

Kapital

by zed *Friday, Sep 20 2013, 11:01am*

international / poetry / post

the stench of death
issues from a known
location,
America

it is an odour like no other,
a decaying corpse
hangs limp, dead
from a tree which
once produced plenty

the stool was kicked
from under its feet,
the drop not sufficient
to snap the neck so
the noose was allowed
to slowly tighten
until the victim died
of slow asphyxiation

the corpse has been hanging,
decaying
since 2008
no-one wishes to claim it
for fear of taking responsibility

the executioner's morbid fear
of revolt has forced an
untenable charade,
a man made not of straw
but of paper,
paper money has been
presented to the public
as though living

it is made to somersault,
dance, turn and twist
but it is an illusion
the money lacks substance,
value

today it is not worth a pinch of shit,

the entire global economy is running
on green toilet paper --
economists talk in maritime metaphors
hoping to support an untenable
charade with riddles,
but they know
it is a dream a confidence trick
played by Zionist Jews on Gentiles

there is no value,
only deceit and
an enslavement of paper chains
glued with lies --
Jew bankers are proficient
at this deception,
but
they are not
magicians

they hold nations to ransom
with their global
Reserve Banking System
built on a fraud

their printing presses are running hot
above safe temperatures
they will soon fail,
the dream will become
nightmare

the season approaches,
the tree will bear
much hanging fruit