

The Black Sheep

Hélène Matte, 2019

Holy cow! said the sheep
An IKEA in the land of milk and honey

A parking lot in my countryside
Has something gone amiss?

The revolutionary sheep
Responds to this rampant liberalism

Cries out to the hillbillies
Camped out for the opening

That there's no point in conforming
And that marketing is a plague

"You're better off free among the hills and calves
The artisan has greater merit than the expert

By downgrading the unique
An entire History is lost

The Quarter Pounder is The fourth book
It becomes more than just a burger

By idolizing normalcy
By complying to the standards

Poetry is forever eroded
And freedom is just a façade"

But all of the men on the street
All of the Mr. Handymen

Dream of the knife rack
In their new, updated kitchen

They could care less for this fool's wisdom

Instead of listening, they kill him

Though they found him somewhat charming
At least as much as a shawarma

“If you’re going to be a black sheep
With a half-baked revolution

You may as well be baked and eaten tonight
Put on a spit and voilà!

Following the herd
We are the bacon

Our docile minds
We like to protect

We are quick to attack
Those who hold us back

The next to speak of revolution
Will be served on our table