

# In the Big Red Desert of Political Slavery

*Nicholas McKay*

The mediocrity of society  
has reached a triple figure percentage,  
and for those of us who have been  
sleepwalking through life,  
the darkness has become  
all but impenetrable  
the moment we wake up.  
Beyond the belief of intellect's scope,  
the damages wrought upon  
the social mainframe  
have reduced what was once  
proud and boastful,  
to the rubble we call our home;  
buildings built on the layers  
of lies, writ my masochistic villainy.  
The honourable leadership  
of past structures has succumb

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to temptation and duress,  
the seductive touch of sinful economics,  
and the antagonistic pull  
of corruption turning our nation  
into ash, until it is incapable  
of recognition. The directionality  
and scope of life's shit overture  
prohibits the existence of beauty,  
as blossoming futility causes all  
to surrender beneath the reign  
of inevitable slavery,  
for that is all we ever are.

We pay; we eat; we fuck; we sleep,  
but all the while underneath the gaze  
of governmental employees,  
whose expertise in stock management  
ensures we never exhibit  
too much fun. With this thought  
penned upon the page, is leniency  
from political threat  
really too much to ask,  
or are we doomed to suffer  
as submissive tools of oppressive bodies  
until our life force wanes  
and our money runs dry like the desert?