

DEN AH WEEDS:
A semi-coherent eco-rant

- Jules: Do you catch this poem?
Andrei: Not really. Some kind of idealistic eco-crap it seems.
Ellesha: What can I say? Most of the crap we encounter is simply between our own ears.
Soo: It's a mickey mouse poem, but the basic message resonates.
Ellesha: Then remember that 'n forget dah rest.

*We live in a mutant garden ah eden
a toxic-waste-dump-shopping-mall-Cheron
ybol & radioactive disneyland wh
ich charges steep admission
& treats people like
multi-access mickey mouse-mannequins . . .*

- Jules: [In an pseudo-reggae style] Man, diz iz boring.
Andrei: [In a lame Russo-eubonic imitation] No wun wants ta listen ta a preacher, even aff duh credo is raight right.
Elijah: Perhapz it'z gud ta b remunded . . .

*dream of the blue earth!
praise the sea!
and remember life
isn't brought to you
by corporate powers
X, Y, or Z.*

*don't let our futures
become trade-marked
cute little info-gimmicks
and incarnations of greed.*

- Andrei: Hey - remind me to buy more beer, will ya Jules?
I'm gonna need it by the time this work iz done.
Philyra: Yo, your brain wuz dun years ago!
Andrei: Let's get fried, man!

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