

View from a Sacramento hotel

As the new day awakens
Luminous life blood begins to flow
In the crisscrossing capillaries
Of this urban organism,
Each car carrying keyboard punching labor
Not yet replaced by artificial intelligence,
Going to temples filled with files and meeting rooms
To discuss how they might increase profit margins
For their corporate gods,
Plantation owners whose field of concrete and wires
Stretch to the unseen sky
 Hiding the horizon
 Hiding the mountains
 Hiding the forests and the plains
 Hiding the vast oceans
 Hiding space
 Hiding infinite possibilities
 Hiding the roads to freedom.

~ Rusty Alois

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