

## The Last Days

I feel my words add up to one thing, and that's nothing  
I'm struggling and searching; I'm verbal axe-juggling  
Stumbling and lurching, my syntax troubling  
Busting verses, I try to capture something  
Subtle about the rapture and passionate suffering  
Attached to the cluttered path of cash coveting  
With hands tied up in the act of ass-covering  
Corruption contaminates the task of governing  
Consumption demands massive gas guzzling  
Above I see the sword of Damocles hovering  
Assassins set to dispatch another king  
As the pendulum swings, feel the plastic smothering  
Sending some scuttling back under mother's wing  
Others stand muttering, watching sand crumbling  
Castles come crashing to land, their plans tumbling  
I can't help wondering how the dream was killed  
I guess the frame was built weak, but it seemed so real  
I blame myself and accept the shame and guilt  
For being a training-wheel, out to gain the skills  
To play the game well and chase fame and wealth  
The same as everyone else; yeah, it strained my health  
To remain in the filth, but the pains I felt  
Didn't move me to action, and plus I knew this would happen  
But this stupid attraction to hubristic passions  
Grew, and through attachment I flew into a trap and  
Couldn't clue into the fact of the illusion's enchantment  
Until I sat on the ruins of the last human advancement  
A loon laughing alone in a thousand-room mansion  
With computers, fax, and phones used to grow food plants in  
The last bastion, what remains of humanity  
Madness rages in a string of profanity  
All that's left of an age of insane vanity  
Condensed into one case of vain insanity  
I scream and complain to the rainforest canopy  
My name and DNA chain aborts, vanishing  
As animals watch the last corpse from Titanic sink  
The planet thinks: "Finally, man is extinct"  
And begins replenishing all the damaging things  
We did with our hands while micromanaging  
Now we're back to the last days of weapon brandishing  
When we still have a chance to change; come back from the brink  
And cancel that command on the satellite link  
It's like, the battles of right-wing fascist militants  
Remind me of mankind's past irrelevance

You can wipe us all out like Florida brown pelicans  
And it won't necessarily spell the end of mental elegance  
We feel these evolutionary arrogant elements  
But as long as there's still chimps, dolphins and elephants  
Or any mammal animal with strands of intelligence  
Language and culture eventually will swell again  
I can't tell you when, but I know it's possible  
So let's drop the bull: this show is stoppable  
But all in all I'd rather outgrow the obstacles  
Than start all over from go; that's so illogical  
For us to make progress, though, the soul has got to grow  
And soldiers have got to slow down and start talkin' peace  
Part of the problem seems to be with corporate greed  
But they're all just people with kids they got to feed  
Lost in a colossal sea of private property  
And can't see the forest for the trees, just frogs asleep  
In a pot of deep water, boiling hotter  
Soil erosion problems, oil and slaughter  
Destroy and prosper, spoil and conquer  
Enjoy it while it lasts, boys, it won't be much longer

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