

Spam

By Robin B Lipinski

To gain attention in this world, we announce our cry of birth. We sing our cry while wet and continue to try.

We gain our wealth by trying, by crying, all in vain as we end up dying.

But a request is still a request, so as to flame spam, I will try one.

Hunker down low, crumpled gravel bedding the belly.

With fingers seeking the trail, interrupting the ants travel.

Black or red, white or brown, the ant knows its travel; it knows its chemical smell.

You are the god towering, you are the one in control, the ant's destiny is yours, you look down, you smile.

Ants labor, they toil, they travel, mindless in their existence they only know to follow.

A mission is theirs while you ponder the meaning of life; their life is more than hollow.

Below you crawls the ant, the slave to the laws, which it must follow.

Turning your head high, you spy the Sun, you breathe in life, you ponder in your knowledge.

Plato, Aristotle, King, Poe, Nietzsche, and more, this is what YOU follow.

Pity the ant as he labors with small tidbits of ham, or metaphorically known, spam.

Their existence is as dictated by the queen.

Yours is the existence of man.

The End