

One World Odor

By Mark Edgemon

Man's quest for control
Dates back to his beginning.
Man's thirst for order
Made after his image,
Is born from his carnal logic,
That things would be well
With him at the helm.

But with every under handed deal
And shady, backroom quid pro quo,
The lesser of mankind waits
With baited breath, if he can survive
Another self serving law for his own good!
And the selfish chains of avarice continue
To be forged, by the thoughtless few in power.

With dark magic, technological yoke summoned
To mark the heads and hands of those
Meant to serve evil, unwillingly fettered,
And criminally charged, if he doesn't submit
To each and every whim of the puppeteer
Of malice. Pride replaced with fear...
Fear and servitude to the newly docile.

The End