

People! People!

People, people, everywhere,
and not a break in sight,
they copulate and propagate,
congest with all their might.

Across the planet many starve
but too few grasp the lesson;
to our festering egos fewer humans
is an abominable suggestion.

We're everything that matters here,
all else worldly is merely tools
for us to tweak and twist at will
while we multiply like fools.

It's quantity, more quantity,
not quality we strive for.
More macadam! More concrete!
That's what we're all alive for.

But those submerged in dark despair
can take this consolation:
the trend can only go so far

in a single

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generation . . .