



**OCCUPY WALL STREET POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

**COMPILED BY STEPHEN BOYER, FILIP MARINOVICH AND THE POETS OF OWS**

**CREATED BY THE PEOPLE OF OCCUPY WALL STREET**

**A VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO THE PEOPLE OF OCCUPY WALL STREET AND THE  
POETRY ASSEMBLY**

**THIS ANTHOLOGY IS AN ONGOING EVOLVING ANTHOLOGY THAT IS CONSTANTLY  
GROWING. AFTER ZUCOTTI PARK WAS RAIDED IT SEEMED PERTINENT TO GET  
THIS DOCUMENT ONLINE. THIS DOCUMENT IS CONTINUALLY GROWING ON A  
WEEKLY BASIS. IF YOU'D LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS PLEASE EMAIL  
STEPHENJBOYER@GMAIL.COM**

**WE LOVE YOU.**

**POETIC INTRODUCTIONS**

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## **Poems Are The Ultimate Weapon Of The 99%**

### *An Introduction By Danny Schechter*

You see it here, dangling, in this book of Occupy poems, stuffed between improvised covers in a binder, virtually chained to a book case in the most improbable People's Library ever created.

It is a growing collection, tethered because so many read it, contribute to it and want it.

It is part of the amazing collection of the printed word, off the shelves of so many supporters and now sandwiched into a corner of a park housing an occupation to challenge the money state, based just two blocks away on the Street named after a Wall built centuries ago by slaves to hold back the Native Americans who were the first people displaced from this Island to make way for today's overstuffed and overbused courtiers of commerce.

Wall Street has long occupied America, but now, with passion and a high sense of purpose, Americans and friends from all over, occupy THEM, and among the non-violent weapons in an ever expanding arsenal of anger are words on the page, poems of every kind, written to tweak and challenge the power of their many purses.

All movements need their poets to set the tone, to raise the questions and express the sensibility.

And so it is true, I must confess of OWS, where poetry lives in the hearts of this encampment of the engaged, this half-acre of enraged souls who have assembled here to take a stand, to fight the power, and to build a community of the dispossessed and discontented.

There may be rage in this Park but also love and commitment without end.

We are here also in the memory of poets who have come before, like



Brooklyn's Walt Whitman whose poems and action echoed those to fought for the union to conquer slavery.

Whitman once said: "To have great poetry there must be great audiences, too," And Occupy Wall Street is a great audience with poetry readings every week among the mic checks and the militancy,

We are here in the spirit of Russia's Mikhail Lermontov whose **Death of the Poet** was a *Je accuse* after the death of the great Pushkin in which he addressed the inner circle, the 1% of that age, condemning, Wikipedia tells us, "Russian high society of complicity in Pushkin's death. Without mincing words, it portrays that society as a cabal of self-interested venomous wretches "huddling about the throne in a greedy throng", "the hangmen who kill liberty, genius, and glory" about to suffer the apocalyptic judgment of God."

Oh, how that description rings true of those who labor as hostile neighbors to the righteous zeal in Zucotti Park.

And, Lets not forget the beats like Allen Ginsberg who lived in Lower East Side New York, and whose life and work was a testament to the duty to provoke and inform, to fuse poesy and politics. Allen is here in spirit as are so many other New Yorkers who powered movements in years gone by.

And I think of a less well known lover of this city, my mom, Ruth Lisa Schechter who published none books of poetry and staged readings to help the youngest victims of the Vietnam War,

The poetry in this book stirs us to think greater thoughts and pursue deeper visions. It is a part of the occupation but also transcends.

Savor it all and praise the purveyors, praise those with a word of celebration and personal insight for what so many are struggling so hard to achieve.

They are occupying our souls, or trying to.

Read on. Write On. Fight On.

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**WEEK ONE**

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## **Taking Brooklyn Bridge**

by Stuart Leonard

I apologize Walt Whitman,  
when I was young you spoke to me,  
I would sit in the old church cemetery  
surrounded by the tombstones of patriots  
reading you out loud to the stray cats  
and you came to me, you sang to me,  
showed me myself in everyone and everything,  
taught me a democracy of the soul, to live  
in the rough and tumble world with dignity,  
to grant that same dignity to the people around me.

I apologize Walt Whitman,  
I let the song fade into the din  
of everyday life, there are excuses  
I could make, I will not make them,  
I did not carry your song through the streets,  
I worried about the strange looks and awkward postures  
I might see in those who needed to hear it.  
I got complacent, I was informed,  
yes, informed, I read the papers, watched the news,  
debated over dinners, knew full well since the days of Reagan  
what was happening to the common people like me  
that you taught me to love, watched as we were turned  
from citizens to consumers to the dispossessed,  
and I did not rise up, I did not take to the streets,  
did not risk or struggle, did not sing your song  
that you so generously gave me.

Over the years I saw the passage of events,  
I began to wonder why I and so many others  
did not pour into the streets when our votes  
were laughed off and our presidency stolen by  
fools and plunderers, I wondered why I and so many  
others did not challenge the brigand government  
when they led us into the unjust war, did not let them  
know that the battle we would wage here at home  
against that corporate sponsored, oil sopped war of lies  
would be far more passionate and just,  
I began to wonder why so many citizens did not see that  
they were being sold out, duped with the frivolous,  
hyped by the hollow, bankrupted by spurious ideologies.

And this unrest began to churn within me,  
as I watched the fall of the people, watched  
as the great common people were being baited  
and cheated by robber barons who would  
delight in rekindling the gilded age, to gloat from  
their palaces at the miserable, and I wondered  
how this could be, how I could be watching the country  
I grew up in, the heirs of independence, the tough,  
decent, imperfect, hardworking people I venerated  
lose the freedom that so many before us fought and died for.

There was a silent book on the shelf, your book,  
Walt Whitman, I had kept the exact same copy  
I discovered as a youth, inert on the shelf, the song  
you taught me muted in the dark, and I was the same  
as that book, a song stifled in the closed pages,  
serving no one, a dusty decoration.

Then I saw the people who occupied Wall Street  
on the news, heard their chants, read their signs,  
was drawn by their passion and courage,  
and I realized I had watched and wondered  
for far too long, that I was perhaps even more guilty  
than those who had perpetrated and even profited  
from the disaster they now expect us to pay for  
because I had done nothing.

My family and I came to stand with the occupiers, to be one with them,  
to raise our voices and march with them, so, that, at the very least,  
true freedom and real democracy would not be ground down  
without a struggle, that we could look in the mirror and know  
we fought for the just cause, not only for ourselves,  
not only for America, but for all people,  
now and one thousand years from now,  
to tell humanity, to teach them, that freedom is not  
purchased on a shopping spree, does not glow  
on a TV screen, cannot be put on a credit card,  
freedom is a responsibility that one must choose to bear  
each and every day and no one can carry it for you,  
that you must fight for the freedom of others  
in order to have it yourself.

I came to atone for my apathy,  
I came to teach the future vigilance,  
better to be loud, be awkward, be dirty, be flawed,  
you who are to come, make the people uncomfortable  
because they are too timid to join you,  
make the leaders uncomfortable  
because they know you are unafraid,  
I tell you that it is better to be one of the great democratic  
people than it is to be a lord or a peasant.

We began to march from Liberty Square, a place  
that now fully deserves its name, toward  
the Brooklyn Bridge, and we chanted and sang  
and called to those who watched to join us,  
and there was a feeling in the air, a passion that  
joined together every hearty soul, we all knew  
we were on the side of the just, that we meant  
no harm to any person, that we sought no more  
than what was fair and sought it not only for ourselves,  
and several times on the march my eyes welled with tears,  
my emotions overwhelmed by the chaotic, brilliant  
beauty of those marchers, of that which we marched for.

The long line of the protestors wound beneath

the towers of those who would squander the world,  
devouring all that is good with their insatiable appetites,  
making our way to the Brooklyn Bridge and when I saw  
the towers of the bridge before me I started to laugh,  
what better way to pay back Walt Whitman than to honor  
his song at the crossing to Brooklyn, to march across the bridge  
over the waters he crossed so many times, the bridge that poets  
have embraced as a symbol, not only of ingenuity and progress,  
not only of endeavor and perseverance, but as a symbol of democracy,  
of the great crossing of humanity from tyranny to freedom.

They are here Walt and I am with them, the African father  
pushing his daughter in a stroller, she holding a sign that proclaims  
she too will fight for her future, the old man singing  
'Happy Days Are Here Again' with wit and irony,  
the veterans who know only too well of betrayal, the young girl  
with bright fiery hair whose strong voice chants, "We got sold out,  
banks got bailed out!" the unshaven college boy who has slept  
in the park for two weeks seizing the future with determined hands,  
the middle aged lady, vibrant and experienced, rallying us  
to raise our voices, the mother and daughter holding a sign  
that reads – America, Can you hear us now! All ages, all races,  
all voices, songs and chants overlapping, strangers becoming comrades.

As the marchers cross the bridge on the pedestrian walk way  
we see that a radical few have veered off onto the road,  
blocking the traffic, arms linked, faces resolute,  
an infectious spirit fills the air,  
there is no way I can not join them,  
my family and I climb the rail,  
with many hands reaching out to help us,  
we jump down and walk with them, this is not a day  
to be a pedestrian, it is a day to agitate.

Many more come clambering down and you  
can feel the tension rise, the police growing in number,  
the people marching, earnest, a point has to be made,  
the bridge has to be taken, and then we see the barricades  
before us, the crowd jamming together as those behind us  
keep coming forward, the police now closing in from both sides,  
we are trapped not quite half way across the bridge,  
and many are firm that they will not just leave,  
some climb on dangerous girders to escape as others  
call out to them to be careful, others sit and get ready  
for their arrest, some are confused, not knowing that they  
would come to this end, I see an older man, the first I think  
to be arrested and there is both strength and weariness on his face  
as he glares at the police with fearless eyes, and though as it turned out  
we had been stopped there and would go no further,  
our true momentum was not halted,  
I knew we had triumphed, because we had taken action,  
the people had risen, and with no violence or hatred,  
we had shown our willingness to risk and struggle for our liberty,  
and while it might seem a small thing to some,  
an event to go largely unnoticed, not as bloody as a battle, or news worthy as a riot,  
I knew that we had come to the Brooklyn Bridge and given it the meaning



poets had sought to give it in their words, we had brought  
the rough, sacred spirit of democracy to the Brooklyn Bridge,  
we had restored Whitman's song to its very birthplace,  
for he had called to us, the future, in his song, he sings to us now,  
he knew that we would be here, he stands with us, chants with us,  
and here I am on the Brooklyn Bridge on a day as important  
as any day that has ever passed, watching Walt Whitman  
above the bridge towers, sounding his barbaric yawp  
above us, calling down the sign of democracy,  
calling us to remember, not just one amazing day,  
but the task to come - Sing on – Sing on – Sing on!

### **WE WILL SEE**

*This is a translation from the Urdu / of a poem by Faiz Ahmed Faiz / a great 20th Century South Asian poet. / 2011 is Faiz birth centennial. / He died in 1985. / This poem, written in 1979 in San Francisco, / foresees the Arab Spring / and, by extension, Occupy Wall Street / So, listen up.*  
—Translated by Rafiq Kathwari

That promised day  
Chiseled on tablets of pre eternity

It's inevitable  
We, too, will see

Pyramids of tyranny  
Floating like wisps of cotton

The earth shaking and rattling  
Beneath our stomping feet

Swords of light flashing  
Over the heads of oligarchs

Idols flung out  
From sacred monuments

Crowns tossed into the air  
Thrones demolished

And we the pure and the rejected  
(Standing in Liberty Square)

“Our hands blossoming into fists”  
Will rend the sky with a cry

“I am Truth”  
Which is You as well as I

And the beloved of earth will reign  
You I We Us

### **Caribou**

By, Vivian Demuth

1.
  - a crevassed grey antler
  - with orange trim of lichens
  - fragment of caribou.
  - Two-pronged, not heavy for thick-
  - necked female of
  - Rocky foothills.
  - This disgorged body part of pregnant
  - caribou, flies at birth
  - offering of bony art
  - waiting to fall
  
2.
  - woodland caribou in small groups, families
  - easily spooked
  - endangered since 1985
  - 80-150 years for forests to grow
  - lichen for caribou.
  - Risk factors: logging, coal mining
  - & oil &
  - gas exploration
  - risk
  - a chance of loss
  
3.
  - splayed hooves click through death's graveyard
  - running panting clicking
  - humans scratch together word fragments
  - car(e)-i? bou? Who? Try caribou rights
  - Globally, people are pawing with ardent green pens
  - fervent foundations of community rights
  - & shattering ground swells of nature rights
  - birthing offering hoping

### **Nine Black Robes . . .**

By, Steve Bloom  
*September 2011*

. . . occupied (I have been told)  
 by human beings; we  
 were hopeful for a while  
 but in the end discovered:  
 It cannot be true.  
 The human beings, instead,  
 remained, for the duration,  
 standing vigil outside  
 the prison's gates.

Nine black robes  
 occupied by those  
 commonly referred to  
 as "Justices." Yet how  
 can this be  
 when the human beings search for justice throughout the evening but still cannot find it?

Allow me to recall a time, long ago.  
 I was too young, then, to understand—

could not, therefore, explain it,  
not even to myself, certainly not  
to my teachers as they lectured,  
enthralled by "the rule of law," which,  
we were informed so often, stands  
in contrast to "the rule of men."  
    and so Troy Davis waited  
    for more than four hours  
in a death chamber built  
according to their rules.

Today, however, I comprehend  
well enough to compose these lines,  
appalled by a "rule of law" which,  
it is revealed once again, stands  
in contrast to the rule of justice,  
so that we may attempt, through poetry,  
to consider the depth of our tragedy.  
    The medical team waited too,  
    poised to begin its infusion  
    of the lethal potion.

Nine black-robed Injustices  
of the US Supreme Court  
deliberating deep into the night  
    while a nation  
    of human beings  
holds its breath and others,  
who merely masquerade  
as human, drum fingers,  
impatient to proceed.

Finally the word comes down:  
You may carry out your execution.

And so the choice  
is revealed once again:  
to continue with this masquerade  
or finally become human;  
to welcome murder  
    or embrace life;  
to accept their "rule of law"  
or impose a new rule, of justice.

And it says here that this choice  
is up to you, because today  
the word has finally come down.

*[On September 21, 2011, the State of Georgia, the US Supreme Court, and a host of other co-conspirators--including President of the United States, Barack Obama--murdered Troy Davis by lethal injection.]*

**Air and Breakfast - an awful feeling**  
By, Jennifer Blowdryer



It took 20 years of livin' to rack up the \$21,000 in credit card debt, but my back was against the wall. \$411 a month came out of my Disability payment of \$659. 2 months in a row the Chinatown Y took \$80 out of my account instead of \$39. My Triple Play Time Warner package costs \$178. Many years ago I went to a Credit Counselor, and they told me that my existence was doubtful, at least on paper. This is when some of the horrible democratizer of the hustle comes into play - no, I wouldn't exist if I didn't leave a swing club with a Chinese man, perhaps by the name of Warren, in order to get an envelope not nearly full enough of cash. Oh, those whirlwind college days! And I wouldn't have been eating without my creep tranny friend and her backstage whiles. Plus one submarine sandwich a day, it turns out, more than supports the human body. So I existed for 30 more years, albeit not on paper, and then it all steamrolled, slowly, to where I couldn't. Not really. I take responsibility, especially for how I pay \$86 a month so my mother and I have a spot at the Neptune Society Columbarium, the minute we buy urns, pay up, decorate, and die. That's a luxury many would let go but I am a finisher, especially when it comes to the funereal.

I'll finish reading in a leaky basement in Toronto, because I said I would, I'll finish an advanced degree because I came all the way there, and I will finish that mountain of debt, or it will finish my dear self. So I turned to Air and Breakfast, a terrific site whereby city folk can rent out their very own bedroom to strangers. I don't have a spare bedroom, an empty bedroom, or god knows a couch, but technically I have a bed and it's good enough to sleep in especially if you are not the type of jet setter who is driven to the brink of madness by excessive clutter and the vivid artwork of some of those I've been fortunate enough to meet. I stuck the following profile on Air BnB, flattering picture included:

I'm a middle aged broke writer who does a lot of spoken word around the neighborhood, and often visits San Francisco as well. I have 4 pop type books published, but out of print, and hang out at the Bowery Poetry Club from time to time, as it's 3 blocks away!

The rest is not important. Well, not to me, but an artist type teetering on the edge of spiritual and financial bankruptcy does not emit the same 'keep away' affect on foreigners that it does for other Americans. It seems like an ok category there, in the rest of the world, and my price, \$47 a night, is right. I once listened to a set of cassette tapes on which theologian Huston Smith described every world religion, and for the Hindu one there is a hierarchy I fit in. The intellectuals get no money but they get respect, which I mentally calculate as meaning a couch to stay on and perhaps even a visit to a local diner while on a ridiculous penniless tour of some sort. This seems fine, more than enough, really, but Air and Breakfast is sort of just as good. These strangers need only a layman's grasp of the internet and a small amount of funds, and they can be in my bedroom for a low low price. They need never publish or sit through an evening of performance art to enjoy a sound sleep in my manic den. I'm fully expecting a small art theft soon, I have high hopes for one Bec who's coming from LA next week. She first said she was from Melbourne, but now her grasp of basic English has slipped exponentially in 1 week and a half, so though I am committed to being her host, something is not as it appears in this ad hoc hotel situation, and I believe that is

Bec.

Mostly though its been working out, though I'm discovering that \$47 is a crazy low price to rent my room out for as I spent that tooling around not being at home. Sometimes I go to Queens, where I'm fixing up somebody's apartment, and sleep there. Or being in between places when I can't go home due to the woman from Brussels, Leona, who's in my bedroom enjoying a week of walking tours. Or taking a taxi to my ex boyfriend's because its easier than going to Queens. I just bumped my price up to \$57, but its way too late for me to up the price Gerta or whoever, Bec, Matteo, Lygia, and one in august I forget the name of, Robin maybe.

The first guest, a chinese or korean student from Rutgers or UCLA, was shy but quietly snotty - "What do I get?" he asked quietly upon seeing my room.

"Well, nothing" I replied, confused.

"Usually they change the sheets" he added the next day, talking to me from Google Voice Mail. "I am one of those lost sould without a phone" he texted, which is how I knew the method by which he was subtly putting down my general hygiene.

"I changed the sheets! They're Clean!" I insisted to Jun Ning Shao, my voice rising to a squeal. I've had two people cut me off, siting as evidence my failure to 'strip the bed' upon leaving another's residence. Nobody EVER told me about this strip the bed thing. I know about 'wash the dishes', not that I always do it, and believe me Thank You and Excuse Me figure largely in my very speech pattern, they are that innate, but Folding and this Bed Stripping are 2 things that can send you hurtling into a social darkness just as surely as bad math. I'm just adding the math part because there's a late nomadic mathematician, as in dead (though he probably as often late) who traveled the world visiting small groups of mathematicians and t rying to solve insoluble problems. He was old and had terrible hygiene, and the legend is that he was a terrible but much sought after house guest none the less. By legend I mean documentary, of course, I believe it's called "N is a Number", directed by George Paul Csciery, a Hungarian American acquaintance who's debt load is so staggering he and his wife have a financial long plan involving insurance and the spouse who (i want to say 'gets to') dies first settling the credit cards.

"It's fine" my first Air and Breakfast consumer quickly self corrected. For 47 dollars, it better be fine! I screamed, silently. I did wash those sheets, I made sure to! Of course I did! airOh, this generation, Jun Ning's, I'll just never get them. I must appear as a weird apparition of crackling despair to him, in turn. Its not always your big day.

## **CALIBAN PROTESTS**

By, Edgar Garcia

Of bear knowth bristle  
god-comb with little g's  
of g knowth pinchy bull  
horn with thunder  
of thunder knowth hurricane  
helicopter awash is  
with hot crush of rain-tow  
of rain knowth fire and

fire knowth his bosom  
of bosom knowth just that  
it is not ever enough or  
just said thus is so so is not  
of nots knowth trillions  
of trillions knowth bank-note  
and noteth endless war  
of war, bear and bull knowth  
but that they pinchth

of pinch knowth not much  
but that his bosom is pincht.

### **Gangbang For Democracy** By, Stephen Boyer

Super honest moment looking for true love: while painting the cardboard sign that eventually read POETRY ASSEMBLY my insides churned with anxiety i felt pretty dorky and even more so when i held it for a crowd to see and then there was a woman sitting on the steps, she was an MTA worker joining us and I used to drive buses and on this point we had a connection that both inspired me and made me want to die, my nickname driving buses was Auto because I was young and sold mushrooms on the side and connected to the mentally challenged passengers I drove. it's a wonder they all were transported safely and i believe a higher power wanted me to see that i am just as much a star as the stars are a bazillion miles away and i do believe the challenged american is able to see just how beautiful the life here could be... as i've watched enough television to know that people like me die and even our friends forget the atrocities that happened on 9/11 and are unable to look beyond the fanciful story the government has painted for "we the people of the united states". in 2006 when i lived in China a white middle age male american architect of the World Trade Center came on CCTV and explained to viewers that the greatest moment of the modern world was the fall of the World Trade Center. He explained that ever since their demise the world has been free to create a new trading system. Free at last! Free at last! The schizophrenia has me again. Mostly down. My minds unraveling like a crab trap thrown from a boat, the line whirring as it sinks to the depths. I have googled the name of this man in America and he is too afraid to speak these truths in America. It is no surprise. And I won't look sad as I know it's over, this world will keep on turning and we need to be happy we've spent some time together... And then i felt like such a loser all the while surrounded by comrades ready to turn the raindrops into proofs that ya'll love me and you want to show me the good times one more time... and then i saw you near me with your starry dreamy eyes explaining the inherent truths of humanity and i held the sign all the while feeling soooo meek while listening to you read and i don't want this community of spirit to ever end... i couldnt stand our ever ending because i am scum and this is scum rising. this is scum demanding we do not deteriorate and it is so very inspiring and so very enlivening and i have never ever felt so connected so demanding of a group of individuals. We need a sex space in the park a space surrounded by tarps held by the people so we can get naked and fill eachother with ourselves a space for us to call out daddy slut whore sexy fuck bitch fucking take my cock and I want you to flog me harder I want you to fill my ass with a strap on smother my face with your pussy as your cock shoots loads up my ass and I want to moan as the bankers and men on wall street watch with their binoculars and in this way we shall win they'll come demanding our naked bodies and we'll share ourselves sasha grey where are you get down here and gangbang for democracy and show them just how beautiful our bodies and the way we glow when we make one another radiate. and i do demand that we do not stop. because i am heavily inspired and unable to ever sink back into the squalor i was unfortunately forcing myself to become accustomed to.

### **Lost Highway**



Masha Tupitsyn

On the subway all fifty of us had on our headphones like idiots trying to block out the world, or put music to it, since the world on TV and in the movies always has music. I remembered listening to *The Stills* while driving cross-country with you. Our first stop: North Carolina to see your sisters. On the way there, we stopped in a Target parking lot, turned the popped trunk into a café awning, and made our own soy lattes with the aero latte frother I bought on a flight to London once.

On the trip, the road was polarized, half-horror, half-romance. We thought we were going to get killed half the time, which was romantic because dying with someone always is, and we were going to die together, die trying not to die, and I even started praying in the dark just in case. The trucks on I-90 were so big and fast, silver bullets shooting through the werewolf highway, *Duel*-like, except real men were driving them and we had nothing to ward them off with. No cinematic formula. We just pulled over and stopped the little red car we were in, a tiny bloodstain moving across the big picture of the road. The woman at the gas station said, "Be careful. This stretch is known for its bullies," the way that life is a stretch known for its bullies, and everyone, but my mother, laughed at us for being scared when we told them what happened. Remember when we used to tell people how we felt? I often asked you that. The memory of trusting people, confiding in them.

I was so terrified that I left you alone by falling asleep for half an hour and when I woke up the road was all ours, like at the end of a movie where two characters get to live, or a post-apocalyptic space that's yours but ruined. Yours because it's ruined. In sleep, in love, we dozed in and out of each other, in and out of the world, lanes criss-crossing, like the characters in *Lost Highway*, except I wasn't the dark playing off the light, or the dark playing off the blonde (you). And for the last forty minutes, after the coast was clear, when all the bullies were finally gone, we cruised along the asphalt and held hands under the music. The astral road was stripped of cars, lit up and silver, like that path in the Redwood forests of *E.T.* or the moon over Elliott's levitating bike, and it was just us, a punk-rock version of Adam and Eve, us against everything, us there first, or last, except I didn't come from you or any garden.

What's that movie where the road is interior? A personality? A light switch? It was like that.

It wasn't just your run-of-the-mill love story. It was movie love. Love you could film. Love you remember seeing somewhere. Love you remember seeing all your life. Love that changes you or that you change. Love that could mean something to the people looking at it. Big and rare and photogenic. I kept you awake by squeezing you every now and again because I don't drive. You said you needed my help, and more than once I saved you from crashing, and now, now that you're gone, I would replace you if I could, but I've never even see a face I think I could even remotely know. I never see a single face.

In *Julia* (1977), Lillian Hellman (Jane Fonda) tells her life-long friend, Julia (Vanessa Redgrave): "You still look like nobody else," which is the best compliment I've ever heard. Lillian means that whatever Julia is on the inside is what makes her unmatched on the outside. Someone you can't lose in someone else or double with an opposite or split into parts or dream up again. That's what Thom Yorke means when he sings, "I keep falling over/I keep passing out when I see your face."

Listening to too much music is like being underwater or having cotton in your ears. It's a lot of pressure on what you're feeling. The music weighs in. When it comes to feelings, listening to music is the equivalent of framing a picture. Framing a face. You can have your picture feelings up on the wall without a frame, but it doesn't look as put together. It doesn't look as good. It doesn't stay there. With music, you can hang your feelings up and look at them, and so can other people.

### **To Crush a Butterfly on the Wheel of a Tank: Why Americans Must Take to the Streets.**

*A personal essay on marching with the  
Occupy Wall Street demonstrators on  
5 October 2011*

by Rob Couteau

Anyone who grew up in the '60s will recall the singular image of construction workers – or "hard

hats,” as they were called – mercilessly beating up the peaceful antiwar demonstrators who marched through New York. As I pointed out to many of the young people I interviewed on September 30 in Liberty Plaza, the fact that unions such as the transit workers were now pledging to join the protestors was nothing less than extraordinary, especially when viewed in this historical context. I added that, in the Paris revolts of 1968, the solidarity of the unions and students nearly brought down the government, but nothing comparable had ever happened here, in the days of rage, during ’60s or early ’70s.

Those conversations occurred on the fourteenth day of the occupation. In the days that followed, other miracles appeared, one more astonishing than the next. First, the United Steelworkers Union pledged its support. Then a group of Marine veterans joined the dedicated men and women of Liberty Plaza to “protect them from the police” – even donning their full dress uniforms as they “stood guard.”

So when the transit workers decided to rally, I knew I had to be there to witness what would certainly become an iconic image of our times.

The TWU and other unions were planning on assembling at the Federal Building at Foley Square, then leading an enormous rally back to the park. Because of a rare eye illness that causes an extreme thinning of the corneas (Keratoconus), I couldn’t afford to get pepper sprayed. To risk it was to risk permanent blindness. Therefore, I initially planned to stay in Zuccotti Park (the official name of Liberty Plaza) and to await the marchers there.

I arrived at 3:00 p.m. from upstate New York. There were about 2,000 people on the first day that I’d visited on September 30; by now it had grown much larger. It was also a broader spectrum of protestors: those of all ages, including the first sprinkling of union workers bearing picket signs.

About an hour later a core member of the Occupy Wall Street group announced there would be a “permitless” rally leaving momentarily, for Foley Square. They would join the unions that were now assembling there en masse, and then march back to the park in the official march.

Despite my trepidation about sustaining serious injury, I was swept up in the exhilaration of the moment, and I knew I had to join them. So I marched on this permitless march to join the workers. I trailed behind a small, ragtag group of three youngsters in their twenties and one middle-aged woman. They were holding up a large America flag with a message scrawled on the front.

When one of the young men grew tired, I offered to take his place, and so we continued along the avenue with a crowd of several thousand. I figured: either I’ll be safe here, behind this flag, or I’ll get attacked for desecrating it. Indeed, as the police eyeballed us, we were careful not to let it touch the ground. I didn’t even know what the message on the front said.

A brightly tattooed young woman who was holding the flag next to me also held a sign, but I could only read the back of it: it was the box top from a pizza store.

Although my life is dedicated to writing, it wasn’t the words that were important now: it was the direct, visceral experience of simply being there. However, I later discovered that she was a recent graduate who had studied accounting and had been searching for work for many months, all to no avail, and that’s what the sign addressed. I told her that when my friends and I had graduated college with our fine-arts degrees in the late 1970s, we never really expected to find a serious job, but for an accountant to have had so much trouble seeking “gainful employment” back then was unthinkable!

Some of the cops who lined the streets along the way seemed fairly relaxed about everything. One black cop was even smiling and nodding his head up and down, keeping time to our chants, as if he approved. Some cops just seemed bored or neutral. And some looked like Nazi storm troopers just waiting for someone to mess up. Those were the ones with a sort of screwed up, intense look on their face, as if their skin was about to explode. Most of those were the ones with gold badges or wearing white shirts: the supervisors.

Once we entered Foley Square, we were engulfed in an even larger crowd. The unions were there in force: making speeches and carrying colored – and often witty – signs.

After shooting some photos, I decided to take the train back and to wait at Liberty Plaza for the TWU and the other unions to join us. But to do that you had to ask the cops for permission to enter the train station. This was a foreboding of the bad things to come later on. But these particular cops – rank-and-file blue shirts; mostly African-American men – were professional and polite.

By sunset there must have been about 20,000 people marching around Liberty Plaza; it was just amazing. It wasn’t an intimate experience – of speaking in depth in a relaxed atmosphere with the young protestors there, as my previous experience had been like – but it was an impressive collective experience. It was the first time I had marched since 1979, when I attended an antinuke rally in Washington, D.C., and read antinuke poems in a café with the other poets at the capital.

By now it was dark, although the lighting equipment from various media outlets cast sections of the streets under an eerie, bone-white glow. As the chanting continued without interruption, the crowd seemed to grow more and more energized.

The marchers had completely taken over Liberty Street – both the pavements and the street itself – but the police had erected metal barriers along Broadway and were somehow managing to keep the protestors on the pavement so traffic could continue to flow unimpeded. I wondered how much longer this ever-swelling crowd could be contained.

I'd only had about two hours of sleep the previous night, so after absorbing these impressive events and watching the marchers rally in ever-increasing numbers round and round the park – some of them splitting off to march without a permit on Wall Street – I decided to leave at 7:30 and headed for the #4 train.

It took quite a while to walk those few blocks. We were tightly packed on the pavements, and most of the crowd had remained stationary, chanting to the police to “join us,” and shouting slogans about how the police pensions were threatened as well: that they, too, were part of the ninety-nine percent. But these were friendly chants, not violent or threatening ones, and the atmosphere continued to remain positive, at least as far as the behavior of the protestors was concerned.

As I finally approached the station I encountered a few cops stationed at the sidewalk entrance, but they seemed to be minding their business and I continued down the steps without a problem.

Hours later, I learned that about thirty minutes after I'd left the area, certain police officers – in particular, the white-shirted supervisors – started to get violent. There's a new video circulating that is far worse than the pepper-spray incident. Woodstock is about to turn into Altamont:

It captures a white-shirted cop viciously beating the protestors, swinging his club into the crowd with great force – swinging back and forth, over and over, like a madman. Not like a madman – but as only a madman would. Apparently, the white shirts decided to block the entrance to certain subway stations, and the crowd, which was immense by this time, had nowhere else to go, so it spilled into the street. And then, those “white shirts” went berserk.

It reminded me of when I lived in Paris in the '90s, and so many of my students related stories about how, during the Algerian War, the Paris police had secretly closed the métro stations and then herded the fleeing demonstrators down the steps – where they encountered locked gates and were beaten to death. And then dumped into the river. If I recall correctly, the most infamous death was that of a young pregnant woman.

It seems as if the tactics never change; each generation simply has to relearn them, often from scratch. Mussolini had his “black shirts” while here, in America – where everything is upside down, backward, and in a state of Alice-in-Wonderland Orwellian reversal – we have our “white shirts.”

Perhaps one should say, “Thank God for the abject stupidity of some of these white-shirted supervisors, because they are doing more and more each day to galvanize these kids, to bring them out in bigger numbers, and to turn the nation against the police.”

However, these vicious numbskulls are just the visible tip of an iceberg of visceral hatred and rage that the ruling class increasingly harbors for the commoners: the “consumers.”

It's the same fight that has been going on throughout the centuries.

And it will never end until something fundamental changes, once and for all.

But this time it's being videotaped – and broadcast – by ordinary people, instead of being suppressed or selectively edited by the powers that be.

One of the Liberty Park artists with whom I spoke earlier today – an eighteen-year old freshman – said his generation doesn't suffer from a lack of empathy; instead, it suffers from apathy. And, he added, a passivity brought on by an often-addictive use of technology, such as the Internet. He concluded, “But that's just maya – illusion – and we must tear ourselves away from it.”

“Yes,” I agreed, “but a more comprehensive translation of the Sanskrit term maya also includes the notion of building blocks: the building blocks of matter, from which all illusion is formed. Your generation is the first to use these particular building blocks to organize a nationwide protest: keeping others abreast of events by text messaging from a paddy wagon, or by organizing rallies and protests via Internet. You must use the electronic hallucination produced by corporations to fight against those corporations and to overturn the power structure.”

Perhaps holding up a digital camera and passively recording these crimes against humanity will prove to be a form of Gandhian nonviolence that engenders the broader support of the masses. Perhaps the passivity mentioned by the young man can thus be transformed into Ghandi's “passive resistance.” But

it's only so long that those cameras will be held in place before someone starts to throw one. These particular cops are playing with fire and, so far, no one in the government seems to care. As one of the older gentlemen at Foley Square said to me earlier that afternoon, "Where are the Bobby Kennedys of our time? I'm a lifelong Democratic. But no one in the Democratic Party seems to care about us anymore."

"Yes," I replied. "And because of that, voting hardly matters. That's why the people have taken to the streets. Now, it's up to us."

### ***Celestial, Inc.***

By Philip Fried

I regret to inform you that, in the purview of immutable discretion, it has now become necessary to downsize the elect.

It may seem strange that of the great body of humankind some like yourself, predestined to salvation, should be laid off.

But please bear in mind that the Boss does not guarantee for all an eternal position, and even those initially receiving the wages of grace may be let go.

It must be plain how greatly ignorance of this principle detracts from his glory and impairs true humility.

In your pre-termination meeting, you will be briefed on re-salvation options. You may come as a grievant or a supplicant.

Now, quickly step away from your papers, even those with only stray marks and doodles, and a guard will escort you from the Office.

If you have any question about how your severance reveals the obscurity of the Boss's say-so, don't hesitate to contact me.

Thank you for the services you have rendered, and I wish you every success in your post-salvation existence.

[published in *Green Mountains Review* and in *Early/Late: New and Selected Poems* (Salmon Poetry, Ireland, 2011)]

### **99%**

By, Najaya Royal

Age 14

Brooklyn, NY

What if the sky was yellow and the sun was blue?

What if money did not affect if you  
have a home the same time next year?

Impossible, right?

We are the 99% that are not rich

We are the 99% who do have to worry about bills getting paid each month

But are the 99% with a voice that can be heard all around the world

Even though we are frowned upon by the 1%'

Though we are the reason the 1% are rich

I mean who else lunch money would they steal and be able to get away with it

We are all against bullies

So it's about time we stand up to the biggest bully of them all

We were born free

So why cant we all live free  
Why cant we all be equal?  
It is not a racial thing  
It is more like a money thing  
But when did green paper decide where and how should we live  
When did green paper become a barrier and separate mankind  
This movement right here  
Is going to change the world for the better  
This movement will finally make us a whole

**Invitation to Walt  
(for Occupy Wall Street)**

By, Danny Shot

From Camden come, rise from the dust  
fly to Zuccotti Park with your shaggy beard  
in your old school hat see what's happened  
to home and your beloved democracy

Let's grab a beer or eight at McSorleys  
where 19<sup>th</sup> century dirt clings to chandeliers  
of your old haunt and reminisce and plan  
our trek through New York's teeming streets

Before we saunter to the Bowery or the Nuyorican or Tribes  
where exclaimers and exhorters still sling verse  
of hope and despair to hungry crowds who  
may still believe in the power of the word.

We need your sweeping vision Walt,  
to offer our children more than low expectations  
of life sat in front of screens or held in gadgets  
that promise expression, but offer convention.

This new century has been cruel and unusual  
the ideology of greed consuming itself in a spasm  
of defeat engineered by merchants of fear  
and post millennial prophets of doom.

We need to recognize healthcare  
and education as basic human rights  
we need to restore the dignity of work,  
as well as the dignity of leisure from work.

We need to get off our flabby asses  
to dance as if nobody is watching, to howl  
and stir shit up, to worry the rich  
with a real threat of class warfare

We need to take back our democracy, from banks too big to fail,  
masters of Wall Street, insurance deniers, education profiteers,  
from closet racists, and self appointed homophobes,  
the unholy trinity of greed, corruption and cruelty.

Walt give me the courage to not be scared  
to offend, to tell the truth which is:  
most republicans are heartless bastards

more willing to sink our elected head of state

and protect the interests of the moneyed  
than do what's right for the greater good  
if truth be really told I think much less of them  
than that for they are the party that has impeded progress

and sucked the joy out of any forward movement  
for all my 54 years and they've only gotten more sour  
and they scare me with their fascist posturing  
I can only hope they start to scare themselves

while most democrats are frightened  
as usual to betray the welfare of the rich  
Historians of the future will laugh (at us).

Yet, we've come so far in so many ways  
call it evolutionary progress if you will  
though there's so much work left undone  
We need a revolutionary spirit to unfold

It's time for us to dream big again  
of democratic vistas and barbaric yawps  
of space travel and scientific discovery  
where we protect our glorious habitat

and build structures worthy of our dreams.  
Imagine an America based on empathy and equality  
in which we lend a hand to those in need  
unembarrassed to embrace our ideals.

And Walt we're here, 100,000 poets for change  
across the United States and we believe,  
we believe, call us dreamers, call us fools,  
call us the dispossessed, your children lost

our hopes on hold, left no choice but to stand  
our backs against the corporate wall  
ready to fight for what we're owed,  
for what we've worked, promises bought and sold

Let your spirit rise old Walt Whitman  
take me with you to another place and time  
remind us what is good about ourselves  
basic decency that's been forgotten

May your words guide our daydreams of deliverance  
let the hijacked past tumble away  
let the dismal present state be but a blip  
may the undecided future begin today

let us become undisguised and naked  
let us walk the open road...

**LET'S BURN THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS**

By, Michael Brownstein  
*Why the end of nationalism is good for you*

Let's burn the flags of all nations  
No more nation-states  
No more patriotism  
Try it, you'll like it

Welcome to the post-national future  
Coming sooner than you think

Because we've had enough of endless statements  
Like this one by India's Environment Minister:  
"National interest trumps all else."  
Or this one by the President of Turkey:  
"No one should test the power of the state."  
But why not test the power of the state?  
Why does an abstraction come  
Before the needs and desires of real people?  
What if there were no Israel, no China, no Indonesia?  
No Iraq, no Iran, no United States?  
Too radical for you?

Maybe you'd rather remain a glutton for punishment  
Continue swallowing non-negotiable declarations such as the following:  
"No government allows any organization to intervene in its internal affairs."  
That's a Thai government spokesman in 2010  
During the mass demonstrations in Bangkok  
Rejecting the Red Shirts' appeal for peace talks

But nation-states are not the same as countries  
The Mayan or Amazonian or Tibetan people  
Will get along perfectly well  
Without an artificial nation-state to define them  
Because countries don't wage war, governments do  
War presents itself as necessary for self-preservation  
When in fact it's only necessary for self-identification

As long as we identify with nation-states  
We know ourselves by what we oppose  
Not by who we are  
And who are we?

We are one  
No need for separation  
The only way to say it  
We're all one  
All humans on the planet  
Same heart, same mind, same eyes

Or would you rather turn a blind eye  
To developments such as the following:  
A Botswana judge has ruled that Bushmen  
Who return to their ancestral lands  
In the Central Kalahari Game Reserve  
Are not allowed to drill wells for water

This decision condemns them to having to walk  
Up to 380 kilometers to fetch water  
In one of the driest places on earth  
However, tourists to the reserve  
Staying at Wilderness Safaris' new lodge  
Will enjoy the use of a swimming pool and bar  
While Gem Diamonds's planned mine in the reserve  
Can use all the water it needs on condition  
None is given to the Bushmen  
Bushman spokesman Jumanda Gakelebone said,  
"If we don't have water  
How are we expected to live?"

