

Corporate Gods

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Faceless mechanisms created to limit liability; to amass money and power,
Shields for individuals to operate behind that dilute personal responsibility,

Businesses devoid of a human face may be pure in that they are not so encumbered by
humanitarian, ethical, and ecological concerns that might interfere with the quest for profit,
power, and self-preservation.

Pure in the sense that people become numbers,
Pure in the sense that the earth is a resource for the taking,
Pure in the sense that the future extends no further than a generation or two,
Pure in the sense that profit and power are ends in and of themselves.

Masked behind these pure business entities are a relatively small number of people who reap
the rewards of massive profit and awesome power;
People who have everything they need and nearly everything they want,
except enough money and power.

Millions or billions become trophies to flaunt amongst themselves,
Power can be purchased—more money; more power,
More power; more godlike,
Gods in a universe that cannot see beyond itself.

The corporate elite must have families,
They must love their children.

My daughter died as a result of corporate greed,
She was a number, a statistic, in the eyes of a pharmaceutical institution.
She was a risk worth taking for profit,
Under the guise of a wonder drug, a corporation sold my daughter a toxin,
They sold her a loaded gun; a calculated risk.

My daughter was precious to me; her life was of infinite value,
She was not a number, she was not a vehicle for profit.
She died as a result of ingesting a profitable wonder drug.

I wish the elite families who profited from my daughters life had valued and protected her, as I
am sure they value and protect their own daughters.

As gods they had the power to spare my daughter. They chose not to.