Brian Warkoczeski *Society's Kidney*

My arm’s hooked up to the picture machine
by a coaxial cable behind the giant screen;
with an eighteen-inch dish, I get a direct feed,
sending the latest news intravenously,
where the message's sender decides to deliver
a nightly blood bath during my TV dinner.

Reporters harvest stories like a carrot farmer,
each more graphic than an emergency room trauma;
a man gunned down during a morning drive—
if it ends in a vowel there is civil unrest;
Tom, Pete, Connie, and Dan usually sit, rarely stand,
unless there's disaster for a camera to pan.

The information changes several times a day,
but the news magazines help show me the way,
with a daily dose of analysis, better yet, dialysis,
leaving the mind in a haze of paralysis;
as my cynicism grows, sympathy wanes
faster than civility in a political campaign.

I've absorbed so much blood and gore,
I should qualify to be the county coroner.
Once the town crier would yell news out,
but watching it now's more like a bad workout;
no news is good news, I guess it's true;
peace and quiet break out when I shut off the tube.