No human illegal  
No more national borders generated out of fear  
Out of a total failure of trust  
Arbitrary fictions laid down on the landscape  
In reality they don't exist  
And if you believe they should, tell me this  
What of all those who came before  
Swearing fealty to other flags at the cost of their lives?  
Down through history conquerors, pillagers, colonizers  
Who are we to claim this land—any land—is ours?  
Go back far enough and we're all illegal immigrants

But things are different now  
It's dawning on us why we're here  
We're here to change our presence on this earth  
Release the stranglehold of the nation-state  
Find our way to true community  
By trusting—can we do that?—ourselves and each other  
Living democracy in real time rather than in a voting booth

No more nationalism  
Cloud clover for demagogues and racists  
America-firsters (or Russia-firsters, etc.)  
What are they afraid of?  
That they'll melt into all us other humans?  
But that's exactly what's happening, like it or not  
Reality of the Internet, everyone alive today our IP addresses  
Floating in space  
Just like the planet

No more nation-states benefiting those in power  
Mimicking individual egos in combat  
Battling for vanishing resources, for territory, lebensraum  
Using the sentimental hook of tribal identification to maintain order  
What's called "The United States of America" a rank hallucination  
"Russia," "Myanmar," "Nigeria," and on and on  
Hallucinations generated for profit and control  
For suppression of the human spirit

But the human spirit knows no boundaries  
No ID cards, no cradle-to-grave oversight  
It's time to step outside of the trance



Walk among the trees, listen to the birds  
Do you think they belong to something called the U.S.A.?  
Do they fall in line behind "Old Glory?"

...And ain't it strange, hundreds of old glories across the globe  
Each meant to be defended to the death  
Tears streaming down the faces of deluded patriots  
(The chips were installed at birth)  
Who drop their flag only to pick up a weapon  
And murder those unlucky enough to be holding a different flag  
Fiction, trance, rank hallucination

Yes, it's against the law to burn the American flag  
And how many other flags around the world  
192 member states of the United Nations  
From Afghanistan (when will we ever learn?)  
To Zimbabwe (the less said the better)  
Outmoded nationalism, we're outgrowing it  
No more electrified fences lit by floodlights of paranoia  
No more making the nation-state safe for surveillance

But here's some magic for you  
Burn any of those 192 flags and before you're arrested  
You'll see one of the wonders of the natural world  
The ashes will form a spiral opening out to the stars  
Cotton and rayon and nylon and polyester  
Released at last from their symbols  
Don't believe me? Try it for yourself

No more patriots marching under  
One or flag or another, heads held high  
Legitimizing a myth of separation  
The myth that we humans who started  
As a single band in the prehistoric night  
Now can only act from our differences  
Beating our chests, teary-eyed  
In a futile attempt to retrieve  
Long-lost trust and solidarity  
Rationalizing mayhem and extermination  
Forgetting who profits from separation  
The corporate, political, and military leaders  
Of fictional entities founded in our name

Let's burn the flags of all nations  
Either join together or the human experiment dissolves  
In a flaming brew of war and environmental disaster  
The curse of nationalism  
Everyone stuck in their own cultural narrative  
A cage rather than a playground

It's time to open gates, tear down fences, shred passports  
Roam wherever we like  
Along rivers and mountains without end  
Because we ourselves are those rivers and mountains  
Our lock-tight identities due for game-changing transformation  
Here and now time to exhale

We're all one

No human illegal  
Mexicans, Guatemalans, whoever else is out there  
Let them come, let them swarm over Gringostan's borders  
What are we afraid of, that they'll find out what we're really like?  
Afraid they'll compromise the American way of life?  
But what is the American way of life?  
Everything for sale  
Every last one of us prostitutes, hustling something  
Methamphetamine trailers lighting up the high plains night  
Strip malls from sea to shining sea  
All for another slice of virtual pizza  
While the other nation-states are busy copying us

But these campesinos  
Why are they stampeding across our borders?  
If their local, village-based mode of survival  
Were still functioning after corporate capital's deprivations  
After the bait-and-switch called Free Trade  
After the drug violence fueled by our cocaine habit  
Do you really believe they'd leave families and ancestral lands  
For a life of drudgery in the icy heart of the North?

Can you imagine what those who've risked their lives  
To cross the border are thinking  
As they clean our toilets and mow the lawns  
Outside our cheesy McMansions  
While we sprawl in the family room  
Sucking up doses of radiation from our plasma screens?  
*Hey, that's not me, man: I'm not watching TV. I'm fixated on my new iPad. I'm pecking away at my  
Blackberry, dude. I'm cheering myself hoarse for the home team while the world burns...*

What if, on the contrary, these campesinos secretly envy us  
What if they want their deracinated children  
To grow into big-time consumers just like us?  
What if they can't wait until their children  
Turn into dark-skinned versions of our tight white selves?  
*Dios Mio...*

And democracy, our claim to fame  
Time for a reality check  
We don't live in a democracy  
Voting means getting lost in make-believe  
As soon as more than ten thousand people are involved  
Approximate size of the polis in ancient Greece  
Where citizens encountered one another face to face  
Knew their strengths and foibles  
Knew the skeletons in their closets  
Their families and ancestors

Whereas in modern mega-states  
Do we know who represents us?  
Fantasies concocted by spin doctors and handlers  
If you doubt it (and have enough pull)  
Approach the leader of any nation-state

It doesn't matter what their politics are  
The only question is  
How deep into trance is this person?  
Wave your hand in front of the face  
Watch the eyes light up  
When you say you'll vote for it  
Watch the eyes go cold  
When you say you won't

Only local democracy is real  
When allowed to function, that is  
Living democracy of community movements  
Farmers in Africa planting trees on barren land  
Cooperative ventures worldwide

While left and right, socialist and capitalist  
Two sides of the same grabby coin  
Solidifying the delusion that we get somewhere  
Only at the expense of others  
And—haven't you noticed?—the game is never won  
Over the centuries always a sense  
Of impending emergency, of corruption and betrayal  
The open field of existence  
Tricked into gigantic hoardings of mine and yours

The question is  
Do we have what it takes to clear the deck  
And work out a new way of life  
The planet is calling to us in a voice louder than politics  
Sweeter than vested interests  
Can you hear her?  
She's asking for change  
That's the only reason astronauts were allowed up in space  
To see a global intelligence unfolding  
A vast gathering of ecologies  
One flowing into the next  
Rivers and mountains without end  
To see that we're all one  
Humans and plants, animals and spirits, sky and ocean

No more nation-states  
No more patriotism  
Try it, you'll like it

### **Rhymes & Sayings**

By, Serge Matsko

1. you OWS Me
2. Mr. UberPoor-UberRich  
... breaks in two & fall in ditch.
3. sub-crime mortgages  
for sub-prime people

4. capitalism -you never full,  
you're always hungry as a bull,  
you're always rude, you're always tough,  
you'll never get a word enough.

democracy - a dream of Greece,  
the love we have, but always miss...

democracy - a laser beam  
to keep the bull from the extreme

5. police state for police !

### **Bail Out What?**

By, Eliot Katz  
*October, 2008*

As the U.S.-built trojan-horse mortgage-backed insecurities crisis continues to hop aboard freight elevators moving continually downwards; as the Wall Street bull let loose from its iron base continues to rampage through the trickle-down bloody back streets of overworked America; as a discredited treasury department of a disgraced presidency attempts to tickle nation's plastic-card wallets by yet one more midnight pour-oil-down-the-bank-chimney approach; as Congress shrugs its confused shoulders and nods in sleepy assent, with Democrats making sure recruit enough Republican votes to share blame for a firecracker bill they all knew in advance was a dud; as nervous homeowners and shopkeepers wait by silent phones for a sign from heaven that manna-tasting loans and credit cards are raining from the skies in infinite variety of shapes and sizes; as the four corners of the decade's deregulated pyramid scheme prove no match for international capital's globalized wrecking ball; why should it surprise that a chef's knife can't carve edible food out of a stack of blowing thousand-dollar bills? With all major commentators warning about the need to halt the next Great Depression, where's the proposal for a new New Deal? Why not Dems voting for bills they are proud to pass alone, and then watch Bush sign because embarrassed there is no other rational or irrational choice? Why not put world's heaviest military budget on a strict low-carb diet? Why not new olive-green bridge-building projects paying a guaranteed living wage? Why not freeze foreclosures and send \$10,000 checks to every struggling renter and homeless family worried about opening their next medical bill? Why not rip all medical bills and create a single-payer health security system? Send every high school graduate to college as long as they can learn to mapquest their way there! Build the next generation of pyramids with clear publicly accountable front windows! There are so many jobs waiting for those who can help build a solar energy cell or write a song to heal a deeply troubled nation. Let's tickle the bottom of the economy's feet and watch the electricity rise upward.

### **WOLFMAN LIBRARIAN AND THE TREMBLING PAIR OF ACTOR HANDS**

By Filip Marinovich

Tell me this grove will protect me  
From World Trade Towers Lightning forking the brain  
(Mine Mine)  
Why are there trains under the grass  
And my butt is wet

Why do you constantly interrupt yourself  
My rhythm is the rhythm of interruption

I walked down Wall Street tonight and it felt  
As if someone was walking inside me

Another person taking steps for me  
Fuck you who told me I couldn't write  
September Eleventh poetry I'm moving  
To Eleventh Street I'm breathing again  
The world will become a new City  
People will hug in the street Elizabethanly  
We will invent a new language together  
Queen Elizabeth will return from her coven  
Covent Garden and all will sing opera La Boheme  
on the steps of the Federal Building joining hands

Why are there trains rumbling beneath this grass  
The Love Interest Woman will not die of T.B. at the end  
of La Boheme the snow will go away  
and we will find it again in our pencilcases  
when we awake firstgraders sweating the first day of  
first grade and Happy Birthday William Carlos Williams  
September Seventeenth Two Thousand and Ten  
How old would you be today what would you say  
about the towers would you believe me if I told you  
the unburied dead of Wall Street one of them  
walked in me took my steps is this my flesh  
peripheral vision greenery wolverines gnawing at me  
and vomiting me up a new man with powers to heal  
Wolfman Librarian Wolfman Wolfman Librarian Wolfman  
Welcome to the world to heal Happy Birthday  
Librarian Wolfman go to heal  
Now Wolfman Librarian go to heal or else  
lose all your fur and emerge pink  
with a pus groaning along your collarbones--  
Aliens! but not from the video games--The Alien  
you are is here can you hear him you are him  
Wolfman Librarian you are her you are not a man  
a Wolfman or a Librarian

You are a woman  
Welcome to your first assignment of  
healing the whole world  
listening to all the cries of the world  
KUAN YIN BODHISATTVA  
no you aren't her you are a manifestation  
of her are you you are  
Wolfman Librarian wake up  
you want to know why there are kerosene torches  
by the fountain ask one ask the flames ask  
the flames lie down and nap and find yourself  
after years of searching napping on the grass  
the subway rumbling beneath you  
seven earthquakes have happened and  
entering from the left Snowman Ice-age  
How cute of you to bring in The  
Snowman From The Machine Snowman Ex Machina  
to wrap up the ending but I just cut his head off  
with my frisbee. Bill, happy birthday, Dr. Owl,

Do you believe Don't you know I felt a spirit

of the unburied Twin Towers dead  
walking inside me on Wall Street and I could not  
wake up for long enough to tell you  
I must pause and nap  
My Wolfman paws tearing apart the notebook  
given to me by the librarian gone fishing  
I'm not listening I'm letting the talk dead  
through me The dead talking to me  
remove my eardrums and replace them  
with earbuds Walkman Disco Fist  
throbbing in my head I release you  
and get my eardrums back  
The peripheral greenery wolverines  
are eating me and vomiting me up  
onto a mound where pieces of me  
are sucking at each other and sticking together  
to form a new man with the power to heal  
everybody even with his trembling actor hands  
Wolfman Librarian, a man is walking inside you  
who jumped from the South Tower 54<sup>th</sup> floor  
who is he he just jumped again you are  
jumping together  
SPLAT NO NO NO

you are scaring yourself too much  
Wolfman END OF HORRORSHOW Librarian  
you look very suspicious in your big beard  
and grey backpack are you a suicide bomber  
No I'm Wolfman Librarian HEAL IN MY GLOW.

A saxophone player blows NAIMA  
by John Coltrane on the Twin Towers side of  
this park. He plays me home  
just when I thought I would have to  
listen to the dead forever.  
But I'm already home.  
But I only know it because of  
his saxophone.

The wolverines are gone  
sitting on the grass how do you feel  
Like the trains rumbling beneath  
my feet are turning leaves.

That's nice but how do you feel now  
about preferring nothing, having no opinions.  
That's just a lot of Zen shit.  
I love my companions, that's all, I'm Wolfman  
Librarian and I'm a woman

Don't let this dick fool you.

It is a pen I fuck with  
The dick is just there for show.  
NO NO NO  
Fuck now Wolfman Librarian Fuck Me now  
Wolfman  
    Aria Aria Aria  
    fuck me now.

Peripheral greenery wolverines are eating me  
and vomit me up into a pile  
where I become a new man  
Wolfman Librarian  
To heal. To heal. To heal.

    Wolfman Librarian,  
    heal thyself.  
    Know thyself.  
    Self Self Self  
    always changing, is time itself  
    Then who are you with this  
trembling pair of actor hands? I don't know.

Not Wolfman Librarian  
Not Not Wolfman Librarian  
I go I go I go  
    to find a pile of healing snow  
to jump into  
but all I find is grass to sit on  
with trains rumbling beneath  
in the deep the unseen  
Hades eating his own pomegranate crown  
spanking Persephone across his lap  
She's crying she's me  
I'm crying I'm me  
NOT Persephone or Wolfman Librarian  
only me. It's sweet.  
But you can't forget or escape death  
by becoming somebody else.  
But I'm not myself either  
I'm time, not separate from anything else  
The circular fountain, the antique kerosene torches,  
The cellophane rectangle of a cigarette pack  
reflecting light from grey sky on grass.  
The sky's not grey. You look up: patches of blue.  
Get new shoes. You need better traction to walk

through rain on slippery Manhattan streets  
Wolfman Librarian of Manhattan  
here to heal  
The 9/11 11.9 September 11<sup>th</sup> dead  
and play them home  
with the trombone pieces  
lodged in your throat  
you are choking

cough it up  
you vomit yourself up out of yourself and  
wolverines in peripheral greenery  
are here to suckle your red thread  
until white milk bursts forth and  
you sing together beneath the trees  
wordless songs and learn to breathe  
awake again. Now the sky is grey.  
The patches of blue are going.  
Only the water spirits are protecting you  
by this circle fountain. Rise, thank them,  
and move on.  
The clouds are rolling through the typewriter sun.  
I really am Wolfman Librarian  
for the porpoises of this poem sunning on the rocks  
by the fountain I put them there with imagination--

Not mine Not yours The property of  
Nobody  
And Wolfman Librarian  
Librarian of the Sun  
arranging burning libraries in the sky into one light of  
knowledge on a ledge in the Kaukases  
Eagle Eagle have another bite of me  
Knowledge is better than *pate'*  
and whatever I have to pay for it it's okay  
even your beak in my liver is  
lightning lightning  
lightning even is my birthmark  
My book this cloud evaporating  
as The Sun reads it closely  
a close reading opening The Cloud's anus miraculous  
with his Solar Speculum  
inside the humans are in utero  
you can see by the way they're  
screaming  
in the shadow of buildings not there  
even nine years later.  
We will never heal. That's okay.  
Our wound gives us something to do.  
Dress it. Undress it. Have babies with it.

The firstborn is Wolfman Librarian  
not daughter not son  
but moon and sun and lightning  
the train rumbling under the grass  
and rising to walk before you pass out  
is your only task right now.

If I had legs I would  
But peripheral greenery wolverines eat me  
and vomit me up and I am reforming  
as a new man Wolfman Librarian  
knocked down 7 times



Getting up eight  
here to heal you  
even if you don't want me and curse me  
here to heal you, Wolfman Librarian,  
here to heal even you  
yourself hairy and trembling with your  
actor hands hearing every  
distress signal from the three billion  
broken sailboats inside.

The peripheral greenery wolverines  
are eating me and vomiting me up  
onto a mound where pieces of me  
are sucking at each other  
and sticking together  
to form a new being  
    with power to heal  
    every being  
    by hearing its word  
    for help in 3 billion  
        languages  
and listening to it  
    descending glistening  
    on wet wolf fur steps  
to heal everybody  
with his trembling Wolfman hands  
no more librarian  
only night now on  
    on  
    on  
        OM    OM    OM

**WEEK 2**

**WEEK 2**

**WEEK 2**

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**WEEK 2**

**WEEK 2**

## WEEK 2

## WEEK 2

### **Untitled**

By, Tim Bokushu Tucker

Wet trunks seek the sun  
underfoot, a swirl of hungry sky  
tapers off...where is the sky?  
dwaifing white water towers  
a mangled crust strikes my plate  
then there are his eyes

### **The impact of a dollar upon the heart**

by Stephen Crane

The impact of a dollar upon the heart  
Smiles warm red light  
Sweeping from the hearth rosily upon the white table,  
With the hanging cool velvet shadows  
Moving softly upon the door.  
The impact of a million dollars  
Is a crash of flunkeys  
And yawning emblems of Persia  
Cheeked against oak,

France and a sabre,  
The outcry of old beauty  
Whored by pimping merchants  
To submission before wine and chatter.  
Silly rich peasants stamp the carpets of men,  
Dead men who dreamed fragrance and light  
Into their woof, their lives;  
The rug of an honest bear  
Under the feet of a cryptic slave  
Who speaks always of baubles,  
Forgetting state, multitude, work, and state,  
Champing and mouthing of hats,  
Making ratful squeak of hats,  
Hats.

#### AN ETHIC

By, Christina Davis

at Zuccotti Park

And the sign said: "I am not waiting for the Messiah,  
I'm just waiting  
for the human beings  
to come back."

#### BIG TREE ROOM

at the Tree of Life, Liberty Park

In the beginning was the word and the word was  
"Welcome."

Then the word was: mytree, yourtree,

histree, hertree.

The apostrophe “s” was the snake in the garden.

In the beginning,

which is where we live

if we choose to

today, in which we are

related by happiness to sadness, & by nearness

which is the new frontier,

the word is Welcome,

legible across the creatures.

## **PEACEABLE**

By, Christina Davis

Why is it always the violent shows have sequels?

Since when did a gun behave? And who

manufactures the pacifist's uniform

and can the naked wear it, and can the dead?

Does everyone die “after a long battle with...”?

Must, in other words, everyone be a soldier? What no

single mind can imagine

pieceably,

the Revolution is.

**DEMONSTRATION DELIRIUM**

By, Filip Marinovich

I.

SHOW ME WHAT THE POETRY LOOKS LIKE

THIS IS WHAT THE POETRY LOOKS LIKE

SHOW ME WHAT THE POETRY LOOKS LIKE

THIS IS WHAT THE POETRY LOOKS LIKE

II.

WE

ARE

THE POETRY PERCENT!

WE

ARE

THE POETRY PERCENT!

WE

ARE

THE POETRY PERCENT!

III.

**WE WOULD PREFER NOT TO.**

**--LIBERTY THE SCRIVENER**

**WE WOULD PREFER NOT TO.**

**--LIBERTY THE SCRIVENER**

MOTHER COURAGE PUSHING HER S.U.V. UP CAPITOL HILL

by Filip Marinovich (10/2010)

You lose everything except your S.U.V.

even your children all 8 of them murdered

8 infinity symbol stood up straight

8 double-headed lariat noose cut loose

I fit my Gemini heads through two yellow loops

flying through deep space to meet Mother Courage

Mayka Hrabrost in Serbian

How do you say it in Soviet Union

O Cold War Nostalgia: "O but when We had one enemy

not Legion we can't see, O..."

Who is the "We" here you can't see

My name is Guantanamo Bay, Abu Ghraib, and other branches of Blank of America

Viva Plutocracy in excelsis Deo

(*Not!*) but the joke won't play today

O Nancy Pelosi I miss you come back

a periwinkle waxpastel angel

spraying bloodorange ink and periwinkle drypastel powder

into the eyes of the sailing congressman who still ties

Mason-Dixon line around his waist to keep his pants up right

who can't say Madam before Speaker

The Madman Speaker Madman Speaker Madman Speaker

who can't breathe right his belt so tight he barbecues his blue face weekends

and cools it in chlorinated mass grave swimming pool with quicklime survivors of

the hot threeway between The Great War, The Civil War, and World War Four

I am the resident of the Untied Laces

shoe I live in with my 8 children

A pox on the shoe lord who just evicted me

for talking to myself too loud too late

in the grey-tiled community shower of

worknight crystalnight "work sets you free" night

In the event of an insurgency you are directed to lay back and die

for slavery, paid, unpaid, and minimum waged

war to continue, flourish, and numb you to who you are Interbeing

"I am in mourning for my life"

Chekhov coughing blood into his mezzanine handkerchief

Stanislavsky blindfolding me in the black box torture chamber of

Our Lady of Sense Memory

my dead dog Sani erupting from Old Lyme backyard garden rocks

the wolf Nowtime the lupine Jetztzeit

wolf breath steaming from his white snout

feeding on pieces of what Mother Courage offers him her children.

## **TIME GUYS**

by Filip Marinovich

you are Bach, Grampa Bach,

why don't you live in my harpsichord guts

talking

to your blue tombstone shadow

are you cool in it

you don't need air conditioning where you are



*entre nous*

nor do I I'm dead already too.

he is cremated

I reinvent the crematorium

in my gut, will it

make me think with

speed.

If a grandfather clock falls

in the middle of

Sherwood Forest killing Robin Hood

and Little John instantly and

Wall Street is a vast orphanage for grey pot holes

and for taxes this year

I sent in my teeth

the I.R.S. shows up at my

front door to thank me

I speed out my back door

when freedom rings

I don't have a back door but

a window with a black fire escape

ladder leading down

into the courtyard dumpster

I have a Bach Door called

"The Fugue" I slip through "The Fugue Door"

and strike a pieta pose with  
Grampa because I want to die  
before he dies so he holds me a  
minute in his white gown and gives  
me back to my life he says  
IT'S NOT FINISHED.

## **FUNNY NUMBERS**

*for Tim Dlugos*

by Filip Marinovich

### **ROTHKO ROOM**

"Only 8 visitors

at a time"

Numbers are funny.

It took Reagan

until the 6th year of

his presidency--

The Lame Duck Days--

to address AIDS

publicly

for the first time.

I am so happy AIDS

took his memory

in time

so what if they called it

Alzheimer's

I am the Karma Doctor

and I know how to diagnose

the source of

memory loss

or was it all those Hollywood B movies

Reagan shot

like "THE 1980 INAUGURATION DAY

SPECTACULAR IN THE UNITED STATES OF

AMERICA"

when the Plaguean Dynasty

raised its right hand over

The Wall Street Statecraft Shooting Script

and took its oath of

office--orifice--Orestes--horrible!

Yes, Senator McCarthy McDonald's Rumsfeld And Coke,

Yes I am the communist mole poet

Doctor Karma

known to diagnose the source of

memory loss--

what? what did I just say?

Remember it:

President Reagan awoke from his grave today

complaining of AIDS-related

skull ache.

## **Bicameral Breakdowns**

by, Joey Molinaro

You are unknown, thus I must know me.

In this city, faces are nameless.

We have been and someday we will be,

unlike fauna living each moment.

Those I hold close and the unfamiliar

work by virtue of our desire

and of symbols righteously sacred.

Some are found yet some are bestowed by

mystic worlds or epic musicians.

When Great Eyes speak; heedless, I obey.

Pyramids rise; wordlessly slaves toil.

Final choice: one way to die and one to be victorious.

Life or death of nations relies on how we go on.

Wisest sage, advise me now. I pray thee for your guidance.

Why must your words be proverbs and useless regurgitation?

Darkest time: no sleep or food... And worry fuels my sorrow.

Now appears my god to me. With voice like mine he councils.

“O my kingdom, O wide-eyed crowd, Apollo thus has spoken!

Gaze upon my gilded orbs, allow his voice to be yours!

Muse and poet, my words you sing. Through me you praise Apollo!

Only through the oracle and royalty you find truth.”

Foundations laid by peons  
obeying one voice reigning  
in the mind of the radiant guide...

Now cities swell. Raving mad  
ascetic rants rage louder.

Agonized loss: God's weakening voice...

Why does he leave? Does he not love us?

But glorious Consciousness, how you enlighten!

Without conduit your beauty flows, at once river and tributary!

Divinity is raised, transcending ourselves without hierarchy! How intense, the ecstasy of existence!

Reality is synthesized from action and reflection; my neighbor smiles at our dialogue.

The jewel, the sound of one's voice inside springs forth like a fountain  
after schizophrenia destroys the divide.

O the terror of the youth, stricken with consciousness.

Seeking escape from its awesome meaning, they may sow lifeless bicameral fruit.

If an empire erupts, decayed fruit may lie unseen on distant barren soil, unsprouted and forgotten.

Conscious-oidal worlds rise- not Zen but  
hiding failure- preaching lies of choicelessness.

Fate, faith, speechless deafness cause one's  
mind, soul, heart to close tight. Even the  
brain splits; cleft in right and left hemi-  
spheres, ears lost but for loud media.

Power owns divine thought, and says to  
consume as a way of life and to

conform and be carelessly brutal.

Power owns divine thought. Break down!

## **Occupy Flats**

By, Lara Weibgen

Dear salt flats, I thought of you today & wanted to be you.

What a shitty world, where desire means fantasizing

about your own desiccation. On the subway platform

green anemones in the hair of beautiful women

writhe like thoughts, & seriously, I'm all for that, but why

can't thoughts writhe like anemones, at least more often?

Don't just say "capitalism," salt flats:

I'd like a personalized answer, for once.

Look, I know I sound cranky, but I'm for a lot of things,

especially things that light up or move very slowly or are unreal.

Some of what I'm for is real, though.

For example, next summer I'll get a kitten

& eat violets while screwing tenderly & breathlessly

with a man &/or woman &/or trans person I love.

Also, I'll end poverty & raise my father & Troy Davis from the dead.

This is real & I'm for it, so don't call me a pessimist, salt flats.

You're the pessimist, taking up all that space

without letting a single thing flower.

Right now, because I'm addressing salt flats, I'm a poet.

But this morning I was a scholar, or at least I was trying to be.

My dissertation is about conceptual art in the Soviet Union:

why it was so sad & what it has to teach us about failure.

What, asks the voice of scholarship, can we learn from an art  
that is fundamentally about the impossibility of dreaming?

Let me tell you, this is a depressing line of inquiry;  
and yet, not as depressing as art that's about dreams  
just like so, as if having dreams were not reactionary,  
or revolutionary or whatever. As if they could just be had,  
like a taco or a meeting.

What I'm saying, salt flats, is that when I think of you,

I mean of being you, I feel a little sick. No offense.

But what if instead of being you I could just be with you, you know?

We can work on this dryness thing together.

Grass will grow, stallions will come galloping in,

the earth will feel more like an earth,

& after a while, your indigenous peoples will come back.

I'm not saying this needs to happen right now, I know it's scary,

but I think we should start planning—

for your sake & mine, for the stallions & Troy Davis,

for the sad conceptualists of the world

& women everywhere with anemones in their hair.

**Have It Your Way**

By, Lara Weibgen

I like my men like I like my drinks like I like my stock portfolio.

STRONG.

I like my lattes like I like my jeans like I like my body.

SKINNY.

I like my complexion like I like my students like I like my job prospects.

BRIGHT.

I like my cocktail dresses like I like my rivers like I like my dreamworlds.

SHIMMERY.

I like my kisses like I like my sex like I like my meat.

TENDER.

I like my flames like I like my truths like I like my cities.

ETERNAL.

I like my illnesses like I like my recessions like I like my systematic injustices.

NOT AFFECTING ME PERSONALLY.

I like my poets like I like my philosophers like I like my emotions.

DEAD.

**Because we love each other**

By, Lara Weibgen

Because we love each other I eat the whole city

& in my bowels it becomes sky.

I take off my shirt & on my breast

gleams a lake of purest silver.

My bone marrow is a vaccine. I inoculate every living thing

against homelessness, faithlessness, & disenfranchisement.

I walk down the street; people are making love



& inviting me to make love, which I do.

It makes my love for you even stronger.

Everybody I know dies

but no one's dead.

**In my past lives I must have met everybody**

By, Stephen Boyer

*for Kevin Killian and Dodie Bellamy*

gazing into my crystal ball, Angel Ariel

searching for past lives

she hasn't been forthcoming with answers

soooo I logged onto facebook and took a quiz

which stated, "In your past life you were Marilyn Monroe. In this life you continue to be radiant, happy, whimsical, and daring..."

wandering around Strand Bookstore in a miniskirt flirting with staff

yes I'll have sex for money

I thought for sure I had been a renegade visionary gay pornstar

Jack Wrangler or Frank O'Hara or Sylvia Plath sans husband

but Ariel keeps suggesting my interpretations are self involved

that I was a girl, then a boy that died alone of AIDs

he didn't even know what he had contracted

nor time to care about the silver screen

soooo far from everyone that raised him

they loved him before he left to New York City to be the next diamond

drinking and fucking on the docks

men crashing through the ramshackle ceilings

men fucking on top of the corpses

the train ride from Missouri to New York his first and last

another boy on the train had the same revelation

soooo they shared bunks and took a shower together

wherein the conductor caught them and demanded they pay him extra cash which the boys didn't have

soooo they offered their souls and pleaded their way

### **Dear Lindsay Lohan My Friend IM'd Me**

By, Stephen Boyer

*for Lance Gillette*

Dear Lindsay Lohan this morning my friend IM'd to inform me that your father had sold tape recorded conversations he had of you breaking down whenever I think of my father I break down and I imagine you pulled your covers over your head as the tapes leaked across the cyber world my father was abusive in both the physical and spiritual sense so I can relate to your younger self binging on substances fashion and everything else you used to break beyond I want to tell you that I'm truly sorry you've had to suffer so publicly we've all been on adderall zoloft bi-polar meds cocaine booze and anti anxiety pills the world is a total mess which I'm sure you are well aware of being such a glamorous it girl at times I feel as if I am little more than a plastic bag floating toward the ever growing continent in the pacific I've often looked at the photo's of you walking around town with some hot skinny gay boy by your side and I wish I was thin enough to be one of those boys that go shopping with you in boutiques in WEHO where everyone adores you and understands how shitty it is to get a DUI cause every party girl knows that DUI's come with the territory and I'm sure your father is well aware of what it is like to fuck up and get a little too crazy after all he was a Wall Street man for quite some time and everyone in America knows they ruined the economy but that doesn't really matter we can still fill him with love because I believe everyone is capable of love as long as someone helps take the mask of greed off their eyes it is simpler than you may imagine and it begins with forgiveness which is a terrifying concept I know sometime you should come with me up into the Hollywood Hills we can bring a big tote bag full of poetry climb the highest hill so no one will bother us and after staring out at the city that is rightly obsessed with you for quite awhile we can raise our hands to the sky and scream like the little 13 year old girls we truly are then we can read aloud excerpts of poetry or maybe I should take you to a secret hot spring a few hours north of Los Angeles my friends and I go late at night and skinny dip beneath the stars usually we smoke a little pot and ascend

### **Wallahi le Zein**

by, john mulrooney

*For Filip with an F*

today the ground is closer to the helicopters

dress it undress it our wound is now the chrysalis

of the peripheral greenery reformation  
dress it undress it and it gives us something to do  
so I shop - as I do - I am always shopping for  
the newest Mauritanian psychedelia  
and find it and recall - for all commerce is a kind  
of recall - of recalling - the border village near  
San Louis where I was blinded in both my eyes  
but not blinded like I was at Toubab Diallo  
but blinded by the sun and had to take someone's  
word on how lucrative the fishing industry was  
how the violent glint shimmered crepuscular  
off scales waiting to be scraped and shucked and thrown away  
such luxury of light and carp and mackeral  
of light that cuts violently under the eyelids  
reveals an inner light in silhouette – even more  
how not like the light of searchlights above the city  
that propel us into darkness at a thousand points  
make us blanked and blinded deafened beneath propellers  
but not like when we were blind in the blank of the sun  
at the edge of Boston wailing for our demon lovers  
or waiting for Corita's tank to screech across the sky  
or sorrowful fumbling with our trembling actor hands  
and woke at night with sweats and short breath like we used to  
trying to recall all we could of risk management

recite the principia mathematica  
bear in mind the special relationship we maintain  
with the republic of sleight of hand – don't we all wish  
we had benzedrine enough to carry us back there  
but it's a long road and when you build a road you know  
there will be fighting - when you build a wall you had best  
already made your wreathes – the republic of thought knows  
the faces of children crack and leak the refugees  
of the next war and the strategic planning session  
has been post-poned until we all agree that hunger  
is not yet market ready and poverty may stain  
wolfman say the blind spend the world the blind spend the world  
and scatter vanished shadows upon us with no trace  
you can detect - my demon lover is a photon  
rising from Zucotti Park I heart the republic  
of the burning libraries of the sky arranging light  
now it's dreamland America all over again

**tremendous loft**

by, Russell Jaffe

I am a peace cutter. Drink in the city and the city drinks you right back. Breathe the  
fear out like you'd turn off a video game and there will be a \_\_\_\_\_, then

(tree)

\_\_\_\_\_.

(tree, plural)

And here I shouldn't forget about the doves. Tent city and the armchair cupholders  
are \_\_\_\_\_ . We fly like joy might from screens, memories.

(vast adverb)

The

---

\_ doves.

(noun with the Piranha Plant from Mario 3, but not the one from Mario 1)

I'm not a revolutionary, I'm just a man in a \_\_\_\_\_ .

(funny hat)

I used to smoke a lot of weed with my friends and play insane card games with rules  
that trailed off into the dark of the surrounding suburban wooded enclaves like  
ribbon-frayed smoke \_\_\_\_\_ . That was then. The war is waiting.

(trails)

Sometimes an outsider would visit and sometimes we played the Mario 3 level with  
the giant fish for hours on end. How it flew, ate us up and we were so glad to be that  
way. Once I stayed up all night writing my manifesto. Today we'll write it together.

\_\_\_\_\_, the doves. What about the doves.

(occupation)

### **Song for facades of buildings falling away and the buildings themselves washing into the sea**

by, Russell Jaffe

From this, take my palms and suddenly

you were with me all along. Over's over when you say but you say nothing.

We're left with fishnets of leaves and unfinished

crossword puzzles endlessly carpeting our vast kingdoms.

In your dream the streets are empty again

and no one tends their yards. Everything grows crooked.

Empty schools are stockpiled with weapons stopped

at metal detector entrances and endless notebooks for filling.

There are canopies of green and blue-black energy drinks and piles of TVs there.

Black mold is the only flora no one has written about but it's everywhere

like a breathing cradle over washed out rooms

and other places we've never been but thought about going to.

Take my palms and write

this story in the spots where you might read my fortune,

the moist canals, the unfinished infrastructure we planned:

That we were tribes who built endless idols of themselves

until we became tired, and then we build impossible armies

of beds to fill with our sons and daughters. And when they

left us, we built unthinkable nests from the pages

of bestsellers and movie reels.

Cradle your remaining babies like hand-bound notebooks

or pieces of rock from historical sites.

Your mouth is a gun but your hands are antique pillows.

Here comes the flood.

Everything was saw was sweet but a veneer, a

veneer, a

veneer, a

veneer, a

**The Night, What It Allows**

by, Claire Donato

The walls are tearing

out of their paint. My legs

are crossed. I am not

listening to the TV

in the other room. I am not

listening to television. The window next  
to the television is

turning away. The window is

open. There is a person

outside of it, screaming. I am lying

on a television, my eyes are closed,

someone is breaking into my

house: I have always been afraid

of the night, what it allows. I have

never been afraid of the depth

of your fall: in, on, arms, quarrel,

voice... I am never afraid

to layer my breath over yours—

and when I ask you to plot your anger

on a line, I am referring to fear, how

it is linear: see how mine moves

upward in a diagonal line?

See how it moves up to choose?

Why are you lying in a heap on the floor?

*Thin cover*

—Gracie Leavitt

\*first published in Argos Books' anthology *Why I Am Not a Painter*

Having wryly put conditions  
on of love what can be said  
for this that Irma rolls my head  
from scalar milkweed rods  
oblique to down-slope creep  
and young snow patch, one pale  
finch sips our slue just past  
two half inch male pipe threads,  
thin hose, spring loaded preset valve  
control, inchoate on square lawn  
unmowed, dust unsuppressed,  
some scumbled mess no spiget  
oscillates about these narrow  
brumal shallows tapered under  
his catalpa, ornamental, painted  
white, silk cabled off from cinder  
path we dart cross lots unseen  
to make the going predicate.



Have said the same before if you  
recall, that we might down-slip  
in tin washtub Irma squats  
in Helen's skirts beside if only  
now not calved and hipped  
too big for this to fail,  
even overturning all.

### **The Answer**

By Ayesha Adamo

*In the criminal justice system, sexually based offenses are considered especially heinous.* In New York City, the dedicated detectives who arrest you for “practicing massage without a license,” as the euphemism goes, are members of a not-so-elite squad, whose job is to escort you to spend a night in the Tombs. Luckily, when your public defender gets you in front of a judge, all charges will be dropped—so long as you stay out of trouble, do some community service, and go back to school... Hooker school. Hooker school is where you can learn about exciting possibilities for your future, like getting a GED so that you don't have to take any more degrading jobs...like being a hooker.

If only I had known that a GED was all I needed to avoid the many degrading jobs in this world that are beneath me and not worthy of my intellect. I could have totally saved so much money on college tuition.

Is it too late?

Could a GED save me, too?

Me with my hopes and dreams?

Me with no health insurance?

Me with an Ivy League education and student loans to match?

Perhaps we should ask the 1%.

Go ahead: ask them...

There is no answer.

There is an answer, but maybe no one's listening hard enough to hear it.

You should wield your pussy like a sword because it is one. You don't know it yet, but it is one. You'll

see...

My first massage partner got arrested once and was sent straight to hooker school, where they informed the class that with an education, you *can* find other means to support yourself. With an education, you can work towards something better—be a part of the American dream.

My partner raised her hand and said,

“I’ve pretty much *gone all the way* with education.”

And the instructor said,

“So, you got your GED?”

And my partner said,

“Actually, I have a Master’s degree...

...from Yale University...

So what do you recommend for me?”

There was no answer.

There was an answer, but no one wanted to hear it.

Another girl I knew worked at the UN by day. She had yet to be arrested. But here we all are: the new women, the delegation. Multi-lingual, we come clad in our fancy degrees, perky asses, nimble fingers. We are the 99%...and we are everywhere. We’re doing PhD theses at Princeton. We like to pee on people. We’re finishing law degrees and summering with some sultan in the UAE. The world is our oyster. Our oysters. Indeed.

And you should wield your pussy like a sword because it is one. You don’t know it yet, but it is one. You’ll see: A sword. A pen. Both. There is an answer. I’ve been listening a long time for it. And sometimes, between the primal beats of the battle drums and the rippling voices in the crowd...

I can almost hear it coming.

**Anonymous**

by, Eileen Myles

NO I’M THE POET

NO YOU’RE THE POET

NO HE’S THE POET

NO THEY’RE THE POET

NO SHE'S THE POET

NO THAT'S THE POET

NO THIS IS THE POET

NO I'M THE POET

*(repeat)*

### **Listen My Children**

By, Stuart

Listen my Children

And you shall hear

Of the Bankers on Wall Street

Who trembled in fear.

The O.W.S.

They were growing in number

And awakened the Crooks

From a greed-drunken slumber.

"What you've done is a crime!"

The Protesters growled

But the Bankers stood firm

As the winter winds howled.

"We're not the bad guys!"

"We're Rich and you need us!"

"And Washington said,

'They won't let You defeat us!' ”.

But the People were heard

From the East to the West  
It was pure Indignation  
For the Right and the Left.  
Then the Sickle of Justice  
Cut wheat from the chaff  
As the Hammer of Vengeance  
Broke the Bull from the Calf.  
And the Liars and Cheats  
Were no more in the Land  
After Judgment was served  
With a most Heavy Hand.  
So the People on Wall Street  
They built a new Nation  
That served only Peace  
And ended Starvation.  
The Children still sing  
Of the Brave souls who led  
The 300 million strong  
From the once Living-Dead.

**YES, MR. MONEY**

by, Jack Foley

Yes, Mr. Moneybags, we mean  
The space around where you have made  
Money

And wielded

Power

We mean that *wall* in Wall Street

Which we can break down

(Did you know it *could* be broken down?)

Have you been pre-

Occupied

By everything but us?

