

Run Little Man by J.K. Rooke

Run little man run faster and faster,
hoping by speed to escape your disaster
run in your planes and your trains and your four-by-fours
Run from constraints of sense morals and mores.
Run from the mother who gasps for her life
Blame her condition on trouble and strife
Blame God who made sinners consigned to deep hells.
But blame not free enterprise, commerce, cartels
And never stop playing with planes and with trains.
And never stop shopping and clogging the drains
With mercury, plastic, organic remains
With your thousands of packages bought on a whim
Opened and looked at and chucked in the bin
To be carried in barges and dumped in the seas
Or from overfilled quarries to crawl round trees knees.
Or thrown into furnaces thick black and noisome
That blow into Earth's nose, a vast lethal poison.
Run from the billions of burgeoning men,
Bred in the shanties, lives garnered for when
You need the labour or excuse for largess
A sink for collaterals fast breeding excess
Their mouths are a safety valve opening wide
To gag on the filth from your bourgeois backside.
So, run on your quad-bikes, your mowers, skidhoes.
Run on whatever you find that can use
The glorious black gold's invincible speed
That will keep you and carry you on without heed
Forever