

WELCOME To The Corporate Person Hood!

by Dan Rutt, alias "Top Pun" (it's just, my pun name)

*This poem is dedicated to all of the Wall Street occupiers
and all of those dedicated to abolishing corporate personhood
and money as free (sic) speech.*

Theirs an outside chance
Say 1%
Facing such a ghostly figure
That passes over
What sum
Say billions
Who could passably planet that way!
Ether way
The Almighty Logos
Taken it
To the Greek
Drug through history and currency
Only to Rustle a new Brand®
This is not where democracy comes from!
Where livestock and dead stock are just the same
Like making a buck that is deer to no one
They get it all
Backwards
As they are
Dyslexics
Every won of them
Amiss take
Immorality for immortality
And in morality plays
Where the real masses
Cry out
Author! Author!
Only to fine themselves
Taxed
For a library of legal fictions
Worthless signatures
On countless dotted lyins
Part of the lessen plan

Buying and selling naming rights
With naught even a real bastard for the lineup
Only edifice complexes
From mother corporations
And fatherless spawn
Unendingly descendent
Fostering your loco shop lifter
As a parent
Such up-rearing is
Unconscionable
Never reaching scion
The promised
Land
A job
Putting on heirs
Like PR
Not even
Real state
Only wanting
Cold blooded lizards with personalities
To assure us
Real people need not apply
When animation pawns itself off
As real life syndication
When incorporeal "persons"
Claim the hood
More like a ski mask!
Robber barrens
Steal magnates
Attracting lowlifes
And burgle kings
Rifling through any goods
Is its dealing
Like some pharmaceutical pillage
Hearing only its own
Plunderous applause
The racket here
The William E. club (that's Bully to you!)
Breaking a-head
Forging new bonds

Sharing penitentiaries only for prophet see
Conjuring con jobs
Open to all takers
Never no-ing an inside job
Sincere sinecures for counterfeiters
Who mint to say
Money speaks
So those without
Must shut the buck up
And weather a safe cracker in a penthouse
Or a black mailer selling us some interest
Re-morsel-ess tie-coons
Doing
Whatever
It takes
Getting busy-ness
Producing nothing
Yet reproducing!
Grafting itself
To any stock to be had
With no judgment
It Chases any merger
Acquiring any firm it may manage
With holding company
Only hoping its too big too fail
And to not get caught in the pokey
After a wile
Breaking up
Because its not hard to do
And its back up plan
Is too slinky down the back stairs
Making that booty
Quiet an undertaking
No witnesses
No hi Jack
Know Union Jack
Heisting the flag as cover
Left with just a big stick up
Jolly Roger that
Scoring more than a little snatch

Going where no man has gone before
The S.S. Enterprise
If it's good for US, they banned it
Wee the people
Of the corporations
Buy the corporations
Fore the corporations
Their constitution
Is paper thin
Yet thick as thieves
They no no flesh
In bored rooms
Where they can't be too rich or too thin!
Their currency (mostly DC) is rarefied
In corporation papers
Well suited
For what
They do do
Leaving US the tissue
Yet raising the stakes on these fly-by-knighted vampires
Is never enough
Thou dust never see them!
Merrily
In an Antoinettesque turn of a phrase
They take the cake
As we end up eating it
For seeing
The preoccupation
of Wall Street
Money
Verses
CITIZENS UNITED

<http://TopPun.com/Poetry/POEM-Welcome-to-the-Corporate-Person-Hood.pdf>

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