

Con-sequences

by sybil Sunday, Apr 14 2013, 8:39am

international / poetry / post

Poets are disregarded today to humanity's great cost.



William Blake

past rulers valued poets,
for many reasons
but mainly for their
perceptive skills,
they see what others
do not.

so valued
were the talents of poets
in times past
they became laureates
honoured in courts
and kingdoms
throughout the world.

it is true that poets
have an ability to see
into the future
-- not in the clairvoyant sense
but the con-sequential sense --
why is it so difficult
for plebeians and patricians
to see?

exploiting and polluting the world
for monetary profits
must come at a cost,
surely that should be obvious?

today we witness the results

of blind greed
and profit-only driven
motives/actions,
the con-sequences
of which should be
evident to everyone.

the rulers of this world
are Bankers and Corporatists,
they disregard poets
at great cost;
any real poet
would have steered a more harmonious
course if permitted.

but bankers
cannot see past their
personal greed -
the social disruptions they
cause for personal gain
is disproportionate to their
importance or social necessity,
to kill innocent children
(almost a daily occurrence today)
for profit
is a most heinous crime yet
today's plebeians and patricians
seem blind to the con-sequences.

when did the world value
a child's life less than a barrel of oil,
or money more than ecology?

people talk of the recession or
the global economic
collapse of 2008 as though
it was somehow a natural
phenomenon
when everyone knows that greedy
and dishonest Bankers
were directly responsible.

jails are full of ganja smokers
but brazen criminal bankers
are allowed to ply their nefarious trade
and compound their original crimes
with impunity -
ruin is easy to predict.

i need not labour the con-sequential point,
instead i refer to the cogent words

of a great poet, whose warning
is more relevant today than ever.

while we allow the most sordid
elements in our societies to rule
over us and disregard the wise
advice of those with a connection
to universal harmony
we should not expect a happy
harmonious outcome --
'if you follow a blowfly it can only lead you to shit.'

Hopefully the words of William Blake
will lead some to ponder a more viable future
and positive outcome free of the consequences
of presidential kill lists, indefinite detention,
Drone warfare,
the slaughter of millions of innocents
and the criminal plunder of weaker nations
for monetary profit:

Auguries of Innocence

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

A Robin Red breast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage.
A dove house fill'd with doves & Pigeons
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.
A dog starv'd at his Master's Gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.
A Horse misus'd upon the Road
Calls to Heaven for Human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted Hare
A fibre from the Brain does tear.
A Skylark wounded in the wing,
A Cherubim does cease to sing.
The Game Cock clipp'd and arm'd for fight
Does the Rising Sun affright.
Every Wolf's & Lion's howl
Raises from Hell a Human Soul.
The wild deer, wand'ring here & there,
Keeps the Human Soul from Care.
The Lamb misus'd breeds public strife
And yet forgives the Butcher's Knife.
The Bat that flits at close of Eve
Has left the Brain that won't believe.

The Owl that calls upon the Night
Speaks the Unbeliever's fright.
He who shall hurt the little Wren
Shall never be belov'd by Men.
He who the Ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by Woman lov'd.
The wanton Boy that kills the Fly
Shall feel the Spider's enmity.
He who torments the Chafer's sprite
Weaves a Bower in endless Night.
The Catterpillar on the Leaf
Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief.
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly,
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.
He who shall train the Horse to War
Shall never pass the Polar Bar.
The Beggar's Dog & Widow's Cat,
Feed them & thou wilt grow fat.
The Gnat that sings his Summer's song
Poison gets from Slander's tongue.
The poison of the Snake & Newt
Is the sweat of Envy's Foot.
The poison of the Honey Bee
Is the Artist's Jealousy.
The Prince's Robes & Beggars' Rags
Are Toadstools on the Miser's Bags.
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the Lies you can invent.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for Joy & Woe;
And when this we rightly know
Thro' the World we safely go.
Joy & Woe are woven fine,
A Clothing for the Soul divine;
Under every grief & pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
The Babe is more than swadling Bands;
Throughout all these Human Lands
Tools were made, & born were hands,
Every Farmer Understands.
Every Tear from Every Eye
Becomes a Babe in Eternity.
This is caught by Females bright
And return'd to its own delight.
The Bleat, the Bark, Bellow & Roar
Are Waves that Beat on Heaven's Shore.
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath
Writes Revenge in realms of death.
The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air,
Does to Rags the Heavens tear.
The Soldier arm'd with Sword & Gun,

Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.
 The poor Man's Farthing is worth more
 Than all the Gold on Afric's Shore.
 One Mite wrung from the Labrer's hands
 Shall buy & sell the Miser's lands:
 Or, if protected from on high,
 Does that whole Nation sell & buy.
 He who mocks the Infant's Faith
 Shall be mock'd in Age & Death.
 He who shall teach the Child to Doubt
 The rotting Grave shall ne'er get out.
 He who respects the Infant's faith
 Triumph's over Hell & Death.
 The Child's Toys & the Old Man's Reasons
 Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.
 The Questioner, who sits so sly,
 Shall never know how to Reply.
 He who replies to words of Doubt
 Doth put the Light of Knowledge out.
 The Strongest Poison ever known
 Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.
 Nought can deform the Human Race
 Like the Armour's iron brace.
 When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow
 To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow.
 A Riddle or the Cricket's Cry
 Is to Doubt a fit Reply.
 The Emmet's Inch & Eagle's Mile
 Make Lane Philosophy to smile.
 He who Doubts from what he sees
 Will ne'er believe, do what you Please.
 If the Sun & Moon should doubt
 They'd immediately Go out.
 To be in a Passion you Good may do,
 But no Good if a Passion is in you.
 The Whore & Gambler, by the State
 Licenc'd, build that Nation's Fate.
 The Harlot's cry from Street to Street
 Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet.
 The Winner's Shout, the Loser's Curse,
 Dance before dead England's Hearse.
 Every Night & every Morn
 Some to Misery are Born.
 Every Morn & every Night
 Some are Born to sweet Delight.
 Some ar Born to sweet Delight,
 Some are born to Endless Night.
 We are led to Believe a Lie
 When we see not Thro' the Eye
 Which was Born in a Night to Perish in a Night
 When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.

God Appears & God is Light
To those poor Souls who dwell in the Night,
But does a Human Form Display
To those who Dwell in Realms of day.

William Blake

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-488.html>