**Existential Big Shot**

*July 26, 2014*

So You Think You Are A Big Shot.

You Have Got Lots Of Juice.

Loads Of Ready Cash.

You Think Your Stock Is Soaring. Hot.

Lots Of Sizzle. Zing. Flash.

But You May Be Mere Mirage.

Phantom Shell.

No Substance. Core.

In Your Self Looking Glass.

A Wasted Hollow Visage.

A Shallow Shekel Driven Whore.

What Dances. Jigs.

For Bangles. Beads. Pottage.

Sings A Sad Fools Song.

Of Interest Rates.

Discount Returns.

Arbitrage. Puts. Call.

Derivatives. Treasuries.

Float On Stocks And Bonds.

Dollars. Yen. Euros. Pounds And Pence.

Mere Fantasy Of Consequence.

Paper. Electronic Bits.

Illusive Vapors Shadow Specters Of Such Illusionary Import.

Raw Mercenary Nonsense.

Traded. Bought And Sold.

Ah Therein Lyes The Rub And Irony.

The Rubber Meets The Road.

Thee Strut Thy Plumage Of Thy Strongbox Bank Account Net Worth.

While Thy Soul Nous Sprit Suffer Moral Esthetic Bankruptcy.

Poverty Stricken Prisoner Of Delusion.

What Roams Thy Materialistic Illusion.

Of Time. Space. Grace.

So Squander.

Treasures Of Being. Gifts Of This Fleeting.

Life Passage In Mystic Existence On This Earth.