

Going, gone

by jack Thursday, Nov 9 2017, 10:09pm

international / poetry / post

"The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the [public] is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our [any] nation." - [Edward Bernays](#)

"The ideal tyranny is that which is ignorantly self-administered by its victims. The most perfect slaves are therefore those that blissfully unaware, enslave themselves." Dresden James.

do not wait for me,
i have taken leave of this
cave of grief u/they call civilisation
with its limited myopic view
-- what comes next is unknown
but what is known is real freedom not the
constrictive 'freedom' of authorities with
all their ultra-conservative rules, regulations,
anal fixations and insane dictates, religious, political
and civil, all formulated to contain subjects
in various boxes of belief/fear/confinement,
after all, "what's the point of having nuclear weapons
if you don't use them," says neocon leaders;
u are all doomed to die due to ur profound blindness --
remain uncomfortably enslaved and terrified by phantoms
presented by the media
but be sure to pretend otherwise

u tolerate a stark raving madman as ur leader that boasts
the use of nuclear weapons -- u will all die as the towering Norfolk pines
that once framed Bondi beach,
poisoned slowly by foul air and chemical pollution from the sea,
u sick, useless, blind fools

u are too frightened to challenge the unmistakable insanity that rules u;
instead of rising with aware rebels u would rather drag them
into the hole and dungeons of ur pathetic existence, absurd

next u will be taught that a turd is gold and smells like a rose.
or an obvious occurrence in ur face is not as it appears -- the sky is mauve
the sea pink and the earth is polka-dot, sure it is!
of this manner of outrageous fictions u have already been convinced,
the JFK murder and 9/11 are all the proof required

goodbye and best of luck, i shall not return to ur lunacy
in which the masses do not believe their own eyes, senses
and judgement, instead they swallow the most ludicrous lies
that issue from the media like sewage, 24/7

goodbye, i cannot abide by such illusions masquerading
as reality, what do limited box existences know of true freedom
which reigns beyond the reach of everything known and recorded
in books, media and digital space? all such mediums
were created by men to enslave men

let me blaze, a fire in the night sky
naked, unconstrained, free of all 'civilised' formalities,
and perverse fictitious belief systems, all of which are designed prisons
for ignorant, mindless slobes that cannot discriminate black from white,
day from night -- men do not fly bodily, u mindless morons

never has humankind suffered such profound ignorance/darkness
and separation from REALITY --
a hope-less situation cannot be tolerated by any sane,
freedom-loving person

u can shove all ur vacuous tinsel, titillations and counterfeit dreams
up ur collective arse,
Goodbye!

when u hear the first bird-call at dawn, remember,
the cricket at night also reminds u,
the summer cicada screams freedom but u hear only
the diminishing buzzing of bees
which ur poison 'reality' kills

when fruit and all pollinated foods no longer appear on ur table
and the climate u destabilised overwhelms u
think of me in the last pockets of wilderness, high above the clouds
breathing clean air,
drinking and bathing in clear mountain streams
surviving on the land as the indigenous once survived
for hundreds of thousands of years before the white 'civilised' poison
invaded and spread its infection/plague

if u wait for me, u would wait in vain, as returning is beyond consideration,
good riddance to every perverse particle of ur beloved nihilistic civilisation,
which speeds to its own ruination as sure as the trajectory of the FBI/CIA bullet that killed Kennedy
or the missile that struck the Pentagon

goodbye to ur paralysing fear, as ur world is fear and dread, how u shake and tremble when i speak
against political correctness, fictitious beliefs and pose the question,
whose correctness, by whose authority,
the fickle dictates of culture, which contradicts itself
every decade, every generation?

every enslaving ideological bond has been broken by simply letting go of thought,
which is nothing more than learned cultural signs and symbols (language)
how fragile are the gossamer chains of slavery --
awareness and consciousness are all that any human requires to survive
outside the hypnotic bonds of ur fantasy world of death, dread and misery,
which u imagine is 'normal' life, be content with ur slavery and do not dare analyse the chains that
bind u

here in this place i hear the same song carried on the breeze that circled the earth
before any recorded enslaving rule was formulated

remain in ur cave of monstrous terrifying shadows, the light and Life outside
is beyond ur comprehension and reach

Goodbye!

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2986.html>