

The Boxer

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international / prose / post

"a man hears what he wants to hear And disregards the rest"

Indeed, though the above quote is a lyric from Simon and Garfunkel's song, The Boxer, it certainly hits the mark. Recent studies into human behaviour and belief bear out the truth of this lyric.

People have views upon which their identity hangs and any attempt to challenge these beliefs will meet with the utmost resistance -- there is no rationality to belief, it is purely a constructed illusion or self-inflicted delusion; regardless of overwhelming facts a person adheres to his/her core beliefs. For instance, only a moron would believe the government account of the 9/11 incident, an objective scientific assessment by experts completely blows the government explanation out of the water YET the majority continue to believe it wasn't an inside false flag operation designed to launch the 'perpetual war doctrine' of the neocons, who actually orchestrated, with the assistance of Saudi Arabia and Israel's Mossad, the 9/11 tragedy on the American people. Steel frame towers do NOT collapse on their footprint unless demolition charges are used -- simple fact!

However, the truth is far too horrible to digest for most Americans, they would rather suffer terrorist attacks, depressed wages and horrendous injustices than face the plain and simple truth. And be assured, marketers and advertising specialists are acutely aware of this fact.

And so we had the LYING (proven today) CFR directed mass media saturation campaign accusing nations targeted by the corporations for plunder to be invaded, and no-one was held accountable for these proven crimes, which provides further proof of the efficacy of mass marketing and emotive advertising. Puppet governments are merely the facilitators of the banking-corporate global elite agenda, plain to see, as every western government now serves the interests of this nefarious, criminal elite, otherwise they would not have gained office, it's a tragic -- for democracy -- puppet show and criminal enterprise perpetrated on the moronic masses. Yet the masses refuse to see the nose on their faces, as their identities/core beliefs are threatened, Mom's apple pie, America wouldn't kill its own, etc. Well, wouldn't it?

If you are an average person compare your living standards today with the living standards and freedoms of only a few decades past and refuse to see again! This indisputable comparison makes no dent on illusory self-deception, and so the mass media is constantly on overdrive emotively reinforcing what it wants you to believe -- its business is simply mass deception on a scale never before imagined.

Now remember when eggs, bananas and potatoes were bad, now they're good and what about fat? Today a return to full fat dairy products and vegetable oil products is the go, the point I am making is the ease with which marketers and ad-men determine your dietary habits, so how much easier is it to manipulate ideological beliefs, too fuckin' easy?

So today we face a world asphyxiating on pollution and hemorrhaging on needless wars, for what? So a few avaricious banker/corporate psychopaths can accumulate ever more wealth at any cost to the earth and humanity. But whatever you do, believe the LIES, succumb to distractions and

disregard the Truth until the TRUTH explodes in your self-deluded faces. Pollution and climate change will see to massive environmental disturbances and big banks, which have once again invested in unserviceable loans, will collapse the global economy a second, final time. And then of course the old remedy, WAR and more wars in order to rebuild, but where to rebuild when the planet is glowing in the dark?

So when you choke on your delusions in the near future just remember who is responsible for the horrid outcomes, YOU!

The Boxer

I am just a poor boy.
Though my story's seldom told,
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles,
Such are promises
All lies and jest
Still, a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest.

When I left my home
And my family,
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station,
Running scared,
Laying low,
Seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go,
Looking for the places
Only they would know.

Lie-la-lie...

Asking only workman's wages
I come looking for a job,
But I get no offers,
Just a come-on from the whores
On Seventh Avenue
I do declare,
There were times when I was so
lonesome
I took some comfort there.

Lie-la-lie...

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone,
Going home
Where the New York City winters

Aren't bleeding me,
Leading me,
Going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer,
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame,
"I am leaving, I am leaving."
But the fighter still remains

Lie-la-lie...

Lyrics, by Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel are subject to copyright.

<http://tinyurl.com/hb94x8c>

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2199.html>