

# # CULTUREVULTURE

By  
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You walk insipid streets,  
Chased by a thick smoke of ignorance.  
I see molds, plastic, containers, plastic.  
Ephemeral,  
Ephemeral, ephemeral.  
Vibrant colors trample the foundations of the asphalt jungle.  
From kilometers away we perceive your foul-smelling insecurity.  
Yves Saint Laurent, Country, Nogal.  
Without a hat, there's no ticket. I recommend that when you buy one, you look  
carefully.  
They'll tell you that the fashion is to wear it dirt-colored. Let's go around the carousel  
again.  
You won't raise the price this time. Welcome to the peace circus! Two for one, ladies and  
gentlemen. Free entrance if you're a global enterprise.

Squeeze, hold tight.  
Unravel the folds of capitalist fat that delight the palate of morning news.  
Ephemeral, ephemeral, ephemeral.  
Caricatures disguised as populism,  
they're all victims of your own invention.  
Infamous puppet, choke on the succulent Sunni phallus,  
it has a nectar-like relative tasting of uranium at the tip.  
Suck hard; it's almost coming in your orange mouth.  
Get yourself to your backyard,  
shove it through the hole of its sensual border—  
don't forget to use the barrier!  
Let's celebrate in Times Square with the fearful,  
raise your red cups.  
What a majestic blaze of freedom spills  
from retrograde foam—  
the most refreshing drink for suburban palates,  
the most decadent in all of history!  
Cheers, Dylan, for your Nobel, and may many more come!

I slide my finger to the right, again and again.  
Body after body, succulent bait to feed  
the disposable ego of the absent.  
Ephemeral, ephemeral, ephemeral.  
I wish to take into my thoughts the  
biting intelligence of the schizophrenics.  
Asphyxiate me with your poses;  
remember to put yourself on sale,

it's promotion season and there's high demand.  
I've seen hundreds fall,  
drawn by the trap of my games.  
I've squandered over a million invested  
in slimy, fleeting kisses.  
Uber goes, Uber comes, exchanges a gesture,  
lowers the zipper, and repeats again.  
You suffer from an insatiable memory of madness, it tells me,  
it's a symptom of undeniable modernity.

Zapping with its zap, zap...  
Double tap.  
Click, Snap, Like, Flash, back.  
XOXO, rise up, it's a record time,  
they all say.  
Compete, compare, comment, and extract.  
Retouch, touch, beg, and provoke.  
Dance to the rhythm of the instantaneity  
of the superficial feeling of loneliness.  
Don't let me fall into it;  
I want to hop in with Marty and Doc in the DeLorean  
to go back.  
Woody, dear old friend!  
Blessed be your clever and repetitive incestuous ideas.  
How did we not think of this before?  
It's perfect; I want a little of that too...  
take me to party with the Fitzgeralds,  
let me talk about nothing with Picasso,  
with Hemingway, drink me a  
rare and expensive whiskey,  
and finally, introduce me to Trotsky,  
because I want him to penetrate me in his office.  
Sensual communism,  
would have been a generous lover.

Failed generation of repeating imitators of silence.  
They listen to intermittent music lacking suspense  
that elevates their serotonin and annihilates  
their thought immersed in the backward-moving offspring.  
The promiscuous rhythm of the hypocritical  
consumer society rubs its hips against  
the fleshy thighs of drug trafficking.  
They are all spoiled, they stink of vice.  
Eloquent school, they believe they're at the top  
of the food chain when they are, in reality,  
cannibals extinguishing themselves while flirting  
with false promises of laughter.

Don't bother with it, no need  
to inject ink from books like in other times.

Stretch comfortably on the sofa,  
everything you once dreamed of and more  
in a single channel.  
That's it, revolt against the giant poisonous producers,  
now it's your turn to shine  
with a vomit-inducing catalog of  
expensive, hilarious stories.  
I'll bring the snacks because I'm on a diet,  
only light content on Sunday nights;  
the rest, small doses of silky speeches  
disguised as social movements.  
But oh, you are such a scholar!  
You revel in lawyers, artists, and journalists.  
You read Murakami, drink Hendrix,  
watch Lynch, and taste Rausch.  
Bravo! You made it.  
A small step for man, a giant leap for humanity.

Clap,  
Clap,  
Ephemeral, ephemeral, ephemeral.

Clap,  
Clap,  
Clap.

Applause, it's over.

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