

# The Steady Diet of Fools

By Mark Edgemon

(Inspired by Robin Lipinski's challenge on the topic, "No humans left on Earth to fill the soda machine".)

They worked their whole lives for pride  
The evening and the morning was the first day  
Of a lifetime of needless work for needless things  
Propelling man into a never ending battle  
To waste time for that which is not!

With so little time to experience life  
They willingly spend overtime in a cubicle  
Designer humans who themselves are designs  
With a purpose not meant for overt pleasure  
From things that have little meaning except pride.

The clock is ticking, their flesh is aging  
And they can no longer see, what's important.  
Everything is lived as if it lasts forever  
Until the face looking back at you is your  
Aged parent long since dead through your mirror!

Can they not see what they are doing?  
Don't they know their decades are like seconds to us?  
When we come, they will not know their existence has ended.  
They will not care what time they had was wasted.  
Such is the fate of food!

The End