

history of humanity

c. a. grady, april 2025

o! fellow hunter, the mammoth is down yonder;
no time to ponder, only hunt and gather.
dare not wander, survival is much fonder;
sleep in a cave with figures to contour.

have no fear, for the village is blooming;
along the river, civilization all-consuming.
gather here, no need to go farther;
make yourself useful, trade and barter.

do not hunt game, but play games by the flames;
build trust out of lust and know how to shame.
harm those who stray, charm those who stay;
the farm feeds the loyal, the rest decays.

careful now, there is something looming;
a pillage on the horizon, red rivers that frighten.
the city is alive, but dissent's on the rise;
steel slashes with stone, til one banner flies.

long live the emperor, the people cheer;
for this is a life built upon fear.
land of the rich and home of the slaves;
conquered by the sword, the crown, and the graves.

sprawled are the homes and the people's desires;
brought by the fraught, growing weary and tired.
the riches buy science, and music, and culture;
bought from the poor, the sick, and the colored.

stay vigilant, there is something brewing;
a silence in the air, a revolution stewing.
the people gather, to call for a hunt;
they have had enough, it's time to confront.

screams die against the sword's sharp thud;
this revolt was won, over judgement and blood.
a leader stands high, saying he will not lie;
he promises to bring food, if they comply.

long live the king, the people cheer;
for this is a life to live without fear.
the people are renewed, their moods subdued;
no longer do they stir over chores or their poor.

the kingdom grows lazy, their memories hazy;
the feud is forgotten, their stomachs turned rotten.
famine disguised as fasts, while pheasant is served;
peasants slowly become weary, their faith undeserved.

they beg for bread, then bled for his head;
as last, the king is dead, the reign has passed.
prey were the vocal, the riches, and the nobles;
prayed did the people, now bigger and global.

look here, the colony is expanding;
they arrive on foreign land, not understanding.
threats are on the run, so they take out their guns;
bullets pierce arrows, til all battles are won.

long live technology, the people cheer;
for this is a life controlled by fear.
an idea is born in the land of opportunity;
the pursuit of happiness, but not community.

sprawled are the businesses and the people's desires;
selling mindless content and manufactured buyers.
the poor sell labor, and time, and attention;
sold structured independence, disguised as intention.

rest easy, for the nation is booming;
connected online, mindlessly consuming.
trapped in a cycle, distracted, compliant;
like a dog on a leash, obedient and reliant.

the message is clear, for all to hear:
there's no need for pain, please, be entertained;
stay home, stay safe, and shut off your brain.

with great shame, we forget history, we forget time;
it ought to be a mistake, how we repeat our crimes.
twain poets once said, this is all by design;
"history doesn't repeat itself, but it does often rhyme."