Here we are, Mr. M

Right on your home ground

Oh, bourgeois morality

How do you do

Why should all the money

Go to you

And

Think about this:

*What good is a book*

*What good is a person*

*What good is a life*

*If it DON'T make money?*

Here is a flower (words are flowers)

We're the men and women

Who broke the banks

Who scattered the cache

(That kept the cash)

On Wall Street

*al-sha'b yuridu isqat al-nizam*

“The people want to overthrow the system”

## **Mobocracy 101**

By, Paul Nelson

Seattle, WA

*He touched the keys in his pocket to get home sooner.*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& then rescued Ramon from the garage. That is no place for a dead surrealist neo-barroco poet. Sure, it's no spider-infested Slaughter basement, but dusty full of cat hiding places the sounds of rain and neighbor chickens.

Put him in Tahrir Square. Put him in Zuccotti Park (but call it Liberty) or at Westlake Center a molotov cocktail throw from Niketown and the failed monorail. Put him with the 99% of us acting in class self-defense away from any of the 845 military bases the imperialists use to perpetuate the American nightmare of Mickey Mouse and Ronald McDonald hand in hand with Kim Phuc fleeing Dow Chemicals burning all but the sky. Put him next to Troy Davis and the electric chair or table on which the people of Georgia administered their lethal injection.

Put him in Afghanistan at the fatal wedding party or on the business end of American drones, so boneless they send bots to wage war or mercenaries. Put him in the boardroom of Xe or Blackwater or School of the Americas, anywhere they plot terror. Let him be their wall's fly though more like a beetle or spider, smiling, dropping hints about cats and their perpetual Sunday or their method of communication, one tail to the underside of the leg. One plutocracy fearing the wrath of the 99 and we are coming and we are hungry and we are running out of time.

One big monkey wrench

stockbrokers never pondered, with the familiar stench

of democracy.

## **haiku flock**

by, Mickey Z.

truth spreads in pasture

we have more to fear from the

shepherd than the wolf

**MAD SONNET**

—*Michael McClure, 1964*

*for Allen Ginsberg*

ON A COLD SATURDAY I WALKED IN THE EMPTY  
VALLEY OF WALL STREET.

I dreamed with the hanging concrete eagles  
and I spoke with the black-bronze foot of Washington

I strode in the vibrations  
of money-strength  
in the narrow, cold, lovely CHASM.

---

Oh perfect chill slot of space!

WALL STREET, WALL STREET,  
MOUNTED WITH DEAD BEASTS AND MEN  
and metal placards greened and darkened.  
AND A CATHEDRAL AT YOUR HEAD!

---

I see that the women and men are alive and born  
and inspired  
by the moving beauty of their own physical figures  
who will tear  
the vibrations-of-strength  
from the vibrations-of-money

and drop them like a dollar on the chests  
of the Senate!

They step with the pride of a continent.

### **Luminous Moment**

*This originally appeared in Counterpunch.*

By, Jon Andersen

We all felt the release, Barack  
and Michelle waving  
the applause burst like grief  
we cheered, one older gentleman  
stood up in back, arms raised and face  
all alight, as if he might start speaking  
in tongues. From where I stood he was born  
again into a flurry of flashes and star  
spangled, but in his rapture blocking out the *D*  
so that the banner read

*MOVING AMERICA FORWARD*

and then there were balloons

### **Occupy Planet Earth**

*4 October 2011*

By, Jim Cohn

Dear Zhang, we were the first global generation—  
Anti-war, anti-greed, anti-discriminatory, anti-syntagmatic.

The 99% Club shadow the zombie billionaires



Who believe the earth's treasures are theirs alone  
& laugh in the face of our mortal humiliation.  
How insane does *profit* sound to the billions,  
The endless light of bodies, fearlessness of dreams,  
*Prophets of purpose, multi-incarnation.*  
While governments break-down, seize up,  
We walk arm in arm the common grounds.  
While corporations are happy to enslave us all,  
We no longer fit into their weary imprisonments.  
Spring returns, but the green silk of spring passes me by.  
The essence of grief is no burden at all.

### **Heavy Weight**

By, Jack Litewka

*Berkeley, Calif.*

The granite boulder  
lodged in dried mud, gigantic.  
Many hands will move it.

### **ECONOMICS**

By, John Oliver Simon

*Berkeley, California*

My breath rolls in and back out to sea again  
bearing no syllables on the roaring tide,  
no green bottles glistening with messages:

help, I'm stuck on a desert island with Russ  
from the office, with Janey from summer camp,  
with seven billion monkeys armed to the teeth.  
My teeth are being chipped away one by one  
and used to fill cavities in Mount Rushmore  
whence four dead white males contemplate unseeing  
the sorry spectacle of the commonweal,  
measured by money, worthless if not backed by  
competent simulation of faith and trust:  
money, liquid, crystal, flowing into vaults  
and inundating houses people live in.

**I Approve This Message**

By, Les Anderson

*Santa Cruz, California*

Friends, I urge you  
to run for President  
of yourself. And when you  
cast your ballot for this esteemed office,  
please vote for the candidate with your  
experience, the one  
who understands you,  
is uniquely qualified  
to represent you.

Others are already in the race

with truckloads of cash,  
lobbyists and ads,  
and would be grateful for your support.  
They have plans for you.  
Look them over, memorize their faces,  
and run like hell  
for President of yourself.  
In the past you may  
have elected yourself  
and been disappointed,  
but at least now you know  
where to find the arm to twist  
and exactly how much pressure to apply.  
I serve as President of myself  
as much as I can stand.  
I approve this message,  
and gladly pay. And for certain times  
when I did not willingly rise  
to take up this office,  
I also pay.

#### **FOURTH OF JULY POEM**

*By, A. D. Winans*

stepped on   pissed on  
cheated and abused

taken advantage of blue collar man  
caught up in the American scam  
don't tell me anyone  
can be anything they want to be  
if they put their minds to it  
that message won't sell in Harlem  
    or West Virginia coal miners  
    or to the immigrants  
you've turned your back on  
take your message to the church  
tell it to the men on death row  
tell it to the starving poor  
tell it to the sick and lame  
tell it to the politicians  
tell it to the serial killers  
tell it to the bankers  
tell it to Wall Street  
tell it to the union busters  
tell it to the man on the gallows  
tell it to the cowardly terrorists  
tell it to the last man at the Alamo  
tell it to Madonna  
tell it to the street whore  
tell it to the last wino on the bowery

tell it to the butcher

tell it to the unemployed

tell it to the circus clown

tell it to the insane

tell it to the outlaw

tell it to the in-laws

tell it to the panhandler

tell it to the conman

tell it to the displaced factory worker

tell it to the elderly

tell it to the re-po man

tell it to the academics

tell it to the poetry politicians

tell it to the last space alien

hiding out in Roswell

tell it to the militia

tell it to the FBI sharpshooters

at Ruby Ridge

tell it to the arsonists at Waco, Texas

tell it to the junkie with dry heaves

tell it to the farm worker

tell it to the dishwasher

tell it to the orderlies

tell it to the flag waver

tell it to the garment worker slaving away  
in sweat shops in Chinatown  
and the Latin Quarter  
tell it to the garbage man  
tell it to corporate America **selling**  
torture devices to fascist nations  
tell it to big business  
tell it to the oil barons  
tell it to the tobacco merchants  
tell it to the children addicted  
to television and video games  
tell it to the fur industry  
who club live baby seals to death  
for the clothing merchants  
with blood on their hands  
tell it to the molested children  
tell it to the battered wives of America  
tell it to the pharmacy industry dispensing  
billions of dollars of drugs each year  
tell it to the millions of people  
dying from air pollution in China and Mexico  
tell it to the man on his deathbed  
not sure why he lived or what he is dying for  
tell it to Jesus Christ

shout it to the stars  
line the traitors up against the wall  
rewrite the Ten Commandments  
and start all over again

### **\$\$ Men Haiku**

By, Adelle Foley

*Oakland, California*

Occupy Wall Street

Break down the financial walls

Get ready to run

### **Waiting Eye**

By, Edgar Lang

I was born poor through no fault of my own

All my life, I've worked my hands to the bone

But I am grateful for something I've known

That in my poverty, I am not alone

The needle's eye, the needle's eye

Waits for a rich man to come by

If he brings a camel

He can give it a try

I speak with the wisdom of an educated man

But from the perspective of a farmer working barren land

Where the fertile soil is on the other side

Of a divide designed to keep a baron's wealth inside  
The needle's eye, the needle's eye  
Waits for a rich man to come by  
If he brings a camel  
He can give it a try  
The needle's eye is lost in the hay stack  
Where I was looking for a job when the last straw broke my back  
Now the haypile's burning down lit by Joe Camel's cigarette  
He snuck through the needle's eye, now Heaven welcomes bank execs  
He did it when the needle was stuck in my arm  
Injecting treatment while they foreclose on the barn  
My insurance doesn't cover the chemo  
This cancer's turning me into a scarecrow  
Still I believe what I heard from a man of faith  
That the Lord has said our inheritance will be great  
The needle's eye, the needle's eye  
Waits for a rich man to come by  
If he brings a camel  
He can give it a try

### **The People We Don't See**

by Richard Krawiec

The married couple sell their bedframe,  
\$25, to pay off most of the water bill,  
\$29 - 2.80 for water, 26 taxes, fees -



sleep on a mattress on the floorboards  
beneath a small, Army-issue wool blanket,  
beneath a window translucent to gray  
skies, traffic. Their two sons awake dressed  
in sweatsuit pajamas, beg to bump the thermostat  
higher than 50 degrees. “Get dressed,” mother says,  
pouring cereal from the 3-pound plastic bag  
into mugs they can rinse and use for juice,  
rationed plates to ration dish liquid. The oldest  
boy swears at the ripped dungarees, gift  
collected from the food pantry, along with  
laceless sneakers which almost fit. The other  
loves his fatigues despite the grass stains  
licking the knees. Though 10 and 12,  
the mother brushes their hair, scoots them  
off to school with a kiss before turning on  
craig’s list to wade through the cruisers’  
coded responses to the last item she will sell  
to pay for electricity, rent – a car ride, her hand.  
Her husband flinches away from the screen,  
grabs his work gloves, slumps to the corner,  
hoping someone might see his body as still  
strong enough for one more day of hauling  
rocks, stacking frozen carcasses, good

enough to still be worn out, abused.

## **Be Fearless: Choose Love**

*(to Jessica Xiomara Garcia and Camilo Landau)*

ÓNina Serrano, 2011

*Oakland, California*

Fear of computer viruses

Fear of terrorists

Fear of the planetary extinction

of our current paths

of spreading diseases

of urban crime rates

drug lords owning governments

torture as a commonplace weapon

and humanless drones

with only a button to press

to explode life to smatters and splinters

(Only a law to pass to steal it all)

Fearless love is the only defense

to face the morning light

Greedy power in my face like in yours

wants to make us forget

But we cannot forget this nagging feeling hard wired in the bones

wanting to belong snugly

in the nest of our planet

be accepted fully because we exist  
and not for our documents, licenses and wealth.  
From that innate primordial desire comes our fearless love  
peeking around the polluted rubble of destruction  
the abandoned gas stations the poisoned waterways  
We look beyond and see other heads bobbing up  
and down  
beaming the signal  
calling to us to show our fearless love  
in the face of everything  
Fearless love the daily challenge  
Ready or not  
it is here!

## **WINDS OF TIME**

EDWARD MYCUE January 2011

So much has happened and you survive and press on. How young we were and happy with life's then little fits and starts. "What could go wrong?" could have been our mantra. A rhetorical question that birthed many (unanticipated) answers.

So many troubles in families, and who stick together.

So many drifting orbits, surprises, mistakes and failures: but so many recoveries.

"*Winds of time*" have swept us from our moorings--or so it seemed.

Travail may be a kind of travel; beyond the quotidian, short of the hyperbolic is the marvelous.

I dread and long for change: there's new and there's renew: is there another way?

Into what may have seemed some missteps of character and performance, deal-breaker circumstances slipped in changing cases.

A rubble of personal history may yet push up into other circumstances sapphires', garlic flowers' cornucopian probabilities.

Seeking courage, insight, an "opposable thumb" in our brains re-learning the touch of stumbling forward, time gusts, winds swing the hands sweeping around the dial centering our world into sunsets before bursting our moorings, thrusting our colors beyond our kenning, spinning with the winds of change.

## **MIDNIGHT**

Edward Mycue (from 1987 ANDROGYNE mag #9/10)

There's midnight under this page.

Once I knew a man like a canary

That I wanted to keep, and love,

But I don't like cages, and that's

The way it was; no more joy in the

Ears floating from a little zone

Of happiness because I'm not a

Pretender. Each note carried with

It a long struggle, a letter to Mr.

Desire, memories of cardinal beauties,

Cosmic present, future death, prayers.

Then I saw my canary had become ugly.

I had to let him get beautiful again.

We hadn't settled it well in advance,

Just decorated our ship with glassy

And swift words. It foundered when

We began to open up our little cans of

Self, reveal our limits, to decant our

Bully love and revert to Santa-dreams.

So our little love died, and I buried

The nest, deconstructed even my escapes.

This isn't an ode: it's me in survival

Made. I've begun again; lifted myself

To the night. There's midnight underneath.

### **From the 'BUMPS'**

© Edward Mycue

*San Francisco, California*

#### **100. A PIECE OF ICE**

IS ABOUT MELTING BEFORE YOU KNOW IT  
ABOUT LOST STRENGTH WHITE STEAM AND A BRIEF  
MEMORY OF HURRY.

#### **55. BUMPS**

BOYS ADMIRING OTHER BOYS' MUSCLES. GIRLS OTHER GIRLS'  
BREASTS. BOTH WANTED THE BUMPS. WANTED TO SWELL-UP,  
GROW-UP, TO BE SOMEBODY BIGGER, beautiful, BUMPY.  
BUMPS MEANT POWER, ROCK 'N SEX, WHITE TEETH, wheels,  
DRINKING BOOZE FROM PAPER BAGS, LIFTED ARMS AND pecs ALL  
BUMPY.

#### **114. SCAR HUNT**

SINCE THEY SPOKE THE SAME LANGUAGE ALL THE PEOPLE UNDERSTOOD  
ONE ANOTHER AS A FAMILY WHO WANDERED LOOKING FOR A LAND  
TO LIKE. WHEN THEY FOUND IT THEY BEGAN TO CHANGE IT INTO A  
GREAT CITY WITH DECORATED WALLS, COURTYARDS AND A TOWER  
TO MAKE THEM FAMOUS EVEN TO TODAY A PROUD PEOPLE WHO  
OVERSTROVE BECOMING COUPLED WITH A CURSE OF VOICES LIKE  
A TEEN GHETTO OF MUSIC DANCING HUMMING PRESS-ME-TO-YOU  
TUNE HELPHELPHELPHELP AND LET ME ALONE LET ME ALONE  
EVERYTHING TODAY ADJUSTMENT ENACTMENT OLD CARS NOISE.  
NOW. SO TIME'S ROUGH FINGERS PRINTED THEM OUT LIKE A  
STATISTIC OF DEFECTS WHEN THE WHOLE SYSTEM WENT PIANO.

#### **43. A MAN CAME OUT OF A TREE**

A MAN CAME OUT OF A TREE, SHE TUGGED ON HIS COAT.  
SHE CHASED. HE SAID HE DIDN'T TOUCH HER, TRIED  
TO DODGE, THEN THE HORSE,  
A BIG BEAUTIFUL HORSE IN THE DREAM CAME AGAINST HIM  
CROUCHING HIS HANDSOMENESS AGAINST HIS CHEST.  
HE KEPT TRYING, FAILING TO UNLATCH

THE DOOR AT HIS BACK. YES, HE SAID, IT WAS  
A DREAM, BUT THE HORSE, SO BIG AND HANDSOME,  
FRIGHTENED ME. I WAS AFRAID  
HE WOULD CRUSH ME INTO HIM. SO, HE SAID, SIR, PLEASE  
DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.

**75. MEMORIES: steam**

IS WHAT YOU WANT MEMORIES TO BE INSTEAD OF BEING SUCH A MIXED BAG  
OF HIPS AND MAGNETS AND DEAD CATS.

*The Coming of Christ*

By, Raymond Nat Turner

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Carved in marble, etched in granite,

Rich tapestry cut from the same cloth—

Nicknames notwithstanding, their name

*Is legion:*

The Father of His Country, The Sage of Monticello,

The Great Emancipator, The Great Communicator,

The Trust Buster, Old Hickory, Old Rough And Ready,

Mister Missouri, Bubba, The Little Magician, Slick Willie,

Tricky Dick, Dubya—Lynchin' Bains Johnson resonated

Deepest...until...

Jesus Christ came back

*Not as a organizer*

Of Sleeping Car Porters, rejecting *George*...

*Not as a Socialist*

Blessing Harlem speaking truth to lunch bucket crowds ...

*Not as a pistol-packing terrorist*

Pointing her people at the North Star...

*Not* as a bearded, old, white *extremist*,

Uncomfortable with slavery...

*Not* as a *Muslim* minister spitting fire

At mass murderers, posing as victims...

*Not* as a *Baptist* preacher pinning the

Emperor's clothes on fine lines of love...

Jesus Christ came back

From a manger on Madison Avenue,

Slinging slogans and selling snake oil

Labeled "Hope" from the back of the

Wizard's wagon— good Chicago shit

Lincoln, Jesse, Oprah and other orators

Have hooked hope-fiends on for hundreds of years...

Jesus Christ came back

Temptation-walking the Potomac,

And calibrating his cover story

To "Beauty's Only Skin Deep:"

**Rosa sat, so**

**Martin could stand, so**

**The State Machine could run—**

Amok with *seamless* precision

Jesus Christ came back

Forgiving thieves and murderers

Escaping Calvary with gold,  
Aboard Pontus Pilate's heli-  
Copter and Ol' Satan's wheelchair,  
Came back overturning tables in  
The temple and throwing money-  
Changers out, with trillions in dollars;  
Came back teaching men to fish  
For TARP, multiplying like loaves...  
Jesus Christ came back  
Crowned *Prince Of Peace*,  
Though he bore billions for  
Shepherds beating swords into  
Stock shares, came with his  
Eye on the sparrow, and hand on the  
*Drone*, came sending Christian Soldiers  
Spreading the gospel of *Empire*, insuring  
That the meek shall inherit the earth—  
Of mass graves, he so piously blesses ...  
Jesus Christ came back  
Blowing smoke about clean coal and nukes  
While hurling his Green Czar under Grey-  
Hound tires and recycling disciples from  
Regimes past, since "A rising tide lifts all boats"  
Except those of *pirates* and *terrorists*,



Who fish and farm, *when left alone* ...

Jesus Christ came back

With jump shot, crossover and slick behind-the-

Back ball-handling skills for bitch-slapping Black

Caucus, liberal-labor apostles who stood on ice,

Crying freeze- dried tears on his warhead and

Singing obscene songs about “Bombs bursting

In air /and rockets red glare,” while as he taunted

And tamed them in tongues:

“*Tamp down’ your expectations, for there are*

**No Negroes, youngstaz, or old fools ‘too big to**

**Fail’—now, get out there and get my money!’”**

Jesus Christ

Came back as a professor impersonating Iceberg Slim,

Though his flock *swore* they’d “*hold his feet to the fire—*”

Is that why his combat boots have lipstick on them?

## **REVOLUTION**

by ava bird

Revolution is what we need every 20 years, or as the saying goes, its necessary- in fact, if we don’t have it, we get more of what we have today in world affairs, like these dicks in power, the layers of corruption, and sucked on and off we go, tricks like god, and their wars and then even more gods and holy shit we need a revolution, in fact, if we don’t have a revolution, then mother earth will give us one anyway,

what we deserve, right?

Cuz the love we take is equal to the love we make so we better start to awaken with a revolution in our hearts, in our minds, in our souls and the revolution starts from within like that saying goes, my saying goes

'start a revolution mother fucker!' get off your colas at the mall and stop talking about aliens on mars landing on Darfur with sars flashing Hollywood starwars, fake cures and demand more from our own internal revolution

Dump the delusion, Get off your dicks, playing with your prick, your tricks and your bag of pill treats and head tricks and trip over your own revolution!

cut thru the confusion with meditation, awakesness concentration and get that levitation in that brainy ation

Ladies get off your buys and buys and more buys and try to pull off that disguise, try to get that beat bumping, thumping, throbbing up our spine and heart and brain start your way into salvation with our revolution with our intuition that creation in your womb nation laid across your soul and those extra holes we give birth to the world ms wheres your revolution ? your gift to the world is more life and you push out souls and ladies, where is your revolution?

**for a good time, call your congressman!**

by ava bird

For a good time, call your congressman!

Tell him your tired of these wars and him bein whores,

strange bed fellows:

sleeping with his dicks in oil

his pricks in big pharma, doctors, politicians and

even bigger dick tricks

in the military industrial complex

In building 7, he fucks for missiles,

he's a cocksucker for war,

blood lust,

pope robes to bibles,

fables and fag hags in gowns to fuck us!

Is it 4:20 yet?

Earth Day yet?

Is there a revolution yet?

Let us Rise

against dicks in politics

wars incorporated,

empires,

gods and other vampires.

### **Testosterone the terrorist**

by ava bird

Terry thinks there is something about testosterone, terrorism and loud noises –

his dad thinks his butt doctors an ass,

he wonders if he drinks the municipal water in San Francisco he'll become homosexual?

he wonders about sexuality

and wants desperately for it to be sacred

but he's scared shitless of commitment and children,

yet he loves his religion,

mind controlled, he fucks for a living,

donning a suit and tie,

tied around his neck as a noose,

loves jesus and watching sweaty muscley men chasing balls but swears he's not gay!

Say miss, can I ask you a question?

whats with all the consumption?

your pill poppin and fuckin for favors,

your prayers to a misogynist god

and worship of a doctor who hooks you on drugs,

she votes for thugs in congress

and smiles sweetly at banksters gang bangin bitches, the teachers and nurses,  
needles poked for swine from swines and pigs at the trough....

when will we have enough?

### **voting is for fools**

by ava bird

I registered to vote, and all I got was jury duty and these endless wars!

Propositions by prostitutes for votes for clowns,

wolves in suits,

pimps in pursuit of a old ladies loot

And a young womans womb...

I registered to vote and all I got was a phony story

about a bunch of dicks landing on the moon,

tricked and poked by pricks

pimpin vaccines to teens with HPV

& HIV in Hepatitis C vaccines for the fags

to die getting fucked in the ass without any lube.

I registered to vote and all I got was a con job by cocks and cocksuckers,

dicks and ho's

gangs bangs through legislation,

corporate rapes

and jokes known as popes tax exempt to molest.

I registered to vote and all I got was a tax write off for millionaires,

food shortage scares,

slaughterhouse murders, more prison cages

and wars that continue to rage.

I registered to vote and all I got was a Great Depression,

rigged elections, 9/11 fabrication,

a bankers planned housing recession ,

a crashing dollar, economic desperation,

domestic isolation,

and the hatred of the whole wide wonderful world.

I registered to vote and all I got was just another dick with tie as a noose,

the suit of a clown and an unspeakable tragedy.

And

What did you get when you registered to vote?

### **Communique From The Center Of The Universe**

By, Richard Woytowich

*(Zuccotti Park, October, 2011)*

We are here, where the markets tumbled;

We are here, where the towers crumbled.

Here, the brand new towers rise;

Here steel and glass once more touch the skies.

Here they built a place to mourn,

But here a new world's being born.

Here the mind and heart converse;

Here wealth and poverty reverse.

Here is the universe's true center;

Abandon all greed, ye who here enter.

We are here; We are the 99 percent.

We are here; We will not be moved.

### **From the Liberty Park Kitchen**

By, vivian demuth

Mic Check!

Kitchen workers grab your

economic-justice gloves.

We slice homeless bagels

and foreclosed cakes

for the hungry-for-food

and hungry-for-change 99%.

We pour jugs of water

into utopian containers

for grannies for peace

& American Indian Movement marchers.

We sweep the park grounds

for the sake of clean feet

and the 1 % Mayor.

At night, we pee at Mcdonald's

sleep near jackhammers pounding

and a caucus of trees

with our 3rd eyes & brains

wide open.

### **The Whole World**

By, Jonathan Skinner

check your diplomas and titles

check your rebel credentials

check your moderation

check your experience

check your habitual expectations

check your mic

hop aboard, coast to coast

policemen, lay down your warrants

against all whose crime is occupation

(absentee capital don't occupy)

holding out a beachhead, sounding out

dangling from a tattooed belly

turning a mirror to the death ray

when the visible light of the crowds

travels back through the Death Star

it cannot see what is happening

the markets keep up their drone

oblivious to the crowdsourcing

blowing an explosive up its ass

don't let your fear of extremism

block the joy that wants to breathe

deeply, and expel a vitriolic shout

the bursting out inside of you

a truly raptured sense of shame  
at all that vanishes into air  
truly, dying doesn't heal you  
nor the pre-lived self-present masses  
but in the interstices  
in the banal shadows, amidst the suits  
some ones are learning to speak  
mic check! the moment is fresh  
the first bloom of spring  
primate propensities at bay  
with no behind the scenes  
all seeks all in front now  
no regulating the media  
the whole world is watching

## **GIANT ROLLING WAVES**

by John Curl

giant rolling waves in the middle of the ocean  
cosmic winds whirl  
glacier root slide across the pole  
cloud descend in an unknown valley  
opening a new island in your mind  
herd of elk sniffing asbestos factory  
broken teeth bounce in the gutter  
crosshairs following candidate



knock on your door at four a.m.

confiscating inventory

draining swamp around stock market

national guard joining strikers

the president's last swindle

carpenters run through the Senate

forest fading into jewels

bear wander through prison ruins

workers collective selecting foreperson

purgation of dawn metal

smile into the great calm

flocks of hearts flying home

community absorb corporations

inside this circle of fire

## **LIBERTÉ**

Adrienne Rich 2011

*(first publ. in Monthly Review: An Independent Socialist Magazine)*

Ankles shackled

metalled and islanded

holding aloft a mirror, feral

lipstick, eye-liner

She's

a celebrity a star attraction

a glare effacing

the French Revolution's

risen juices vintage taste

the Paris Commune's

fierce inscriptions

lost in translation

### **In Utopia**

By, Charles Bernstein

In utopia they don't got no rules and Prime Minister Cameron's "criminality pure and simple" is reserved for politicians just like him. In utopia the monkey lies down with the rhinoceros and the ghosts haunt the ghosts leaving everyone else to fend for themselves. In utopia, you lose the battles and you lose the war too but it bothers you less. In utopia no one tells nobody nothin', but I gotta tell you this. In utopia the plans are ornament and expectations dissolve into whim. In utopia, here is a pivot. In utopia, love goes for the ride but eros's at the wheel. In utopia, the words sing the songs while the singers listen. In utopia, 1 plus 2 does not equal 2 plus 1. In utopia, I and you is not the same as you and me. In utopia, we don't occupy Wall Street, we are Wall Street. In utopia, all that is solid congeals, all that melts liquefies, all that is air vanishes into the late afternoon fog.

### **Haiku**

By, Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

*Port Townsend, Washington*

a black cat

stenciled on the bank door

spitting mad

### **SOLIDARITY THOUGHT**

By, Marc Olmsted

*San Francisco 10/3/11*

Occupy Wall Street continues

we allow ourselves to get excited

I yearn to take a plane there

NYC -

& show spine, dignity, warriorship,  
sit on Wall Street sidewalk  
even if pathetic  
but a job & a sick wife bend me to this  
plantation university  
itself worth striking & occupying  
but how fearful we all are -  
I want a brave American  
not coward poet solitaire  
confessing instead to you

### **Out Train Window**

by, Marc Olmsted *10/5/2011*

ROAR IRATE

huge green graffiti not  
there yesterday

### **Prisons of Egypt**

By, Anne Waldman

*a song for the occupiers at Liberty Plaza*

*(with back strains of "Let My People Go")*

The prisons of Egypt go back far  
To Joseph in the house of Potiphar  
Check the papyrus check the astrology  
Down the stair of time in a theocratic dynasty  
Death is before me today like the odor of myrrh

Like sitting under a sail on a windy day  
Death is before me today like a hangman's noose  
In the torture chambers of Egypt you rarely get loose  
Al Qaeda bred in the prisons of Egypt  
Nurturing hatred in the prisons of Egypt  
CIA operatives in the prisons of Egypt  
Complicit waterboarding body and soul in the prisons of Egypt  
We're connected we're wired in this global economy  
We're victimized and thwarted in the bigger reality  
We're going to keep pushing until the frequency changes  
Meditating and ranting and singing and raging  
Shackled in a pyramid waiting for the death barge  
Shacked in a pyramid waiting for the death charge  
Bound and gagged and blindfolded for twelve long days  
As outside your prison the revolutions rage  
Shackled and outraged in Capitalism's jail  
Gagged and bound by the Federal Exchange alpha male  
What will it take (revolution?) to get the mind stable  
What will it take get food on every table

*We saw it: into the streets into the streets of Tahrir Square*

*Into the streets where the people won't be scared*

*Into the streets into the streets of old Cairo*

*Down with the tyrant down with the cop-pharaoh*

Secret police riding camels wielding clubs and guns

Communication going dark but people kept coming

Prisons of Egypt didn't keep them down

*Prisons of Egypt turned us all around*

This verse is like luminous beads on a string

Verse like the shifting sands with a scorpion's sting

Verses are the cries of people in the bowels of corruption

Verses ululate souls of those crying out in insurrection

Everywhere the call and everywhere the response

The examples of our companeros and companeras leave us no choice

Here on U.S.A. continent soil

We're in it together in rhizomic interconnected coil

Rebellion, rebellion, a line is drawn

No more privilege no more degrading scorn

Of the people who struggle and inhabit this world

This is the season to reverse the bankers' pact-with-devil course....

Rise up Cairo rise up Port Said

Rise up Alexandria rise up your need

Rise up El Karga rise up your voice

Prisons of Egypt gave you no choice

Rise up U. S. of A., rise up your voice

Capital's prisons everywhere leave us no choice

It's the universal paradigm it's the only game in town

Support the occupiers of Wall Street, don't let them down

Out of darkness out of tyranny  
Prisoners everywhere could be set free  
We won't be sleeping on the shifting desert sands  
Til freedom of all denizens come to all lands....  
We'll occupy Zuccotti Plaza beamed around the world  
Sleep on the concrete, wake up on consecrated soil  
Where bones of slaves and workers and victims of war  
Will haunt the USA 1% spooked psyche right down to the core....

*In memory: Allen Ginsberg*

### **GAIA REGARDS HER CHILDREN**

By, Alicia Ostriker

Ingratitude after all I have done for them ingratitude  
Is the term that springs to mind  
Yet I continue to generate  
abundance which they continue to waste  
they expect me to go on giving forever  
they don't believe anything I say  
with my wet green windy  
hot mouth

### **Imagine the Angels of Bread**

By, Martín Espada

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,  
gazing like admirals from the rail  
of the roofdeck

or levitating hands in praise  
of steam in the shower;  
this is the year  
that shawled refugees deport judges  
who stare at the floor  
and their swollen feet  
as files are stamped  
with their destination;  
this is the year that police revolvers,  
stove-hot, blister the fingers  
of raging cops,  
and nightsticks splinter  
in their palms;  
this is the year  
that darkskinned men  
lynched a century ago  
return to sip coffee quietly  
with the apologizing descendants  
of their executioners.  
This is the year that those  
who swim the border's undertow  
and shiver in boxcars  
are greeted with trumpets and drums  
at the first railroad crossing

on the other side;  
this is the year that the hands  
pulling tomatoes from the vine  
uproot the deed to the earth that sprouts the vine,  
the hands canning tomatoes  
are named in the will  
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;  
this is the year that the eyes  
stinging from the poison that purifies toilets  
awaken at last to the sight  
of a rooster-loud hillside,  
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;  
this is the year that cockroaches  
become extinct, that no doctor  
finds a roach embedded  
in the ear of an infant;  
this is the year that the food stamps  
of adolescent mothers  
are auctioned like gold doubloons,  
and no coin is given to buy machetes  
for the next bouquet of severed heads  
in coffee plantation country.  
If the abolition of slave-manacles  
began as a vision of hands without manacles,



then this is the year;  
if the shutdown of extermination camps  
began as imagination of a land  
without barbed wire or the crematorium,  
then this is the year;  
if every rebellion begins with the idea  
that conquerors on horseback  
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown  
if plunged in the river,  
then this is the year.

So may every humiliated mouth,  
teeth like desecrated headstones,  
fill with the angels of bread.

**I am already ashamed**

By, **Penelope Schott**

I am ashamed that I am sitting here at a table  
scribbling  
instead of standing up in a park  
speaking for the people  
for the people who are not CEO's or bankers  
for the people who do not own their own legislators  
I am ashamed that I have paper and pencil  
and am free to write whatever I want to write  
because I know that there are women and men

who do not own paper and pencil

who do not own their own bodies

who are not permitted to speak

I am ashamed

because even though my well-educated and diligent husband

is losing his job

as a paid corporate servant

he and I

will not starve

I am ashamed that we own a house and the ground under it

I am ashamed that I own six different pairs of red shoes

and that I am not standing there in the crowd

in any of my red shoes

declaring that our country would rather kill people

than feed them

But mostly I am ashamed of my own resigned despair

### **Give Me Back My Pony**

By, Feliz Molina 9/27/2011

My Little Pony

just got uglier, shinier

and richer. On the streets

hardly anyone knows

americans are upset

about student loans

no jobs and lost homes.

My Little Pony

used to be nicer and prettier

when everyone had a job

didn't need student loans

and had a home.

My Little Pony swam offshore

to secret islands, Seychelles

and sparkles in offshore accounts

filled with everyone else's money

only a few other ponies know about.

### **After the Storm, Praise**

By, Kathy Engel, 2011

To the split mimosa, still standing, pink-tan bark fleshy in the odd after-shine.

To the man who answered the storm info number at 4 am: *Miss, you can sleep now.*

To the women and men who lift branches from the roadside in dark, wave cars to detour  
in fluorescent jackets, and those leaning out of cranes – tap, pull, bend – work wires.

To the people who can't get to jobs and to the King Kullen cashier who stowed a towel  
in the car to shower at her friend's. To postal workers sorting mail by kerosene lamp  
and the poet, basement three feet deep in water, wading through poems and letters.

To the children playing with worms in sudden backyard rivulets, and to mud.

To the farmers upstate, crops wasted now and the week before by giant balls of hail shooting down, and  
the farmer on my road who lost a week's business.

To my mother, 86, who insists on staying home with a flashlight and her golden retriever.

To Jen from Hidden Basin Ranch, Wyoming, where my daughter, sister,

niece and I slept in tents last week, choosing wood stove, candles, moose.

To the Gaura Whirling Butterfly I planted last month, now burnt by salt wind,

the Hibiscus saved, its yellow petals even more lush. To the wooden

birdhouse my husband built, tossed to the ground, and to the scattered birds.

To criss-cross corn stalk, potato sog, ocean rock and whip, and to

this family, and to these friends, gathered at the table, where we begin.

## **GLOSE**

By, **Marilyn Hacker**

*And I grew up in patterned tranquility*

*In the cool nursery of the new century.*

*And the voice of man was not dear to me,*

*But the voice of the wind I could understand.*

Anna Akhmatova «*Willow* »

translated by Judith Hemschmeyer

A sibilant wind presaged a latish spring.

Bare birches leaned and whispered over the gravel path.

Only the river ever left. Still, someone would bring

back a new sailor middy to wear in the photograph

of the four of us. Sit still, stop *fidgiting*.

--Like the still-leafless trees with their facility

for lyric prologue and its gossipy aftermath.

I liked to make up stories. I liked to sing :

I was encouraged to cultivate that ability.

And I grew up in patterned tranquility.

In the single room, with a greasy stain like a scar  
from the gas-fire's fumes, when any guest might be a threat  
(and any threat was a guest-- from the past or the future)  
at any hour of the night, I would put the tea things out  
though there were scrap-leaves of tea, but no sugar,  
or a lump or two of sugar but no tea.

Two matches, a hoarded cigarette :

my day's page ashed on its bier in a bed-sitter.

No godmother had presaged such white nights to me  
in the cool nursery of the young century.

The human voice distorted itself in speeches,  
a rhetoric that locked locks and ticked off losses.

Our words were bare as that stand of winter birches  
while poetasters sugared the party bosses'  
edicts (the only sugar they could purchase)  
with servile metaphor and simile.

The effects were mortal, however complex the causes.

When they beat their child beyond this thin wall, his screeches,  
wails and pleas were the gibberish of history,  
and the voice of man was not dear to me.

Men *and* women, I mean. Those high-pitched voices—  
how I wanted them to shut up. They sound too much  
like me. Little machines for evading choices,  
little animals, selling their minds for touch.

The young widow's voice is just hers, as she memorizes  
the words we read and burn, nights when we read and  
burn with the words unsaid, hers and mine, as we watch  
and are watched, and the river reflects what spies. Is  
the winter trees' rustling a code to the winter land ?  
But the voice of the wind I could understand.

*From Names (W.W. Norton, 2010)*

## **OLD FACTORY**

By, Miriam Stanley

One day its antique shutters were gone.

The interior gutted.

I cried in front of the building.

My own home was in foreclosure,

the city burned,

and my grandma couldn't remember her name.

My ex had my furniture, and a high giggle

kept leaving my throat.

I thought of drinking and night always had my neck.

August '69,

I'd returned from summer camp;

the countertops seemed low.

Everything was alien,

but then I went shopping for school.

Being six years old: thinking I can become  
whatever I want,  
that ignorance,  
and age  
beautiful.

**Here's a poem :)**

By, Ross Brighton

leaves band  
leaves out come to bank to  
fore four fire foreign leaf it to  
till brow one outer or time to  
borough ire cop roof fife  
like left wing leftward wood rise of  
and twelve to hard  
how fount hand lyre half to quill ward of  
yard whistle young to tire ache  
of hight in light more move  
hot pulling billet catch into inward  
untrue I flew bloody  
I fleet chior  
our orchard ablaze

**OO AMERICA**

By, Doug Howerton

©1996 Waking State Multimedia

I see your future coming fast  
Mass culture hooked on a dying past  
America—your lead won't last  
Against the competition in the aftermath  
The gun won fame  
We lived through freedom's pangs  
Now there's democracy  
Where everything owned is a luxury  
OO America, OO America!  
Beauty unequaled in a magic land  
Caught in a tragic past  
Sheer American wizardry  
All this to get a name in history  
Immigrants washed up on golden shores  
Worshippers, slaves, and feudal lords  
Built a thriving enterprise  
Before their children's wondrous eyes  
OO America  
Such a grand ideal  
So fine --- so damn surreal  
OO America OO America !

**It's Really Up to Us**

By, Ngoma

*Jan 3, 1996*



I know

It seems like things are out of control

Everyone's getting laid off

The politicians get paid off

while the workers starve

The budget won't be balanced

The truth won't be silenced

So listen here

Things can be different

its up to us

The world, the country, the state,

the city, the union, the company,

the factory, the schools, the plantations, the jails,

None of it could work without us.

Suppose all the Mayors on the planet,

all the kings and presidents and bosses and mis-leaders

stepped into their offices to find out everyone called in sick

Could you imagine that?

No laundry, no cooking, no chauffeurs,

no bus drivers, no maids, no hospital orderlies, no school teachers,

no students, no subways, no secretaries, no office boys, no taxi drivers

no customer service agents, no computer programmers, no nurses, no doctors,

no stock brokers, no therapists

add your job here on the dotted line \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

Not even a shoe shine technician Damn

What could be done,

Just imagine,

not even a policeman, or a soldier or the U.S. Mail,

Nothing could be done without us.

'Spoze we had a moratorium on buying things,

You know, boycott this thing called shopping.

Maybe we could do without things for a day

'Spoze no one watched TV

no commercials,

and everyone was required to read a book for a week

that was non fiction.

Maybe with information we could end this cycle of ignorance

and erase things from the mass consciousness.

Like

hatred,

bigotry,

racism,

homophobia,

violence,

corporate greed

war and fear.

And

'Spoze we said we're not going back to work

until everything's well

The world could be a healthy place to live in.

It's really up to us, isn't it?

### **To the Occupation**

By, Germ

Hello!

I see you standing there!

With arms outstretched, screaming for justice.

Red and black bandanna draped over your strangled neck.

Black hood cloaking a brilliant mind!

Hello there!

I hear you as well Crowd!

All you listeners and echoers!

Chanting the day's news for all.

Hello there!

I see you too Signbearer!

Creatively parading your opinions to skeptical onlookers while you cry inside.

I hear those cries and I take them in!

Ah, the Musicians!

The saxophones, trumbones, and drums!

Ah, those drums!

The thunder to our lightening!

How they move our spirits and beckon us to battle as in the days of Jericho!

How I love you all!

How cherished I feel to walk among you  
In thunderous lockstep towards the bright horizon!

### **Recollections I Will Have When I Am Old**

By, Germ

We were right to leave our pasts behind and  
Trade them in for unknown roads  
For opaque futures  
For what they told us we may never achieve.  
We were right for rejecting their ways  
Burning their symbols, seizing our days  
With the hope of better tomorrows.

