

## Quipu

Feel in cave,  
Timid and unaware,  
Plato's, cave, again!

Circle is full of lies,  
If aware, specialized!

Life is sold, to have time,  
We crawl, never jump,  
Opera is of soap, media,  
Radios, with channels,  
Videos, cinemas!

Straight and tied down,  
See shadows on the wall,  
As camels, and giraffes!

What about the Moon, Sun?  
What about the clouds?

All letters, books, and talks,  
And actors, film stars,  
Are paintings, not natural,  
Nature died, is long gone...

I think of deodorant,  
To shampoo and lotion,  
And the milk that smells,  
If direct, of breast!!!???

Tired of brainwash,  
Run away from God,  
Of Moses and Abram,  
Of Jesus, Mohammad,  
And priest, and mullah!

They know not of Quipu,  
Where to go, what to do  
Unless is modernized,  
In a way monetized,  
Buy and sell hell-heaven!