

Neaera, Hibernating Reason

You are a threat to the world
To its integrity, to its dynamics
With a conscience on stand-by
And a servile need to bow
A puppet of politics you are
Enmeshed in the all consuming web of power
You are the subtle voice of others
Predictions are lies
Deceive and misguide
Your eye for an eye
Has left you blind
Reinventing black and white
Your division of good and bad
The language of social regression
The right cure for a wounded civilization?
What have you done to bring peace?
You have isolated your country
These erected walls of pride are a defense
A narcissistic attempt to become immune
Blind, false and numb
I don't envy you,
Your burden must be a hell of a curse
Protagonist of the theater of the absurd