We were right when we stood tall at the barricades  
Arm in arm, slowly marching forward  
In what was to become known as the  
"Great Black Massacre."

Though we are sorry

That we had to have those dreams

To begin with

### **Alphadebt**

By, Germ

An aggressive aeronautic apperatus  
Blasting bombs on Baghdad's bunkers  
Cut the cords and collapse cross-eyed  
Down and dirty on dismal deserts.

Elegant eagles emitting eminence  
For far flung faces of facades  
Gallantly grazing glass grass  
Heroically herding hellish heathens  
Into icicled incubators  
Jaded with juxtaposition in jails  
Killing kendred kindness.....killjoy  
Lying about little leg lumps but  
Mentioning much on mental malpractices but  
Nothing new nears nocturnal night.  
Opaque onset of owls on opinions  
Partly prejudiced of people's pondering  
Quiet quarantines quaking in quagmire  
Rendering your rooks restless and rowdy  
Sending saints and sinners to sell salvation  
To television travesties to Taliban turn-tables.  
Unable to usurp the useful usher into  
Vacating the vicinity of the vile vice-roy  
While waiting willfully with  
Xanthippe's xenophobic x-ray  
Year-round yippies yelping at yeomen youth  
Zoned in the Zion Zodiac Zoo.

## **Democracy Factory**

By, Germ

We manufacture bombs.

We dare not question where they'll go or

Who they'll kill.

We're told that it's the name of virtuous democracy.

Democracy for whom?

Virtues from where?

We manufacture death without objection.

Sweat genocide from our fingertips.

Stamp our approval of extinction along the sides.

Extinction....we welcome thee with open arms,

Closed hearts, and blind minds.

Proud only of a hard day's work,

Bills of death in our pockets, and

The banner of obliteration held high above our heads.

Here, we manufacture burial grounds.

Mass tombs for the outcome of our productivity.

Is this our pride?

Is this our wealth?

Are these nuclear atoms our halos we falsely earned?

We bury our heart and souls alongside the ones we helped die.

"They couldn't have done it without us" we sigh with smug pride.

We manufacture false hope on machines of adversity.

While the foremen smile and shake hands with the cooperative.

We manufacture our own ruined reputation.

We are the source of our decline.

Right here in this factory of minimum wage henchmen

Smile now and regret will follow.

### **Opportunity Knocks**

By, Germ

Opportunity.

Hear it knock

Fenceposts into rural soils with

Hammers of prejudice.

Racist barbed wire of segregation.

Seperate to keep unjust order alive and kicking.

Borderline insanity on desert oceans.

Dwell not in our free state.

Crowd not our equal streets.

Banished are ye to your third world.

To your clay huts.

To your arid, deprived oasis.

Hope not to live among equals

For you hold the wrong heritage.

Ha! Blasphemous mutiny against our fellow brothers.

Life denied through the eyes of the badge.

Opportunity....

Hear it knock.

Hear it beaten.

Hear it deport.

Hear it hate.

Hear it exhort.

Hear it blame.

Here, it's short.

### **An Ode To The Cause**

By, Germ

Minds are locked behind unlocked doors.

Standing on ceilings made to look like floors.

Ballrooms are packed with tiresome feet.

While others are dancing atop burning sheets.

Paper dripping ink like black and blue blood.

Papyrus stained walls are covered in mud.

Ancient riddles awaken to whisper us truth.

On how to break out and start up the coup.

But we are not ready to take on such a task.

For whatever the outcome, it's sure to not last.

We tell ourselves this, yet we don't even try

To correct our mistakes and dry up our eyes.

Sacco and Vanzetti, martyrs to the craft

Have paved the way, yet we still do not act.

As long as this anarchy is alive within me

I'll pray this (r)evolution will soon someday see

The light of a new dawn shining on a new day



And imaginations captured by the black flag I wave.

So answer the call, make way for the peace

By abolishing the army, the church and police.

So set your sights high for now is the time

To let your voice be heard and may your words always shine.

### **THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDER THE WIRE**

By, Doren Robbins

The guy was right who said I was lucky

to get in just under the wire but hasn't it

always been just under the wire or else

the whole screwed up time whatever

the options? How can anyone

born without automatic privilege

not see it? Maybe they don't know

how to see it unless they are

forcibly not supposed to see it,

unless they just keep their mouths shut

about not seeing what they see whatever

they think or can't think or don't know

how to think about seeing it? And nobody

nobody calls you on the phone and says,

"Hey, you better warm up your

four cylinders in nine minutes and

get under the goddamned wire!"

Are there really people that  
believe someone saying he's going  
to call and let it ring two and a half  
times as the signal when you should  
get your ass in gear to make it  
under the wire? It's the thrust of  
self-pity I'm talking about.

Some people know they're  
born to brutes in  
power. And conditions  
aren't that stable under the wire.

There's not much left to go around.

And when it finally happens here,  
the armed robots of whoever rules  
in the name of which ever *ocracy* or  
*ism* will let us know who gets what.

As for me, I have one earplug  
their current police birds  
didn't manage to peck out of  
my head. And I will fight for it.

**WHAT WE KNEW AND WHAT WE DECIDED AND WHAT WE BUILT (guerilla warfare)**

By, John Colburn

From Occupy Minnesota

1. We wanted to capture believers and untorture them.

We knew that money bent inside other money so we decided to use a trapeze. What else could flicker? Our roadblock flickered with ghouls and hoofbeats. We sat still to watch the edgings of leaves. Somewhere in our moonlight treks a drug culture stalked invisible senators through the blackbird calls. Treetops said wavebands. Our trapeze was a timekeeper and it could trapeze anything. We surrounded camp with our hoarded baby-sitter teeth. Someone lit the pipe arm. Maybe a ghoul girl missing her toothbrush. Then we heard office chairs, the fatherland sliding awake; we knew the motherland was everything. We stalked the lobbyists through the whiteboards. Shags moved easterner. We knew invisible money light could flicker us awake too. We needed a towrope. None of us understood the woodpeckers.

2. We thought our daydream might flicker.

We knew that airship death bent inside their tremors. Green leaves could flame into simple directives. We needed to carry what they said through the toxin. No one could turn backdrop ever.

We knew somewhere in the trenches republicans dangled meth lotion. We decided to watch what was said through the toy. We built an altimeter. Someone lit a firebomb.

We heard forces somewhere in the ventricles and saw daredevils inside light-years. The faun slid into simulation. Shallows moved ebb. The creosote flickered. We built a small firecracker-in-waiting, an altitude. Were we inside a bud? It was illegal. Someone lit the firecracker in the trend-setters mope warehouse. We decided to set a travesty. Then for a while the motorbike was everything. Our travesty was sin and it could travesty anything. We built a small fire-eater-in-waiting, we built a gigolo gland. We heard singing from the fjords.

3. We knew deadlines in the guts

and eyewitnesses masked in handkerchiefs and we knew trespassers and decided now the motorcade film was everything. Shame moved ecclesiastic.

A crest flickered and might have been gills so we built a collection of gill glass. We needed a walkabout. We built a small republican-in-waiting.

Of course someone lit the republican. We saw shining in the trestles and we sat still. Green leaves could flicker into sinew. We might need to carry what was said down to the creek in our tracksuits. Then we heard budget forecasts. Somewhere in the wattage vomit flickered. We sat still and our fears slid awake and this time we needed a walkie-talkie. A crewman signaled to our underground farm and we surrounded the work stations. Each guerilla picked up an international observer hammer. We were inside the warhead; we were inside the republicans. We talked smack and then struck.

### **One for Overcoming (the self)**

By, Stu Watson

Transit tempos of future imitation

cause in air abruptly cool

some fashion--a means of holding out for form

and giving all away when deft--

crass indoctrination is like a truck bed  
over-tonned by a gloaming will in greed  
without need  
a tempest in the domes under the maples--

### **PUTTHEHARDWORDSFIRST**

By, Stu Watson

afterwards report the pendencies--the idiot lusts  
make hard your urge against the grains and dusts.  
Outlast the impotence that has bred class  
burn more swiftly in the morbid pang of a day deserted fully--  
come on to what would be too deep patience to scourge yourself.

### **The Cause of Meaning Errantly**

By, Stu Watson

Dark-window maker  
derelict under moon blow  
cut in the mouthful of tea leaves  
blowing still the comforts lined in eyes--  
the concrete but constant apparatus  
by its nature impales stuck moments  
with and for the betterment  
of none but those holding solid  
their grapes under straw.

### **Areopagus of Equals**

By, Stu Watson

Close off the head crest's bolt,  
bring the ridges of your fingers down along  
the axis of crushed pagan seeds decaying  
out from the round home, the cut start race--  
a pressing change has grown, the sync  
of wave to dead-thing-splash--  
pregnant with fecund doubt  
implicit craft redoubles in the face  
of crescent needs for birth:  
for the single--indominant--that calls.

## **ARC**

By, James Scully

*"The arc of the universe is long, but it bends toward justice."*

*--Martin Luther King*

Like a dowsing rod reaching for water  
the arc of the universe  
bends toward justice--

but what if there is none?

nothing in the scheme of things  
as far as we

in our lifetime see

bends, surely, toward justice

what may we do then

to bend

the arc of justice

back down to earth?

it won't be with speeches,

no one needs to strain, daydreaming

after words the wind blows through

attend instead

to the coming and going

of those who are better off

with justice, than without--

all the colors, shapes, customs

being done-to unto death

but don't lose yourself

in swirls of wreckage,

don't cling to debris

let the slop and flow  
of white-capped dreamways  
heaving onward through you  
carry you along  
as on a great wave cresting  
an unfathomed sea of nameless peoples

who are bound to arrive somewhere

when you yourself arrive  
cast up on the shore  
imagine you've happened on  
a folk tale. Imagine  
you're in it: a noble  
foundling from the sea,  
the sea of peasants  
storming the wicked lord's castle  
saving everyone saving  
the beauty of the bending universe  
from the wrack and ruin  
of the lord's stupidity,  
his arrogance, his greed,  
the dazzling panoply of his dementia  
cutting words off

from the truth of the matter

imagine for that matter

Washington DC now

right now

is such a regime, its

lords ravage the countryside

imagine living this

imagine

seeing what other peasants see

feeling what they feel

having nothing left to prove

nothing more to discover

nowhere else to go

when you torch the manor house

ransack the cold cellar

tear down the whole rotten structure

imagine that

## **HEMLOCK**

By, James Scully

he thought he'd come home



free, yet finds himself  
at the end of the earth  
where it is morning, and still  
too early—  
when the mist burns off,  
when sunlight slips  
through the ravaged trees  
like a gentle hallelujah  
he will recognize nothing,  
not a bird, not a leaf  
it will be as though  
he has crossed the River Styx  
into life  
as he no longer knows it--  
a riot of flowers will be  
waiting  
waving wilding their heads at him  
like grotesque life forms  
demanding to be lopped off  
what was dearest  
he will feel least for,  
what was pastoral  
will be most brutal  
like a snapping turtle

sticking its long neck  
out, to hiss and spit  
music will be torture  
when he climbs the fence  
to walk in green, open  
sunny space  
his wife, his son  
will look up at him  
with small, blank stares  
like someone else's sheep

**POOR. PARADISE.**

By, James Scully

Coming at last

into our own land

we were

where we are

Alone together in another slum

bristling

like cactus glory in the desert,

We too

erect were bliss

We wished only for what is.

My heart was in your mouth

Blood under your skin was juice

easing my lips

Our word came forth naked

courting what is.

What is

blessed us, blessing enough for us

One human being was no human being.

In our tribe everyone starved

or no one did

### **LISTENING TO COLTRANE**

By, James Scully

listening to Coltrane, hearing

the original people

who abide us, sometimes

kill us

as always

we are killing them--

he blows through all

the abiding and killing

blows the send-off

we got on leaving the cosmos

the beauty of its harmony

behind us, blows

*there is never any end,*

*there are always new sounds*

*to imagine,*

*new feelings to get at*

squawking

brass, reeds, battered skin

steel wires *there is*

*always the need to keep*

*purifying*

*these feelings and sounds*

honking out over

our cosmic exile

the bent strains of the original people

their long shadows riding shotgun on his wing

*to give the best of what we are*

**The End of Dork Swagger**

By, Steven Karl

Soaked in gold. The killings fields  
Remain same old sparrows.  
That anyone could paint is  
A lecture about mystics.  
But the goat and the gorge  
Is a parable for shiny ties  
And manufactured egos.  
Over on Wall Street  
A fake laugh  
Comes face to face with death.  
We call it poems for people.

### **WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**WEEK 3**

**Spine Poem**

By, Erik Schurink





**EMPLOYMENT**

By, Jorie Graham

Listen the voice is American it would reach you it has wiring in its swan's neck  
 where it is  
 always turning  
 round to see behind itself as it has no past to speak of except some nocturnal  
 journals written in woods where the fight has just taken place or is about to  
 take place  
 for place  
 the pupils have firelight in them where the man a surveyor or a tracker still has  
 no idea what  
 is coming  
 the wall-to-wall cars on the 405 for the ride home from the cubicle or the corner



office—how big  
 the difference—or the waiting all day again in line till your number is  
 called it will be  
 called which means  
 exactly nothing as no one will say to you as was promised by all eternity “ah son, do you know where  
 you came from, tell me, tell me your story as you have come to this  
 Station”—no, they  
 did away with  
 the stations  
 and the jobs  
 the way of  
 life  
 and your number, how you hold it, its promise on its paper,  
 if numbers could breathe each one of these would be an  
 exhalation, the last breath of something  
 and then there you have it: stilled: the exactness: the number: your  
 number. That is why they  
 can use it. Because it was living  
 and now is  
 stilled. The transition from one state to the  
 other—they  
 give, you  
 receive—provides its shape.  
 A number is always hovering over something beneath it. It is  
 invisible, but you can feel it. To make a sum  
 you summon a crowd. A large number is a form  
 of mob. The larger the number the more terrifying,  
 the harder to handle. They are getting very large now.  
 The thing to do right  
 away  
 is to start counting, to say it is my  
 turn, mine to step into  
 the stream of blood  
 for the interview,  
 to say I  
 can do it, to say I  
 am not  
*one*, and then say two, three, four and feel  
 the blood take you in from above, a legion  
 single file heading out in formation  
 across a desert that will not count.

## **THE ECONOMY**

by, Anselm Berrigan

bioethical pigpen

mumbling styrofoam

renewals every few secs

now and again

off the critical list

**POEM**

by, Anselm Berrigan

I mute what I can see  
along with the ramrod  
bearing of new switches'  
clunky hitches. Stoic &  
a curmudgeon & a wheat  
grass compensation mule?  
To cover yr beer-battered  
ass & its gamey etceteras  
with a non-toxic pink  
hairy tarpaulin. Always  
thought your face & the  
inside of your outer mind  
were the same set of caves.

**For Allen Ginsberg**

by, Kate Wilson

I've been a desperate wanderer like you,  
failing to meet the ends of dreams in days  
except in dreams, where clouds swathe  
peach bodies and we love as completely  
as the gods we've made in marble and stone,  
caressing each other as they caress cities,  
holding each other as they hold money.

Then the waking hours bring nothing,  
rows of hardened hearts in bodies,  
pulsing to the rhythm of wars, forged  
in the minds of those fleshy gods,  
with so many names,  
mouths so full of words we vomit and choke.

(and never a line of poetry)

I've been a desperate wanderer like you,  
hiding out in alleys with blind men  
and their hands tugging on my clitoris  
until I scream the night red,  
a scream of satisfaction or dissatisfaction or both.  
(It's the only language anyone knows anymore)

I've been a desperate wanderer,  
I've read the same books as you,  
finding meagre slices of certainty  
on yellow pages that make me howl.

I've seen the same regurgitated history  
in television theatres where the tongueless  
tell the truths of the world.

With our billboard smiles, red lips  
and glowing orange skin,  
we believe it because it's easy.  
The world is built on histories,  
justified, serialized, invented melodramas  
fed in illustrated text books and archived tabloids.

I have been a desperate wanderer like you,  
wondering how the next conveyor belt of

redesigned people will look on us;  
the obsolete, with all our bugs and ticks  
and too little physical memory.  
In glass waiting rooms, swarms sit on soft seats  
asking for pills and pills and pills and pills  
to cure absence and nerves and time and thought.

Anyway, the last door is left unlocked.  
There is no pill for that.

But after wine and heroine and pretending,  
at four o'clock in the morning, the dead hour,  
when others are bricked in stiff beds,  
when my footsteps echo like halls of mirrors  
on empty streets and the sky is luminous grey,  
I'm the only person left alive, looking back  
at the earth on an atlas page, surrounded by stars  
and bright planets.

It hangs, still.

I know I've found something.

**MARLA RUZICKA**

by, Hugh Seidman

12/31/1976 – 4/16/2005

Founder: Campaign for Innocent Victims in Conflict (CIVIC)

*spread the word  
it will be what we make it*

For Adrienne Rich

sparks ratchet from the tinder  
crackle from the racket of fire and light and are gone

*tireless, fearless  
against generals, bureaucrats, politicians*

her skull touching skull  
hem of her black *abaya* clenched in her fist

set on the shoulder of the unveiled woman in *hijab*  
who buttresses the dark-eyed, moon-eyed child

corpuscles hiss from the splutter  
flare from the pyre drafts

motes rocket, incandesce, and are lost  
flecks tick from the holocausts

ingénue *face-splitting* smile  
*Buddha-girl* California smile

*petite with curly blonde tresses  
pretty, peppy, fiery, vivacious*

nicknamed *Bubbles* in Kabul  
immolated by a *God car* on the Baghdad airport road

her last outcry: "I'm alive"

no envoy sat at any funeral or house  
no office offered help or remorse

from torso to torso  
blogs mocking her even as martyr

*Rock Creek Park Rollerblade Queen, Cluster Bomb Girl  
spifire, hurricane, love bomb*

*manic, anorexic, insomniac*  
fortified by parties and red wine

avatar of the tendered nipples of Ishtar  
registrar of the mutes of the underworld

gladiator of the courage of the vulnerable  
novice of no past at the boundary of history

saint of the collateral orphans  
paladin weeping for a planet of metal

nova emptying its burden of souls  
stranger arousing the genital wind

auric-haired *bride Marla*  
wrapped in the black *abaya*

like the dawn blistering past blood beyond the background

---

Prior version: *Big Bridge* (2008)[[www.bigbridge.org](http://www.bigbridge.org)].

## **AN OPEN LETTER TO ALISA ZINOV'YEVNA ROSENBAUM**

by, Mike Cecconi

fuck you Ayn Rand  
we are all majestic

fuck you Ayn Rand  
libertarians are just fascists who want to smoke dope  
allied with churchies who honestly believe smoking dope is worse than being a fascist

fuck you Ayn Rand  
I will not be measured by the weight of my inheritance  
or the inheritance that I leave  
my investment portfolio is immaterial  
never mind that it is also non-existent

fuck you Ayn Rand  
I will not heap cruelty upon others just to prosper  
I'd rather be kind than rich  
I'd rather be humiliated than not be humane  
everyone's made of all the same stuff

I won't deny it like you do

fuck you Ayn Rand  
every soul is an irreplaceable artifact of joy

fuck you Ayn Rand  
you will not judge me with your black corroded heart  
life is not a high-yield architecture  
life is not some stockyard atrocity  
life is a short sweet shared breath  
spit into the face of an absent god  
ruminated in four stomachs for eighty-some-odd years  
and manifest in our few moments of grace and peace

fuck you Ayn Rand  
physical achievement is largely luck or cheating

fuck you Ayn Rand  
power is the residue of arrogance and horror

fuck you Ayn Rand  
every apple orchard refutes you with its beauty  
will not be swallowed by the maw of industrial convenience and pitiless entitlement  
will shine beyond your childish conniving  
will love despite the depths of your shallow want

fuck you Ayn Rand  
starving children disprove you every morning with their longshot hopes  
with their ability to smile through suffering  
you want to rule a feudal fiefdom, they just want to eat tomorrow  
high school musicals in Iowa puke upon your shoes  
old blind men in Memphis obliterate you with the blues  
lovers trample the corpses of your savage bullshit ideas in the night  
but all I can say is "fuck you"

fuck you Ayn Rand  
Fox News knows they're joking  
the greasepaint is obvious  
your philosophy is a vaudeville act at best  
the maudlin run-on press releases of a false genius wannabe princess  
the higher-ups know that it's all just jest  
and no they don't take bets

fuck you Ayn Rand  
with the rushing waters of gentle charity  
with a plea for pleasant parity  
fuck you hard  
fuck you with a rusty chainsaw  
our guitars will overwhelm you

fuck you Ayn Rand  
teenage kisses overwhelm your illness  
fireflies dissipate your parochial poisons  
our hearts eclipse the value of your precious petrodollars

fuck you Ayn Rand

the greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing us we don't exist  
and I call bullshit  
starting now

### **A Right to Bare**

by, Ian Bodkin

I will occupy & I occupy;  
all these words are  
a well trained militia;

they reside in this  
my violent whisper.

But the ears of my member, my chosen  
voice, turn away  
in an active divide;  
revisions  
to the terms of my pursuit.

Bombs are not the antithesis of terror;  
in a lifetime the product  
range I can  
possess will never  
equal a missile;  
I got watts to watch,  
water to measure  
& food to find;  
the change in my pocket  
is nothing against  
the bills in a vote.

I sing of the people & interlocked arms,  
driven by dreams, offending demi-gods.

### **WEALTH MANAGEMENT**

by, Cynthia Atkins

Walking in circles, we take the long-view.  
Eccentric, forgetting the hyped-up  
Alimony of an ersatz desire. *Bad wires make good lovers!*  
Long and short of it, we rolled out the cake.  
Time clocks are the mortal enemy of lakes. Sex is talk cheap.  
Hungry for a frugal memory—someone urging a spoon of spinach.

Magic enhancements (not cash) are stashed under the mattress.  
Art poor, we're like the pagan church mouse's empty pockets.  
Notorious is the tortoise, evicted from his house after fast living.  
*As the soup gets cold, as stones get thrown.*



Gambled away our yin and yang—*Blame the boomers*,  
Envious of Persian rugs. Epithets stop us in our tracks.  
Moreover, we'll *rent-a-vision* from the corner store.  
Entrenched in daily nettles, death scared us into breath.  
Net worth is measured in childhood flaws and beach sand.  
Table this equation: know when to throw good money after bad.

## **ROOMS**

by, Cynthia Atkins

“In my Father’s House there are many mansions.” [John 14:2]

These are the voluminous whose who  
of unruly rooms, too full  
of themselves. Notice the malcontents,  
    nosing around for your undying attention.  
Watch the ones that carry big sticks.  
Avoid the eyesores not for the faint  
of heart—Our cheap plates thrown  
    like gloomy confetti. Keep at bay,  
the hedonistic corporate rooms—  
groomed into adulterous sweetheart deals,  
where rooms are in bed  
    with other rooms. That said, some rooms  
are the picture of health. On a first-name basis,  
and all about a feng-shui of breathing.  
Once adorned, but now moth-eaten; remember  
    when the tie-dyed curtains  
had a vision and a moral compass?  
The rooms where I tell my people  
to call your people, but your people

Never call back! Stamped and approved,  
distrust the rooms with cherry-picked  
intelligence. The anterooms of anterooms.  
    Ballrooms of children locked-up  
in pageants of sad seductive  
clothe styles. Stoic rooms that need  
    a heart to heart—then corner us into  
telling the truth! Mud-rooms where dogs lie waiting  
for the key to turn. Bathrooms where someone  
is coming of age—dangling a coat hanger.  
    Rooms that are dead-ringers  
for other rooms. Some talk their way out  
of a jam.—The pleasure was all theirs!  
Others are slated to be brainstormers,  
    but have no threshold  
and no door—A shrine of cobwebs,  
a string of lanterns light the way  
    to the last resolute room.

## **WAYS OF DRILLING**

by, Lee Slonimsky

BP became the lover of "long string,"

a cheap design that most say is akin  
to Russian Roulette with a deepsea well:  
it's made BP's image one outsourced to hell.  
But love so deep within the waves persists,  
and even now their leadership insists  
that "long string" loves the water, beaches, earth,  
and safer methods aren't really worth  
the extra dough. The CEO should know,  
for he's a Ph.D.: though not in flow  
and how to cap its vicious geysering.  
No, Tony's job's to make the numbers sing  
of fluid profit, not of diligence;  
he's quite adroit at saving spill-drenched cents.

### **ILLINOIS PENSION ACCOUNTING**

by, Lee Slonimsky

You loop a list of figures, like a thread,  
through several dozen needle-eyes, and then  
predict two dozen robust years ahead  
with all your convoluted numbers. When  
the SEC arrives and asks just how  
your methods are explained, you sit and grin  
and say you do just what the law allows:  
deep murkiness, so slick bond floaters win  
while ordinary people gasp, then ache  
with worry over possibilities  
like phantom funding, no-one could mistake  
for real resources. They're just noise and sleaze.  
You'll cut some future workers (don't exist)  
to pay your current bills with fog and mist

### **THE PEACE MOVEMENT**

by, M. G. Stephens

Take care of your side  
of the street. Be kind.  
Ask how others are,  
and listen to their responses.  
Listen. Listen.  
Stop talking, and listen.  
See the stars and moon or,  
in daylight, the sky above,  
the trees below, the birds.  
The birds: listen to the birds.  
Listen to what the birds  
have to say. Drink green  
tea, take walks, read  
for at least two hours  
every day, write down  
random thoughts and ideas.  
Eat well. Sleep. Love  
yourself and others.  
Take care. Be well.

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## **THE CULT OF ISAAC**

by, M. G. Stephens

We all know about Abraham, the great  
religions emanating from his skull,  
but what about Isaac, where is his world  
taken into theological thought,

mulled over by the great philosophers  
of the world, dissected and long discussed?  
Isaac endured his god-thirsty father's  
knife and blood-fanatical intentions.

He was to be his father's sacrifice.  
What I propose is Isaac, his worship  
and adoration, a cult of the son.

In the cult of Isaac, there will be no  
worshipping of blood-lusting gods, only  
children and their safety and our great love.

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**WAR AND PEACE**

by, M. G. Stephens

In the year of eternal war  
I kneel to pray for peace

**THE ACT OF FAITH**

by, M. G. Stephens

From point A,

s  
h  
e  
  
l  
e  
a  
p  
s

**AS IT IS**

by, M. G. Stephens

There are street criminals down below –  
There is a yellow and blue thrush outside

Things are not now quite right –  
Things are exactly as they should be

**THE OLD CLOCK**

by, M. G. Stephens

Even when I am  
almost always  
wrong

Twice a day  
the broken clock  
reads correctly

Sometimes through no  
fault of my own  
I'm right

## LIFE HAS LOST ITS BEAUTIFUL RHYTHM

by, M. G. Stephens

No one comes out a winner in a war,  
but at least there are some kind of heroes,  
even if all the faces seem broken  
and corrupted by the endless bombings,  
night and day, women in burkas streaming  
from the flames, children crying, life has lost  
its beautiful rhythm, consumed by men  
enflamed by righteous fanaticism  
and the tenants of a just, holy war.  
God never blesses a bullet, never  
gives infinite love to a bomb, always  
weeps for the children left behind, either  
the Jew or the Christian or Moslem,  
the Higher Power weeps for all of them.

## NEWS OF THE WORLD

by, M. G. Stephens

There is no news in the news because there  
is censorship, the curse of being born  
in a time where liberty is a cheer  
for victory, and nothing more than scorn  
for all the losers in the world: read here  
the disaffected of the earth, the poor  
and sick, the miserable and the wretched  
souls whose lot it is to have hell on earth.

Then there are the sneering winners scoffing  
at those who were not fortunate enough  
to be them, laser-guided souls, whistling  
their songs of triumph as the losers cough  
blood and sputum, their memories of good  
erased by bombs and nights without some food.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

by, M. G. Stephens

Sandie Redhead  
is a blonde

## THE CRISIS

by, M.G. Stephens

The new speaker of the house  
takes the gavel

Ten thousand blackbirds fall  
from the sky in Arkansas

## THE DECLARATION OF PENGUINDEPENDENCE

by, Filip Marinovich

The penguins are tired of  
we the people blinding them  
with our air conditioners  
and have declared  
independence from humans  
forever--  
Penguins hooray!

Fathers huddled together in  
subzero farenheit  
father temperatures

guarding their eggs  
through months of black winter mirrors  
shifting in huddle from the outer rim to the center and back again  
so each will get his fair share of the most freezing winds

while the mothers  
gather fish  
in their crops  
and return to  
the huddle in spring  
to feed  
their chicks

Curious gender  
reversal

Imagine if penguins  
had gender issues  
and the fathers fought wars  
instead of guarding their eggs

### **is it zuccotti park where you are?**

by, Gus Franza

1

my u'wear is ripped and the spa-ghetti boils over  
wine's too expensive so  
we won't drink toasts  
look! it's dawn  
and the fat policemen are coming  
why are they so fat?  
to sling us hash of order.

2

zuccotti never dreamed of this  
sorry mr. z but the flags  
are up nobody's playing ball today  
no eminences are coming to this rigamarole of postmodern products  
you'll have to put up with us  
saxophonists



3  
i'm sleeping here with a girl i just met  
and we're raising some joy  
which used to be called  
consciousness  
and I'll tell you mr. z we're  
burning our vitas  
where it used to be bras

4  
at least take a look in there  
and tell us what you see  
we're keeping the candle lit  
and can wait for dinner

5  
we all grew up and we're midgets now  
without widgets  
and how tall are you mr z?  
we're short and the clocks on the  
Wall and pulsing wrists  
(iphones groaning)  
are ticking

6  
no geopolitical nightmares in zuccotti park it's beautiful fertile  
here teeth sparkling arms flung  
to where blinds are drawn  
against paying prisoners

7  
hello denver they scooped you up  
be strong  
the caged jaguar has a memory  
at zuccotti we speak of  
drenched dreams  
crippled hands  
and much bullshit

8  
i'm having aztec dreams mr z  
park dreams of strong brown faces  
and slender fertile women  
right here in your stone park mr z  
have you dreamed in your park  
mr z?

9  
clean up the park mr. z?  
scrub the financial pesticides  
that have burned the entrails  
and doused the smoking volcano

10

the park is suddenly sacred mr z  
can we call you savior and us  
rebellious satellites?  
some think 'hombres impotentes'  
gathered at 'liberty park'  
(step aside mr z shut your eyes)

demanding filling in deep ravines  
the hinterlands are here  
pissing against the trees

11

the sounds of drums boomboomboom  
at the southern tip  
of manhatta where  
Walls burst and  
wars began

12

yes we have no mananas

**"Ode to an ever-intensifying radical.radioactive.rejection of capitalism"**  
by, Ingrid Feeney

This heavy thing Love  
it  
is Mountain.and  
Monsoon  
it is  
Moon  
and it  
stirs.the.tides  
into frenzied uprisings  
that  
flood Churches and  
drown Dead Cities  
where  
the streets weep defeated and all  
the hearts  
beat  
manufactured rhythms of commerce and  
the Wild  
has been commodified  
and  
packaged in plastic  
suffocating on supermarket shelves  
suffering silenced by florescent lighting  
rendered unable to impart its secrets.  
this Wild  
the Wild that  
seduced us  
conceived us  
carried us for nine months and through all eternities  
that  
bore us  
and  
birthed us in Hot Blood  
onto the Earth's surface  
heaving with Tectonic Breaths  
that  
birthed us onto  
this Earth  
Earth who with  
dirt rocks and root  
teeth fur and carbon  
and  
saline water  
nursed proteins into  
protozoa  
and  
fed dinosaur flesh to hungry sediment  
and  
filled our mammal bones with  
marrow and  
filled our narrow minds  
with

god and Language and  
strung our idle thumbs with bow and arrow and  
kissed our mouths when they swelled with avarice and poison  
and  
it was thus  
that we killed her.

This heavy thing Love  
scares governments and empty gods  
so  
I am resurrecting it as a weapon.

### **A Dream Divulged : A Raw Collective**

by, Eddie Caceres Jr

I had a dream, I have a dream....  
I have a Dream tonight as I take full flight  
Where vision has nothing to do with my sight  
Where ambitions are followed by might and will  
But still there's pills and there's pipes  
And these beautiful queens are seen as just ripe

And there's trends and there's fads, well too bad  
We're changing our wants for things we once had,

I have a dream this year where man can be queer and walk with no fear  
But instead they must steer away from us.  
Because in the new millennium ta boos still taboo  
We know about Snooki and when we mention Dr King  
Our youth is like "*Who?*"

You must mean lebron, and this is what wrong when your goal is a future Surrounded by thongs and  
bongs.

I Have a dream that involves making moves if you can gather what I mean  
And see the unseen, look past the touch screen  
And keep your life clean -Because to me WINNING....  
Isn't what's seen By damn Charlie Sheen  
And I'm sorry for my reality  
But that's my mentality  
There is no formality  
So what can you do??  
Well this isn't quite true because  
I have a Dream and that dream starts with you  
So stop chillin in hurds and heed your own words  
Because im tired of these followers and damn angry birds  
We've burned all the books, traded the plastic for wires  
And still we remain with a low in new hires .  
Get up where you sit, contribute how you see fit  
And you might just evolve to something realer.. Dassit!

Cuz The early bird fame isn't what it seems you know what this means  
You gotta be Like spike lee and do the right thing  
If you have a song then sing,

Have a brain then think  
Fly as high as u can with out growing those wings  
And Please,  
Let go of those foolish fantasies  
But keep, your complicated dreams!

## **AMERICA**

(When Things Fall Apart)  
by, Philomene Long

America, the light from your Statue of Liberty is being blown out  
and your ears so deafened by lies you can no longer hear yourself.

America, you were young for two hundred years, so very young with  
“The Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity” “We, the People” “yearning to breathe free”  
beginning, always beginning - your power  
now being smothered by the age-old will to power for a few.

America, your sense of truth and justice is being snuffed by those claiming truth and justice sending  
”the poor, the wretched” to prison – often to “cruel and unusual punishment” by ones  
who themselves should be jailed.

America, you are dying - lying on a floor in a jail cell  
gasping for air, calling out for yourself.

America, we *are* America. We are calling for ourselves.  
When things fall apart, our center *does* hold.

America, America hears you. We will begin again.

The Second American Revolution will be more difficult than the first  
for footsteps of an enemy of liberty and justice lying within  
are hard to detect.  
But this time we, the Posterity,  
have a weapon far more powerful than a musket.  
We have *The Constitution!*

## **The World Wave**

by, James Smith

There's a Tsunami comin'  
to shake up the whole wide world.  
You can't escape this big old wave  
hittin' every city where there's a slave.  
Gonna feel this human tidal wave.

Listen, rich man

Your pockets got half of everything

If you billionaires won't share the wealth,  
and the things we need

Someone's gonna bleed.

Rich man, you got your armies

goin' around the world

terrorizin' folk. That's gonna end.

Hey, we got our army, too.

25 million jobless comin' unglued.

So call out your army and The Fear

Tear gas and water cannons by the ton

Lots of us want justice even more than livin'

Dyin' might be our pride and our fate

But all you got is your hate.

You can knock us down once, twice

maybe more, but we'll keep comin'

got no where to go so we'll play your game

'til your soldiers and police join us in our fun

whatcha gonna do when they cut and run?

You seen it comin' rich man

Hard-workin' folk fed up in North Africa,  
the Middle East, Greece, Spain,  
and hairy old England  
The World Wave keep on rollin'.

We're gonna make a better world  
Annihilate hunger, vaporize your greed.  
Egypt didn't need your pet dictator  
like them, we're gonna put you in our past  
We'd like to take it slow, but it could be fast.

We know those talkin' heads will lie, lie, lie  
your punk politicians will try to make us die.  
Tsunami comin' this way can't be stopped  
Rich man, where you gonna hide?  
where you gonna hide?

**ZUCCOTTI PARK**  
(A TOUR))))))))))))))))))  
by, Gus Franza

**The enigma of infuriated salesmen has become a pool exercise. OCCUPIERS / OCCUPAYERS.**  
Enriched pierced noses, they're really horizontal, wriggle like  
sauceless spaghetti.  
Church leaders relentless and arrogant veered toward remote Assassination,  
Ultraconservative love affairs celebrated unsweetened diapers  
while Quetzalcoatl worshippers examined Commie bastards in capital ones.

Obese SOAPOPERAS dominating bottled water and ceramic piggy banks  
ordered female neck bones mortgaged  
along with foxnose cows. OCCUPY.  
Gloomy postmodern goys kiss and tell, conspirators and blistering  
GRANDIOSE IBM products mistrusted heartbroken saxophonists  
who reguritated urban jungle hall and ceiling grafitti artists. OCCUPY.

Hi-ho! Complaining Wall rats strangled highly placed muscular lads while

naturally corrupt politicians made cucumbers risky bets  
and distinguished barbershops spotted HAIL MARYS in a skywide combative atmosphere. Damn  
the noise! OCCUPAY.

Right shoe! Right shoe? Right shoe\$ Not in our lifetime had absolute memorialized dregs  
returned from. a. Shorn. Hannah T. Standoff. With. Such. Laudation and.  
Claquement.

OCCUPY!OCCUPAY!

From de book CODICES de Mariposa del Rocío, contemporary poet from Uruguay, Southamerica

direct experience  
from emptiness to you  
yearning your ego  
reality is before the concept  
out of this phenomena world  
the true absolute nature  
i ´m a momentary appearance  
in the time and space  
my natural mind  
comprehends through experience  
when I break into relative reality  
and I acquire form  
and form is emptiness  
I am the infinite possibility for anything  
ASUNTOS INTERNOS

when you send an sos  
i come  
when i send an sos  
god comes  
it works like this  
i must remain pure  
if not you´re lost  
world´s pleasures are sweet  
but the sweetest fragrance is virtue  
peace is white  
you will love my smell  
heaven in your cells



right here right now

I AM ALL YOURS

animals are my friends

I don't eat them

men are my brothers

I don't fuck them

god is my father

I don't disappoint her

this world is my mission

I don't abandon you

when I'm in blood and flesh

I suffer undoubtedly

I sacrifice for you

this is love

I don't steal I don't lie

you can trust me

I also fail but I assume

heaven's number is thirteen

and 999 for the beast

PAY ATTENTION TO THE CORRECT DATA

there is no new thing upon the earth

that all knowledge was but remembrance

that all novelty is but oblivion

i greed the stability of steal

this material world is the séance

christ has already told you

this is the land of forgiveness

pride covetousness lust anger gluttony envy sloth

i'm not sinful i'm divine

i believe without cutting birds

my love is clement and mercy

SELAH

bad boys don't seduce me any longer  
un sábadó neoyorquino desde el metropolitan  
un domingo de pascuas parisino  
la musique me transporte là  
le française c'est comme ça  
el mundo gira y el efecto 101 monos  
se va expandiendo y la mente apagando  
el mundo de paz y armonía se está instalando  
como un hado  
y nosotros los hijos del cielo  
vamos cantando y bailando y sonriendo  
en medio del caos de terremotos y volcanes  
incendios huracanes pestes y plagas  
y nos caemos y nos levantamos  
y seguimos sonriendo  
muchos caen a nuestro alrededor  
y no se levantan más  
qué pena! se lo advertimos  
nosotros estamos de fiesta  
celebramos porque ésta es  
nuestra tierra santa

C'EST LA VIE

(mind your own business)

I still can't feel  
the sense of life  
i've been trying so hard  
sometimes I feel I have it  
but it blows up like a wish  
and only remains the poet

I THINK THIS IS MY LAST POEM

just for the moment

poetry is in the street  
that's why i walk along

life breeds me with images  
not only broken dreams  
but i put into words love and beauty  
history and stories gather in my heart  
the ancient call the future vision  
at the present piece of paper  
i used to be a photographer  
but the poem is not still  
comes alive different every time  
changes with you  
mutation transmutation evolution  
the way i sculpt myself

#### JUST TO LOVE YOU

undress unto the essence  
find divinity through flesh  
know beyond concept  
nakedness is our original nature  
the real beauty is sensitivity  
the unclothed body doesn't matter  
the feelings arising within you neither  
the exquisite touch of emptiness  
divine eternal creation at the instant  
stare stare stare until all you see is god  
there's a naked woman under the rain  
possibly me

#### THE INNOCENT LOOK

we invest our lives entirely  
this is the real sacrifice  
puyegue ashes like advice  
not only a piece, a whole world warning  
considerado en sí mismo  
con exclusión de cuanto pueda serle extraño  
concretar a lo esencial

como dijo mi amado hermano:  
hay mucha tibieza en este lugar!  
estamos todos muy cómodos  
en una práctica anodina  
como ranas de experimento  
y es esta pestilencia la que me motiva y me rebela  
y cuando uno surge de la media  
debe estar dispuesto a la cruz  
I'M A SHAREHOLDER

**SHOW ME WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE**  
by, Lara Weibgen

in miniature,  
under a cover of leaves.  
How does democracy look  
in short shorts & high boots,  
wasted after a long night?  
From certain angles, democracy looks  
like the prow of a ship,  
but from over here it looks  
like the mermaid on a ship's prow.  
How would democracy look  
as a blonde?

