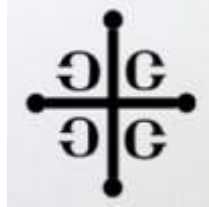


Young

by ryall *Monday, Sep 2 2013, 10:44am*

international / poetry / post



u were so young,
yet instinctively
u recoiled,
refused to live
in their box
their confined space,
a prison of torturous
nightmares,
agonising fears
and conservative delusions

u spent ur infant years
by the Danube,
u watched the clouds
in their whiteness
hovering above Belgrade
in the sapphire skies
of Europe

whatever it was,
the ageless river,
clear skies
or the whitest clouds,
u discovered freedom -

unfettered,
u flew
in the voluptuous
world around u

and when in Anglo Oz
u arrived
they lined u up
with the other kids
to swear the oath of allegiance

to honour their God,
serve their Queen
and salute their servile
(colonial) flag

rightly u balked
descended from slav
and Mongol warriors
the blood of conquerors
ran thru ur veins -
ur lips immobile in resistance
ur mouth repeating nothing
teachers saw ur defiance
and took to u with rod and cane

they whipped u mercilessly
from that time in kindergarten
thru to the end of high school

it mattered little
u were never out of the top
five percent academically,
what is the good of acumen,
high grades and intelligence
if it does not serve their State?

they delighted in whipping u
attempting to break ur defiant
spirit and steely will

they had no idea
ur freedom was written/
guaranteed long before
in the blue skies
of Belgrade
on the whitest nimbic clouds

now u make them pay
for every day of torture
victimisation and hell

the utter folly of maltreating
innocent children,
creating devastating enemies
for no good reason

they no longer swear
allegiance in schools
nor do they inflict corporal
punishment

seems like they finally
realised they were creating
far too many dissidents,
radicals,
enemies of the State

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-787.html>