

prophecy of the playground

by strannikov

your eyes and ears, all toddlers children kids:

adults' rude abuse of sense you can lose,
their glamoured productions burrowed with costs—
electric productions that lie
electric productions that steal
electric productions that cheat
electric productions that foul
electric productions that kill:
 they deafen you with cute
 knife you with sugared songs
 with machines turn love to silicon shit
 hurl you at the god Fun
 debrain you in their schools.

their fetid appetites they teach,
your appetites they coach and train,
to blot out all your childhood dreams:

they feed you hungry tastes for dung
so you can desire have and own
purchase possess and then forget.

lose all your adults—lose them all:
lose adult kids you're taught to trust
who feed you sick—shun their machines
at least to age twelve: young animals remain.

tell idiot children older than you:
“our childhoods in our childhood days—
ours, not your ‘early adult’ shit”—
tell idiot children: “fuck yourselves sick!”

tell them and tell them then tell them and show:
yell sniff slide kick throw swim play spit run sing
without crippling machines, until you're twelve.

do not be keen to let them gnaw on you,
they'll snag you later without stop or cease:
but through age twelve you'll've kept your own youth.