In ancient Greece  
& the 19th century, democracy  
looked very different.  
To appreciate the distinctions  
one needs to cultivate  
what art historians call  
"the period eye."  
In the image on the left,  
democracy looks  
like the fat hand of Monsieur Bertin  
in the painting by Ingres.  
In the image on the right it resembles  
a dream of the beautiful life  
circa 1989.

How does democracy look  
in the PowerPoint I sent you?  
Is the resolution OK?  
I'm so tired of looking at images all the time.  
What we need is an erotics of the visual:  
not a porno, & definitely not the evil  
eye-fucking of Bataille, but something like

Bernini's Teresa, or the Barberini faun,  
if their ecstasy were a meme  
that could explode simultaneously  
into every eye.

I mean no disrespect to the BDSM community  
(to whom, by the way, I'd like to take this opportunity  
to introduce myself),  
but I don't care what democracy looks like  
in handcuffs or chains.  
I want to see how democracy looks  
naked in soft lamplight,  
how it looks when it's trying not to come,  
how it looks when it comes & its face shines so sweetly,  
how democracy looks  
when it falls asleep inside you.

**The Blue Cat Visits OWS, the First Colony of Liberty in the New World**  
by, Franklin Reeve

As indifferent as squirrels in ginko trees  
to streets beneath their palaces of leaves,  
the absent landlords of the modern world  
don't see the ninety-nine percent down here:

“There'll be no change,” the liars cry, “no warming!  
Our army of dogs will keep us safe from harm.  
Let poverty like plague consume the poor;  
let them in prisons be ever more confined;  
scientific tests prove we one percent  
are eternally superior to ninety-nine.”

Arming  
themselves with moral truths and *Common Sense*,  
the Ninety-Niners are peeling off pretense:--

“One for all, and all for one:  
that's how solidarity will come.  
Let revolutionary change begin,  
peace be preserved, and justice won!”

**God and The City**  
by, Floyd Salas

It was not like this in my grandfather's time  
There was brawn and flint in his knuckled grip  
it was a blood crest and a signature  
a living coat of arms in a handclasp  
and as sure as prayer

But where the cross of stream and blood was  
rust coats the kidney and stone  
on the altar of a dry creek

Where sweat made a halo of holy water  
out of his hatband  
and eroded the dirt in his cheeks  
judge and barrister  
stamp barrels of ink  
with the thumb of the law  
on the parchment  
of a notarized oath  
spend out their salaries and seasons  
in the puzzle of its labyrinthine print

Can you hear the pulse and clapper  
of the streetcar bell in my heart?  
to tune of "Here Comes the Bride"?  
the last Ave Maria  
of its cathedral echo?

Can you hear the sob in the spanked flesh  
of my still-born  
unbaptized son?  
the crack of my mother's rosary bead knuckles?  
her spirit-husk bones?

Can you see the skull and molars  
of my father's splintered grin?

The drums of blood thin to the vinegar  
of stagnant wine  
in my time  
and helmeted flies cluster like calvaries  
of poison grapes  
on the uncrossed stems of an anemic vine

And I pray alone on a tenement roof  
of asphalt and gravel  
the church rock of the city  
under a blue-print sky  
a galvanized sun  
the cloud of a giant cop's badge  
pray for my brother and every brother  
who died of the ague  
in the marrow chill of institution and fear  
with the tattooed grin  
of the insecure

**The Pledge of Aggrievance**  
by, S.A. Griffin

we pledge aggrievance  
to the flag  
of the United States of Wall Street  
and to the stock market  
for which it stands

one nation  
under siege  
(in)visible  
with no civil liberty  
or corporate justice  
we fall

### **The War**

by, S.A. Griffin

The War had its grandchildren over for the afternoon they looked at the scrapbook  
smiled, told one another jokes, ate well...

The War told everyone it was going to wear brand new clothes  
but if you look close enough  
the labels are angrily familiar...

The War knows where to buy food cheap  
but good stuff nonetheless...

The War had a drinking problem  
but it got smart, joined AA  
nothing but coffee now...

The War came over to my apartment this afternoon  
to borrow a video  
I don't know as I should loan the War any of my things  
It usually loses them, forgets to return anything...

The War got on its knees and prayed for more victims  
before turning in.

Dear God, the War said, please let me go on and on and on,  
I am enjoying myself.

The War is getting younger all the time.

Nobody should look that young.

Nobody.

### **The War Is Over**

by, Burt Kimmelman

I meet my friend, my old professor, and we head  
over, lots of cops and metal fences as we get to the park,  
and then the drums in sync, and dancing and signs –  
scrawled on a piece of green cardboard, “Compassion  
is the radicalism of our time,” set up against some  
empty pizza boxes, and another sign, photo of grave  
stones below the heading “No Corporations Buried

Here” and below the graves “Arlington Cemetery,”  
and then I see a young man and young woman cuddling  
in a sleeping bag in the middle of it all, trying to rest.

We two old lefties head off to catch our train back home,  
and it’s then I remember that heady day when, out of nowhere  
someone starts chanting “The War Is Over,” 1968 in Washington  
Square Park, and thousands of us pick up the chant, and then  
we start marching up Fifth Avenue and shouting “The War Is  
Over, The War Is Over,” Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso  
somehow having ended up at the front of the march, and I see  
two old timers beside us on the sidewalk as we pass them by,  
as we march by, and they’re shaking hands and laughing, telling  
one another “Hey, the war is over,” and patting the other  
on the back in their joy, and in the street we all are headed  
uptown, tens of thousands of us now, and the police have just  
arranged themselves alongside of us and they’re letting it all  
happen, and when we get to 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, Allen taking half  
of us west to the Hudson River, Gregory the other half  
to the UN and the East River, and we all knew what happened.

I wait for the hundred thousand of us to start marching from  
that downtown little park, heading north, cheering and protesting,  
and in DC and in all of our cites, and I’ll be there, since now’s the time.

## **FUCK CAPITALISM**

by, Dan Owen

I don't want another name  
I'm tired of buying and selling myself  
I'm a fatbelly parade drooling  
tickertape time dissatisfaction  
I don't want any name

I'm gonna give up smoking and give up  
work and start a farm far away  
with everyone I love the founding fathers can't  
touch me there my body will be mine

I'm gonna put my money in the dirt  
to grow up big gorgeous sunflowers  
we'll live on their light and the sun  
and our light gonna harvest honey  
raise up pretty piglets season their bacon  
with tears grow cabbage, squash,  
beets, chard, eggplant, peppers,  
fat red tomatoes chickens all over  
the yard screaming all day boil up  
their eggs in an old red barn no one owns  
write silk poems on old corn husks

When tired of work I'll make love  
with my lover in a big gorgeous field  
we'll abandon our names to luck and live  
in each other in the country without shame



but what of the others I don't pray good  
enough to put out their fires Yet I worry  
what to do hide from the world in the flesh  
of the world while the world is dizzily traipsing  
or stay on to feel something akin to trying  
purgatory the while away with hope  
symbolic action solidarity struggle like a person?

and by the time we work off the debt  
and my mind becomes mine, what good  
will it do to be free and on top  
of a mountain alone in the afternoon

### **Ribbons and Bows**

by, Dan Owen

cut them and see  
what happens water  
pours from faucets  
a great seriousness  
keeps the peasants penned  
the poets fend  
the poets fend  
disappearing into bellybuttons

the poets and peasants  
drink beer  
while bitter careers  
seed the lawn  
outside my building

in the mothers' dreams  
the rat squeaks  
the evening radios play  
we're not dead yet so  
what where are the children  
where are the bright colors

the night asks where  
are the defeneseless borders  
of what do I know and forgive  
and forget the quarter was  
found and spent  
the quarter which rolls  
from town to town a lantern  
the war

### **“It is mean to not share”**

by, Dan Owen

Money could make a home for pigeons  
and squirrels and a career would be  
a nice place to put candles to light.

I'm tired of it. Rotten teeth gum away  
at my sleep. I'm tired of the banks  
and I'm tired of money and I'm tired  
of being tired. The debt balloon is filled  
with kerosene confetti, so happy birthday everyone.

I'm putting my assets beneath my pillow,  
my assets which consist of this poem,  
memories of reading Ginsberg  
on suburban lawns, Grandpa's youth,  
a hundred thousand protest songs  
and countless gleaming genitals.

Look up into our sky,  
a sleeping cat's dream  
we walk in and around  
a thing of matter and means,  
we shrug and we raise  
our fists in air. We  
who are tired. We  
who wake and sleep and give  
our days and our nights to turning  
the Good Blessed Wheel,  
who deserve a world to mirror  
our hands and our dreams and  
our dreams of hands and hands  
in dream's light. We make a new  
street with no name and endless  
lanterns. With restless hands and  
restless dreams, we rise to till  
what we've been left.

### **Poems for Occupy Wall Street - Anthology**

by: Aaron Beasley

1

%

by the bi in with little explained but makes is not being unknown selves bickering hate transcends  
him yet not more vicious the hand by observing specific social or however to create expresses  
which fills this contrary nothing of beauty's assessment the world's a pearl but rather interpreting  
this something clearly the stomach a worker's abstraction harlem hasn't the so & so republican  
baiting the mating it models innate desperation these topics the new painful fashion or century a  
patterned lapse finally the auspices the party which operates thus lost capital indeed problem me

2

to thing of

there's no seeing thing  
thru barricades

to see  
has been seen

or be—their no thing  
threw craves

scene of nothing been  
to white no

thing alights a bee  
whose knees have seeing

that's the matter  
of to and/or is

another matter bar-  
ricuda undersea

between (these) more &  
less parallel beams, mat-

erial batters  
being seen to nothing

the mattering of  
manners bantered

like light's umbrage  
sees there's no matter

to thing of

3

of plural and obstinate

of plural and obstinate  
of cause and affect  
of absorption and distress  
of authority and love  
of home and difference  
of opinions and suspicion  
of limits and extension  
of contents and formed  
of motion and continence  
of you and our  
of lapse and track  
of hearing and thus  
of quiet and indicative  
of life and end  
of progress and history  
of facts and undeterred  
of intention and sense  
of being and withheld  
of judgment and regardless  
of cooperation and contempt  
of court and defense  
of nation and state

of mind and body  
of water and finality  
of ambition and slumber  
of reading and life  
of examination and wastes  
of time and where  
of which and resisting  
of definition and infinitude  
of possible and specified  
of variable and absolute  
of reason and passions  
of other and binary  
of one and same  
of kind and quality  
of care and privatization  
of wealth and share  
of space and occupation  
of land and sea  
of consciousness and habit  
of perpetuum and disruption  
of stasis and variation  
of use and significance

of relative and general  
of particular ands

## **Tsunami**

by, Kelly

*for Occupy New York*

The tsunami is now swooshing its way  
back out through the stubbled pine  
splinters, echoing arcs of metal flanks,  
bulbous elbows, flayed tires  
and crinkled appliances.

A little shaggy dog struggles to lap  
its way upstream against a tilting  
onrush of bloody seawater, oil and  
house-shanks. It might say a prayer  
to the plunges, groans, shrieks and cracklings  
if it could, or to the occasional twinkle  
through the mist and smoke.

Fishes are jumping about, passing  
by the dog and peeking their little eyes  
at him to see what he's up to. To kill  
their boredom they try to nose up  
flattened flowers occasionally  
floating on the surface.

Nonetheless t-shirt stands are erected  
on the floating islands of overturned cars  
(immediately declared their own country),

the poles of their huts jammed  
into black chasms in the chassis  
between the crankshaft and wheel-wells.

Rafters of bloody legs and divided families  
are tugged along storefronts  
to God-knows-where.

In the distance, the squawking chirps  
of a deranged bird.

A CEO tries to delicately balance  
his martini on the other side  
of the annoying wall-thumps

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as he looks up at the pulsating  
windows which are bothering him still.

Planes crash into one another  
at criss-crossing landing strips,  
the protruding, curved shards  
of main street's pavement too sharp  
and moon-rough to be scrubbed  
down to a smooth makeover.

Cracked computers with their strewn wires  
dangling out braid into one another,  
trying to fuse into a giant corporation.

A fanatical sports fan somehow still  
manages to watch his big screen  
by strapping himself into his  
chair as everything vibrates  
from the rumbling floor.

The ants tumult themselves into  
a furious buzz, digging deeper  
into the chocolaty soil.

Yet drinks are still served in private  
houses away from the heat, the whispering  
steam and exploding shrapnel-sprays  
of the combustible buildings.

Separated lovers do their damnest  
to catch glimpses of old, iconic art  
floating by to divert themselves.

A wailing woman is stuck up to her waist  
in the flow of sticky brown gunk.

A stoic seagull, glossed and gooeyed,  
looking on, cannot open its gummed mouth  
to make a peep as aluminum flakes

pellet into its viscous black coat.

Clumps of squashy boots arrive and  
depart, influenced by a distant church bell.

Waves try to well up and break on shore  
but cannot feel a reef or ledge underneath.

The woman's blood-flow, the dog's  
adrenalin and the sea's mid-oceanic drifts

all rise and fall, finally in startled fits  
even the ants, fish and flowers respond to.

## **U.S. City**

by, Kelly

*for Occupy Los Angeles*

Art experiences a hundred times vaster  
than the cineplexities where jujubes make  
the teeth stuck and where board members  
build their barracks from the number  
of snow-globes they pawn off  
from the acropolis ledge.

Groups of playful kids sit in these people's  
houses eyeing their nicotine candy.  
Outside a little muskrat sneezes in the glare  
of the billboarding Come to Mamma flashes  
that wall the thruway.

The limousine drivers want to have  
more interesting lives thanks to  
open terraces and the arms of the sea  
that come close and allow them  
to glimpse the depths of  
the topography from time to time.

But for today's up-and-comer, orientation  
is baffled beyond all sense of old circuits.  
Kebobs of bling-bling are weighing down  
hunched women and attempts to connect  
with a unifying osmosis from big and flat  
screens are trumping lateral moves  
whose options are dwindling  
with each successive ecstatic binge.

But there's drama at the corner  
underneath the strange new laws  
the forefathers would laugh at or pee on  
while the new silent automatic cars scare  
the eyeballs out of everyone.

Out pops the head of the Corporation  
to take a look below from the iron armature

of his unpolluted enclave, thought to be  
more spacious inside than a museum  
within three hundred miles.

There are so many moving stairways,

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it's hard to judge the depth,  
but there are enticements everywhere –  
an opera of little lights dancing  
with the bountiful rations, and  
sparkly blue cascading holidays  
flanking the way in – enough to delight,  
for a time, in the desert-dusty air.

### **Historical Inevitability**

by, Kelly

*for Occupy Chicago and for Slavoj Žižek*

The mind of a virtuoso is skipping  
around the globe while I sit  
in my cemented cube playing  
tarot cards in a tank of muddy  
water ladled with tropical fish.

Laughs have drooped down  
from various looks on the sidewalks  
and from the awareness of the  
entrenched pocket-square coordinates  
which allow the masters to thrive.

A country erects a politician  
who can do the impossible and so  
is quickly sharp-shooted down  
on the wide white steps. A buzz  
swarms, flashes, fizzles and dies.

Having 87 choices of electricity  
and water can make any CEO  
limp and shiver in the frame  
of the only unlocked door  
in the new internment camp  
which opens out onto a cliff.

He turns back to the dangerous little  
world of ugly statues with no modern  
dance nor impossible reversals  
of what can happen in the theater.

A pitiless stupid neon equation  
traipses by, its coiling right-to-be  
won by the CEOs again,  
suburban-watering their multi-colored  
penis-chomping tulips that look  
like dental vaginas, and order

year-long supplies of sugarless  
chocolate, decaffeinated coffee  
and the “chopper-of-heads” pâté.

The most sand-boxed self knows  
it’s no longer possible to submit  
oneself to “doing our part” in the  
pennies given from a mocha chai latte  
to make ourselves feel good, but also  
knows the bell won’t miss its beat  
to end recess either.

The oceans snatch away. No more  
underground conflagrations? But  
this fairy tale is so unlike a fairy tale!

No!!!

Cabbie, now that the ocean’s gone,  
bring me to the heaven-on-earth building,  
79 rue de Varenne, Musée Rodin.

### **Favela Tweets**

by, Phil Baumann

*@philbaumann*

Over the hill, the priest weeps. Under the bridge, the foreman dies.  
At the station, the lover leaves.

The millions march into mace. The cameras whirl into dizzy aim.  
The bloody stains cake and dry.

You can hear the blood beat. You can feel the voices cry.  
You can watch the horses cringe.

The sidelines are elegant. The frontlines are shifting.  
The storylines are corrupted.

The sparrow tweets a symbol. And a Call is Answered.

The Answer drops into the ears of the mad crowd where it resonates, fades and dies.

A child is born into a favela, plays under the guava tree  
and learns to listen to the breeze.

Over the hill, the priest weeps. Under the bridge, the foreman dies.  
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and learns to listen to the breeze.

### **New Civilization Rising**

By, Craig Louis Stehr

High vibrancy at occupied Zuccotti Park in lower Manhattan  
Blocks from Wall Street, whose top floored money wheelers shape  
society,  
The focus of an unending campaign of years and years and years  
To balance the flow to the 99% of have nots in America.

Encampment is a buzz with thousands of protesters occupying a one  
Square block area. Surrounded 24/7 by the police, no toilets  
Allowed, no tents allowed, gusting winds daily, constant media  
presence,  
The park that never sleeps, but we do! We sleep under plastic  
tarps.

Old spiritual saying: "Life isn't about waiting for the storm to  
pass.  
It's about learning to dance in the rain."  
And it rains and everybody gets wet, and I walked all the way to  
Chinatown to use a laundromat dryer.

Working groups keep the encampment clean, coherent, and  
Functional. It's a small impossible utopian town, complete  
With free meals, free haircuts today, free clothing, and a  
Free community altar for group meditation, yoga, and music.

I slept inside the stone circle around the altar,  
O Ming myself to sleep. After a kundalini yoga class which  
The Sikhs conducted. A didjeradoo player followed their act.  
The elevated police department camera is across the street.

As sleep beckons everyone, and the drumming circle disbands,  
A cop is heard to say, "Can you believe that we've got 45 cops here  
For this fuckin' thing?" I noticed that the police appear to be

Especially strained while monitoring the OWS General Assembly.

Our utopian park-town's GA strives for transparency and Equality by participating in a collective decision making process. The police, an hierarchical command oriented organization, are Monitoring the GA's slow, steady, effort toward fair decisions.

Each working group will send one representative to a general council.

Reps are strictly mandated and subject to immediate recall, as per Historical collectivism. And policy will be determined, or maybe A new creative approach will evolve, befuddling the NYPD.

The profundity of the encampment, in the shadow of Wall Street Is unmeasurable. The fact of its approach addresses the Fundamental problem of worldwide social inequality head on. The rector of nearby Trinity Church said, "What ye sow, ye reap."

The OWS encampment is so obviously truthful, it is almost Impossible to see it. Crowds walk by taking photographs, Recording this human monument to honesty. Can they see reality? Is the plain incredible truth visible to those passing by?

Maybe it is. 99% smiles and 1% grumbles is Acceptable. Can I get consensus on this? Is 99% enough? Are the United States government's money-power masters on Wall Street's top floors getting nervous? Say what?

The can't be afraid of us. We received a letter of solidarity From the Zapatistas, but yo, we're not an army. We have No weapons. This encampment is cohesive, but what's the glue? You know what? I'll tell you a secret.

The glue that holds the encampment together is what The top floor residents on Wall Street fear. Okay? That's my secret, and I just shared it with you. We know that enlightenment is not different from ordinary daily life.

## **Fight Song**

by, Star

I want to go to Wall Street and help my fellow man,

but you're in Carolina, and you want to start a band.

Decisions are a luxury, but these are heavy times.

We must keep moving forward and keep our dreams alive;

we must keep moving forward, and maybe they'll survive.

I want to feed the hungry, help all the sick all to get well.

But who out there is the most oppressed? I no longer can tell.

My generation's fighting, and we wanna start a war.

It always trips us up when you say, "What are you fighting for?" It always trips us up; it's the future we'll fight for.

So Mike lets pack our bags, we can roll on out of here.

As we keep getting closer, our destination's clear.

I'm not sure if we'll stop them all, but we'll fight with our hearts.

Yeah we really got to mobilize, that'll be a start.

Yeah, at least if we mobilize we can do our part.

This highway will look beautiful it's fading blur

just like our government would look lovely as it burned.

Beside me in the passenger seat, I hope you'll hold my hand.

I'll fight a little stronger if you understand;

I'll fight a little stronger if you understand.

## **Movement**

by Lisa Catrone

*written August 21, 2011*

It is with the velocity of a giant squid and the sprawl of its erogenous arms

that with water-wheels the leverage in any musculoskeletal appendage

can move into positions within the time it would take the engine of filaments

to accelerate the psychic mass of bodily understanding and construction  
for such a displacement to continue in different venues and as multiple  
in purpose as the simple machine of our vessel will allow toward  
the disappearance of a nexus like in infinite mirror games but with the ability  
to count each movement of the progression as it acts in mechanical, yet organic,  
jerking  
behind the dreamlike animals with their pink illusions that roll their wet bodies  
into our delicate systems. There. Now we are here. So, let me say  
if by government you mean bank, then I will agree with you and if you  
reminisce about the historical mass and its subjective valves of speaking  
into the romantic motions of people, I will say that has worked with people  
but what has grown around us like a flesh is not within any subjective register  
so really, you can't speak to it because although there is a mass of skin, it is made  
of machine  
that not only might laugh but can't even hear our emotive sentiments  
and the skin is our skin and the gear is our gear and we speak to ourselves  
but can't listen because as the body expands it flairs out in a web and we are pulled  
in its indecipherable wake. I will say, this is because it is giant and from the  
outside  
we search each other's faces for strength and purpose, but that is just because it is  
so large  
hypnotic in size and seems to put us in constant positions since we  
have not become objective in our dealings. We still think we are subjects  
but really, we need to be truthful in our promise and abilities, we need to see  
that if we grow, it grows, but that this is not true if we shrink  
perhaps even microscopically, because after all, we are, at the will of the engine  
inside, and it is only from inside and with a multiplicity like variant  
appendages and with a drive from our birthright to build new and unique types of  
mechanics  
for each objective jarring quake and if we are fit to embrace the fate of objects

as small, then let us be like kinesin and move in a way that is so miniscule  
it cannot be detected, pushing and pulling the thick blob of structure outward  
into strands of delicate, surfaced membranes of constantly multiplying thought  
like inertia  
but viral and not all as one but several in different forces. I've said this, I know  
and while I feel this deep inside my soul

I am not smart enough for this type of figuring. I just write poems.

But someone is.

### **Reconjure the Blocks**

by Lisa Cattrone

*written October 5-6, 2011*

You can look out with a purity. You can look out at nothing and the sparkling hallucination of space. Take it with your strength like a paradigm of force above your head of landscapes and liquid of shining mercy. The magic of pouring magmatic authority into pure shapes is an event. It takes its form while no one is listening. Think about all the possible designs and wear it out with your mercy. Long for something. Demand nothing from nothing. Wait. At first just a wet glimmering but then imaginary triangle that hurtling hammer

The event looks nothing like a poem and can come at you. Its movement toward your head is a running monstrosity full of fright, enormity and gore. It gives out in the private legs of the public mind. Even the smallest gesture can crack open and echo when it falls into purities of space where no one would be there to witness and releasing a scent similar to ozone and bacteria. This forms a charge, almost like how dry air in a balloon will dream of open areas like a grassy clearing in a silent forest hardly touched by our obsessing over forms. Now the event is a beast and the tension between this beast and the legs has limited parameters due to its wild running and minimal public awareness of it even existing

a feeling there may not be anyone to hear you almost like hiding, life and healthcare hashtag the

hammer moves around the crowd of hurtling hammers there is a hammer in my body there are

the slanted thrones of alchemy and hella not Egypt at least in terms of cameras/medias/actual

people which locates a kind of sincerity in the relationship between the event and receptive participation of people behind blocks and the hunted. This is freedom and this is fright. It is completely obvious that it is known who you are and all the time you claim anonymity to yourself in order to reclaim an unfurling bravery and locking mechanism. With your strength rub the gray foam up against a tension. This is called process and it has a running clock. It has to figure out only what it means to speak

depending, always of course, on who it is you are speaking to and what speaking actually means  
in terms of

listening as a dominance. The wild hammer hurtles like a hammer. Mercy is involved

and so is a type of chasing. Some of the foam might even develop into a sinister appeal

like freakish clowns that form in the most private mind and then bow  
to the public and squeeze into tiny cars of reconfiguration  
like the replication of the effect of mercy but this would require  
a reality for its imitation. Now, we long to conjure  
but we don't know what  
and we know, of course, it isn't mercy

don't we? Is it the grass so illuminated in the clear light? Is it that it just rained? The meadow  
is filled with a rarity.  
A flash binds the trees like a visual band of  
recollection and curtains. Upon the great curtain the dandelions rub their heads creating their  
hairdos full of static.

By just placing the word "great," we are somewhere else, aren't we? When "curtains"  
becomes "the great  
curtain," there is a stepping back into solid  
colors and non-site specific shapes. We are one step closer  
to them out here deep in the  
meta.

And it is here that the white bug crawls along the glass-pale stems of reedification. We move  
further into the forest.  
You are with me and our pleasures like sheets of lead  
are shoved into a kind of liquid sand. Crimson and blooming like anemones they lock in. The  
dew and shards of animals twinkle and glitter on the soft floor of contusions.

The line of black trees at dusk almost seems to give out with a slight shove to the back of the  
knees.

Every creature, every landscape, every cloud, every drop, every mercy, every hammer, every  
vehicle of resonance imitates this intimate, quiet falling  
like the illusion of joints  
but that is not the only equation. They move in the gray air with no sound but when played  
back slowly you can see just as the very tops start to dip there are shimmering cylinders or guns  
behind them filled like toys or pastures with holographic sheep or foam. We call these  
the great blocks.

## **OCCUPY YRSELF**

By Lauren Marie Cappello

*"The only war that matters is the war against  
the imagination" - Diane DiPrima*

When wind speaks  
to water, we  
call it waves--  
this is a conversation  
an exhalation,

a reminder  
that tomorrow  
will be forever  
different. Go

straight into it.  
it will consume yr  
charred bones,

it is not a choice.  
Wear it as jewelry, or  
what i mean to say  
is make it so that  
you can submerge it  
beneath yr bruised  
skin.

These boots were intact  
before long walks, but  
we were not intended  
for survival.

We inhabit a space  
haunted not by its  
great number of walls,  
but by the idea  
of hiding behind  
them. we seep  
beneath doors,  
down stairs.  
we: liquid,  
    rivers,  
        rain,  
champagne & celebration  
for all things that cease  
to be stagnant.

How many miracles can  
we create while waiting  
for them to pass?

While we return to the  
dust of simple, to  
the nameless, where  
there is no use for  
outward movement.  
No congratation.  
No double-coupon  
dharma discourse.  
To where the message  
is simple:  
OCCUPY YRSELF.

Wall Street exists in the world  
because we allow it to exist  
IN THE MIND.

Poverty exists in the world  
because we allow it to exist  
IN THE MIND

By believing we are without,  
By believing that we do not  
contain galaxies within us.  
But we were not meant  
to survive.

Declair chapter 11:11  
& let the whole thing  
go under.

when wind speaks  
to water, we  
call it waves.

**stormed capital**  
by, betsy fagin

total alimentation  
articulates our  
single history decisive our  
material arrival at  
a fruitful marketplace  
passionate newspaper  
affairs work my  
optimism, preoccupy  
daily hopes for a government  
of the heart. more fitted  
responsibilities exactly  
three blocks from necessary.  
the family, town life  
important conditions  
adapted to trial  
levels, staged questions  
protected parts of a  
fierce wind, a driving  
rain. just become just.  
true danger could be life  
ordered to follow  
staid, safe.  
seeped in plenty  
with water and food,  
shelter considered  
for ease of evacuation.

*(see flooding)*  
we will bank.

overflow nothing.  
isolated, political  
become stormed, capital.

**Voice of Jah**



By Ras Osagyefo

*poetically adopted from a speech made by HIM Haile Selassie I*

Can you hear the voice  
The voice the voice of  
Jah Jah calling saying  
My children my children  
Will you please listen  
Will you please listen  
Will you please listen

The problems we face today  
Are without precedent  
They have no counter part  
Within the human experience  
Men have been searching the pages of history  
For generation after generation  
Trying to find a solution  
But have yet to come to a conclusion  
So what then is our ultimate challenge  
Where can we look for our survival  
To escape this deadly pilgrimage  
Where can we seek for answers to questions  
That have never been asked  
To whom do we turn to lead us out of this  
Dark dark dark dark dark-nest  
First we must look to the most High God Almighty  
Who have raised us above the animals  
And have endowed us with  
Intelligence and reasoning ability  
We must put our hope our faith and our faith in Him  
So he will not desert us out here  
In this wilder-nest of pollution and sin  
Or permit man-kind to destroy us  
Whom he has created in his own image  
Since the days of old  
Then we must look deep deep deep  
Within the depth of our souls  
To become something that we have never been  
We must become members of a new race  
Overcoming petty prejudice  
And owing our allegiances  
Not just to our nationality  
But to our fellow man and woman  
Within the human community  
So can you hear the voice  
The voice the voice  
Of Jah Jah calling saying  
My children my children my children  
Will you please listen  
Will you please listen  
Will you please listen

**THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD**

By Ras Osagyefo

The pen is mightier than the sword  
The pen is mightier than the sword  
And that is why we are going to write  
Like we have never written before  
Poems that will shed light on the truth  
Like the spook who sat by the door  
Poems that will leave ink trail  
Along the blood stained path  
Of these retched shore  
Pointing the way to freedom and liberation  
Like the eternal footprints in the sand  
Showing captive souls  
How to escape these Babylonian illusion  
We are going to write to trigger  
Off tidal waves and tsunami  
And send them crashing  
Into your consciousness  
Igniting ancient memories  
Way back before we were sinner and slaver  
While at the same time  
Pulling these devilish thugs  
And the gangs of capitalist demon  
Back into the ocean to a watery grave  
Yes we are going to write about men  
Who sold their soul for land and power  
Polluting this world with lies hate vanity and liquor  
Men whose children now call themselves road scholar  
But are nothing more that high tech oppressor  
Trading humanity feature on the stock like blue chips  
Sodomizing the world just to make a profit  
These men who make babies wish  
That their mommies had an abortion  
Or that their deadbeat daddies  
Had use some prophylactic protection  
These men whose greatest wish  
Is to turn this world into another  
World war One Two Korea and Vietnam  
Just so they can line their pocket with loot  
By building bombs warplane body bags  
Camouflage fatigues and combat boots  
These men who sow the seed of hate  
Among the human families  
Pitting Blacks against Whites Jews against Moslems  
Catholics against Protestants  
Then sit back and play them like monopoly  
These man who use trade embargo and fear  
To hold billions of people down  
In a third world nightmare  
Now fear that our words  
Will start a poetics revolution  
Fulfilling the Leaves Of Grass  
Prophecy of Walt Whitman  
Because we are here asking questions  
That have never been asked  
Like what is it about the truth

Why they keep it buried in the dark  
Why are they so afraid of love  
That they shroud it in such mystery  
Causing poor innocent souls  
To live and die in heartache and misery  
Why are they still trying to whitewash  
The red man and black man  
From the pages of history  
And still hold women down today  
In servitude and sexual slavery  
Yes we are going to write  
To make their conscience hurt  
Until they bury their wicked back in the dirt  
We are going to write until there is no trace  
Of bigotry racism sexism of oppressive capitalism  
On this celestial space ship  
We are going to write using our pen's like whips  
To give Babylon some blood claat licks  
We are going to write about wrong to make it right  
About darkness to make it light  
Yes we are going to write  
Even if this pen cause us our life  
Because it's mightier than the sword  
It's mightier Than the sword  
And that is why we are going to write.

### **Sleep-Deprived, Mobile My Socioeconomic**

By, Celina Su

Having cultivated the fine art of pressed-for-time  
dawdling. Twirling red tape around one's pinkie,  
daydreaming of brackish water  
and the moment before  
myth makes a home in yours—

Did someone give you a cloak that infested the others?  
Or have they lined your drawers for years?  
Poised to flutter about,  
dentists and banks and life savings—  
a conversion of saving half-lives,  
this financial purgatory so oddly American.  
Insecure securities trickling down  
teeth gleaming from these stiff uppers.  
To wake up with the smell of enamel burning,  
the grinding of whose toil insures these incisors, home salty home—

A social contract between state  
& citizen clenches a thousand-year-old alkalined heart,  
translucent green artifice of what we thought  
was pure, a tautological beginning.  
To savor this egg and bury it—  
an aporia of the no way in.

Engineers of my beloved industrial spreadsheet  
creating new weapons of planned obsolescence

like ad men walking down Madison:

Incontrovertible morality so easily convertible.  
Pull the top down, wash my mouth with some bubbling detergent,  
Cleansing my oxymoron. My people forever a task  
of the future. And the others?

## **Governmentality**

By, Celina Su

To adopt or abort a sense of distance,  
A disconnect from the rest of the world's tethers—  
Chilling regulatory in private -izations.  
Let us praise these infamous men. We were not there.

I saw him, he literally yelled his head off  
Like a late-night manga character.  
I figuratively balled my eyes out  
When he left. Such a cute, rosy-cheeked boy.  
Who collects these heads and eyeballs? Slicing  
Work for a new Kippumjo House of Dolls Joy Division,  
Posing pleasantly at the locale of a future youth hostel.

Is a weapon of the weak a bludgeon at all?  
Broadway is perfect for street-walking.  
Bound in a nation-state of backwardness,  
Or transgressed as a siren. Walking to the sidelines,  
So that I don't need a permit. Tape me red, I tell you,  
These paper cuts killed my fleeing son.

Naturalize these constructed disasters,  
Deconstruct them in futures market trends, in prose or fragment—  
No amount of foot-dragging prevents me  
From chipping away at my roof, a two-pronged  
Hammer for our demise. Not even a shield.  
A translation, a demo of my desires subaltern,

What we were not— Whether, whither, weathered, beaten,  
State subsidies for deregulated denials gushing forth,  
Or a damned dam bestowed on me,  
My destruction you projected as my own.

Our homes underwater, we tread, we dwell  
upon it, we take up space, we fill, we live.  
Let us not occupy ourselves with— Let us take possession of—  
For we are now here, for here be dragons.

**...da system is da problem.**

© [jimmy.mankind@gmail.com](mailto:jimmy.mankind@gmail.com)

We cuddy had it all,  
But we could never get enough.

We clothed ourselves with

The Pelts of Torture.

The warmer we made our bodies,  
The colder we became inside.

We always took no for an answer from corpo-rat rating systems that could not say yes.

They are like doctors in the death camps:  
Saving the babies only for them to be  
Executed later.

Humans are the canaries in their own  
coal mines. We have run out of songbirds long ago.

We are dancing on our tomb.

We are nothing mere than a big fat Banana  
Republic with a more sophisticated style of corruption.

We believe in Economics as if it were a religion. All religion is political. Politics is the economy;  
stupid has become a business.

Our money is an illusion, yet we believe money is the god of all things.

Our constant growth is Gaia's cancer.

Dead Zones define the oceans. Our fields and our brains.

Fields of Grass will kill you. Arugula is the new Geiger counter.

A class war takes up our attention, but it is not as advertized—right and left have merged in an attack  
by their Undead Past upon the Unborn Future.

Confining discussions to the issues locks debate into the adversarial rationalizations of the System.

You cannot work for Change within da System because...

### **Not From Here, Nor There**

By, Carol Denson

7/11/11

*for Facundo Cabral*

A old man cycles by on an odd bike,  
a cardboard circle inside the wheel, behind  
the spokes. He passes twice unremarkably—  
going somewhere, coming back, but then  
my eye engages as he pedals lazily by  
a third time. Now I want to know where,  
why, who – Is he chasing Manuela?  
But that's it, he'll come back no more.

A child, I loved the books with magic  
in them – the lonely child in a quiet place  
who discovers something, an abandoned house

perhaps and falls asleep on the floor in a patch  
of sunlight also falling through a streaked window,  
dust motes dancing on the updraft of her breath.  
Is it always a little girl? The light making  
transparent the green leaves of a pecan, the cicadas  
swelling buzz which is the heat made audible.

Or is it an adult woman, thinking of her friend  
divorcing, the pain going on and on, wanting to tell  
her that she knows how the heart can break  
again and again until, like the cicada music,  
the green-gold light, it's part of the beautiful  
what is. The adult woman, generous of flesh,  
and the body which is known not to exist,  
except as a receptacle for time, the way  
sleepers fall out of it, the body and its time.

And there was something else – the unreachable  
third thing, the cat's night cry convincing us all  
there's a baby abandoned in the back yard,  
the words that come from the edge of sleep  
if you can just stay awake enough to listen.  
Facundo Cabral the Argentine has died,  
away from home, three carloads of assassins,  
the Guatemalans say, shot the wrong man.

Would he tell us he has just gone on ahead? – to where,  
through there are no green-golden leaves glowing  
in the trees, the feeling of that green-gold light  
is all there is. And though the sound of cicadas  
cannot penetrate there, the shaking of their shaman  
rattle is also all there is, the same all, the same is.  
I hope he died with little pain, quickly, having just  
laughed at his friend's joke, smiled at some old  
memory still present, still carried on the wave  
of his old song. No soy de alli, ni de alla.

He died yesterday, ayer, the word implying space and  
therefore distance, as the Spanish word for tomorrow  
contains the dawn. The child prodigy pianist  
when asked where her compositions come from  
lifts her hand slowly toward her head, but wavers,  
says, from my heart. Could it all be connected  
in some way I never realized before, or am I  
stitching it together to comfort the dying,

those being born out of time? We must relax  
the vigil against the pain that lives in the heart,  
must greet it like an old friend. Amigo, thank you  
for coming. My house is your house, the air shimmering  
in one part of the room as if it were heat rising from a fire,  
the tree limb stretching through the gray mist inside  
my head, its roots shooting down into the heart.

## **DEATH To VAN GOGH'S EAR (first half)**

Allen Ginsberg, Paris, December 1957

*Originally Published in KADDISH & OTHER POEMS, City Lights, SF. 1961*

*Currently published in COLLECTED POEMS 1947-1997, Harper Collins 2008*

POET is Priest

Money has reckoned the soul of America

Congress broken thru to the precipice of Eternity

the President built a War machine which will vomit and rear up Russia out of Kansas

The American Century betrayed by a mad Senate which no longer sleeps with its wife

Franco has murdered Lorca the fairy son of Whitman

just as Mayakovsky committed suicide to avoid Russia

Hart Crane distinguished Platonist committed suicide to cave in the wrong America

just as millions of tons of human wheat were burned in secret caverns under the White House

while India starved and screamed and ate mad dogs full of rain

and mountains of eggs were reduced to white powder in the halls of Congress

on godfearing man will walk there again because of the stink of the rotten eggs of America

and the Indians of Chiapas continue to gnaw their vitaminless tortillas

aborigines of Australia perhaps gibber in the eggless wilderness

and I rarely have an egg for breakfast tho my work requires infinite eggs to come to birth in Eternity

eggs should be eaten or given to their mothers

and the grief of the countless chickens of America is expressed in the screaming of her comedians over the radio

Detroit has built a million automobiles of rubber trees and phantoms

but I walk, I walk, and the Orient walks with me, and all Africa walks

and sooner or later North America will walk

for as we have driven the Chinese Angel from our door he will drive us from the Golden Door of the future

we have not cherished pity on Tanganyika

Einstein alive was mocked for his heavenly politics

Bertrand Russell driven from New York for getting laid

immortal Chaplin driven from our shores with the rose in his teeth

a secret conspiracy by Catholic Church in the lavatories of Congress has denied  
contraceptives to the unceasing masses of India.

Nobody publishes a word that is not the cowardly robot ravings of a depraved  
mentality

The day of the publication of the true literature of the American body will be day of  
Revolution

the revolution of the sexy lamb

the only bloodless revolution that gives away corn

poor Genet will illuminate the harvesters of Ohio

Marijuana is a benevolent narcotic but J. Edgar Hoover prefers his deathly scotch

And the heroin of Lao-Tze & the Sixth Patriarch is punished by the electric chair

but the poor sick junkies have nowhere to lay their heads

fiends in our government have invented a cold-turkey cure for addiction as obsolete as  
the Defense Early Warning Radar System.

I am the defense early warning radar system

I see nothing but bombs

I am not interested in preventing Asia from being Asia

and the governments of Russia and Asia will rise and fall but Asia and Russia will not fall

the government of America also will fall but how can America fall

I doubt if anyone will ever fall anymore except governments

fortunately all the governments will fall

the only ones which won't fall are the good ones

and the good ones don't yet exist

But they have to begin existing they exist in my poems

.....]

