

Maskil 5

Backward Masking

**“Oh, just to be once our own Master,
To determine our own fate!”
And what a foolish vain disaster
We could make in our best state**

**While hurling balls through mass confusion
Spending efforts for a game
That brings the masses close communion
With a leather, rubber shame.**

**But idols fashion'd through the ages
Have no help when crises come;
No blood to spill to clean the pages-
Recipes both deaf and dumb,**

**We built them into our own image.
Significance we tried to win
To be remember'd past our visage,
To be seen where we've not been,**

**We sculpt ourselves without restraints,
To validate our own dominion,
Cloned our gods and shaped our saints
To follow popular opinion.**