

## Detained

by ces Saturday, Mar 22 2014, 12:05am

international / poetry / post

there was nothing principled  
in my arrest,  
a police .38 in  
each side of my rib-cage  
are you, so and so  
yes, who the fuck r you?  
no ID produced, nothing  
but brute force  
and gangsterism  
from police,  
i was later to learn

childhood respect and training  
disintegrated that instant;  
cuffed and thrown to the floor  
of a police vehicle  
with two brutes kicking their heels  
into my back and neck  
while the driver made  
jokes of my unfortunate situation --  
no questions at that stage  
just 'softening-up'  
i was later to learn,  
such medieval finesse

i would rather not re-live  
the experience  
and describe grim  
and painful details,  
yes, i was brutally tortured  
by five sadists  
seeking information which  
i did not possess;  
cheated (they thought)  
of continuing arrests  
and career promotions  
they decided to make  
an example and capitalise  
on me -- i looked the part!

guilt and innocence were  
irrelevant in this corrupt

reality

after hours of brutal,  
unspeakable torture  
i was 'fitted and verballed'  
by five honourable  
detectives

against their 'testimony'  
my pleas of innocence and  
drug addiction made  
no impression on the courts  
i had no chance --  
'justice' in action

i was duly incarcerated  
for 'my' crime of innocence  
and lack of knowledge

i learned later the fate of some  
of the police brutes  
that relished in inflicting pain

one of the brutes  
was transferred to 'internal affairs'  
in order to protect other  
sadists in the police force  
and minimise any internal punitive  
consequences for police crimes

another pig that particularly  
enjoyed his 'work'  
had molotov cocktails  
thrown into his house  
in the dead of night  
and was lucky to escape  
with his life

the young trainee detective  
who mostly watched  
had no taste for what he witnessed  
and left the force

as for me i was deeply hurt  
by the experience,  
it left indelible scars on my psyche  
even family had fed me to  
the dogs

why couldn't anyone understand  
the simple and obvious reality

that my drug of addiction  
was a PAIN killer,  
it was all too much  
for me at the time  
i was self-medicating,  
the option i chose rather than violence  
or immediate self-destruction

in time the injustices  
and deep hurt  
inflicted on my being  
and sense of fair play  
erupted into volcanic rage  
and fiery anger  
i sought reparation,  
justice, which i knew  
could not be realised  
in society as it is today

so i focused my energies,  
my entire being, on  
remedial action  
i cold turkey-ed  
then enrolled in the most elite  
university course available  
that would serve  
my future purposes

i acquired skills and expertise  
in media and communications  
the art of word and text,  
-- semiotics --  
cultural analysis,  
marketing and advertising,  
in my hands awesome weapons

i have since become devastatingly  
proficient at assailing  
crime and corruption  
in high places  
and exposing the evil  
that infects entire cultures

a former associate once remarked,  
'an education wasn't wasted  
on you,' and smirked knowingly

i am unable to reveal  
the extent to which i have  
assassinated the reputations  
of corrupt officials

and destroyed the reputations  
and careers of  
politicians, bureaucrats and state regulators  
but they are small fish, errand boys and  
obsequious sycophants

today i target the source  
of the malaise,  
CEOs, Corporatists,  
and Bankers, the perverse heart  
of the Beast that preys  
on innocence and peace

i am happy to divulge  
that this opponent  
-- it is one --  
is extremely vulnerable  
and presents as a relatively  
easy target,  
it is drunk on the blood of  
innocents it has slaughtered  
and blind to the forces that  
will deliver the fatal wound  
to its black heart

i often wonder 'what if'  
they had just left me to die  
of my drug addiction  
all those years ago?  
but nature has its ways  
of establishing  
balance

i had no idea that  
awesome skills lay dormant  
beneath years of victimisation  
and abuse

my story is not unique  
my story is your story  
if you would but choose  
your power/path,  
remove your shackles  
and become  
a warrior for justice  
and peace

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1065.html>