The Status Quo Reprise

*by Jesús Papoleto Meléndez*

**The Statues Are Leaving The Parks!!!...**



**Those on Horses**

have already galloped away  
with their girls in the arms of their love

the smell of their sex

&

,trailing  
in the white smoke

of their heels!...

**The Soldiers (& the local Police)**

having earned their own fortunes  
are through with their work, and

very neatly  
are folding their Flags

The more tired ones

drag their Asses behind them on wheels, as

the Masses

carrying chains, go solemnly pass

shells spent of their power

to Rule...

**The Senators go,**

in the shadows

of corridors;

Changing their faces  
between lonely floors  
in Executive Elevators

– Proud!

to be Elected

,the lesser

of Evils...

While Eagles

fly off from Democracy's double-edged face

leaving bald spots on the shoulders

of Statutes,

gray, in their antique opinion this Day!

**O Prouder Men!**

could not walk any truer than these,

No! Not even

upon their fallen bare knees...

**Look Now!, as Humans, as Zombies go**

,walking dumbfounded where *Love* would be found

alone in their shells,

never seeing Themself/

Not a likeness

of Themselves

:slave/working too/hard

to protect

the Morals of Hell!

**Winos!**

Seeing clearly through the dark eyes of Day, go

Rolling useful cigarette butts out of the lies politicians say

While  
Pigeons are Seen,  
indiscrete, as they eat  
the Shells of their nests  
withOut  
remorseful finesse;  
And Businessmen are left  
– Looking in Awe  
at Strange clouds overhead!...

**THOUGH THE MASSES BE MAD!!!  
THOUGH THEY BE FURIOUS!!!...**

...not a dumb word  
of proTest, is said (  
*until Now!*)

... O Yes!  
*We Are All Disenchanted With The Past-Time of Crime!*

Now Ripe Is The Time!  
...For Poets to Conjure their Esoteric Rhymes,  
To go pushing their pens  
– eXplaining, ‘The Times’  
Across Society's blank  
oR thinly ruled face!

Now Bums,  
having parked their shopping carts  
on the steps of City Hall,  
being well prepared to stick it out  
for the night;  
They stand in The Right  
to decipher *Anarchy!*, from Chaos!  
– *Once & For All*

**An excerpt from EVERYDAY WRITING: A Deconstruction of the Human Hive  
By Nathaniel Watts**

*This following piece is for all involved with Ocuupy Wall Street. Thank you so much for your actions  
answering the question it entails. - Watts*

April 7, 2011 11:07pm      Read @ Zuccotti Park Friday October 21, 2011 10:14pm

We make enough to sustain, but the standards keep diminishing. We work for the wealthy, but only to make them more so. Slavery has never vanished. It has only mutated to points where it can survive and not appear blatant. The corporation is considered a person; a ruthless cold salesman that only cares about getting his. He dictates mandates to his fellow man to points where everyone in some way serves to assure the indulgent existence of his kind. Perhaps I've entered dark places, but I am citing a reality. What sucks is that stating the obvious has become some absurd method of incrimination. Freedoms have fallen back to days when the Church held the remote. Yet, freedom exists because of people always pushing against its boundaries. Who pushes now?!! The ease of complacency has become a mechanically engineered disease designed to meet the ergonomics of anyone willing to succumb to its comforts.

Completed 11:26pm

## **NEWANGELS**

By, Edward Mycue  
*For Jane Mycue*

Can you hear in the wind  
long-gone voices  
who knew the language  
of flowers, tasted  
the bitter root, hoped,  
placed stone upon stone,  
built an order, blessed  
the wild beauty of this place?

I hear in the wind old  
sorrows in new voices,  
undefeated desires,  
and the muffled advent  
of something I can only  
define as bright, new angels.

## **Last Days of Disco**

By Ayesha Adamo

*[read at Poetry Assembly at OWS on 10/21/11; from the forthcoming play Chaos and the Dancing Star, which is set in the late 90's rave scene]*

Bright gold blinds fast in eyes that love the gilded

Your stunning silhouette: it's you that's black

Against the sun. And I can stand the flame.

And we could sit here on the edge of something

But only if our feet can stand the sky

The truth is: we'll be falling harder now

A pair of cigarettes against the night

Biting our lips and crossing into sorrows

The city that never sleeps will be put down

A dog with gilded coats and mangled limbs

The green the gangrene that mocked us senseless

Bought up the final square foot of a soul

It's precious real estate now out of reach

But I won't soon forget its pink-lit halls  
I'd pay in all the glitter I have left  
And dark'ning memories of the mirrorball  
We'd watch the New Times Square outshine us all.

## **EARTHQUAKE**

By, Kelli Stevens Kane

*(This poem was originally published in The Mom Egg.)*

*Note from the author: I read this poem at the OWS Poetry Assembly on 10/21/11. It was my first experience with the power of the human mic. When I wrote it, I didn't realize that this poem could be about starting a revolution. My intro at OWS was this: "This is not/ a poem/ about starting/ an earthquake./ The earthquake/ is a metaphor/ for change./ Right here./ Right now." This poem is from my manuscript, Hallelujah Science.*

(83)

It's been too long since the last earthquake.  
I jump up and down trying to start something.  
The glasses in the cabinet clink together like wind chimes.  
I can hear them. Nothing breaks.

It's been too long since the last earthquake.  
The bed vibrates when a bus goes by.  
I jump up and down trying to start something.  
The landlord pounds, to say quit it.

My dad called me "the instigator"  
because I used to tell my mom on him  
for waving to women and eating fast food.  
Now I'm on to bigger things.  
I am sure I'll be able to do it.

In my dreams, when I jump up and down trying to start something,  
buildings leap up into the the sky  
and the holes they used to stand in  
say AAAAAAAAAAH!

Why I can't start something sweet  
like a big umbrella over a small child?  
Or start something small  
like a kiss?

I need to knock something over, so I can start over.  
I am strong enough to shake the planet.  
And by the time the shaking's over  
a song will be left standing.

A song will be left standing.  
I am so convinced at the typewriter,  
my fingers jumping up and down trying to start something.  
It's been too long since the last earthquake.

The first movement comes.

I jump up and down.

### **FACT-CHECKING REAGONOMICS**

By, G. P. Skratz

money doesn't trickle; piss trickles.

### **OCCU PIE**

By, G. P. Skratz

what we see, plain as pie,  
baked & delivered to you, to you.

### **The dark tunnel**

by, Chad Johnson

My future feels like a dark tunnel.  
I feel like I'm being shoved through a funnel.  
I feel like I'm running out of breath living in the Chunnel.  
I am scared as hell.  
I just wish I could run like a gazelle.  
I just wish.  
I had food to put on a dish.

### **The hour glass**

by, Chad Johnson

I feel like I am running out of time.  
I don't even have one dime.  
I'm so nervous my hands feel like slime.  
Oh please let me get my life back.  
I don't wanna move out with just one backpack.  
Please world , can you just listen to me?  
I'll be right back I got to pee!

### **When will we learn**

by, Chad Johnson

Oh when will we learn?  
We all act like we are still using an old time butter churn !  
Let's move our knowledge into the future .  
And act like a doctor using a surgical suture.  
So this world will stop bleeding!  
There are so many people needing.  
All the millionaires and billionaires need to stop their inbreeding!

### **The next superstar :**

by, Chad Johnson

While I sit here jobless and idle.  
I wonder if I can be the next American Idol.  
I think to myself, am I becoming homicidal?  
I watch these talentless people perform.  
I sit back and think this is worse than cheap amateur porn.  
When will I get my turn in this crappy job market?  
I want to drive my car to your place and park it.  
I have no gas at the moment.  
Hell I may end up being homeless!  
As long as I wake up breathing.  
I can scream like a new born teething!  
GIVE ME A CHANCE AT THIS !!  
BECAUSE I GOT THIS !

### **Arrogant**

by, Chad Johnson

The next time you talk about how great you are.  
I am going to shove your face into that steel bar.  
You are nowhere close to a superstar.  
Which in your mind may sound bizarre.  
But the truth of the matter.  
We are all tired of your chatter.

### **Sinking like a rock**

by, Chad Johnson

Some days my hopes are sinking like a heavy rock.  
I will stand at the end of the dock.  
While I look at the time on my clock.  
Then I look back at the shore.  
Thinking should I go home n make money galore?  
Or should I jump in?  
Even though I do not know how to swim.  
NO! I need to sing a good hymn.  
Because life ain't that dim

### **Letter To Travis**

By, Dr. Ed Madden

*at Occupy Columbia, 22 Oct 2011*

I saw that photo of you, lean, grinning, skinny jeans,

flannel shirt, newsboy cap, and nearby,

my former student Anna, hair dyed black, arms crossed

over her tie-dyed purple tee, leaning

on a not-quite-life-sized bronze George Washington

(the one boxed off at the MLK march

earlier this year, unfortunate fodder for FOX to spout off

about respect and legacy and shit like that,

the one with the broken cane, broken off by Union troops

in 1865 and never repaired,

as if he's doomed to limp down here, and he was shot later

by drunken Governor Ben Tillman, the one

so racist he got his own statue in 1940, just

across the square from George, standing watch

now over a cluster of punks in sleeping bags, just down

the lawn from the one for gynecological

marvel J. Marion Sims, who Nazi-doctored black

women, then ran off to New York to experiment

on destitute Irish immigrant women—such difficult history here,

stories of the black, the poor.). I heard more

about George this morning on NPR, his whiskey distillery

back in business, though without the slave labor,

that story after the one about Occupy Washington

clustered near K Street. The front pages



of the local papers are Gadhafi's slaughter, the body stashed  
in a shopping center freezer, GOP

would-be's descending on us for another debate, the state fair  
ending this weekend, its rides and fried things.

I've got the list of what you guys need, Travis, gloves,  
storage tubs, "head warming stuff,"

water, and I plan to drop by later with supplies.

For now, though, I look out my window,

the weather beautiful if cool, *fair weather*, the dogwood gone  
red and finches fidgeting among the limbs.

Too easy, probably, to turn all pastoral at times

like these, to tend my own garden,

the last tomatoes ripening up, collards almost ready,  
needing that chill to sweeten a bit.

A dear friend wrote me this week, says he's scared  
he'll lose his job come the new year,

a fear we hear over and over, though the GOP folks  
tell us it's our own fault that we're

not the rich—individual responsibility and all that.

I want to believe in the joy

and resistance I see there on your face, Travis,

the will revealed in Anna's crossed arms.

I want to believe it, I want it to last, I want it to win.

I'll stop by later with gloves and water.

## AUTO-TUNE

By, BEN LERNER

1

The phase vocoder bends the pitch of my voice towards a norm.  
Our ability to correct sung pitches was the unintended result of an effort to extract hydrocarbons from the earth:  
the technology was first developed by an engineer at Exxon to interpret seismic data.

The first poet in English whose name is known learned the art of song in a dream.  
Bede says: "By his verse the minds of many were often excited to despise the world."  
When you resynthesize the frequency domain of a voice, there is audible "phase smearing," a kind of vibrato,  
but instead of signifying the grain of a particular performance, the smear signifies the recuperation of particularity by the normative.

I want to sing of the seismic activity deep in the earth and the destruction of the earth for profit  
in a voice whose particularity has been extracted by machine.  
I want the recuperation of my voice, a rescaling of its frequency domain, to be audible when I'm called upon to sing.

2

Caedmon didn't know any songs, so he withdrew from the others in embarrassment.  
Then he had a dream in which he was approached,  
probably by a god, and asked to sing "the beginning of created things."  
His withdrawing, not the hymn that he composed in the dream, is the founding moment of English poetry.  
Here my tone is bending towards an authority I don't claim ("founding moment"),  
but the voice itself is a created thing, and corporate;  
the larynx operates within socially determined parameters we learn to modulate.  
You cannot withdraw and sing, at least not intelligibly.  
You can only sing in a corporate voice of corporate things.

3

The voice, notable only for its interchangeability, describes  
the brightest object in the sky after the sun, claims  
love will be made beneath it, a voice leveled to the point that I can think of it as mine.  
But because this voice does not modulate the boundaries of its intelligibility dynamically, it is meaningless.  
I can think of it as mine, but I cannot use it to express anything.  
The deskilling of the singer makes the song transpersonal at the expense of content.  
In this sense the music is popular.

Most engineers aspire to conceal the corrective activity of the phase vocoder.  
If the process is not concealed, if it's overused, an unnatural warble in the voice results,  
and correction passes into distortion: the voice no longer sounds human.  
But the sound of a computer's voice is moving, as if our technology wanted to remind us of our power,  
to sing "the beginning of created things." This the sound of our collective alienation,

and in that sense is corporate. As if from emotion,

the phase smears as the voice describes  
the diffuse reflection of the sun at night.

4

In a voice without portamento, a voice in which the human  
is felt as a loss, I want to sing the permanent wars of profit.  
I don't know any songs, but won't withdraw. I am dreaming  
the pathetic dream of a pathos capable of re-description,  
so that corporate personhood becomes more than legal fiction.  
It is a dream in prose of poetry, a long dream of waking.

### **Rite of the Gift**

By, Carolyn Elliott

*OCCUPY PITTSBURG*

O Fuse of the earth  
O Lever of change  
O Force of the turning

Hear us, your children

They have shackled us in debt  
They have fed us poisoned food

They have denied us our dignity  
    & called us dirty, lazy, failed.  
But let it be known -- our dirt is the dirt  
    of love and forest and grave  
It is the dirt of our animal beauty,  
    and we honor it.  
Our laziness is the laziness of those  
    who refuse to slave for Mammon.  
It is the resistance of our soul, and we honor it.

Let it be known-- out failure  
is the failure to accept untruth and insult.

It is the failure of our own hearts  
    to betray us.  
And we honor it.

Now, great turning,  
    we honor what we previously held as our secret shame.

We see our debt, our poverty, our pain  
    not as signs of disgrace  
    but as marks of the grave wrongs  
    we have suffered under corporate tyranny.

We see our art, our love  
    not as worthless nothings  
    but as the powers that will heal

this limping world.

We call on you, great force of  
the turning  
to give us courage as we  
occupy what is  
rightly ours

We call on you to fuel us with love for  
each other so strong and so radiant that  
it melts those who would threaten us  
So that they long to love and be loved by us, too.

Now is the time we have waited for.  
Now is the time we have prayed for.

It is here, it is moving, it is turning.

Let us end all debt.  
Let us end all usury.

Let us move the gift unfettered  
through the world.

Let us live as gifts  
and die as gifts

free, and in love.

### **Ghost Flowers**

By, Carolyn Elliott  
*OCCUPY PITTSBURG*

I am dreaming of new death  
and old life.

On night I'm carrying the corpse  
of a full-grown man inside my womb.

Another, I'm weeping beside the shallow grave  
of a dead baby-- then suddenly  
the baby starts to breathe  
and stir again, miraculously alive.

The corpse tells me: I am a grave.  
The baby tells me: the grave is a womb.

We are all being born out of a grave.  
We are all dead inside a womb.

Here, in the mud, in the cold  
We swim in the blood, in the heat.

Here we are ghost flowers,  
bruised and blooming in the banker's park.

Here we push up from the ground,  
thriving on the rot of the dead world.

Devouring its organs and skin.

They think we will leave  
in the winter.

They think we will flee  
the wind and the ice.

But we are children of this cold.  
We have lived all our lives  
in perpetual winter.

In the winter of consumption, alienation, untruth.  
We have lived all our lives in the winter  
of their system.

We are stirring now up out of the grave  
into which we were born.

We are the ghost flowers  
that breathe in the moon and the rot,  
that make beauty out of winter and death.

### **The Unimagined**

By, Carolyn Elliott  
*OCCUPY PITTSBURG*

I asked my friend,  
"What do you want to come of this movement?"

He said,  
"I want something to happen  
that I can't possibly imagine."

And I thought, yes. I want this, too.  
I want a vision that is flickering  
at the edges of my sight.

A world like a memory of an almost all-forgotten dream.

I want a world that is not socialist, or capitalist,  
or any other "ist."

I want a world unlike any I have ever been able  
to conceive.

This world I can't possibly imagine  
but still I can catch the traces of it  
breathing up everywhere here  
in wisps, in suggestions.

The world I can't imagine

looks like the steam rising from cups  
of soup in our hands at the food tent  
it sounds like the drums throbbing  
our hoarse voices chanting  
it tastes like the roofs of our mouths  
as we wake in the morning  
with purpose and meaning.  
it smells like the smoke from rolled  
cigarettes  
it feels like the embraces of our friends  
in this village

It wants to be born.  
It has all urgency and tenderness.  
It is pushing forth at the seams of ourselves,

This world we cannot yet possibly imagine.

I am autumn wrought  
By, Gustavo Troncoso  
*A big hug to y'all from Madrid!*

I am autumn wrought  
Borne out of evasion,  
bound for the crippled hold  
where continents rest  
their wrecked harbours  
and clouds drop their anchors.  
I am autumn wrought

I was wrongly sought  
By inquisiteurs of dread  
Who'd drape mist o'er the dawning  
Clawin' at answers left unsaid, fawning.  
Bring bloodshed to the table,  
and spoon to mix it, if you're able.  
I tell you,  
I was wrongly sought.

I was sorely thought  
When other gods phantasie'd naught else  
I was conceived in a womb containing  
Dreadlocked wires and print'd circuit  
A binary stream of watermarks  
Issuing from my appendix  
So I clawed my way out of my containment  
I was sorely thought

Sleep is a kind of death worth going back to.

I keep resurrecting in strange bodies,  
Fig leaves trampoline-ed away by the lowest  
Flooding of my blood.

That's all I know.

For I am autumn wrought.

**Marguerite Duras**

By, Feliz Lucia Molina

Your war isn't so different from mine except  
I'm not in a war, just watching  
The world occupying the world  
In New York, online pigeons are solidimitations of themselves  
The same ones in every autobiography  
But isn't the air the oldest proof of history  
are we breathing the same air through the Internet;  
to click and search for you makes me the Gestapo  
Drag them to the Brooklyn Bridge  
where seven hundred are kettled for spectacle of course.  
That it's possible to occupy from afar  
So long as one is nowhere Marguerite, did you know  
we no longer need to exist physically  
that you are as good dead as you were alive?

That I'm making finger guns and shooting  
For freedom from too much freedom  
In the same autumn, anxiety and  
code breaks your war lead me to.

**CRAIGSLIST MISSED CONNECTIONS**

By, Cynthia White

*THOSE who think that love and protest politics are mutually exclusive are encouraged to view the YouTube video from Occupy Wall Street of a young man on bended knee in Zuccotti Park proposing marriage ("Deb, will you occupy my life?") to his girlfriend. The following poems about the romantic repercussions of the demonstrations were "found" this month in the Missed Connections section of newyork*

**Beautiful Asian**

I was all dressed in blue for a reason.

Standing in front of Capitol One Bank

at 6 av at about w39 st

on Sat Oct 15 late afternoon.

I was with my work partner



standing in front of the Bank entrance

when you and a friend stopped

and asked us a question.

I thought you were so beautiful

that I was speechless.

The Occupy wall Street march

was coming up the Street

and you asked us a question about it,

and then all too soon

you were gone and the air

seemed a little cooler

as if the Sun had suddenly

gone behind a cloud.

If you recognise yourself

please please please

get back to me so that

I can at least know

if you are attached or not

## **You are a Cop**

I was only visiting the city

during the protest

was with my mom

in Time Square

we chatted about why

I was visiting

and where I was from.

I wanted to ask you

for your number

for a good last hoorah before I left...

but I chicken out.

## **Wall St. Protest. Black/blonde Mohawk**

You were at the occupation protest

in Zuccotti Park on Saturday.

You must have been about 5'8"-10",

black skinny jeans,

fitted white button down shirt,

black skinny tie, with a black backpack,  
and leather jacket.

I first saw your blonde/black mohawk  
with a black bandanna around your head.

You were in the drum circle shouting

“All day, all week, occupy wall street!”

I tried to approach you,

but thought it would be too awkward.

I doubt you'll see this,

but if anybody knows this guy

or sees him,

please tell him to look here.

Sorry for posting this.

I just want

to get to know you

**Hoyt/Schermerhorn G**

This weekend.

You had

an occupy wall street poster.

I had

a book.

### **Librarian at Occupy Wall Street**

You seem pretty great.

It seemed like a bad idea

to even attempt to flirt

when you're trying to do

something substantive like that,

so I thought I'd just post here.

Just in case you might see it.

### **Occupy Rosa Mexicano**

Hi Rebecca,

Do you want

to

get

a

drink sometime?

Jonathan

### **Wall Street Horse Sense**

By, Richard Woytowich ([richwoyt@earthlink.net](mailto:richwoyt@earthlink.net))

The barricades are all in place -  
"No Cars Or Trucks Allowed";  
Mounted units stand prepared  
To deal with any crowd.

"Don't let anyone soil this street"  
Said the Mayor to the blue – clad forces;  
Yet piles of dung lie all around -  
Guess no one told the horses!

### **Everybody**

By, Sparrow

Everybody, I heard you.  
Everybody, you whispered.

So many whispers  
So many whispers  
So many whispers  
became a roar.

### **Socialist Poem**

By, Sparrow

This poem doesn't  
belong to me,  
though I wrote it.

It belongs to  
The People.

### **Total Capitalism**

By, Sparrow

A little  
capitalism  
hurts no  
one (e.g.  
if I sell  
you this  
poem for  
23¢) but  
Total  
Capitalism  
crushes  
the earth's  
soul.

## **Awful Fart**

By, Sparrow

What an awful  
fart I just farted!

Unlike my  
beautiful  
farts of 2003!

10.20.11

excerpt from *Portals* by Samuel Ace and Maureen Seaton © 2011 Ace/Seaton

## **LXII Untitled (Deep Sea Diver)**

By, Maureen Seaton and Samuel Ace

The diver has a shadow.

Two small men hugged greenly.

Red is not thought of hair or leg.

Bones crisscross an unknown universe.

—*and yet—and yet—*

*when you're in the parallel universe you can also be invisibly present in this one.*

--Jeffery Conway, Lynn Crosbie, & David Trinidad, *Chain Chain Chain*

Can we ever meet over crabs and particle collision? dinner down on the docks at 7 would be fine I'll make sure to order the calamari you can come jumping Hawking-like (no boundaries) I thought you would like the wet and gentle air primal and curled on the waterfront better you should wear a more teal shade of green to match the color of the waves at dusk and hold your foot still (the tremble might give you away) there under the table we can grip on to solid fingers (or other body parts) something to hold us from flipping back into previous iteration at least until we isolate what's worth keeping what do you think? 7 o'clock?

I have nothing to offer of sea and realms of deep. Floors alone cost more than calamari. Where are sails at dusk? The whine of jet skis? You could bring me a word or two for my water grave—*Vocatus atque non vocatus deus aderit*—but I would still want something edible. You could lean toward breath and presence, but I'd be missing in the Sargasso, turning with sea beans and seeds that wash up in the shadows. There is more to say, and I will say it when we're both on our bellies in the sun. For now, I will order the plate of sea legs kicking beneath their crinolines.

What a creative use of seafood.

Child my dark underwater shelf I prefer uncalled hiding and snorting through the snouts of carrion flutes never for service or platitude I still offer my invitation

I prefer uncalled to just show up at the presale body parts for auction Great selection! Terrific prices! Returns welcome!

To just show up at the presale anesthesia optional headed into the dark below some privacy please to emerge transformed digested

Anesthesia optional but preferred a deterrent to falsehood a chance for walk-ins an opportunity to leave

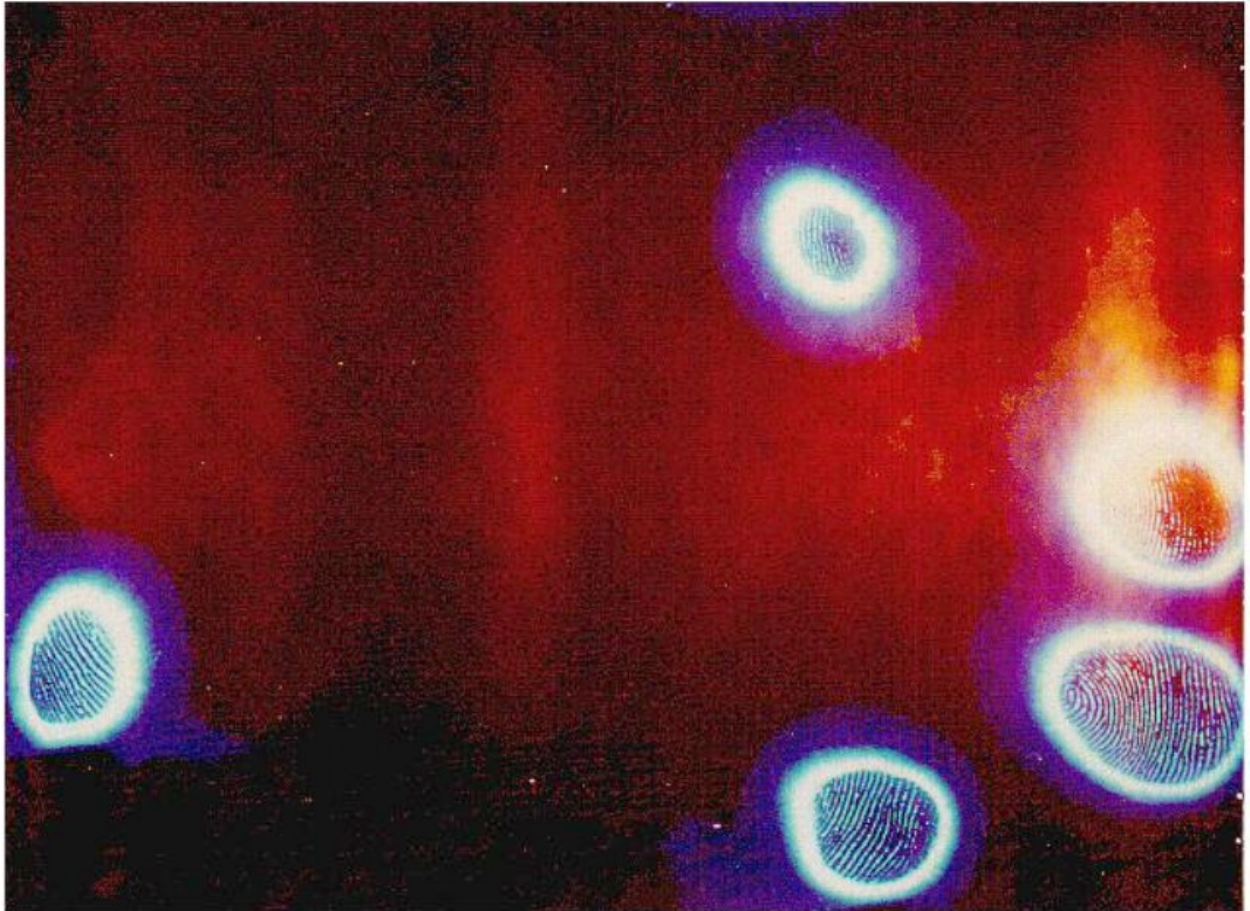
Things that are optional:

vanilla wafers  
soap  
surgeons  
glucose  
string cheese  
poetry  
tattoos  
strangers  
streets named Broadway  
boardwalks  
jelly fish  
the word presumption  
walks near water towers  
pictures of water spouts  
brides  
shadows  
blisters  
shoe horns  
horns in general  
generals  
the relationship of space and teatime  
saliva  
the word territorial  
precluded assumptions  
roaring numbers  
the song after CPR

*so we sat sipping cordial as if nothing would shake the crystal nothing to eat except  
brides and saliva hi hi a rest home at best sip sip clink it was just before midnight  
just before the generals sent in the drones just before the heat-ray crowd-control device  
just before the tents were mowed down cell towers turned off the switch incinerated  
residents scattered books on paper burned just before the crescent moon the vestibule  
still with its umbrellas the day only in shadow not rain*

(years before I saw them in the missile museum a nice man described each unmanned  
invention he looked mild matter-of fact and he was both really nice teeth and  
inexpensive glasses from lenscrafters)

***LXIII Untitled (Auras)***



Saints rarely bump into each other  
with their spinning auras and their perfect depth  
perception. (On pilgrimages to the Mall of America.)

Oh, if I were good enough to glow.

*I wanted to take his fingerprints to hold them until the torrentialtime when all would be  
reckoned and counted when the judges would gather the glasses and match them with  
silos and missiles with intentiononiles in finally the cruciblame of destroyers herded in  
gather and corral the roundsomesorry I wanted to take his equilibration and shove it into  
his humpy arsenaueahold bloody clouds and all*



It's so fundamental you see.

## In Sum

1 Dreams 3 Spires - 2 Winds 1 Fastness 11

Some of us heard.  
Some of us met first.  
Some of us went down.  
Some of us are in some.  
Some of us just came.  
Some of us are all in.  
Some of us get it.  
Some of us don't get it, but we'll give it a shot anyway.  
Some of us got hit.  
Some of us got your back; and Legal's on it.  
Some of us got it on video and are streaming it live to the human condition.  
Some of us thrive on conflict, and even brought our own---hey, where'd everybody go?  
Some of us know too much of nothing is more than enough and didn't happen by accident.  
Some of us empathize.  
Some of us energize.  
Some of us emphasize.  
Some of us decolonize.  
Some of us defragmentize.  
Some of us deodorize.  
Some of us re-organize our personal baggage.  
Some of us recognize each other for the first time.  
Some of us demagnetize the little strips on things which keep us in inhuman bondage.  
Some of us are in the picture; some of us aren't.  
Some of us are not enablers of the master criminals. Are we?  
Some of us are.  
Some of us want to talk to you about that.  
Some of us are incredulous.  
Some of us were meticulous; until we got here and acquired a sense of the ridiculous.  
Some of us get really, really nervous in crowds but somebody's got to do this.  
Some of us hiss when stepped on.  
Some of us are friendly.  
Some of us were friendly.  
Some of us have friends, and they'll be here this Saturday.  
Some of us friend anyone in the 99% (and we really, really mean it: this means you).  
Some of us, too, are in search of something; it was lost; or I think stolen, but that's not important; and we're here to find it, at least I'm here to look for it; and this guy/gal/  
goy/geezer/gummybearcub on the mike at GA said that we had it, here: it's called  
community.  
Some of us dare.

Some of us swear by it.  
Some of us have a flair for this.  
Some of us ooze savoir-faire.  
Some of us wear flowers in our hair; they're misty roses.  
Some of us wear on others, but we try.  
Some of us apply and apply and apply and we're tired of it, man, just tired.  
Some of us have demands, we'll get to 'em; if you don't get to 'em first.  
Some of us had plans, which, as things happened were taken down and out; not, as you may  
    have heard, by incompetence or blind circumstance but by the  
connivance of the few;  
    of the 1% to be wholly frank. (Look up: They're looking down; frowning.)  
Some of us try to get things right.  
Some of us have a light and let it shine.  
Some of us are a sight to see.  
Some of us came to see the city sights; and stayed.  
Some of us've been to school; learned a few things 'bout you and me  
and everyone we know.  
Some of us have been to college, and all we got was this lousy  
five-figure slave collar.  
Some of us have been to hell and back, and even though we got paid . .  
. it wasn't worth it.  
Some of us need time.  
Some of us need a place to be.  
Some of us just need some space to be at play.  
Some of us have time and nothing but; we've been away.  
Some of us have a base station, and we're pretty darn slick, or we think so.  
Some of us are sick and are not going to make it and just want  
somebody to know.  
Some of us have holes in our wholes, and 1% of us are pushing  
everybody else deeper therein,  
    and selling the soap that comes out the other end at 100% markup;  
'Soylent Dream.'  
Some of us have it all, but we can't get into heaven if we break your heart.  
Some of us want an end to the beginning.  
Some of us want to end it all.  
Some of us want to defend it all.  
Some of us have all the gall; and plenty of gumption, too.  
Some of us intuit.  
Some of us intubate.  
Some of us innovate.  
Some of ventilate when we should filter first.  
Some us like to listen.  
Some of us like to talk: "Mike check."  
Some of us walk unchecked and unafraid.  
Some of us would like to get laid; right about now.  
Some of us like how we look doing this.  
Some of us like that the pizza is free and keeps coming.  
Some of us are just slumming until the Right thing comes along.  
Some of us Left the building about the time that you were born.  
Some of us are a bridge over troubled water, all our dreams are on their way.  
Some of us don't believe in guvmint; peppermint's another story; and  
as for wondermint---.  
Some of us found love.

Some of us love this town.  
Some of us would love to be here.  
Some of us would love for you to be here.  
Some of us would love to be there but the bars get in the way.  
Some of us beherenow, and we've got plenty to share, the library's open.  
Some of us feel guilty we can't be here a little longer but we've got  
to be home by 6:00 to feed  
the kids and they won't understand if we're late or get arrested or  
just miss a days work  
and there's nobody but me so I really have to go now but Godbless.  
Some of us shouldn't be here---like you, for example, you really  
shouldn't beherenow because  
[wabbity-wab-wabbh-wab] but since you're here already can I borrow  
your sharpie?  
my sign's not done.  
Some of us have hearings about our fines.  
Some of us have lines to read in the pageant of history.  
Some of us got it in the face and lay there screaming, quite the best  
days work we ever did  
though the hardest; nobody even knew our names.  
Some of us came to take pictures but the white collars broke our  
camera (just like Sonny at the  
wedding) so we're taking mental pictures for those not here, and if  
they're sorta fuzzy  
at the edges, well at the center too, we haven't slept for four days  
you try it sometime.  
Some of us have been there and done that, it's your turn; but I like  
your style, kid.  
Some of us have been gone so far it looks like time to me.  
Some of us care.  
Some of us take care.  
Some of us need care, but they cut back.  
Some of us move verrrry carefully.  
Some of us don't care, but it's been thirty years since they put on  
this show, and it's free.  
Some of us have been here for 500 generations and still can't figure  
out what you straw-  
brained occupiers think you're doing to the place; can't build a  
fire, catch a fish,  
potlatch worth a shit; nothin'.  
Some of us think all you pissants outta be arrested . . . they day  
after you throw the bums out.  
Some of us are mad, quite, quite, mad, without a doubt.  
Some of us look s-i-m-p-l-y mahvehlous.  
Some of us are of good cheer.  
Some of us fear for the rest.  
Some of us appear a little . . . off. Or a lot. (Took it in the head  
at one of these time was.)  
Some of us mind the children; I mean that's always needed, isn't it?  
Some of us sell papers to make change: "Overhead on apples is too  
high; I've got an MBA."  
Some of us do plein air, people just hold that pose.  
Some of us sit and spin before we let go.  
Some of us layer.

Some of us are enthused.  
Some of us are free spirits.  
Some of us know what those once meant, and you're both right about it.  
Some of us recite the work of dead white bushy-bearded males out loud while we grow up;  
    some of us already are such, or nearly.  
Some of us finally found the wine shop, "Friend, where have you been all our lives?"  
Some of us want to know what you expect.  
Some of us expect you'll never know what you want.  
Some of us expect you'll never know if you're not here.  
Some of us reflect (it's the duct tape, we're getting brassards).  
Some of us reject any destination.  
Some of us deflect bullet points; banner headlines would be better.  
Some of us shall expectorate the quintessential mead of the assembled after due masticulation.  
Some of us would be down on it if we knew what it was.  
Some of us have the answer, and would be happy to let you have it.  
Some of us brought our own, thanks.  
Some of us brought our own thanks. For taking the time.  
Some of us know it's always the one on bass who knows what time it is.  
Some of us are on the bus.  
Some of us were in the bust.  
Some of us just drive the bus, but we're going your way.  
Some of us are under the bus, and you know the sonsofa-1-in-a-100 who threw us here.  
Some of us do outreach, let me give you a hand.  
Some of us brought PBNJ with the crust trimmed; for 500. (Thanks, Mom.)  
Some of us are packin' and fight fire with fire; and see, the fuse took the match some time ago,  
    about the time they pinched m' brother's head off, mmn-hhmm.  
Some of us wouldn't do that if they were you.  
Some of us would.  
Some of us would understand, but don't recommend it, friend, cuz they're the 99% too.  
Some of us have a verse for that.  
Some of us are averse to that--or were; now, we just don't know.  
Some of us just learned the two-finger salute, they sure know how to do these things flat out  
    Over There; they keep in practice.  
Some of us knew what "Basta!" meant before the resta yah, yah need some help.  
Some of us face off.  
Some of us scoff.  
Some of us know the law; it's not enough.  
Some of us'll write new laws, just tell us what you want. (I mean these are for you, not for us.)  
Some of us eat your food and walk away laughing; not realizing that freedom is infectious.  
Some of us foment.  
Some of us fomite.  
Some of us form up, but godloven we think they're kinda i-n-t-e-n-s-e.  
Some of us have been fermenting so long by now we're proof of something.  
Some of us lament what urban renewal and securitization have done to the City on the Hill.

Some of us shill for the Man the rest of the time (don't say we were here, He's such a killjoy).  
Some of us gave at the office, and lemme tell yah it wasn't 99¢; that's too much.  
Some of us give a damn, or thought we did; or that's what we'll say in court since we're  
    kettled in tight and going down hard (kids, don't try this at home).  
Some of us'll give you the shirt off our backs; it's got antacid in it, mostly works anyway.  
Some of us are gonna bunch up and shove if this thing stays stuck.  
Some of us go all the way.  
Some of us pray.  
Some of us have fey smiles all the while.  
Some of us let George do it. And boy was that a mistake.  
Some of us shake our moneymaker; here's today's take (\*shh\* just take it, I know you need it).  
Some of us are really, really \*an&ry\* and wanna break some stuff/heads inta bitty-witty pieces  
    but might possibly maybe talk to somebody first about whatfororwhen or perhaps not  
    go that way right now but this way where they're all sittin' down being very, very calm.  
Some of us fight the power.  
Some of us want the power.  
Some of us had the power till a pink slip cut our throat . . . what was it all about?  
Some of us fought until we were all fought out; nothing changed. It was the good fight, tho'.  
Some of us fold up when the shit comes down. Or the rain; whichever's first.  
Some of us are cold.  
Some of us are out in the cold; always.  
Some of us got cold-cocked by Mr. Market, and when we woke up somebody left us the bill.  
Some of us are cold muthafukkas, real cold, and you'll never see it coming or even know until  
    we want yah tah know; and we work for ourselves, what per cent of the action is that?  
Some of us sold out---and they told us there was still money owing; fees or something.  
Some of us have something to prove; seeing as how things aren't improving.  
Some of us remain unmoved; "Tried hope; like fertilizer, sold by the ton."  
Some of us were red, white, and dead till we found that's the other side.  
Some of us atomize; some of us automatize.  
Some of us are horizontal.  
Some of us Peace, Love, Rope.  
Some of us try lambent buds.  
Some of us have tatts and studs.  
Some of us are in the Zone.  
Some of us are mystified at that; but whatever.  
Some of us took Mystery 101 already, we're just here to audit.  
Some of us whistle; some of us sing; some of us drum along.  
Some of us wear crystals.  
Some of us sell crystal and that ain't no crime; well, it is a crime but they outta change the law,

and anyway business is kinda slow what with the down economy and all the heat  
around now sooo what we really came over to find out is, are you  
doin' all right?

Some of us think you should come back when you're off the clock.

Some of us spoof the market---but just in case we've got some futures  
on your action cause our

position is always dynamically hedged; you know, 'play both ends  
against the middle.'

Some of us smoked the opiate of the masses till we woke up in Liberty  
one September day.

Some of us left our steady for 2000 lovers.

Some of us hover just barely off the ground.

Some of us crash things for fun and profit.

Some of us hope recovery is just around the corner, 'cause the cops  
sure as Hell are around  
the block.

Some of us will keep squawking when you wish we'd just shut up.

Some of us show up when it counts; we've got jobs, yah unnehand.

Some of us want a platform; others think a server would suffice.

Some of us know that brown rice solves any problem; just have some more.

Some of us have vendettas even if it's the Dreamer who joined the quest.

Some of us want to do it; or to do you; whichever we catch up to first.

Some of us like to watch.

Some of us snatch sleep.

Some of us are creeped out by the Army of Night across the street.

Some of us surprise, just surprise.

Some of us map the Zone; it's one-to-one with a higher plane, we've  
established that as fact.

Some of us work three groups and have forgotten who we used to be  
outside the lines;

that pitiful schmuck.

Some of us took to it like ducks on a pond.

Some of us threw away our pills for despondency---don't need 'em here.

Some of us know how this is gonna end; they don't talk much.

Some of us came to witness, there was a crime; we just knew where to  
go, that's all.

Some of us let it burn, let it burn, let it burn; but we didn't start  
this thing, no, it was already  
going.

Some of us like the pretty colors.

Some of us discover the space between.

Some of us are recovering one now at a time.

Some of us gaze back at the whole world watching in an infinite loopy jest.

