Vulgar

Michael Heckle*
Climb your corporate ladders just a little bit faster, momentum to break through the glass ceiling when all you’re really doing is banging your head bloody. It’s all about the money. As that red drip drips on the lips of those a few rungs below. Keep it up until you slip and fall into that black pit of lifeless banality. Sit on the couch watching TV tied to an oxygen machine, slack-jawed and drooling until your heart’s last beat.

Because higher education is just a higher subjugation. Swirling pretentious masses, ass-backwards. People with degrees who don’t know dick, because knowledge for the sake of knowledge is just bullshit. Staring debt down like the barrel of a glock loaded with bullets worth $10Gs a pop.

And this gun you can’t control because this conversations already old news. It doesn’t matter that little Sally took two to the chest, all that matters is what’s best for America. So they can line their pockets with the blood of the hunted because you “fucking libtard cuck,” that’s what our founding fathers wanted.
So cry and moan
and bitch and groan
into the phone
where rational thought kicked the bucket.
Your thoughts and prayers
just adds to the sewage so fuck it.
In the name of Jesus Christ and his holy fucking father,
you can’t change shit.
So why even bother?