

PrimeTime

I believe that now's the time for restitution
And I do swear to uphold the constitution
For the cause of picture-perfect resolution
I declare a prime time TV revolution

'Cause I can see rows of stucco homes
Gravity boots and mobile phones
Liposuction Sizzleans
'N' phony tax deduction schemes

Where poker-faced computer chips
Sell broker-based replacement hips
Which only swing when someone dips
Into the basement "jar o' tips"

So here it comes and there it goes
'Round and 'round, nobody knows
What takes place behind the screen
'Cept those who make and break the scene

But left of the dial
And beyond the blips
Of 30-second sucker clips
Exists a land of pious pips
A roaming band of lunatics
That still believe
In what is right
Inside your *TV Guide* tonight

If you can read between the lines
Of static cling and Calvin Kleins
Then guard against what you are told
For stretched-out truth be pressed and fold

And shrink-to-fit don't mean a thing
If where you sit's inside a sling

So watch your ass
And crack the mold
May God have mercy on the sold

'Cause I can see rows of stucco homes
Damage control and global zones
Where fax machines and satellite dishes
Feed the tax regimes and territorial fishes
"All the news that's fit to print"
With money from the Franklin Mint

They'll hook you if you skim on-line
Just learn to swim in serpentine
For PowerBooks and PC schools
Devour crooks and shower fools
With virtual yen and bunk doubloons
Divested down from sunken ruins

So cast away or stay afloat
It's point and click back your remote
Unto the land of hopes and dreams
"Wayward ho!" somebody screams
At Burger Kings and Dairy Queens
Promote your soft-serve-sex-machines
Amass the wageless working teens
A rise in polyester jeans

Put product placement in between
Of ABC see and be seen
Then watch them as they all are played
So as we are...
We've all been made...

Fingered
Pointed
Cut to bits
Of 30-second sucker clips

With Ginsu knives
And cooking tips
Our Press-On smiles
Our puckered lips
They keep us all still looking well
And praise the Lord for Bonne Bell
("I *love* that great green apple smell")

So, baby if we're damned to hell
Let Satan's ax swing from Mattel
Then rock me gently to-and-fro
Before we meet the CEO
Of Mighty Morphin Super Station
Mr. Market Saturation
Awesome hand of this great nation
Master over all creation

For he's the one who owns the rights
And charts the Televangels' flights
To help you earn your rabbit ears
He'll scare you silly with false fears
So don't you eat raspberry red
Because your inner child is dead

And when they finally call your name
You'll see the end is just the same
As Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Assume the form of talk show host

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