

## **Lather, Rinse, Repeat**

Fall fell on our collective necks, the bloody blade  
of a silent steel guillotine harvesting heads.  
What might be next?

Little Miss Information sashays onto the scene  
swiveling hips, smacking merciless vapid lips,  
delighted to lead astray.

Candy striped carnival barkers convince cabalists  
to consume hydroxychloroquine instead  
while experts shake heads.

An anti-vax antichrist advising all to avoid  
the jab by vax-stabbing sacrificial lambs  
and urging imbecility.

Miss Information bites another into zombification,  
sending braineaters stumbling toward the precipice  
of certain obliteration.

Constant cacophony batters brains into gray jelly  
spread on toast for all to ingest under duress  
and swill the spew nonetheless.

More and more of less and less condemning  
all to guess which mess will rise from gloom  
and doom to erect our tombs.

We fail to hold the center in this swirling funnel  
with nowhere to grip, as we spin and slip deep  
in this steaming cesspool of shit.

– Jeffery Greb