

What a dandy outtake of a day.

"Power bars and caffeine.
T rue American diets.
When the words don't come, its like constipation,
but Sunday will move through you like a bowl of prunes.
I've said this all before, because it's all been said before.
'You say you wanna revolution?'
You don't even wanna get off the couch.
We are happy humble little drones of existence.
Be free, but don't take away my fucking tv...."

And then the stupid boring poem of the stupid boring poet fades off into the long constant sound of white noise as the last American show fades to black or into an infomercial and we all wait until morning, half cocked, remote in the left, drooling, dreaming of sex and longing for the next thing to shock us out of our coma. But it's easier to watch the Sopranos and see the others live life out for us, with their well rehearsed, well written lines, and their not so perfect lifestyles, reminding us all that we don't need to move faster, eat better, or have any kind of real intelligent thought at all. We don't need to do anything, but sit back, relax, and enjoy the programmingthe programming.
Have we lost our spice, or is this the American dream? God help us all.