

Illusions

The fall moon lies
on horizon low
a golden orb reflecting
silvered illumination
inciting shadows to dance
bewitched on harvest fields
no longer harboring dread
for childhood fears have fled
School bus days in recall
remember empty seats
older boys were gone to war
their names later painted
on a township Honor Roll
saying they died for peace
poor little Annie
may even have shed a tear
A bank now sits the site
purveyors of money
for loan and lease
We are a land of opportunity
filled with hard work
and harder taxes
where fiat money is
numbered plastic credit
a land where all willingly
help themselves
Religions in possession
of gods heavens and hells
are lustfully engaged
in loving enemies to death
Differ any from old Kopek's
rants and raves to his friends
embedded somewhere
in his memory traces
as they bellow back
until he takes his medication
and hits the sack
Differ they from ones living
in a virtual world who
lose all their friends at once
when their screen goes black.
We've learned to live to be
and dial 911 for security