

ibm

mighty white
uptight
fight or flight
you're wrong we're right
bite in the soul.

a pile of money big enough to talk the
little tramp out of the grave into
modern times on the corporate assembly line
pitching pc's between first downs.

monkey work for everybody!
no job too big no mind too small.

slack jaw slack eyes slack face
superslack mondoslack
lamp-smashing drunken rage
apocalypse now
time off later
stuff it in the bank
stuff it in the gut
time for lunch.

think money drink money
spend money eat money live money
get fat get drunk get numb get dumb
get old get dead get out.

us versus them
we're cool they're not
we're smart they're not
we're people they're not.

no windows no sun no plants no sky no trees no animals
pale yellow walls
beige carpet
fluorescent lights
stagnant air
temperature extremes
drop ceiling
formaldehyde maze
big styro egg carton
humpty dumpty eunuchs.

endless meetings where
 nothing happens but tick tick tick
wander around staring at my watch for
 3 months

6 months
9 months
chained to a pipe dream while
blank walls + blank stares + blank checks
gnaw + claw at
my liver my stomach my colon my prostate
my back my legs my heart my soul my will.

afraid to leave
afraid to live
afraid to love.

afraid to rock the titanic
as if I could tip it over anyway
which I'd love to if I had the chance.

afraid this prefab hell on earth won't
take me back again if I
leave ahead of schedule
this time around.

afraid I'll knock over all the other dominos if I
open the door + walk out right now.

afraid I'll hammer myself into a
black hole if I don't.

I hate your self-satisfied blank bloodless lying smirking
narrow-minded animal-paving sleep-inducing
paranoid mediocre spy versus spy
better safe than sorry death insurance.

I hate your keep quiet pay the undertaker
interchangeable white male rubber stamp
compartmentalized departmentalized
equal opportunity security begins with you
be just like me party line.

you can keep your easy money death rattle + your
ivory tower missile silos + your
faceless nameless corporate cult + your
big blue zombie massage parlor.

save them for the next sell out shoot up
get rich quick retire in 10 years
gold-digging grave-digging
laptop billy the kid
there's one born every minute you know
everyone's got good reasons to be seduced but
not me

not by you
not this time
not this tomb.

I've had enough
I'm out
it's over
I'm gone
I won't be back.

so when does reality set in? *this is it.*

and what will I do now? *something else.*

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