

Instant Cobwebs

By Nile Coy

We mourn the Death
of the proverbial sweetheart
from long lines in shopping mall food courts,
where infinite sacrifices of future dreams
have been made to the god of
RIGHT FUCKING NOW,
The god of greasy burger wrappers,
the god of disposable plastic everything.
From my cubical
I download the souls of loud,
self important beat poets
onto my tiny key chain hard drive,
stashing them away
for future generations to scoff at,
while they eat away at Mother Gaia
like termites at an old garage.
This world we build is for them,
and they will hate us for it
as surely as we hate those
who built this world for us
never thinking to ask us
what size, shape, color we wanted
No one will mourn the sweetheart then.
She will be long forgotten,
like the name of the hero
in a story your grandmother was told
as a child.