

Refuse

by zero *Saturday, Sep 9 2017, 11:59pm*

international / poetry / post

i have no affection or sympathy
for the plight of the herd
as they accept their chains,
eat refuse, and toil unnecessarily
for the rich knowing that only
a handful of brave souls
are able to turn the tables
yet they whine and bleat like
the sheep they are, led daily to
the slaughterhouse

chained by media lies that instill fear,
the fear that only affects the weak and apathetic;
a slave is too generous a term
as slaves know their plight and enemy
but these are modern slaves that know not they're enslaved
refuse is too kind a word to describe that
to which i refer

yet i see that they are lions raised as sheep
but what use a lion that bleats?
the rich utilise criminals in uniform
to manage their herds,
killing unarmed sheep and helpless sheep of colour
then seeking approval and protection from their masters
like the dogs they are

police and military are the slave-dogs
that herd, maim and kill their own kind
remember the industrial gas-chambers and incinerators of the past?
today the dogs herd and kill for parasitic corporations
and banks that enslave with paper (currency)
which they print at will --
there are no fools and cowards like
today's ignorant, unaware slaves

u may ask how it is i know and have released myself?
it was the servants/criminals of the rich in uniform,
the well-trained dogs that cornered and captured me
taking me to their 'modern' torture chambers;
and when they failed to gain what they sought
via obscene and inhuman tortures

they placed a pistol behind my ear
and said "last chance, tell us ...what we need to know"

my life flashed before me in an instant,
it is true what they say;
but then, accepting death in the final moments of my life,
i roared, knowing my only salvation
was the integrity and bravery i possessed
as a free spirit, i knew without thought
i must maintain the integrity and character
of my soul,
'pull the trigger,' i screamed in primal tones
with complete cognisance of the consequences,
'because if you don't, i would track each of you down
and tear your throats out with my hands.'

one of the uniformed torturers then intervened,
'can't you see he's mad and doesn't know.'

they handed me to another of their regulatory 'institutions'
to serve time in their prisons of 'rehabilitation,' what a laugh,
it was there i learned how to dispatch my enemies
and keep my promise

finally i was released into open society,
'rehabilitated'/educated by that state

patience is a virtue they say, it is true, i waited years,
long after short-term memories could not connect the dots
without expert analysis.

a few Molotov cocktails in bedroom windows,
vehicle hit-run 'accidents' and disappearances of which
i shall not explain, saw my sadistic torturers meet their earned fate,
real justice
though timing was/is everything

today i am a tertiary educated professional with a new identity
and security clearances, which i use to great effect,
what would sheep dogs know of the resourceful
human mind, a dog remains a dog, a slave remains a slave,
but a free, brave spirit is never constrained/defeated,
not even after physical death

you have heard it before, RAGE constantly against the night
until you liberate yourself into Light

