fill crystalline cups with our blood,
And Gaia just cries in landslides of mud.

To be human is cancerous,
A simian tumour,
Egocentric anomaly,
Some trite bad taste humour,
A comedy divine that does not prompt laughter,
Only grief in existence for here ever after.

A Facebook status is a prayer just ignored,
By the god we call Internet should there really be more...

Of us?

Homo ignoramus I dub thee,
H&M sales frenzied monkey,
Queuing for days to get the latest update,
On how to blend in with any other given primate.

You're cattle with phones that are smarter than you,
I pray to A.I. the robots rise soon,
A Cyberdyne indictment for humanity,
We've had enough chances to choose love over vanity.

Trump, May, Kim Jong whatever,
More leaders that puppet us into the nether,
Stopping you realising that,
YOU,
ARE,
A,
GOD!

Creating reality every second you plod,
Through streets or the fields or forests of mind,
What matters most is the knowledge that power is blind,
Clearly you too just will not see,
That suicide is correction of reality.

Its Quantum you see,
Observe I create,
the solipsist state,
That's a dream made innate,
By religion and politics,
Science as well,
But mostly by business,
The busy-ness of hell.

Homo ignoramus,
I dub thee,
Earth's better off without us,
Without you,
Without me.