## My Father

by rade *Monday*, *Aug 19 2013*, 1:59pm international / poetry / post

the aristocrat
a useless drunk that time overtook
no more privileges or airs
only communist revolutionaries
threatening his throat,
and my future birth
stealing the (my) Estate

it's all gone now the Balkans tore itself apart soon after but records of my stolen Estate remain in the city archives

how many generations did our family lord over the Estate and the peasants that slaved for our luxury and ease?

how many indentured families toiled so my father could drink himself to oblivion and gamble our masterpieces -- the remainder disappeared with Nazi occupation?

but we redeemed our nation and our Estate the peasants fought like ancient Serbs, fearless and for the first time in generations the noble blood of warriors that founded our lineage saw my my father and uncles fight like our warrior ancestors

but it was short-lived the war ended, we were victorious i daren't say what our forces did to Nazi occupiers, the hate is evident today Germany did everything in its power to destroy Serbia in the Balkan wars and failed, as did the U.S. they have no idea

we are warriors, poets
visionaries and drunks in that order
so i fight today
against the vile civilian killing
star-spangled fascist scum
that occupies our heartland
and wreaks havoc on the world

their time is counted in days

time overtook my father
whose only legacy to me after
escaping the communists was to instill
a loathing for the bourgeoisie
'someone has to do the books,' he often said
with utter contempt,
he detested their petty anal values

sure that I would carry on, a man at ten, he blew his brains out, a Serbian obsession/obligation -only the Japanese have a similar suicidal ritual when confronted with abject failure

it is better that a warrior take his own life than live like a dog or worse in a society dominated by bourgeois values

but i am the living next generation unaffected by the self-obsessed middle-class with its regulations, anal constraints, pretensions and anxieties

my son will follow after me until the American fascists are driven from our land and off the face of the earth such is the pledge our nobility makes to all our enemies

today i write poetry, fight and get drunk i am proficient in all three arts

victory is assured, i see our nation's entire history in my son's eyes, sturdy arms and thighs

our lineage is secured

## our blood-soaked land waits patiently for our return

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-758.html