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PEACE, PROGRESS, PROSPERITY

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PEACE, PROGRESS, PROSPERITY

Abstract

Be silent. That's the passport for peace. The country belongs to those who shut their minds, learn to unlearn what they once believed, apply their PhDs to save their own skins. The country still thrives, with little yes-men trying to act big – 'no, this cannot; no, that is too sensitive, shut up, you're a dog barking at a hill!' In years to come, we may completely lose our voices, but our skins will be just as thin.

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Be silent.

That's the passport for peace.

The country belongs to those who shut their minds,
learn to unlearn what they once believed,
apply their PhDs to save their own skins.

The country still thrives,
with little yes-men trying to act big —
'no, this cannot; no, that is too sensitive,
shut up, you're a dog barking at a hill!'

In years to come, we may completely lose our voices,
but our skins will be just as thin.

Be complacent.

That's the programme for progress.

The country belongs to computers, not ideals —
command, execute, no questions asked;
beyond the pre-set codes, VDTs blink a blank.

Thus the system thrives,
dictating what is right and what is good —
touch the wrong button and that's a bad key;
toe the on-line or you terminate.

In years to come, we may learn only to agree,
then we might lose our right to choose.

Be mundane.

That's the payment for prosperity.

The country belongs to mercenaries,
they make their money and their names,
go home to their TV sets and video.

In fantasy they thrive,
with mistresses in hot pants —

'Waa, you saw or not how sexy the men are in *Baywatch?*

So your daughter shook the PM's hand aah, very good, very good'.

In years to come, we may exist in tinsel retreats,
with values culled from a bulk of pulp.