

FORGOTTEN:

The Poetry of Social Injustice

While some lick their napkins
and kiss their silver spoons
many live on leftovers
hovering near garbage shoots

Most people on this planet
are products of broken dreams
existing beyond the reach of justice
in grotesque parodies of success
and satires of happiness
as slaves of economic machines

Kris: Even though this poem's message makes sense, the poetry itself is lousy.

Terri: I think it makes plenty of sense. Perhaps it is simply a message you don't want to hear?

Tim: Don't worry. Poetry is basically inconsequential.

Sam: Yeah. There are many social injustices I'd rather not think about.

Ted: (nodding) Yeah, most folks would rather enjoy their fleeting virtual fantasies instead of examining hard realities and become willing to critically think.

- T Newfields

Begun: 1996 in Shizuoka, Japan Finished: 2020 in Yokohama, Japan

