

## Poems

By Alex C. Eisenberg



### How to Kill Capitalism

First, we push all the billionaires off a cliff  
into the deep clear stream of the river  
to remind them what it feels like to fall  
in love with the world.

Then, let's trap them  
in the morning traffic  
of migration. Let's bury them  
in bird song.

Let's lock them up  
let's torture them  
in the solitary confinement  
of the open ocean.

We'll let the sharks circle, sure  
but, then, let's tickle their feet  
with karp kisses until they're drowning  
in their own delight.

Then we can conscript them in a school  
of fishes until they remember  
why we need to work  
together.

Yes, we'll send them off  
to the reeducation camps  
of the wild and see if they can survive  
their own selfishness.

We'll leave them in the woods  
with a pack filled with nothing  
but their hard-earned money  
and see how they do trying to pay their way through.

If they survive, we'll give them old names  
and let their hair grow to a length  
that let's them remember everything  
they forced others to forget.

I want to see them dying  
of laughter, not borne of their own cleverness  
but because coyote has caught them  
in a net of their own longing and regret.

I want to see them screaming in the streets  
running in circles crying, not in grief  
or fear or tragedy or even pageantry  
but because they finally can see  
the ends of all their means.

## Of Skin & Ritual

Here is what we must do:  
    open  
    the old and brittle bodies  
broken  
    by this poisonous mess.  
Find a home  
    for all the pieces  
consume them  
    bury them in the earth  
plant them  
    under a tree  
adorn our bodies with them  
    smear the blood  
    across our cheeks  
drink it all  
                    down  
take the outer layer  
    the facade  
    and stretch it  
    wide  
    over the fire  
                    over the ground  
    reveal and preserve  
    the shades and shadows  
of fur  
                    of skin  
fashion something new  
    drape them over our bodies  
wear them like they are our own  
    live underneath them  
    breathe underneath them  
                    move within  
    them  
hunt  
                    & eat  
    digest  
                    become  
repeat

---

Image: "[Ritual](#)" ([CC BY-SA 2.0](#)) by [fleetingpix](#).