SUITS
SUITS POEM

Living in a cubicle hell,
with shit to sell
How will you feel at the end of your life?
Only time will tell.
If you work as a suit,
I feel for you
like a pig about to get slaughtered,
I will squeal for you
We need to peel back
the layers of false reality
to let our spirits soar,
and be what we want to be
To not be held back by the golden handcuffs
or being suckered to buy protein powder to look buff
or to try to dominate women and act tough
—
You’re living in the matrix
do you take the blue pill or the red?
don’t let yourself sink into the bottomless sea
tied to a chain of lead
All you need is faith
water and bread
to multiply your gifts
and share it with others
your brothers and your sisters
to shout the truth; not to just whisper.
—
Work the system
listen to yourself
Don’t hate your job, make the best use of it
do the minimum work (not) to get fired
and use your free time to stay inspired.
Take your creativity
to a higher
spiritual plane
ears popping
because you’re soaring high
on creativity’s wings.
—
Never fall victim to running on the treadmill of the rat race
because no matter how fast you run,
you will always stay in the same place.
It don’t matter if you have a Rolex
or a Louis Vuitton purse
because when we die
we will all be driven away in the same blacked-out hearse.
So friend,
imagine like you are 90 years old
and you have the choice to press rewind
and start your life all over again.
What would you do? What would you won’t?
What don’t you want to do? What do you want to do?
Stay glued to your life’s purpose like superglue
and follow your own footsteps — not every foot fits the same old shoe.
Your path in life— that is for you to choose.
Be strong,
Eric