

Weapon Market

Tin Cetic

“We’ve got knives and daggers,
Bullets and guns,
The finest weapons,
And the rarest ones.”
From every March to June,
And night to bright day,
The merchants cried,
“All you can kill buffet!
Nothing to fear,
Nothing to hide,
Just for fun.”
The vendors lied,
“Toys of all sizes for children of all sizes,
Beautiful gifts that should bring surprises.
Kill a friend or kill a foe,
Bring them close and kill a row.
Make no mistake,
Take two or three,
Get your buddies
And have a shooting spree!”

Jack and Mike saw the toys,
The perfect gifts for two young boys.
They stared widely and gasped in awe,
Jumping eagerly to break the law.
Mike cried in joy as he took a steel revolver,
Finally finding his life’s problem solver.
Jack picked up a wonderful grenade and smiled,
Realizing that he was no longer a child.
They were great men of war,
Prepared to battle,
Becoming the ancient heroes of lore.
Bearing imaginary licenses to kill,
They understood they had duties to fulfill.
Now with the whole world resting in their hands,
They set away to distant lands.

But a merchant saw them as they left,
Stopping the boys and declaring their theft,
“For you to keep those weapons you must pay.
Not until then can you take them for play.
But at this moment, you must listen to me.
Your sanity won’t just come as a guarantee.

Killing is an addiction as any other;
Once you've killed one you'll thirst for another."
Jack and Mike saw each other and thought it through,
Deciding that this was a hobby they should pursue,
"We'll take the heavy gun and grenade."
Declared the boys as they casually said.
"Do you have any suggestions for us?
Who should we kill?
Should we select carefully
Or fire at will?"
"It's up to you,"
The vendor said.
"The older you become
The more people you'll want dead."
Mike observed the grenade,
Wondering how it's used,
"What do I do with this?"
He said, confused.
The vendor smiled and began to speak.
"You pull the clip and toss it away,
Throw the grenade,
And enjoy the best part of your day.
When you kill, don't think of it as a disaster.
After all, you're just getting them to heaven faster.
Like an animal, you must hunt without the hint of mercy,
For the death of one means life to others.
We've unnaturally hesitated to kill,
And maybe it's time to rejoin our brothers.
This is no brutal game,
For all games have their losers.
Enjoy your natural privilege to kill,
For there are no abusers."

With that, the boys looked around,
Searching for prey,
Once Jack found a reasonable target,
He began shooting away.
A bitter sting of inspiration lifted across his skin,
And the addiction had already begun.
Jack had discovered life to its fullest,
And never did he have more fun.