

Lance Armstrong Is A Nation

By Nancy Mann

At the starting gate, nations line up
To run and win the grail or race to win a silver cup.
To humanity, this is an oblique threat –
As granting board-members, at the Oscars, in full dress evening wear
Fail us; they never do their speakers “vet.”

Decimated cinders now the Norwegian fir
Oil slicks on oceans, once our Seven Seas – there’s no water pure...
Men desire a god, individually; he’s not for sharing.
Men grab resources, territories, deeds of mines and waterways –
There’s no point in caring.

Hatchings, steroids, designs, scams, schemes –
Iambic pentameter is competition’s rhyme and meme;
A tight, never a confederation loose –
The bottom line is pirate’s treasure-loot.
Profit! Gold, profit, linen fine – ‘twill be mine...
Meine, me, ‘a moi,’ me, me, me, *all mine!*

A taste of victory!
Actors are “on cue,”
Tennis players “in the zone”
Billions are bet, we view Wimbledon –
Drunk, on our big-screens, at home.

No one stands, proffers his hand
Shredded the paperwork for restitution;
Drowned out music, symphony of evolution.
Across the land –
By discordant
Italian, Prusso-German bands.

Competition is the opposite of cooperation –
The Oxford Dictionary’s definition.
Defined is the Fall of Rome,
And the world’s fiery conflagration!