

P O E M
by Jean-Luc Moriceau



Stockholm syndrome

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I love you my firm... unconditionally, exclusively and dependently
Don't leave me now, I'll be lonely and lost, if I can't count in your
checking accounts
You chatted me up, with your charts and checks, with the sweet, sweat
smell of your shops
Now I depend on the maze of your gaze; I make my case, for the days of
haze-based raises

When you cry for your P&L, when you pay so much attention to my time
and motions
Emotion moves me and I sacrifice seeing my family, I move away from
my life
You stole me from my friends, my fights, my TV, you stole me from my
roots, my head, my conscience
I'm kinda kidnapped, body and soul, I think I'm suffering from Stockholm
syndrome

Since I penetrated through your back door, I feel like a real, tattooed man
I savour the stress and pressure as you whip me wild with your value
chains
Your true and cruel accountability eyes up my good shapes, so I have to
make good, perform till late
With the sex appeal of your SAP, you have reengineered my plastic body

I'm your puppet, your baby doll, I have to be pretty and I have to shut up
The shout out loud of your sense-making has become for me music of
sense thrilling
I thought of myself as an XXL, you downsized me to a bare SM
I wanna feel your stroke, under my skin, I think I'm suffering from
Stockholm syndrome

To bliss your shareholders, you blow jobs away, but "ceci n'est pas une
pipe", it's a real distress

I know you could fire all, you the Ripper, and that you beat around the
Bush, you the Stripper
But when I'm threatened to fall, to dive into hopelessness, homelessness,
it's not to sink in a pink boink
So whatever is good for you is good for me, but keep me, cage me close in
your money trap.

To please your customers, you fashion blue dreams, that will never come
true, you'll never even try
As your teasing ads say: "Fist easy, wear hard", and every one will say:
"I'm loving it"
And when your turnover is low, you do anything to attract their eyes, even
with lies and sighs
Don't think I'm jealous, or just a little, I know you're suffering from
Stockholm syndrome

To ease your auditors, you tell good tales, that you'll tie till tight, you'll
Tipp-ex out tip-offs
But you have nothing to fear, nothing at all, you know they're suffering
from Stockholm syndrome
And why don't any rebel, or even just tell, fear I've understood but don't
want to see
Don't you think my friend, my beloved friend, that we're all suffering from
Stockholm syndrome?