The Capitalist Costume
By: John Baldin

A parade of proud
piltdown men,
proceeding
with
phallic-
shaped silk
around our necks,
conveys compulsory
compliance to this
economic experiment of
Titanic proportions. *We*
hasten our pace. Only
Arlington could claim to
possess a more immaculate
display of the lifeless. *Some*
among us are pulling ahead.
The jock strap of society has
nurtured us for this privileged
role of sacrificing our lives to
the maximization of profits for
our fickle investors at the
expense of proper wages. *I*
must go faster I must keep
pace. The only yet toxic
remedy for the routinely tragic
remorse we feel for being ever
absent Mileage Plus Premier
Executives is the strategic
salve of proffered personal
comforts, interior-designed
office, expense account, ladder
ascending to retirement
"heaven". *I am utterly*
exhausted. I suddenly stop
midstride. My colorful
adornment has grown
suffocatingly tight. I grasp
for its binding tug
pull breathe
smile.