



(sxc.hu)

Television Died Yesterday

by NICK MEADOR

"Television died yesterday
Of an antenna wound to the abdomen,"
Said the ghost of the evening news anchor.

Now those sullen screens just flash the messy grey speckles.
The white noise floats through rooms newly liberated
From the stench of body odor seeping out of the couch cushions.

Situations are comical independent of a guild,
And separate from a flat black surface with no tactile interaction.
A one-way feeding tube, or unintelligible trash chute.

Shoot the glass with a shotgun if need be.
The shards are worth more than the plastic impersonators.

Better yet, just don't scold your dog when he chews on the cable.
Before, you thought he was behaving badly,
But as it turns out, he is wiser than the passive watchers,
For a room needs no more wires.

I know that I don't want to trip and land in a laugh track.
All those hooo's and haaaa's taste like horseradish,



Surrounded by crap ads selling death to the defenseless.

And an obese geriatric sits giddily at his desk,
Still under the impression that the cash is on its way,
When it's been diverted to the betterment
Of multimedia content elsewhere.

Could we start-up a spin off of the entire invention?
Except cut every character,
And scorch the sets,
And free the fans.

Wait, we already have that -- it's the Internet.
A web to trap your idols for the spider's meal.

Open the door to studio B, and find A reality that's not lost.
The brain-flower needs sunlight to grow into tie-die spirals.

Glazed-over eyes will now shine and pierce through the muck.
Silicone domes and fake noses can go out the window.
Give a kid a camcorder and he'll out-do a whole TV crew.

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