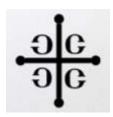
Young

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