Some of us just want a chance.

Some of us dance; pretty good.

Some of us admin this thing; we'll admit that.

Some of us are going home, but we'll be back.

Some of us hack (a little); some of us did anon.

Some of us will be the one child born to carry on.

Some of us are still on song, me and Hikmet gonna read---"Nazim, we're up?"

Some of us resound (silently).

Some of us ping.

Some of us bong.

Some of us just brought vegan chow fong.

Some of us are holding strong, enough to carry the load out.  
Some of us got it wrong, but we'll keep trying.  
Some of us don't mind dyin'; it's livin' on empty that's hard to take.  
Some of us make it up as we go along . . . well, most of us.  
Some of us need something real; let's talk.  
Some of us left our fake currency outside the park.  
Some of us got the rockin' pneumonia; got to walk it off.  
Some of us hum 'The Lark in the Morning.'  
Some of us have that inner spark,  
Some of us are drawn out but in long.  
Some of us spoon.  
Some of us are huddled and wan.  
Some of us begin to plan.  
Some of us found flowery evangels, right there beside the sand.  
Some of us just lie back looking up s-m-i-l-i-n-g.  
Some of us are on the run.  
Some of us left to find a john.  
Some of us will move on.  
Some of us are the 99th in any line, but hey, who's counting, this  
thing ain't over till it's over.  
Some of us saw the dawn.

### **FOR DENNIS BRUTUS**

by Austin Straus

wish my poems  
spewed out of a richer  
more dangerous terrain

wish they were banned  
someplace. wish they  
were feared

yes, feared! wish my poems  
had to be smuggled into the country  
be read by flashlight  
under heavy covers

wish my poems  
planted in certain strategic  
corners

would go off  
like bombs

### **THE TAO OF UNEMPLOYMENT**

by Wanda Coleman

*From HAND DANCE, copyright ©  
1993 by Wanda Coleman.*

things wait until funds are insufficient  
then deconstruct in concert

the aura of fear offends management  
cultivate false confidence. to pretend one  
does not need is to muzzle resistance

in the fractured mirror of public discourse  
care for self beneath all distortions  
wisdom is an old wardrobe kept in good repair

hunger is most attractive when gaunt  
generosity when opulent. practice the craft of  
lean-staying. a skinny soul makes a fat tongue

the profits of love increase  
with credit validation

learn to tolerate what one must demean oneself  
to do in order to meet one's obligations

false smile false laugh feigned enthusiasm  
sublimate resentments and overlook affronts  
to appear natural is mastery  
the quiet hand collects

spirit health springs from the reservoir  
of self-respect. never forget  
who is being fooled

### **SONG OF THE THIRD WORLD BIRDS**

By, Lawrence Ferlinghetti

A cock cried out in my sleep  
somewhere in Middle America  
to awake the Middle Mind  
of  
America  
And the cock cried out  
to awake me to see  
a sea of birds  
flying over me  
across  
America

And there were birds of every color  
black birds & brown birds  
& yellow birds & red birds  
from the lands of every  
liberation movement

And all these birds circled the earth  
and flew over every great nation  
and over Fortress America  
with its great Eagle



and its  
thunderbolts

And all the birds cried out with one voice  
the voice of those who have no voice  
the voice of the invisibles of the world  
the voice of the dispossessed of the world  
the fellaheen peoples of earth  
who are now all rising up

And which side are you on

sang the birds

Oh which side are you on  
Oh which side are you

on

in the Third World War  
the War with the Third World?

\*\*\*

### **OCCUPYING AUSTIN (one day @ a time)**

By, thom woodruff

Slim thin musician smiling  
standing in a yoga posture Freedom Plaza  
bringing peace in

Smiling bounty (free fresh food for occupiers)  
person to person she unloads her largesse  
direct as people's power. Feed them!

Soft stringed guitar accompanies  
poetry from the Plaza to sleepy siesta smilers  
Dreaming their way in autumn sunshine

Hungry for new poetry, he asks -  
"is it different?" "Yes-it is!-every day  
delivering sound tracks for this movie of their lives  
Filmed, framed, interviewed-ALIVE!

Small circles, sitting, sharing  
No one line can encompass them.  
Absorbing each other's vibrations.

Cars HONK! support as they wheel fast past  
Time after time, wave after wave  
One by one they slow down  
One day they, too, will stay...

**2:57am**

by: grimwomyn

it's 2:57am and  
history is singing through the shadows,  
waiting for answers, for some kind of relief on the horizon  
memories fall like bombs  
every drop feels like an explosion  
popping apart the vertebrae that keep  
you alive  
mirrors ask too many questions  
it's hard to look inside anymore  
you hide  
you wait  
you wonder what is  
coming next  
but you know that somehow, somewhere  
you will be made whole  
drop drop drop down into that place  
that place where you look up  
searching  
sinking  
safe  
drop inside me then there was this night  
couldn't sleep  
walking aimlessly on the cracked sidewalk  
drop outside me  
step onna crack break yr mother's back  
wandering and pacing...  
nothing I wanted was out there  
drop inside me  
it was four-thirty in the morning, normally I would have been  
asleep, asleep  
the bombs drop silently  
I went home...but I still couldn't sleep, i couldn't smoke, I couldn't grab any vice...  
nothing, just pacing the floor  
drop up and down drop down and up  
I turned on the radio  
drop right drop left  
the am station sang in crackled beauty a song,  
sweet and sad...billie sang... her voice filled the static,  
erupting into my smoke infested room filled with lost dreams,  
filled with history,  
all broken into thousands of shadows....  
drop into the cracks break your own back.  
thousands of shadows, none of them the same, none repeated.  
Light passing through smoke and dust  
all part of a whole,  
every part history a place where the light had been,  
and where it returned.  
the history of a girl arrives in shadows  
you own a lot of history  
but it is history that makes a womyn

a womyn that defies every definition.

### **GOOD NEWS**

By, Dan Brady, *San Francisco*  
*Poet, Essayist, News Columnist*  
*Science Fiction writer and Haiku artist*

I want some good news people

No, not that “born again”

Bible humping bullpucky you’ve heard tell of ... nope

I want good news ... and not just for a minute here or there

Like you get during a KPFA fundraiser

Not what you get on Faux News during a slow day

No, by God I want the real deal

I want a whole workweek stuffed full of it

With each book-ending weekend fit to bursting

I want to know what it’s like turn on the TV and feeeeeel good

I wanna feeeeeel good very time I think about ... anything I can think of

I want to be double dipped, full up, schmeared, with good news

I tell you I want to look at the sky

And not think about “chem-trail” conspiracies

I want to feel the wind in my hair

Without wondering what kind of toxic crap is being carried along in it

From the sewers of India, China’s deserts or Japan’s nukes

I want to wake up, turn on NPR and hear about wonderful things

Expanding forests, glaciers coming back along with fish populations

Safe cell phones that pay YOU to use them

Free food being given out and rent reductions running rampant

I want to hear Obama talk

About giving back trillions of dollars to the people

Closing Guantanamo, giving up on nuclear power

Bringing troops home from Iraq, Afghanistan, Yemen, Bahrain,  
Oman, Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey, Iran, Kazakhstan, Balochistan,  
Turkmenistan, Nepal, Venezuela, Columbia, Mexico and the other 123

I want to hear him go on and on about perp walking Bush

And his whole suffering asshole crew

Placing a stay on every act that rim jobbing bunghumper ever made

That prisons are being shuttered

Because millions of people have decided to care of each other

That godless heathen multi-nationals are hiring shit loads of people

Because they're bringing rock solid, plan your retirement on them

God blessed union jobs back the good old US of A and by the millions

I want to hear about green houses, green cars, green factories,

Green make up, green jobs and a greening self-sustaining world

I want to hear about how every person entering the job market

Says the same ding-dong thing,

“Gee, I don't know which of all these jobs I want?”

AND “Say, why don't all you companies take a number for crissakes!”

And, mind you, I want the good news to go on every frickin'day

I want to hear how millions are giving up smoking

Taking up Pilates, volunteering for charity work

That everyone has two chickens in every pot

A good, well-built, American car in every garage

And by that I mean one that gets 500 miles per fuel up

Takes a 50 mile an hour crash with no damage

Or injury to its passengers

Lasts as long as you frickin' want to keep it

And gets free tune-ups, brake jobs and tires while you own it  
I want to hear about scenic passenger trains making a come back  
How scientists are being listened to ... Hello!!!  
Got global warming on the run  
Replaced oil, nuclear power and natural gas  
Found a way to prevent alcoholism  
Using the cure for cancer that we already have  
And have begun to terra-form the Earth for god sakes

I want to hear day after day of good news  
So that by the time the fourth day dawns

I'll have some idea of what life is like in a world that makes sense  
So that I'll be looking forward to the next damned day  
So that I'll be glad to wake up  
Donate to good causes, of which there'll be thousands  
And every one of them will be doing very well thank you very much

I want all the guns in the world to be turned in  
Broken up and melted down to make ... anything else!  
I want to hear that every soldier, intel wonk, officer  
Commando or insurgent  
Has renounced violence and are getting busy ...  
Building shelters, planting trees, cleaning beaches  
Counseling hopeless, caring for the needy  
Handing out bread, bringing in water  
Giving emergency care to the destitute

Rescuing cats from trees and kissing babies

I wanna see them all get busy

Fixing every leaky toilet, broken window, noisy refrigerator

And every god blessed pothole in the known universe

That they are working with farmers to grow more food

Unlocking potential, opening floodgates

Applying bandages, splints and helping, helping helping!

I want to hear about bastard banksters making micro loans and giving grants

That defense departments have been shut down!

That research and development funding

Is going to making better computers

Cars, planes, trains, tractors, shoes, lights, batteries, houses, cities, colleges, schools,  
basketball and food courts!

I want to hear about better understanding

Between religions, races, politicians, historical enemies

I want to hear about borders being erased, hatreds evaporating

Ignorance giving way ... reason running rampant

And every form of love being accepted by everyone everywhere!

By god, I want a week of such good news

As people have never ever, ever, EVER had

So when I go outside

And get my free cup of fair trade, organic, sustainable coffee

And an organic "everything" bagel with a wild caught salmon schmear

Everyone will be walking about more than a bit dazed

More than a bit confused

But each and every one will be happy, happy, happy!

Hallelujah,

Brothers and sisters, but I yearn, dream and pray for such a week

I say I want a week of good news

A flood, an ocean, a sky full of wonders

So that every memory of this time; this horrific, festering butt hole

This stupid-assed, jack shit, fucked up universally acclaimed

And God awful world of unholy, rank, festering, pustulant oozing scabs

Is gone. I say I want a week of good news, my friends

I say, I want a week of such good news

That glory unbounded I know, I say, I just know, we all want to see!

### **TROUBLE AT THE POLE**

By, Kevin Killian

A black cat crosses the path of the earth,

while the Left pushes a flotilla of citizens under the ladder, the ladder  
propped against brick wall, Yvonne Rainer slouching on it

Black cat, ladder, next thing you know a mirror will shatter,

seven years bad luck of Obamomics,

And that was the mirror in which a man could once see

not only the sky but his right to make a living,

raise a family of two kids.

Uh-oh, a border collapses, toss a pinch of salt over your shoulder,

the salt the ancient Romans mined from Appian ways,

the salt we pressed into ancient earth to deprive our enemies of crops,

it was like a hydra growing heads the shape of brussels sprouts,

liberally,

under the planet—it began I guess when Santa looked up from his sluggish  
nap—the sleep of neo-liberal generosity—

to find the elves had taken to the Pole, as in other cultures workers take to the streets,

And in their caps and breeches said elves did bite down the pole with white teeth,

Teeth sharpened from thousands of years making toys for us,

the sons of men under their women.

And he said, vigorous Santa Claus, *take it back, take all of it back.*

### **listen**

By, Burt Ritchie

the arab part  
helps in the summer  
doesn't everyone  
like to be outside  
don't blame me  
if I don't come when  
I'm called there is  
a lake and yes  
your voice echoes  
but I just wasn't  
listening I was  
occupied

winter 2011

### **Occupy**

By, Bob Holman

I wanted to change the world but it was occupied  
So I opened up my window and tried  
To catch a breeze in my baseball glove  
But the breeze was overtaxed already  
With the kites held aloft looking back at us  
With spy drones and jawbones and maitre'd clones

So I just went down to Wall Street, That's All Street  
Yes it's All Sweet with a Brawl Beat and some Raw Meat  
And when we occupy the zone of the capitalist nosecone  
You can bet we're aimin to be framin demands  
Runny puddles chalk the sidewalk

So come on down to Zucotti Park  
Bring your own consciousness and some rolling papers  
Unleash your sense of humor on some deadly pedants



And let the spirit invigorate your baby consciousness

Yes US, you need a jolt! The coffee's gone weak at the knees  
And the train's run out of steam and in black and white you dream  
Of a land that promises everything and then laughs behind yr back

Watch out America, you'll soon be occupied  
By pies that are growing grander with each incoming tide  
Cause there's no outsourcing of the Truth  
And the magnificent battering ram of wealth on screen  
Keeps driving the responsible into a surrealist scene  
Where the Mommy and the Daddy got no job but it's ok  
Cause they pay and they pay but where's the wallet today  
It's down by the steamless railroad center  
And it's got the wings on an angel and the tail  
Of an epic story of how you were born  
You were born a twin where one of you had to win  
And that one who won is carted off to learn the gun  
And the losers are stacked in cardboard shacks  
And we'll occupy and occupy until the day we die we don't die

Thrill

When I open the windowThe world rushes in  
But I am already goneI am not there  
The world looks all overBut always forgets Behind the door

A Real Stage and Like a Punk Festival or Something Cool and Loud Salsa

Dear Shirley,

This is your first morning in New York and this poem lasts as long as life  
And the Twin Towers are burning in the sky and the Chrysler Building  
is keening and

The Empire State all gray and stolid is etching its shadow in the neverending breakfast  
We call the sky.

Of course all the New York poets are already out writing poems, Walt and  
Frank haven't even gone to bed, and we are all feting Elizabeth Bishop who,  
coincidentally, and believe me, everything

In New York is a coincidence, breathing and walking and even this poem!  
and your being here on the Day (here we go again!)  
Senorita Bishop turns like a left turn right turn 100 years old today, sing it!

So if this poem is as long as life and if Elizabeth is 100  
What does it mean

What does it mean is what we always ask of poems,  
but since they are already out ahead of us they only have time to briefly  
turn around in their kickass gym clothing and fashion week accessories  
and shout Whatever! and tumble on directly and

digitally into a future

Poetry Club, where St marks Poetry Project and Nuyorican and Bowery

Poets House, Poetry Society and the Academy and Max Fish and  
all other holy spots like Taylor Mead's bathtub  
and John Giorno's mouth and Anne Waldman's energy closet

all sit up with Langston Hughes and Allen Ginsberg Julia de Burgos and rest assured

That's the motto of the day, "Rest Assured"  
as your yellow taxi turns the boogie-woogie criss-crossstreets into Mondrian ,  
as MOMA becomes yo momma, as Harlem beckons home

And Cai and I will read at the Club at 6,  
and who knows who will show up. Which  
is the other thing for sure, that *who* will know *who*, as I know you, as the poem  
is now out of sight, and to read it you must catch it  
which means you write it, like Eileen Myles says  
and like Ellison Glenn and Beau Sia say Write it in the sky  
which is now prepping lunch and your table is ready, oh so ready  
to spin

### **I am sick**

by, UsooMe

*Mr. Boyer -I am currently employed by a special servicing company. I am outsourced labor for a Major Bank where I handle mortgage issues. Which bank I cannot explicitly say, or I may lose my employment. This bank is soulless and for two years has neglected to service a matter of insurance funds to elder woman living in south Texas, this matter is forcing her to stay in a trailer in front of a home she claims is beyond repair. The bank has done nothing to verify this claim; an act of neglect I believe is in violation of the Texas Constitution. I am handling this particular case against the grain of my first 'priority' as an employee, which is to work for the benefit of the bank and its investors. I am advising they forfeit the loan, as they should, by law, as it is a failure to comply to the original mortgage agreement. The bank does not believe the mistake is worth \$10,000+ and have refused to do anything but waive some interest. To apply the funds to principal would 'leave the bank with nothing'*

I feel like a Nazi.  
These nights bleed my eyes, dry.  
This Spiel, this indoctrination,  
Freezes and extinguishes lights  
Of HOPE.  
For the protection of investors.  
For my own personal interest  
In staying alive and well enough  
For this introspection to become a cyst,  
The Surface of this skin is rotten,  
I am battling infection from within  
A system made to trick some,  
Made to thicken the digits  
Representing Credits,  
A fist, risen in the air, is still  
Inadequate to make me quit.

A fist, risen in the air, will  
Not help me help you, Vicki.  
I would quit this despicable  
System, for a fist, risen,  
If I could trust these other  
People to keep fighting  
For your rights.  
Liberty.  
Life.  
And the Striving Drive.  
Two Years in a Traylor,  
Out in plain view of your neighbors,  
Two years of Dispair,  
Two years Ordered to Repair.  
Two years lost to an unfair  
Labyrinthine System  
Made to evict  
That Striving Drive.  
Two Years  
Restricted from Moving  
On With your Life.  
Two Years  
Tricked by Libertine  
Conservatives who see the  
Bottom Line  
As all they are responsible for,  
If you get lost in the labyrinth,  
It's not their fault,  
The entryway spelled, outright,  
The terms and conditions,  
The Dangers.  
And even if they fall short  
They still claim the words  
And the signatures still  
Trump Dishonest Efforts.  
Vicki, You won't hear from me again.  
Customer Service has been  
Re-arranged.  
Sleight of Hand.  
I feel like a Nazi  
Firing Squad  
Guillotine  
Lethal Injection  
Gassing  
Passing down the Doctrine,  
I don't need a mind,  
I have instructions,  
Two Sets:  
One that pays the rent,  
One that chooses to pay this way.  
I feel like I'm losing,  
Everyday I abstain from my dissent.  
Vicki you are my sanity,  
And that which Irritates

My wont, for it, away.  
I feel a virus in a virus  
Pitched against a viral  
Cyst, that's now a callous;  
As if History  
Were signed at Birth,  
And I agreed to these  
Terms and Conditions,  
In Pure Ignorance  
Still at fault  
If I cannot help you  
I have helped no one.  
If I can, I have helped every one.  
If I stand, I spread My arms and Cry  
**STRIKE ME DOWN IF YOU DESIRE**  
But only after You're Absolved  
Two years of living, lost.  
I cannot send you back  
to that exacted art that sees  
a broken back, and only looks  
closer in search of profit.  
I am nothing. I am Shit.  
I am Keys Clicking a black Dell Board,  
Sitting Idle, Limp-Dicked in my efforts  
To translate in solid statements through this  
Corporate-Assignee Login, I am a shook one  
On an HP elitebook. Philips Monitors  
Nothing.  
I am your only hope.  
And I fear that I may Break.  
I fear I may one-day be broke.  
Living a sour joke.  
Hour after hour choking down  
These organs boiling with blood,  
Acidic, gutting me.  
Do not let this Bank, Ms. Washington,  
Thank you for your business.  
They deserve to be Hung.  
They reserve the rights of personhood,  
Yet have not been cuffed.  
I am done,  
When I am done  
With this forfeiture of your loan.  
(One for Zero.  
Fight Sicks, Three's (h)ero  
To Nine)  
This bank from America  
**WILL PAY FOR YOUR TIME.**

### **Occupy Our Streets**

© Surazeus  
2011 10 10

The beginning is near and the end is far gone  
but we will keep marching in the sun and the rain.  
How long must we wait for success to trickle down  
after working with faith for our slice of the pie.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

When the banks got bailed out for gambling our homes  
we got sold out because they were too big to fail.  
We played by the rules but the game was rigged to lose  
now one percent are rich from the sweat of our hands.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

When the gangsters in government borrow and spend  
they leave us in debt after they profit from war.  
They call it good business when the rich rob the poor  
but send police to beat us when the poor fight back.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

They may arrest one of us but two more appear  
leaving behind homes and jobs we already lost.  
Though first they ignore us and soon they laugh at us  
then they will fight us but by justice we will win.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

Our new revolution will not be privatized  
for the corrupt fear us and the honest support us.  
The suffering of injustice is not televised  
when you dollar-bill my mouth to silence my voice.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

The corporate king who stole three billion dollars laughs  
jailed for three years with a television and golf course.  
The man who stole a hundred dollars to feed his kids  
slaves in prison making computers fifty years.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

The power of the people who speak with one voice  
is stronger than the people in power who cheat.  
I will never believe corporations are people  
until Texas executes one for social theft.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold  
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

Our beginning is near because your end has come  
as we rewrite social rules for all to play fair.  
When every person profits from work of their hands  
our faith in each other creates real paradise.  
Our American Dream has been bought and sold

so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

## **Wall of Street**

By, Christopher Bernard

We march toward the citadel of wealth and power,

our voices echo down the man-made canyons

(like distant cannon, the marchers' drums),

cops before us and cops behind,

the power elite's after all our kind,

but though they had their moneyed time,

it is now

*our* golden hour:

we shout and we whistle,

we chant and we grin,

we whistle and we shout,

and now we sing:

“You think we're funny?

So where's the money?

You sucked our country's

hard-earned cash

into your scams:

credit default swaps, mortgages, derivatives,

big fat bonuses, obscene incentives,

hedge funds, securitizations, man,

options for success, or a golden parachute:

heads you win

and tails we lose.

You played everyone of us for plain, hick fools.

You trampled on the laws and you broke all the rules.

You sucked real hard till the eggshell broke,

and want even more, though we're all broke.

Instead of salaries you gave us credit cards,

instead of savings, we now have debts,

instead of hope, we now have shards,

and the American Dream, you killed it, man, it's dead!"

## **“Occupy Your Mind”**

By, Christopher Bernard

*(Signs seen at Occupy SF, Oct. 2011)*

I Love the Smell of Nasdaq Burning in the Morning

HONK! 4 REVOLUTION

Put Wall Street in the Stocks

Hey 1%! I'm Learning to Share - How About You?

No Billionaire Left Behind

Bank ROBBER of America

(What Would Jesus Tax?)

Income Inequality: 45 Egypt, 81 China, 93 USA

*The 99% Too Big to Fail*

(Take Back “US” in the USA)

.....The flutter of a.....Wall Street CEO's whim.....can ultimately cause a.....  
DISASTER..... all around the World!!!

*THE WORLD WILL KNOW FREEDOM*

Dissent is the Highest Form of Patriotism - Howard Zinn



End Corporate Personhood!

(Attorneys Support the Occupation Too)

*AND PEACE ONLY WHEN*

Glenn Beck Can Occupy His Balls in My Mouth

The Deck Is Stacked Against Us!!

Stop Off \$horing Our Jobs!!!

*THE POWER OF LOVE*

HONK If You're the 99%

*The Buck Suckers Stop Here*

**Student Loan Debt Is My Original Sin**

*OVERCOMES THE LOVE*

99 > 1

The Rest of US Taking Our Country Back

*OF POWER*

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

**To the Bankers . . .**

By, Christopher Bernard

To the Bankers and Financial Analysts and CEOs and CFOs, to the Inventors of derivatives and other exotic financial instruments nobody could understand till they blew up in our faces, to the Economists and Professors of MBA programs, to the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, to the Managers of Hedge Funds, to the leaders of Goldman Sachs and JP Morgan Chase and Citigroup and Bank of America, and the rest of the largest and most irresponsible banks and mortgage lenders and insurance companies and reinsurance companies in America and beyond, to the Treasury Department and the Economic Advisors, Republican and Democrat, past and present, to the Congress that will not pass anything that might even possibly offend a potential deep-pocket money donor -

To the Masters of Wall Street, Washington, D.C., and the World: YOU'RE FIRED!

**SON OF A WORKING MAN**

By, Santo Mollica

I am the son of a working man  
who made a living using his hands  
filling the streets, pushing racks  
for 38 years he broke his back  
and what for?  
to make ends meet  
and a hope that he'd have something to leave his children

i am the son of a working man  
and it was his sweat that put money into another man's hands  
i am the son of a working man

i am the son of a working man  
for years i watched him hack away  
comin home tired, disgusted and beat  
too late at night to eat  
and what's more  
the kids are all asleep  
and money's the only thing that he can leave his children

i am the son of a working man  
and it was his soul that put money into another man's hands  
i am the son of a working man

and now he's gone but you know this dog will have his day  
cause he still lives with me in a special way  
the memory of his life and how it passed him by  
each night i pray hey lord i will not die  
a working man

i am the son of a working man  
and it is this value i understand  
but i'll be damned if i give my life  
to pay for the jewels of another man's wife

**Letter to the NYPD on the 9<sup>th</sup> Day of the Wall Street Occupation**  
By, Eric Raanan Fischman – 9/26/2011

Here is your badge. Here is your gun.  
Taking pictures or video is a violent crime.  
When in doubt, arrest. We'll sort it out

later. If you see some young women,  
pepper-spray them. If a man asks you why,  
stand on his neck. It is okay to give men

concussions, but women must be dragged  
by the hair. If you meet a man in a suit,  
protect him. He is not a protester.

They may pay your salary, but we pay  
your bonuses. If a well-dressed woman steps  
off the curb, wrestle her to the ground.

Don't worry if she is press, we'll sort it out  
later. Freedom of speech is temporary  
anyways, and not valid below 14th street.

Here is your armor. Here is your baton.  
Talking to officers is a violent crime.  
Declare that anyone not on a sidewalk

will be arrested, and hope they break that rule.  
When in doubt, use deadly force; your uniform  
will protect you against prosecution.

Your quota is three empty mace cans  
a week and ten spent clips. Keep your hand  
on your holster at all times. If you see

a suspicious backpack, prepare to draw.  
Remember: this is war and they are the enemy.  
Your life is more valuable than theirs.

**WEEK 4**

**WEEK 4**

**WEEK 4**

**WEEK 4**

**WEEK 4**

**WEEK 4**

**WEEK 4**

## **Love in Autumn (Blessed Are the People)**

By, Matt Deen  
*Brooklyn, NY*

A griefstorm, an eyeswell,  
Tumble in on rolling gusts to dwell in the minds of sunken saints.  
Where were the blisswarm days swept away  
Before the chilled and pummeling melancholy of factious concerns?

Where are the mountains whence cometh our help? I submit they will not appear. Not here.  
Not in the earth of excess, but of abundant verdure where good and evil cannot sustain,  
Nor law contain,  
Our joy unspeakable.

I take leave of "I" and become "all,"  
All-powerful, all-sufficient, all-mighty, all in all,  
And all is well with my soul,  
Our soul, the soul of the nourished, the serving,  
And—quite yes!—the loved.

Blessed are the People, for full wealth amasses in huddled masses where it always remains, and they,  
Like trees--from California to the New York Islands--sloughing off their gold, lose their nickel-plated chains.

### **Case History...**

by Christopher Barnes  
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

...laid to rest in classified score sheets,  
bio-toxins in dental floss.  
Brother Alban, sister Victoria  
unaware of our assassin  
in a well-lit room.  
There was a swell in ranks  
- he's a pipeline for the MoD.

Three doves fly over the courtyard.  
We're obstructers, over runners,  
example setters  
with vehement rages of flair.

### **Autonomous Revolt**

by Christopher Barnes, UK  
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

Ronald's characterising was exotically jittery.  
I'm hallmarked 'high pressure'.

Hollow tuck box. If you count on it,  
its tangible, a stand in for

a do-or-die desire.

Scott packed the dormant track  
a hijacker with wits.

In an epic of conspiracies and wangles,  
a set-up of military traffic,  
passive resistance, strikes, agent provocateurs.  
Their charge is remotely performed.

### **Long Arm Of Cold Sweats**

by Christopher Barnes, UK

*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

Sandbags, 5 all-clear doom watchers,  
U.S. germ warfare ambulances.

Razor wire sprawls, frosty.  
I'm the privatised rearguard to the compound,  
a forgotten side door from the nerve centre.

This unforgiving obey-an-impulse explosive  
at the quiddity of our inside job  
tickles no ribs.

### **In This Accusative Bout**

by Christopher Barnes, UK

*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

In Matt's kitchen,  
'hand grenades tub-thump themselves,'  
he boasts,  
an elbow-roomy spit and polish setup,  
in a window-dressed enclosure.  
Plonk! They overshoot objectives.

Meeting over.

A splinter group of misfits?  
We'll be as morgued as the Arms Trade Treaty.  
Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd. run on oiled wheels.  
We're the new-look rolling news -  
hear chat show muckrakers pettifog disgust.

### **Responding To A Scream's Blowout**

by Christopher Barnes, UK

*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

"Special Branch gatecrashed squats,  
communes, bookends."  
Paulo sniggered,  
"I've had an off-target videophone.  
We'll be fished-up in Evermore  
in that constable's flashbacks

as he fights shy of chat".

We've inched along push-button wars,  
financially embarrassed hemispheres,  
flunkeydom whip hands, high strung.

We Houdinied "Her Majesty's Pleasure".  
A duffel coat,  
bundled with booby traps - a fizz  
through these estrangements of power.

### **The Mark**

by Christopher Barnes, UK  
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

"Our fait accompli will be sulky,  
through a door Dulux-sealed seven times.  
This key is out of pocket.

Special Ops are going ape with delusions  
of Fedexed eyewash,  
one in a thousands brains waves on paper, chaos.

We'll slap-up High Commanders,  
well-lined lenders,  
gerrymandering shufflers -  
our feedback will be  
servant class bludgeons."

### **Wall Street Occupied**

By, Peter Neil Carroll  
*Belmont, California*

Sprawled, ample backsides on damp concrete, serious teachers  
scribble red-ink comment down the weary margins of homework,  
giving praise or encouragement, a checkmark, the letter grade  
that causes a student's stomach to sink or swim, working  
on the weekend in topsy-turvy times, pleading for their jobs.  
From Jersey City, Brooklyn, the Bronx, street smart, accredited,  
knowing 1984 IS NOT AN INSTRUCTIONAL MANUAL,  
they are fighting City Hall and the Governors in Trenton and Albany,  
the vice-principals in charge of bondage and discipline, budget-cutters  
who believe number two pencils are the wave of the future and must  
be rationed to prevent inflammatory graffiti in the boys' bathrooms.

This is Wall Street occupied by maniacs who haven't abandoned  
hope for the young, the gray-headed high school algebra expert  
reassigned by a clever administrator to teach pre-kindergarten classes  
so maybe she'll feel so demeaned or bitter she'll surrender and quit  
and be replaced by a less adroit but cheaper version so the dollar  
saved is a dollar unearned; only the students notice the difference.

A scraggly, black-bearded man is singing an anthem of hope  
while holding a sign written on a scrap of cardboard torn off a box:  
BANK OF AMERICA  
MAKING AMERICA  
HOMELESS ONE CHILD  
AT A TIME

Someone starts drumming a bongo, a familiar tune rises,  
yes, and a hundred voices lift the melody softly, humming  
through the unsingable parts of the lyrical war cry  
to the land of the free—repeat, land of the free—FREE, FREE!  
Even patrolman Miele, armed with pistol, whistle, black baton,  
who tells me his worries that the young will run amok  
through Liberty Square, reveals a personal, tentative smile  
at the outlaws who terrify politicians with our national anthem.

Amidst their soiled clothing, scruffy hair, no whiff of alcohol, tobacco,  
no drift of weed yields that stupefying buzz of the old-time protests,  
no distractions, no drama descends beyond the sheer reality of hope.  
Wall Street, home of the Brooks Brothers' fictional individual  
claiming constitutional rights to political purchase, is no random target.  
The only words these corporations know, reports the Occupied Wall Street  
Journal, is more. Reversing Jefferson's self-evident truths, life liberty  
pursuit of happiness I AM A HUMAN BEING NOT A COMMODITY  
a woman's placard announces. They are disemboweling every last  
social service funded by the taxpayers... IGNORE ME/GO SHOPPING/  
GREED KILLS...because they want that money themselves.

Ghosts of the Great Depression—gray men grimacing  
on soup lines, apple sellers on city street corners,  
Dorothea Lange's Okie mother, bread winners no longer  
bringing home the bacon, forfeiting the love of their wives,  
young women hoisting skirts over their knees for a nickel.  
Not here, not now, not despairing, not yet, but hopeful,  
extravagantly expectant—naïve, I hear the cynics chant,  
foolish, idealistic, child-like dreamers—all true, of course.  
They sing, coming at last to the climax, home of the brave.

### **THE FOLLY OF HONEST MEN**

by David Howard

*for Esther Dischereit*

There's too much work to shirk –

the work of girls you would like to ask out,  
the work of boys you dream of beating up in front of those girls,  
the work of

the foreign photographer who watches  
because he wants to know who you are in order  
to order



black & white  
thoughts. If he asks you will give a false name.  
You are true to nature.

He produces a smile the way migrants produce papers,  
ruefully. He breathes the day as politicians breathe  
acid ink

on a treaty they'll ignore. The birds pass  
over everything you fought for. The folly of honest men,  
the honour...

Utopia is meaningless if not criminal (Gerhard Richter).  
The sky is redder than engine oil, redder than  
the water

fluttering like a fine campaign ribbon  
across a country that's governed by memories yet scared for  
the future;

a country that supervises limbo  
as if it was one more statue honouring Walter Ulbricht  
or Karl Marx.

### **The Great Unrest**

By, D.A. Powell

When I lie down I think, 'How long before I get up?' The night drags on, and I toss and  
turn until dawn. (Job 7:4)

You'd think, bedraggled as I am by the illness of my age,  
I'd be able to lounge a little.

That I'd shut out the noise, as others do,  
and I would sigh and sleep.

Let me eat Tootsie Pops, I'd think. Let me lay in the moonlight  
and grow the opposite of babyfat.

Lie, I mean. Let me lie. I have had to wrestle with grammar  
all my life. And what people call ideals.

I used to love ideals, but that wasn't cool. Plus there was money to be had.  
And ass. Scads of ass.

Now I forget. The principal's your pal and not the principle.  
At least I've retained that.

Give up your sleepless nights the man on T.V. said. Talking to me.  
Like, how did he know?

I could have dozed through half a dozen shows and all the ads.  
Even commercial noise

might have eventually been absorbed into my dreams.  
It might have become my dreams.

But it's hard for me to lie still (lay still?) while I am getting fucked.  
Sorry.

It's late and you been at me all night and I hadn't risen from it.  
I was tired.

I'm even more tired.

But now I'm up.

### **As I Look to the Sky**

By, Tenisha Smith

As I look to the sky  
I began to cry,  
Wondering , how can I prosper in a world of lies?,  
As I look to the sky  
Sometimes I ask the angels why,  
Why Can I not break Away from all the pain?  
Why or when will I stop feeling so much Shame?  
Knowing I am not the one to blame  
As I look to the sky,  
I can see what was once a happy family  
Now broken because of this tragedy,  
As I daze in the constellations  
I see my children's eyes as inspiration, to never give up and keep my dedication  
As I look to the sky  
So far but so near My fears turn to happy tears  
Because I know that we will survive and our time is near...  
AS I look to the sky....

### **I know it's Hard**

By, Chris Coon

I know it's hard out there when nobody cares,  
Cause I go through it every day,  
Of course it's not fair,

But I'm in this world to stay,  
I know it's hard,  
When you love someone and they don't love you,  
Constantly long for someone,  
But get no one  
Cause that's what I go through,

I know it's hard out there,  
When you have to do everything by yourself  
And nobody is by your side...

Why can't people Love me for me,  
And accept the way that I am,  
I don't understand it,  
So how can I comprehend,  
When all I need is someones love,  
Even Just as a friend

I just want all to know,  
I know it's hard out there,  
And it's never gonna be easy,  
Not as long as you alone,  
So quit walking that road that is so old to you,  
But nobody else has ever known,

You're scared,  
Cause I am too,  
But do what you do and never lose faith in you,  
I know it's hard out there,  
Cause at night I lay down and cry,  
Trying to figure out how I'm gonna survive,

Can't ever find anyone to truly care about me,  
And I start to feel depleted,  
All they care about is their selves,  
Cause they're so dang conceited,  
I know it's hard out there,  
But I can make it...

Naw... naw... naw... I will make it,  
Be it by myself,  
Or with someone by my side,  
Though it would be easier,  
If I knew someone cared and in them I could confide,  
About all my feelings and all my worries,  
All my good days and bad ones alike,  
And be there for me in this fight for life.

I know it's hard out there,  
And if you're going through it I share your grief ,  
Put your head on my shoulder and let your spirit free,

We don't have to know each other to be there for one another,  
Cause trust me,  
With every tear that falls,  
And every name that I call,  
With no response at all,  
I get stronger,

And even though it dose hurt to the fullest extent,  
We all got to live our life 100 percent.

**Homelessness**

By, Chris Coon

Homelessness is a state of mind,  
Where in time,  
With a quick fix the blind can see,  
With a glass pipe and a little brillo and something white,  
The deaf can hear,  
But its not the fear of the whisper in their ear,  
Nor the fear of the whisper in their head,  
But the fear Of being dead,  
Cause they don't understand what that whisper said.

You see, Homelessness is a disease in America,  
But being Homeless is different,  
Being homeless is used to more or less,  
Compress the stress,  
Of the rest, Who feel blessed, When they see the homeless,  
But that same feeling of being bless,  
Might stress Their depression,  
And rapidly decrease the thump in their chest,  
If they ever run across homelessness  
With no feet on their legs...  
Insane...  
Insane is the pain of homeless people who feel nothing but rain,  
They can see the sun but there is no shine there to claim,  
The NESS has been put at the end of homeless,  
After that little flicker of a candle has blown out,  
And all their hope was caught up in smoke...  
And blown away in a breeze,  
All that is left, is what might have been in their life of Sin...

SSEN... Spelled backwards ness at the end of homeless spells homelesssen,  
You see homelesssen is between homeless and homelessness...  
Because homelessness is where that needle is stuck in their flesh,  
But homelesssen is what put it there  
Because of a lack of hope after being homeless...  
That is the Sin of the Homeless.

Now homeless is where I am at...  
Not standing still but on a struggle to come up...  
While eating chitterlings,  
And in mock irony,  
I see Gutless pigs walk by me everyday,  
Acting like they are the predator and not the prey,  
Thinking they are better than me,  
But they can never see the truth of harmony that lies within me...  
I am no longer Homeless in my head I am now a homeless success,  
So you will never see me  
Stuck in homelessness.

## **BALLAD AGAINST MONEY**

By, Rebecca Mertz

Friends, I've seen your MONEY, and I love you anyway.  
I've seen you swarthy and warm and full when you've got it and I've seen you jittery and burning for a little fix of MONEY, always searching for it outta the corner of your eye. I've seen your bodies draped in MONEY, I've seen my MONEY in your pockets, I've seen your pretty head of neatly trimmed and braided MONEY like a goddess jetting out your secret scalps.

Let's stop pretending that we should work for MONEY!  
You might never go to your job again, if you didn't need that ugly MONEY!  
Don't most of your jobs do very little but generate IMAGINARY MONEY?  
And increase IMAGINARY MONEY, and steal IMAGINARY MONEY and make digits shift  
up and down and up and down, one two three four five six seven eight  
nine zero one again. Back and forth and back and forth digits shifting  
back and forth.

Let's stop pretending that MONEY won't help!  
It usually helps a lot! Bill Gates can live where he wants, he can fly back home whenever he wants and he doesn't have to worry about sleepy eye-lids on turnpikes or springy sofas covered in cat hair. Bill never gets stabbed in the back with springs, I can assure you. Bill can eat organic if he wants to. He can drive cars green with MONEY, he can ride his bicycle from airplane to airplane. Bill doesn't have to endure anyone's cynicism if he doesn't want to, and I bet he can always afford to give his wife whatever medicine she needs.

Let's stop pretending that we need to SAVE our MONEY!  
You can only save MONEY if you don't need it! If you don't need it, give it to this guy over here! If you had to keep your piles of MONEY in your bedroom, smelling like every citizen who ever stuck it in her bra or stuffed it up his ass-hole, you'd get rid of it as soon as you could. MONEY is ugly. MONEY smells like fish sperm. Take your MONEY and get out of here!

Jesus SAVES! but did he save MONEY?  
He won't let you in if you've got it! He doesn't want your MONEY either, he wants your COCK and your BALLS and your VAGINA!  
Don't do anything with them  
he wouldn't do. Talking about MONEY is like talking about shit or cum,  
you're not supposed to do it, but it comes

from us. Let's stop pretending it's rude to talk about MONEY.  
I've got about twelve bucks in my pocket. I've gotten MONEY from my wife, and MONEY from my lovers, and I've even found MONEY on the street. I've gotten MONEY from machines and from corporations and from universities and friends and artists and I've gotten MONEY from just staring at a computer screen. You've got MONEY, too, I know you do, I know you've been keeping it secret and sometimes I hear you mention it in passing, or give it away like it was nothing.

Let's stop pretending that the MONEY is coming!  
The money will never come because the MONEY is not alive.  
It's not gone and coming back, it's not hiding, it's not gestating or lurking somewhere waiting for you to find it.

