

The Last Laugh

by swag Monday, Mar 29 2010, 9:05am

international / prose/poetry / literature

is there such a thing
as the last laugh?

i have outlived my loves,
friends and foes
and
i'm *not* laughing!

eyes swell with tears as
memories flood into
consciousness

even those who despised
the ground i walked on
(now dead)
only elicit emotions of pity

vengeful thoughts
this mind never entertained
possibly why i have outlived them all

what is there to laugh
about, dear reader?

the world's most powerful nation
gone rogue, perhaps?

killing innocent civilians daily
while stunned populations
watch
mindlessly

i am *not* amused,
are you?

there is little,
if anything to
laugh about these days

my favourite artists all dead
they died so young
some murdered

for opposing the status quo
in song and oratory

should i laugh
that agencies
serving the interests of
rogues, white-collar criminals
and reprehensible liars,
ply their murderous trade?

should i laugh
that these brazen criminals
now rule the world
or should i lament the fact the masses
no longer care?

today's world is *yours*,
dear reader

i prefer my accumulated
memories
joyful images
etched forever
in my mind

attend to other matters, dear reader
a grown man crying
for lost innocence
and lost justice
is not a pretty sight

attend to *your* world
and accept
your rewards

the fat lady may be singing
but i'm not laughing

i met a young girl she gave me a rainbow ...

🔊 [It's Alright Ma I'm Only Bleeding - Bob Dylan](#)

