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Ode to Karl Marx

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ODE TO KARL MARX

Old father of the horrible bride whose
wedding cake has finally collapsed, you

spoke the truth that doesn't set us free—
it's like a lever made of words no one's

learnt to operate. So the machine it once
connected to just accelerates & each new

rap dance video's a perfect image of this,
bodies going faster and faster, still dancing

on the spot. At the moment tho' this set up
works for me, being paid to sit and write &

smoke, thumbing through Adorno like *New Idea*
on a cold working day in Ballarat, where

adult unemployment is 22% & all your grand
schemata of intricate cause and effect

work out like this: take a muscle car &
wire its accelerator to the floor, take out

the brakes, the gears the steering wheel
& let it rip. The dumbest tattooed hoon

—mortal diamond hanging around the Mall—
knows what happens next. It's fun unless

you're strapped inside the car. I'm not,
but the dummies they use for testing are.