

## 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