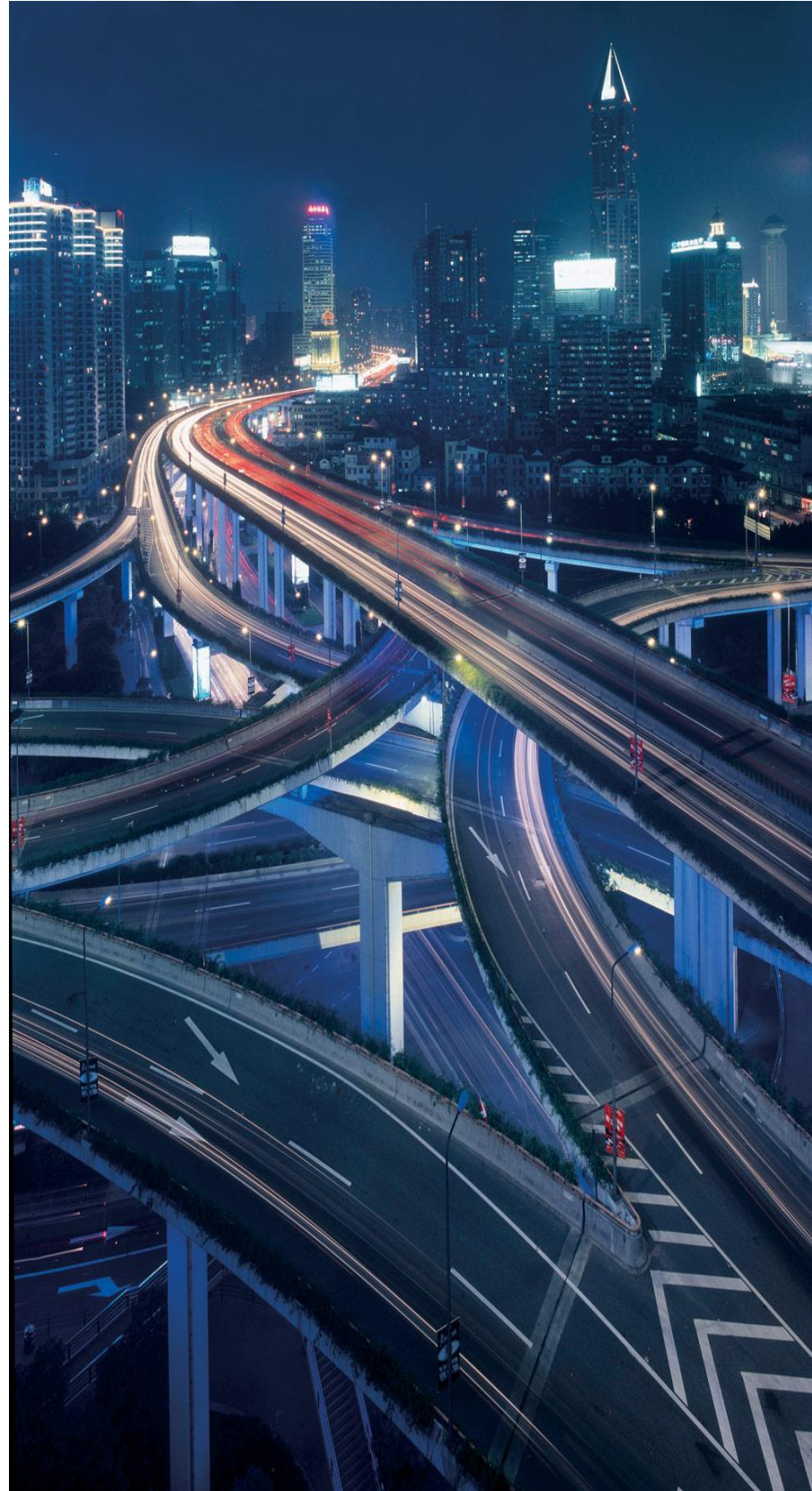


## City-life Life-style



I was born in the urban  
marching a bestial maze  
survival is by grace  
And I promised myself  
by all means  
I must keep the pace

I was born in the urban  
forced into a gory race  
meditating in silent haste  
And I caught myself  
hovering over a place  
which is now metropolitan

I smell the murderous eyes  
I hear the greedy hands  
flouncing in the mega city,  
enchained in mega density  
And I said to myself  
Oh, what a misery!

I grew up in the urban  
where the billows of electricity  
steer the engines of productivity  
And I thought to myself  
Should I take the subway  
or the highway?

I grew up in the urban  
where the dynamism  
of capitalism  
creates modernism  
And I reminded myself  
This is the epoch  
of consumerism

Why this choking noisiness?  
Why this poisonous business?  
Is there room for an antique sculpture  
in our hyper pop-culture?  
Rash urbanization, so swift  
Fast centralization, so brisk  
Where is our capable guidance  
who will lead us into hushed silence?

I fled from in the urban  
where existential transportation  
gallops an exponential population  
And I asked myself  
Why do we mistaken  
information for education?

I fled from the urban  
where modern entertainment  
is a replacement for our enslavement  
And I loaded myself  
with so much occupation  
and so much computation  
that there was no time  
for much communication

In the urban, we tame the wild waters  
At the urban, we entrap the fierce winds  
For the urban garrison the virgin land

Oh, that ye may flee from this insanity  
And see the wretched ways of humanity.  
Oh, that ye may find a cure for thy calamity  
And not fly away from thy reality  
Oh, what a tragedy,  
That man does not see his depravity  
How can ye enter the gate to normality?  
Seek ye first the fruits of morality

Copyright © 2012 Ama M. Kwakyewah