

Love is a Lie Created by the Bourgeoisie to Perpetuate the Myth of Capitalism

Basil Joe Rocker 11/23/2003

Love is a lie created by the bourgeoisie to perpetuate the myth of capitalism
To keep you consuming, opening vast voids, empty vistas to be filled by the
Heart's incessant clamoring that is never satisfied, growing larger,
Keeping us on a treadmill.

Where is my special someone?
The myth declares them there
Out there
Waiting to incorporate from the ether to ease your loneliness
And help you paint the living room and pick the right bed sheets
And tastefully decorate all in your purview

Always seeking something, but finding nothing,
Buying substitutes,
Buying goods, using services to ease the pain
Fill the void
To ease the pain of not being able to fill the void which only gets bigger

Never satisfied.
Contentment is contemptuous of capitalism and vice versa

Love is a lie created by lonely people to perpetuate their own existence
They'd kill themselves if there were no such hope
Leaping from tall buildings and red bridge spans
Would the hopelessly lonely face the Pacific or the Bay
In their leap of resignation to the futility of it all?

Once the void is filled with the rosy puppy dog cheeks
And hound smiles of the beating heart and
Warmth of the lover
You are but lonely together
Buying bed sheets to fill the void
Ease the pain

Fill the emptiness of the vast void and vast vista that
Has suddenly doubled in length and breadth

Love is a lie created by the experts
To keep the populace desperately in need of their services.
Oh, Mr. Psychologist,
Oh Ms. Psychiatrist
Why am I unhappy?

The love I seek ever eludes me and
I am bored, lonely, and looked upon with contempt by my married peers
Who think that I'm gay, celibate, or a pervert
Or a gay celibate pervert who may become a priest at any moment
And molest every person under the sun from 17 down to one

For my inability to find the mate with which to double the loneliness
Or perhaps fold it to even greater extent
Has them baffled
And their bafflement has me baffled

Because if they are baffled I must be doing something wrong
I must be a bad citizen
Joseph K.. Guilty for no crime, but guilty for just existing without fitting in
Killing an Arab in a deep blue sea of wasted nausea with no exit from the rec room floor

Where is your domestic leash?
You are but a stray wondering the streets, eating from trash cans

Love is a lie created by the pharmaceutical companies
To keep you ingesting prozac, celebrex, zoloft
And whatever happy pill they wish to shove down your throat
Once the experts shrink your head
And sell you the books and the tapes and the dvds
The prescription form comes in handy

If you cannot honestly find the big blue ball of shiny happiness
The true genuine type that rarely happens in the post-industrial world

Here's a happy pill to paint the big fat flash grin of smiling fascism
On your big stupid face