

pillow of dust

does some sleeping god  
lie his head on our pillow of dust  
ignorant uncaring of our plight  
his beautiful locks swelling  
on his breathing chest  
while we like cockroaches  
undergoe this ghastly  
darwinian metamorphosis  
like dorian grey  
he grows more lovely  
while we shrivel  
under the burden  
nature experiments  
and all our efforts  
are little avail  
(a few extra years  
in greater comfort  
not dying so horribly)  
can you not awake  
and turn our dust to gold!