

Out of a Job
(By Low on Cash)
By Robin B Lipinski

Coins tinkle, fallen from the slot.
'Out of order' read the sign.
Lost now forever, in the machine of deceit.
You read it, yet you did not believe it.

Empty pocket now, empty except for fingers covered in grime, by passage of time.
Turning, your legs carry what was once proud, once clean, one who used to believe it.
Surrounded by wealth, by creation, by those still believing it.
"Vote for me, I'll bring you change!" Why did you ever believe it?

So many do.
So many try.
Yet, so many are like you, like I

Machine of deceit.
Wealth sucking deceit.
Inhaling life as it sees it.

One day.
One week.
One month, year, century.
One moment will come when the machine of deceit will be smashed by a new faith,
A faith of those who believe it.

The End