

Dystopian Dream By Geoffrey Zhang

A figment of imagination it may seem,
But why must it feel so real?
The regime is my dream,
And survival is my theme.

An authoritarian leader leads this empire,
Holding his vast metal fist.
And as his regime begins to expire,
His son is up for hire.

The dictators were wretched, I tell you,
Everywhere, people were blue;
They really didn't have a clue,
The selfishness of the tyrants stains them like a tattoo.

All around, children were dying,
No food, no money, and no happiness.
And their parents, they were crying.
Sobbing about everything because everything is withering.

The environment was crippling; money was the main target,
No birds, no trees, no water; doesn't matter.
Colossal machines roamed the area; it was retarded.
Well, not for the absolutist, who just wants to help the market.

The population was and will never be happy with this type of government,
But they keep their lips zipped,
Praying, pleading that it does not come to other acknowledgment,
While most are already manipulated by micromanagement.

Why must they be so extreme?
Some could say their goals were beyond our understanding,
But in reality, they are egotistical, with high self-esteem.
They and genocides are like engines and steam.

As I said, survival is my theme,
Being born here was truly not a blessing,
It is seen as unbearable.
Fortunately, it is all just a dream.

