

Creating Nemeses

by judd *Tuesday, Apr 29 2014, 3:04pm*

international / poetry / post



Ned Kelly

staring death
in its non-descript
face
i recalled in vivid
colour
the moment
i could remember

it defined me
as a separate
entity --
perhaps it was the
mental act of re-collection
that thrust me into the
corporeal world in the
first instance,
who can say?

it was not planned
-- remembering --
what i was,
rather it was an
imposition,
a NSW police issue
.38 (at the time)
stuck behind
my left ear
with the threat
the trigger

would be pulled
if i didn't comply
with the demand for
names, information
the usual movie shit

i thought very deeply
and rattled off a few names
jumbled from my first and sixth
grade classes --
i did not possess
the information they required
but the pigs were convinced
otherwise
i was surely something
other than what i was

O, haven't u heard
about Australia's 'honest'
police force?
framing innocents
to protect their
criminal cohorts,
filling their books
with soft arrests
decorated to look
hard, like major criminal
arrests

apprehensions
that facilitated major crime
by 'green lighting'
real criminals in business
with the pigs

a police force presented
with pride to a
media-numbed public

it was the sensation
of being propelled thru
a tunnel (of time)
to finally stand
before myself as myself
in my pristine formlessness
remembering what i was,
a gift i thought
before my inevitable demise

recalling that i was
an entity of light

that nothing
could violate, harm,
touch or move,
an entity that shamed
all man made gods
and messiahs

in response to
the brutal demands
of our honest pig force
i spontaneously blurted,
with complete conviction
and a power unfamiliar
to me prior
to this event,
*"pull the fuckin' trigger,
i can't help you!"*

it shocked me
more than it surprised
the pigs
the complete conviction
with which i uttered
those fateful words

they declined,
and i have been
passionately fighting
State crime and corruption
ever since

*[Kelly was right
to shoot Kennedy]*