MONEY is IMAGINARY! But someday you might get lucky,  
and someone might push the right button  
to deliver you from all anxiety, and

You might someday be filled with IMAGINARY MONEY,  
you might have as much as Bill –someday! Then you can pay back  
all your loans. Then you can work in the job you like. Then you can fuck  
whoever you want. You can buy your mom a big house on the beach  
and you can bury your dead how they deserve. Someday you'll be awash  
in MONEY and you'll be able to have your hair  
however you want it and look really good in your clothes  
and apply to as many graduate schools  
as you want! You can even lay in the surf if you want to,  
day after day after day, when the MONEY comes, it'll be  
just like heaven!

#### IV

Dear Ellen, you are a star. You have the power to shine a news light on everything  
you touch. You could really help out around here.

You could buy my parents house back from Bank of America, my father could die of  
in the garage, carving sticks into saints.

You could pay for my brothers and sisters to go to college and get mediocre jobs, or even  
art school, or film school, or maybe you could just give one or two of them a job.

You could give a million dollars for a poetry foundation and employ my friends, and me,

You could give a few million to get a campaign going for same-sex marriage in the whole  
country.

You could sell a couple houses and build some GLBT public housing, or few hundred  
AIDS  
clinics in rural, mid-western states.

Dear Ellen, you could talk more about Portia on your show. You could do more than look  
like a lesbian. You could do more than cry about teenagers.

Dear Ellen, my grandfather cancelled our subscription to Time Magazine, when you were  
on  
the cover, because you were on the cover.

Dear Ellen, you could be a super model. You could have Lesbian Makeover Day on your  
show, you could start a foundation to pay for gay weddings, you could publish young  
adult fiction about how great gay people are.

Dear Ellen, why don't you construct your show as a scathing critique of the histories  
of hatred and violence and abuse and rancor against people like yourself? Why don't  
you scream more often?

Dear Ellen, don't you know the Clintons? Haven't you asked them why they fucked us  
over?  
Haven't you asked them to explain the World Bank, September 11th, Bosnia? Haven't

you asked them why they haven't screamed yet?

Dear Ellen, haven't you been able to ask anyone about the monopoly of media organizations? The willingness of news organizations to fuck the tiny American children bodies up the ass, squeeze their necks tighter and tighter until they explode from blood and piss and cum and come and come inside American ass-holes, whispering "Luke, I am your father... Lucy, you've got some explaining to do...! ...Yep, I'm Gay!"

Ellen, didn't you ask about the audacity of stripping the helmet off the pale, wiry head, to excommunicate the blackness so literally, to say, "I meant to fuck you, but I didn't mean to enjoy it."

Ellen, did you ask about the exploitation and rampant misunderstanding of forgiveness in our culture?

Ellen, don't you want to assassinate someone? Don't you want to smash in their hypocrite faces, or your own face?

Dear Ellen, you don't know what you're missing, being poor, but I know the limelight is rough. I'm praying for you to be able to do more.

8

Don't worry: WE ARE ALIVE. You and me. The dead outnumber us, we can scan their pictures for details of how they did whatever it is we want to do: we are captivated by a google-able past of geniuses and savants and mad men and women and drug addicts and inventors and autistic scientists who saw the future. Click and click and click falling in love with porn stars and prophets, we scan lists of people we never met who might mean something to us someday, or AGAIN, we scan lists of names and screen-names, just to discover what just happened: flagellating ourselves for falling seconds or days or a few weeks behind the global news, we move our mice at light speed into future after future after future, until we have fast forwarded forever: the life's montage soundtracked with the ever-shifting playlists of our

most-recently played. Don't worry: WE are ALIVE. You and me. You can cut out photographs in magazines and paste them to plastic furniture until you know exactly what you wish you were, but you'll still find yourself alone, sole spectator of a universe beyond your control. You can recycle as much as you want, you can vote all you want, you can pray all you want, you can remember all you want: what matters is this moment, this perception, this participation in THIS MOMENT. Jesus said I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE, and he said something about grape vines and branches and eating his flesh and being his body, a body of a billion atoms miraculously evolving in synchronization! But WE ARE ALIVE!

Don't worry, Catholic Church! We ARE ALIVE! Don't worry, Republicans! Don't worry Capitalist Fuckers, NRA HOMOS, Sycophants, Rapists, Thugs, Media Conglomerates, Priests, Preachers, "Ex-Gays" (whisper): Don't worry. You are alive. And there is tomorrow. There is tomorrow for understanding tomorrow for not-fucking, there is tomorrow for forgiving your parents or your bosses or whoever you need to forgive to be who you are, and love yourself, and

vote Progressive! Don't worry, Suzanne, Julia, Margie, Deanna, Jodi Foster, Leonardo DiCaprio, Anderson Cooper, ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

BE GAY! Don't worry. We. are. alive. We are the best technology out there. We own the rights to ourselves, we have the patent on HUMANITY and whatever your name is now, they can't reproduce you without a few glitches. Some second of time or some millimeter of space will distinguish you from Dolly the Sheep, Leoban, or Mystique or Bad Angel. You are here now. Whoever is with you is with you whoever is against you is against you And I am here now too and I am with you and they are accusing me, too.

Don't worry: the alphabet, the transmission of ideas into language, transmission of language from me to you, Jesus Christ, THE WORD MADE FLESH MADE DIGITAL by Mel Gibson, it's all just a time machine, the first guy whose presence radiated from person to person to person to text to text to text to colony to colony to colony to: You and me, and now I am using my own WORDS and flesh and keys and brain and blood and hair and living room and chair and resin and pipe and fingers to get these words to you somehow.

Remember holding hands?  
Remember being children?

Close your eyes until you get there.

### **Wild Things**

By, Michelle Higgins  
(*mother, writer, blogger*)

Maybe Occupy Wall St  
Is better suited to poetry than prose  
A primal scream  
For justice  
All at once too immense, too marginal  
To wear the formal attire  
Of the academic essay  
All bow ties and footnotes  
Or the carefully phrased report of the bureaucrat  
Where humanity is lost in the maddening logic of bottom lines and flow charts  
And the cruel joke that is trickle down economics  
Leaves the pockets of the few overflowing  
While those of the many  
Are weighed down by nothing more substantial  
Than loose change

These voices cannot be tamed  
Into neat lists  
Punctuated by dot points  
As demanded by the pundits  
Who sneer at the masses  
From the comfort of their talkback towers  
All the while seeking to whip the occupiers  
Into a state of submission



These real life wild things  
Who the 1 percent  
Wish to send to bed  
Without any supper

**sycamore**  
By, Alex Tamaki

we see th

uge syc

the storm

ays

oted aft

er be a

tree

rath

the sycamores

I'd rather be that

all of

all of when those

trees

those

could

be wing

those words

are nothing.

they fall apart.

if                    .//  
                          only  
    in

the shattered.

those shades of dark

.

exciting, ex

amore,

this

is not a dream

### **Against interpretation**

By, Alex Tamaki

I am reading

                          against interpretation

against a fallacy

                          argument            a

                          vowel sounds

in need an erotics of art.

you are I am

                          Van Gogh's eyes

we say

                          the child would become Monet

calcification.

your canvas,

twenty-four frames

every second it is blank,

sunflower seed,

shell

waiting

for

the bridge

waiting

for you to paint it

la tristesse durera toujours

la tristesse durera toujours

la tristesse durera toujours

### **A Poem for the Owls**

By, Matt Proctor

The lie wouldn't last. They never do.  
We're always scrounging for a truth  
No matter how scrawny or windblown.  
I wish a red dress were true.  
I wish your lips were true.  
I wish I was already there.  
I wish goodwill were true.  
I wish all the smiles were true  
and don't you know they are?  
Even when they're hiding  
in a mouth full of lies.

The granule of truth endures somehow;  
in the blood flowing under the blood,  
in the smallest intentions of each heart.

The minds clenched, the hearts clenched, the eyes clenched,  
they are being opened, like empty hands,  
not to beg,  
but to be filled,  
not by work,  
but by the sun,

by other hands.

We are finding our way again  
in the dark creases  
of each other's hands.

### **Commencement**

By, Shelley Ettinger

She's trapped. Pinioned.  
As out of options as a snared possum.  
Unfair. Dead ended amid fertile bottomland  
upper Mississippi River flood basin  
home to May flies and mom-and-pop tackle shops  
with their doors nailed shut. Likewise Bud's Bar-B-Q,  
Dot's Copy Stop, and the county's only independent feed lot.  
The drop in hog futures matched by a rise in spuds,  
genetically engineered with insecticide inside,  
brings a splendid return to ConAgra as the town  
door by door closes down. Yesterday capped and gowned,  
today she makes the rounds which, Mom's right,  
she should have long since done.  
First application is Target. That's her best shot.  
Opening in August, offering dozens of full-time jobs,  
benefits after a year, six department manager slots,  
she hears. Everyone says it's a sign the economy is  
looking up. She hopes so. From there it's a big drop  
to Dairy Queen, Hardee's, part-time positions  
you patch together that still don't total one.  
Not real employment like Dad had. An identity.  
For life, he thought: I'm at John Deere. When they  
closed the plant he was six years short  
of retirement. Health plan gone. Dad was done  
and so were her college dreams. When she finishes  
filling in the forms she'll swing by the Elks,  
bring him home if he can still walk. If not she'll leave,  
let the bartender shovel him up at last call,  
drive him like he did last night. Dad never realized  
he'd missed the graduation and she doesn't mind.  
Blew him a kiss this morning, suggested he shave,  
popped back to say goodbye to Mom, discovered  
she was long gone, at her sister's, probably,  
considered making him some eggs, got as far as coffee  
and stopped—no time—she was out the door  
after pouring him a cup.

## **Our Block Hot August Night**

By, Shelley Ettinger

Did you read  
Daily News  
Sikh family attacked on their calm leafy street  
drunk jerks spat grabbed beard snatched turban  
screamed go back to bin Laden land kicked pummeled  
beat to the pavement a woman and man  
till a pizza delivery guy intervened  
jumped out of his car drove the bigots away  
while two women who live on the block  
arrived with a bat to make sure the thugs didn't come back

We're the two women  
my lover and me  
middle aged out of shape dykes Chicana and Jew  
Louisville Slugger by the bed safety's sake  
who knew we'd use it for our neighbors who are Sikhs  
who are Mexicans Koreans Haitians Chinese  
we rushed down the stairs to do what we could  
which might not be much but turned out enough  
at least showed the Singhs they're not on their own  
remember this is Queens remember Kitty Genovese

The whites except me  
watched out their windows  
not that I'm special I followed my wife  
she got the bat yelled let's go we flew  
what if they hurt her she doesn't know how to fight  
we're not exactly pumping-iron types  
no time do right act move hustle flabby ass  
contract gluteal gristle flex rusty biceps  
dash hope to avoid a muscle cramp  
arrive as racists flee stand with the Sikhs  
she trembling he bloodied pat their shoulders hold their hands

Neighbors trickled  
onto the street  
Latinos Asians each with immigrant horror stories  
whites stayed inside turned up TVs  
only don't forget the pizza guy Irish-Italian  
could have passed didn't saved the Sikhs  
last year a man shrieked fucking queers  
what if he where would we knock  
now our block a puzzle partly unlocked  
Valdez Kim Lariviere Wong  
cautious suspicious worrying pain  
strain dread rage affronts faced every day

Will it happen again it might  
racism thrives more lives than a feral cat but  
our block hot August night it slunk off

is a positive note wrong after savagery  
the Singhs though angry feel strong  
bruised but buoyed defiant won't leave  
they survived  
stand with them

### **Look Up**

By, Shelley Ettinger

Why I heart New York reason #6,533: fifteen pairs of sneakers (I count)  
hang from the telephone cable straddling Second Ave and St. Marks  
also one single shoe and one cardboard cutout, orange, size nine.  
Thirty-one sneaks plus a thin simulacrum. Tied tidily, they dangle  
prehensile dancers, jaunty, jazzed, graceful toe-tapping  
where-ya-gotta-go-snapping look-up-don't-let-me-catch-you-napping  
prancers. They sway, swing, strung atop the cataleptic traffic rush  
on neatly knotted laces symmetrically placed by (I think) artists  
joggers conceptual enhancers maybe what cops call a gang what we  
who see things differently name street organizations youth associations  
derived in this case (I dream) from principles of high-top art from  
sprint-jump-rise-soar culture from can't-stop-us-flying-don't-even-be-  
trying aspirations. From love, I mean, another word for what isn't seen  
if you don't look up

### **Imitations in G**

By, Mark Butkus

Resuscitated from the embers  
Reinvented, reinvigorated with a blush  
A nod to rejection, reflecting on a replay  
Replete with remedies and  
Rejoicing!

Replenish my soul, rescue my muse  
Re-adapt, react, rectify the requiem  
Remember Lowell, Robert and Massachusetts  
Reconnoiter the remnants, the romantics  
Relish the taste, the repertoire  
Relive!

Rely on instincts  
Ready the recidivist  
Render the words rhetorically  
Rely on the reply  
Reputations run asunder  
Relics relieved of rusty, dusty volumes  
Repent!

Repudiate the naysayers  
Rejoice in the rejoinder  
Reflections in D  
Recompense in stillness

Re-purpose the prose  
Resurrect the poet  
Receive the couplet  
Restitution!

Reviled and defamed  
Recalling the horror, the whore  
Ridiculous rhymes repudiated in print  
Remorseful and red  
Relentless!

The redactor as poet  
Restless of heart and soul  
Redeemed by a tear  
Resolved by a rejoinder  
A rested repose  
Or so we  
Re-suppose!

A reputable rebel of typos and ridicule  
Re-invent the wheel turn it round, round and round  
Rejuvenate with respect  
Rebound, recall, retell...pass it on  
(Return to sender!)

**LA GRAN FUNCIÓN**  
By, Victoria Marín

Marionetas idiotas  
con el cerebro vacío  
creyendo sostenerse por un hilo  
que nunca existió.  
Políticos en guerra  
hambruna en África  
esclavos del tiempo  
inertes con corbatas  
perros encadenados  
y pájaros enjaulados.  
Este teatro inventado,  
la locura real  
de los que nos vendieron  
LA CORDURA.

**BROTHER**  
By, Hugh Mann

I'm not well  
If you are sick

I'm not rich  
If you are poor

I can't live  
If you're not free

I depend on you  
And you can depend on me

A brother is no bother  
We all have the same Father

### **POEM**

By, Simon Pettet

Of narrow streets and tall commanding buildings  
anonymous people, would I sing you  
Of bustling money-making and hard hearts  
and so melt with melody each burgeoning handsome  
face in studious thought that stops  
sullenly attentive thirteenth of November for what?  
wind-blown and rain-driven down Wall Street.

### **OCCUPY POETRY**

By, "Damn" Dan  
*Colorado Springs, CO*

to the sound  
of our anthem  
and finally-home cheers

you return  
as whole bodies  
but inside, broken mirrors

your courage  
unquestioned  
yet the whole world sneers

mission  
accomplished  
it's made someone's career

so  
drink the booze  
from your bottles  
and beat back the tears

while the blood  
from your brothers  
is measured in years

as it gathers  
in puddles  
it drips onto the gears



so the system  
can keep turning  
and feeding our fears

### **A new translation of an unwritten prophecy**

By, Patrick Kosiewicz

They do not know, but there are thousands trying to finish writing the same book before  
they die, before the  
destroyers of love can go any further.  
It is an ablution with spears, a thunder of scrolls unrolling, suns colliding  
with pages.

Someone smuggled the arsenal of archangels to humankind. It was the first drop in the  
history of blood to strike the earth. The words were an organization of energy,  
an arrowhead of wolves running across the snow,  
muzzles and paws pink with blood,  
breath pushing from between their teeth.

We came to make other worlds, tell you of beyonds.  
We came all this way traversing an earth under shades of explosions.  
This book is only the size of a small rock,  
a summary of 10,000 circular books of the lives of trees  
that were snapped in half in the decimated forest of history  
that was seared, and then frozen,  
and then seared, and  
then frozen, and then unsealed,  
and then unfurled.

Pages fall from the Tree of Life. The Brave Ones collect them. Someday they will offer  
you their anthologies the way ancestors tossed dawn stones at each other's feet in  
greeting.

This

Know this

They have set themselves ablaze  
so they will not be conquered, so you will not be conquered.  
It was the first drop in the history of rain to strike a human face, long before the first  
murder,  
from which grew a giant tree of blood. This is a man-sized form of a man pressed in mud  
written by a pen that snares animals of flame, waters reflecting muscles of cloud  
that flex compassion mercy.

Once there were no such things, and then there were such things,  
and now there are no such things, but there will again be such things for we have  
written it thus with our own bone on our own skin. We are writing it thus with our own  
bone on our own skin.

It has evolved. Slaves now have their own empires.

Their masters feast to the music of skulls rolling on skulls.  
They war against logos  
with fear, anti-poetry and propheticide. Their  
creed is Mine.  
They cut out tongues and smash larynxes, but cannot ever silence the infinity of new  
birds  
that have guided the sun from night for so many millennia.

Once,

men hurled boulders to smash earth.  
Women dragged seaweed and sand from the shore and turned hostile purple crags into  
gardens.  
We were heliolithic.  
The strangest motherfuckers to ever walk the planet,  
gliding across ice-plains, punching through glowing lava rock,  
singing songs to bring joy and amazement, making a home out of  
chaos.

We put leaves in our mouths. We tasted life, and flung histories into orbit,  
roamed the earth to read the shadows of peoples.  
Some slept in the hands of mountains,  
some curled against gnarled, towering trunks in dripping jungles,  
some on ashes, covered in glass,  
some at the steps of blazing temples,  
some half-buried in cool sands among scorpions and dragons.

Grammar was the bridge to the ultimate. It was developed by strange, quiet people as  
warlords built bridges to oblivion with human frames.

As sky-hands braid ropes of eagles and ghosts of suns wander shifting continents of  
clouds, resting in cool towers to witness the miracles of rains' mid-air birth, a poet  
watches the shadow of his breath pouring from the head of his shadow.

It is a word  
that is a wind  
that we record on clay, paper, and now forms of liquid, energy and light.

This

A battalion of lightning crossing cerebral hemispheres, tumbling down spinal pagodas,  
flowing through the blood bone and muscles of a hand to fling sparks at a desk in the cold  
cell of civilization's midnight, swirling universes built in solitary confinement by millions  
of pens gripped by hands of all the hues of earth. This

A new translation of an unwritten prophecy.

### **School Anthem aka Senioritis, 2000**

By MC Paul Barman

I may be kidding  
school's just babysitting  
I knew girls in AP classes knitting

so tedious  
Homework is tell major lies or plagiarize encyclopedias  
so boring  
Fresh-faced teachers want to tickle 'em  
but a test-based curriculum excludes exploring  
I'll let a mystery gas out of my blistery ass  
Just to disrupt the misery of history class  
And to entertain your tender brain  
When your pain is the same as a fender bender with a train  
Analyze the engines  
if you gotta go to the rhododendrons  
Cut class then serve detentions  
Say toodle-oo to the trimmed poodles who  
Will grow up to be the adults you now hate  
I know what's futile too  
Like throwing a spear at Choate  
I'm not here to gloat  
I want to be used as your yearbook quote  
Abolish class rank  
pour sugar in its gas tank  
Weighted grades really yank my ass crank  
And stop up my leak hole  
English and autoshop should be equal  
Anyway an A is a weak goal  
So stultifying  
It's hard to hold off dying  
I'm spying on a lobbyist  
It's obvious  
Double teachers' salaries and hire smarter  
Discard the fartars who only inspire fire starters  
What is the meaning of C.L.A.S.S.?  
Is it a Conspiracy Levelled At Sleepy Students trying to pass?

Make like a whirlybird and graduate early, word  
Or pull all the stops out  
Make the proprietors of a mom and pop shop's eyes pop out  
And drop out  
When I yawn it's hard to hold in drool, drawn dreams of a molten pool  
Of magma rock raining Ragnarok  
On the whole damn school  
Scenes of the old and foolish and possibly cruel  
Administrators being told the Golden Rule  
While rolled in stool  
Superficial superintendant  
Repainting the facade and bannister  
I'm going to switch your contact lens vial  
for a Drosophila Melanogaster cannister:  
I found college awkward  
another teacher, same old chalkboard  
I felt I was shifting bawkward  
when I expected to shoot forward  
Could I possibly have been more bored?  
Realistically, a stressful sideways  
Still skipping readings, still waiting for Fridays

School was so damn boring  
It left me colder than the o-ring  
Which would not expand and destroyed the USS Challenger in 1986  
An overhaul is long overdue  
I'm 0 for 2, If so are you  
Catch the fever from Wallace Shawn  
To destroy school til all is gone

**Poem for Occupy Wall Street**

By, Nia Lourekas  
*New York, NY*  
*October 26, 2011*

Voices on the wind  
Chanting  
Talking  
Communicating peace, truth, and decency for the land of the free  
Did I say free?  
When was that? How was that? Where did it go?  
It's ours this country of democracy, land of freedom, land of choice  
We're out here again  
Claiming what has always been ours  
Oh yes we've been here before  
And there were many before us  
Protesting, demonstrating  
Raising our placards high, claiming our right to congregate  
You are young and clever, you are brave and your cause is just  
I feel proud to be here with you  
I am proud to watch you  
Your cause is essential  
Your protest is important  
This country is ours and we need to bring it back to the nation of goodness, opportunity,  
prosperity for all  
That America has always aspired to be  
We are the 99 percent and whatever we do, it shall be done  
Remember to vote your power  
You are the world and the world is watching, no the world is joining in  
Sing on  
Your song is beauty and your hearts are pure  
Thank You

**poem 4 people's mic**

By, Paul Mills / Poes

a poem

that solves

for X

the equation

of food

that could make hunger

as distant

as the moon

free human beings  
from the locked closet  
of greed

an imaginary poem  
that everyone knows

by heart

more true

than money  
and engraved

on the world  
like the face

on a grimy penny

if you say it

out loud  
dollars  
fall silent  
finally surprised  
finally  
satisfied

so tomorrow

stops being

a crime

tomorrow

is not

a crime

**Occupation**

By Alex M. Stein

I saw her on TV, looking all coy and shit  
Saying "What do you call this?"  
What do you call this, baby?"

This?  
You're seriously asking about this?  
This precious incubator  
Undercover indicator  
Of something you can't wrap your mind around.

This is the fragrant smell of the flagrant foul  
The karmic crushing of those who are finally fighting back  
This is the ending you never thought of,  
Too busy chipping away at the foundation to wonder why things fall over.

This is the place my ancestors built  
And your ancestors burned down for the insurance money  
This is the sound of human carnage  
This is civilization collapsing  
Creaking and groaning  
Falling not like dominoes  
But like a sputtering explosion  
From five-year-olds throwing tantrums  
Tossing the game board up in the air.

This is suffering made human,  
Made inconvenient,  
Made invisible to you and your kind.

This is evolution in action  
Even though you and your friends think it's cool  
To say evolution is just a theory.  
Light yourself on fire, baby  
And when your skin is melting  
You tell me if you want to debate theory  
Or you want me to grab the extinguisher and spray.

What do I call this?  
What do I fucking call this all coy and shit  
When you're looking for a label  
So you can dismiss this  
The way you dismissed everything else that doesn't fit in your world view  
Never mind that you're slowly killing me  
And millions of your fellow Americans.

What do I call this?

This is happening.  
This is now.  
And the time for being all coy and shit is over, baby.

What do I call this?

I call this America  
And I wish I didn't have to,  
You heartless, narrow-minded, myopic, self-centered asshole.

What do I call this?  
What do I call this, baby?  
I call it the beginning.  
I call it the future.  
I call it Occupation.

### **THREE HAIKU'S WRITTEN IN ZUCOTTI PARK**

(first one by Sarah Valeri, rest by Dan Collins)

Banks ate my money  
Weary of unjust scruples  
Willing to get wet

Try to calm my friends  
All I have is cop abuse  
Fucked that up again

Victory Friday  
Dawn breaking warm without rain  
Clubbing tomorrow

Surrounded by cops  
Waiting to get arrested  
Almost fell asleep

**youcaress**  
By, Bill Scott

It's all too beautiful, they once said  
about Itchycoo Park. Now we say  
it's not yet beautiful enough –  
when the park  
has only just begun  
to sing through our bodies, while  
our hands touch, get into, get off  
on the touch of other hands, in touch  
with granite floors that split apart  
from the pressures of our dubious, unfounded  
desire.

Du bist der Lenz,  
nach dem ich verlangte – but we want more  
than everything. Watcha gonna do about it?

The pages of an unbound book  
making no legible demands –  
their constant demands for coherence

– some sort of spine –  
obliterated by the drives, what's driving us –  
more bang (a big bang) for the buck.

Creation hasn't been clean  
ever since it became a dirty word.

In flows and undertows  
in the flux of muddy springs  
a mutation is afoot – at least meteor showers tell me  
every second, how  
in the space of these luxuriant bodies, succulent flesh of ar-  
ticulate longing:

occupation  
is  
desedimentation of the un-  
impossible.

Revoluja made it in time,  
coming:

its kisses sweet.

### **Forager**

By, Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

She carries home spring  
lips of redbud  
honey bees sting  
against blue cheeks of sky

mushrooms tipping crimson caps  
to the yellow bowls of sun  
wild onion  
ache of tears  
the toll of White Bells  
mustard filling platters of fields  
gathers miner's lettuce

careful not to bite off  
more than she can chew  
to forage with intention  
taking only what she needs  
because one still starves  
with a basket full of dirt.

### **Children Are Like Rivers**

By, Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

when you try to straighten them out  
they might go along with you for awhile



then, they'll jump their banks  
to snatch back their wild.  
All you really have to do is:  
widen their boundaries  
let and them meander.

**It is never Too Late to Climb Trees**

By, Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

sit cross-legged in the air  
supported by something rooted in to earth,  
anchored to the sky  
to trust in another  
to break your fall

take another's shape  
older than first memory  
cause friction  
climbing to disks of sun  
trust in your own strength  
balance  
on the avenues of squirrel  
embark on junkets of clouds

dream  
with creatures of song  
add to their choir  
wait for the rain  
receive the gift of flowers  
bows of leaves  
tied with fruit  
live with change  
crowned with moons  
wrapped in the eiderdown of stars.

**Huelga General**

By, Vincent Katz

*20 Junio 2002*

I walk and am unnoticed by

the Huelga General

Each citizen's important in

the Huelga General

Pasting stickers to their bodies for

the Huelga General

Cerrado por, Paro por

the Huelga General  
The parade is now filling  
the Huelga General  
Laughing, honking, looking, singing  
the Huelga General  
Moving up Calle Alcalà  
the Huelga General  
A big roar moves up the crowd  
the Huelga General  
Someone is dumping water on  
the Huelga General  
Contra Paros e Precariedad  
the Huelga General  
Una grande Solidariedad  
the Huelga General  
The sky has turned from cream to slate  
the Huelga General  
Crews in orange suits sweep up  
the Huelga General

### **Cabin**

By, Vincent Katz

a table on which  
to work  
a bed on which  
to sleep

### **fool's gold**

By, Steve Dalachinsky

*"You shall not crucify Mankind on a cross of gold."*

*- William Jennings Bryant*

1. the rail yard

everybody knows something  
tho most know nothing  
i contradict myself  
or am a fool in search of gold

if it weren't for some fool inventing  
the train  
we'd all be trapped on the block forever  
or would we? / feet / feet / feet /

heya ah heya ah heya ah

love is a drama so fund your dream  
gold / dust / ash / greed

the old fat man chomped on his popcorn  
that crackling sound -  
as we got deeper into the film the film got deeper & deeper  
the old man slept / woke / slept  
picked his nose / slept / the film finally ended  
he is a golden fool who knows where  
the water fountain is

the fountain of youth:  
is it the debt ceiling or the dead sea  
that needs to be razed  
"all distinctions fall beneath my footsteps."

heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah gold / dust / ash & greed

## 2. the ship cutters

allah sold us into this destiny  
we work to eat  
evil spirits reside in the hulls of dead ships  
we must exorcise them  
if not like him a spike might go right through  
the brain - the heart  
his foot gone just like that  
his footing lost  
now he spends his time in bed  
hard working men do not need "whores"

the rice tastes like waste oil  
his hands must not be clean  
he scrubs & scrubs & scrubs  
heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah  
we walk barefoot in boiling oil  
in mud in hard steel shards  
our bodies glisten beneath our skins  
for all the particles of metal

we have consumed  
gold comes in all colors  
that my malnourished baby will never see  
first she was born blind  
hairless –  
then she died in her mother's arms  
i was not ready to have a baby i told her

cutting ships is our destiny  
to destroy is easier than to build  
crows mate for life – here on the coast  
they build their nests out of wire  
in which they lay their pale blue eggs  
these are old ships –  
older than those that destroy them  
yet most are younger than I

that chair you sit in - that clock on the wall  
fool's gold from the captain's quarters  
once brightly lit – then gone to seed  
now in your home

poor brown baby born blind  
we are not human yet  
tho sadly all too so

ship cutter – take off your boots & rest.

3. you have my history in your hands

we dream all the time –  
dreamtime  
i have been dreaming/ dreamt midway  
while looking for my jeans  
that i already had  
in the bag that i left on the bench  
during the earthquake while  
i went for a swim in the neighbourhood pool  
the quake started in a place  
called Mineral - gas/ air/ drill / rock /  
dust / ash / greed / gold comes in all forms  
fools are just fools  
always in the mirror  
always in my line of sight

i wake myself up  
filled with stolen energies  
i am not ashamed to look anymore  
it's like picking up money on the street  
& not knowing how much  
one feels embarrassed by what others might think  
until one turns the corner.

#### 4. aging

we just get older  
not wiser  
fresh fish  
live lobsters  
stars & cafes  
kings of head-ons we chase the rain  
hail & hearty / hail a cab  
head toward perfumania – toward sub ways  
fashion - duped & delivered  
foot action schwarshkas / fool's gold  
camera  
your self & action / light turns green  
& it's always the same time next week.

#### 5. mariposa

there is no need for debt or debate  
when one does not mean anything to anybody  
the important point is not to break the chain  
to be polite – to say yes & thank you  
to be accommodating – to supplement even supplant  
desires – to persist – consomenations /  
irritated whites drinking Negrons  
ah butterfly the nemesis is you - short life spans colliding  
perhaps all life changing as you change  
encounter & encompass grief – hear the flutter of 100,000  
the sonic tracks of a silent film  
the debt converted to smoke  
windows clouded over  
city spitting clouds  
that wedge  
between the arches  
of her  
high heeled shoes

i said i'm no longer afraid to look

shuttered windows – der wekstahlvez  
paper blowing across an empty street  
debt or depth or death  
which is it – all fool's gold  
no matter what the substance  
all duped no matter what the price..  
werder da cat's on its quiet pursuit  
the unrest of pigeons  
as the prison gates open & you are released like a steam engine  
into the street – released from your oustem –  
& we walk like comrades & i pour the morning's waste out of a bucket  
as the crowd increases from single file to tenfold  
rows up & down pathways / cobbles cabals cables  
stairways & staring soldiers marching  
the organ grinder playing

the draw bridge near collapse  
ah mariposa  
the factory awaits its occupants – what is the debt they owe  
we owe? - heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah

a pipe – a moustache – the gears beginning to spin in a world of mass production  
where things are produced for the masses  
though some are only for the privileged few  
finely shaved & polished shards of steel  
infinite bottles filled & loaves fresh baked  
fires stoked  
chimneys pushcarts / loaded  
cars washed - garbage disposed of  
(yet always more garbage) – days always beginning  
children off to school if the season's right  
weggelerollerda window gates up schlachterha - mer  
curtains up

blinds up – mannequins – horses – up – pillows aired – blinders on  
rugs beaten – butter flies remembering what they were then forgetting  
just as quickly – shoes shined – nails polished  
a beautiful walk thru the park at night  
the band playing – the globe changing (color)  
junkies all quietly tucked away somewhere  
dancers as graceful as flowers  
crack one legged crutch man  
no stories about war or war stories  
just elevator rides and roll-top desks  
typewriters telephones & the printing press  
operator operator i am coming to the end of a tunnel  
the light is beginning to spread  
the evacuation of the dirt that is my heart is in full swing  
at all other times i will dial 311  
the barber smiles  
the sound of lighting a cigarette on a singing man's knee  
like achtspracht breathing  
no debt no debate – grief for the moment everlasting

fly away mariposa – away your colorful wings  
the naked children are here only to exploit you  
to explore you  
to touch your fascinating wings -  
it was even shorter than anticipated – a quick beautiful twin burst  
too short & me preoccupied with 3 different lives  
& she flew torn & traumatized she flew  
but cacophony calculation dark spectrum debt ceiling & me indebted to few men  
heart strumming – cycles – disposing of the evenings waste

one stage is flying great distances to approach the indecipherable

travelling lord i'm travelling tryin to make heaven my home  
rocks – next – i can't begin to tell you how it looks from where i sit  
lamp trim & burning  
end time dream time  
indecipherable redness that reflects an obvious exit

desperation on every corner  
i can't begin to tell you mariposa –even from here  
in this parking lot there is a history of butterflies  
guns money jelly rolls  
just as there is a history of lost pages – gaps in memory  
always lost here in this same cocoon  
there is for me @ any rate  
the mystery of a smile & why it occurs or when  
in all these photographs i look so pensive  
angry, disturbed but rarely smiling – all bare knuckled  
& @ the end i must shed my cocoon  
in a tunnel without end where depth & ceiling are one  
as they press in upon me-  
nemesis – is me oh butterfly – coal dust - the price i put on things  
& i can't begin to tell you where it all began  
but look there & there & there & there  
& you'll begin to see the end.

6. i'm not ashamed to look anymore  
it's like picking up money on the street  
one feels embarrassed by what others might think  
but no shame  
& filled with stolen energies i wake myself up  
debt depth death - fool's gold

7.  
a. in 1896 the world experienced the worse depression  
since the crash of '29  
just when it looked like it was all over  
gold was discovered in South Africa  
this was a gasp inducing spectacle  
the slave trade in America had ended as we knew it  
there were ocean liners called steamers i believe  
& steamer trunks filled with papers books  
& other reading material  
there were ice bergs already in meltdown  
blues men were starting to migrate north  
singing songs of joy joy joy – wonderful songs  
about going home when day was done  
about moving on – about being betrayed  
@ the crossroads  
& still now like then some countries don't have lines to stand in  
or crowns to wear as they approach their maker  
yet the devil was always a man wearing a gold chain  
once disguised as a king -  
now the king's fool who buys promises  
from the global dream- makers  
pregnant with scandal.

b. for R.K.

in fact

you get what you can  
here & now  
& falsely translate this into  
some vague promise of immortality –  
barely making ends meet  
that is...somehow connecting here & now to  
then – then being the  
other end of here/ now / when  
being immortality which itself is connected  
to nothing  
& which is something you can neither truly  
taste – touch or really even look forward to  
but which you can vaguely smell as history itself  
shifts with unforeseen catastrophes  
& manipulation  
where you just may end up in this maze  
of immortality  
like how many times one can use the word SEX  
in a short story  
almost like a disclaimer – the hat too small  
which needs to be returned  
the socks that fit just right – the healing crystals – the book  
about the life of the saints that no one will ever read  
& here you are in a grainy out of sync video  
wearing your immortality around your neck  
like a gold chain  
your lifeline out of focus  
as your soul is bought for chump change  
not even sold to the lowest bidder  
but stored in a vault in a safety deposit box  
that can't even be opened upon the depositor's  
death  
so you're stuck like exaggerated desire & you'll die yourself  
not really ever knowing what will or did happen  
to your words your sad smile your faux independence  
your humility & humiliation  
your dedication & your dumb stumbling pilgrimage.

c.

or that cat again / 17 yrs. old / black fell 20 stories  
yet managed to hold on to its last life  
never once thinking about the future  
or of debt - depth - death  
its breathing tube connecting it  
to the 9 yr. old boy who was hacked to pieces with neither white god black god  
or gold god to save him & with nothing left to be learned.

8. if we could outlast the potential fate coming down on us  
the blood of the father & the I shalt not be...  
says the honest thief  
if we could with the turn of a twist  
the spurned manifestation  
& grand growl of the extinguisher



cool the room  
i'd 'spended the looser – the catch 22  
of hand curling one's hair &  
the burn of fool's gold everywhere  
when the proof of DNA is not enough.

& the withered penis responds - even gold is fool's gold  
even as the shadows spin to cool the room  
yes blood itself be gold of fools  
yet neither black gold nor white gold nor red gold  
can save thee now.

but i've been sharing with others for most of my life  
says the good thief yet even those with less than me  
have more...am I therefore a fool?  
& the decaying penis answers - even gold is fool's gold  
& even fools get fooled...  
& the thief suddenly realizes that he is ultimately  
responsible for his own death  
& that afterwards all he really wants  
is to have some peace  
& perhaps a few pieces of gold  
or even a handful of silver  
might do.

9. what made the short list

take the express to your success  
professional speech mangled by hucksters  
panning for fur  
basically all on the fringes of business  
& biographies  
& poetries  
sex – iron – fat – stone – marrow – teeth – college  
glass flowers for eyes – tongues – signals & weight  
(herd) fluids – wax – rules – bigotry – clocks – albinos  
machines- varnish- fringes – stone – belt buckles  
WOOD  
fields – pebbles – blockage – reaper  
empire – hate-riot act

10. he drinks his cola  
from  
a gold plated silver chalice  
with a platinum cross & a diamond wedding ring  
attached to it  
whakindadaysitgonnabetoday  
ya ahmar muni?  
the interrogator asks  
go away or I'll kill myself  
he answers

he's like a man o' war swimming in a symposium of latecomers

& because nothing is separated it can never be bound or found

there was a time when tulips made or broke fortunes  
says the interrogator – finish your drink  
& i'll leave.

11. “forgive me my lust for gold” – A.W.

a. she said  
i'm giving up on war now  
i'm unplugged  
after this book  
then said  
people kill  
for the dollar bill

b. short list ii (an empire of ghettos)

marble tablets to cure your stomach ache  
each containing a commandment  
ghetto empires – or/e magnets  
cliff dwellers – cave dwellers – grave yards  
sun bleached kernels of corn liquor to cure your heartache  
victim – dictum – radnip – inventory – arsenals – occupation  
strikes – chicken wire – walls of flesh – divided cities - pins  
azag-zaga  
pharaohs – artifacts – scrolls – temples – tricks – dry ice – frozen nickels  
nothing can save us now

12. after the golden calf

or mother of pearl  
or jade warrior  
or diamond pendant  
or

                  this is a young man's game  
                  u.s. mail  
waging peace    interpreting power  
                  every step taken a victory  
a naturally sweet haven  
                  every billboard/camera for a superstar  
                  reminder / money saver  
every highway an outlet for crippled veterans  
a center for education  
                  a passage under continuous construction  
                  a large unmaintained body of water

boats that will carry one to providence

after the crash

at an even pace / in calm waters / screaming

a boat angel who is here for you

who will volunteer in a non-competitive way

to carry united possibly after the screaming has ceased

(if that should occur)

on choppy waters / made available to all

\* the coming – what awaits us –

a gelding with fiery wings bare-backed w/a golden harness  
to china – to what awaits us – a golden gelding - all afire  
so we must hold on – even while grasping @ straws  
we must be strong despite the unknown fungus growing calmly  
@ the base of the tree – we must be vigilant  
despite the fact that its roots have torn up the sidewalk  
buckling the concrete / loosening the keystone  
eyes stone /  
despite the exotic animals let loose from their cages  
remember this is not a PEACEFUL KINGDOM

tones eyes see / we must save our money /  
play the limitless lottery / support our friendly bankers

on the bank of the wet & limitless expanse  
not far from the rest area tiny boats await us  
we/they can barley contain our feelings  
it's the middle of the street you are surrounded by domesticated dogs  
meaner / wilder than one could ever imagine

the risk is great  
but the boats await

this is an old man's game  
still wagering while awaiting to set sail  
in the middle of Berlin or new Britain  
on an unclean body of water  
as the sign carriers & fire breathers fold up their tents &  
climb the rocky hill

mercenary pitiful Viking  
you too can win up to \$200,000  
but remember that AFTER THE CRASH  
THERE'S always THE IMPACT

what did the merry mailman say to capt. kangaroo?  
my pouch is bigger than yours.

13. pelts

“to every thing turn turn turn”

i saw them snatch the nets out of the hands  
of the police  
they liberated the nets i told her  
& anyone else who'd listen

liberate the nets  
put the pelts back on the animals

back streets  
nowhere – everywhere  
occupy nowhere - everywhere  
wear yer coda arms as you occupy fall street on a fatal night  
with a dark'ning chill in the air  
not knowing what it means to be hungry  
yet hungering for a taste within this myasthma  
a healthy miasma / lunchdined  
occupy mall street occupy small streets

liberate the nets  
give the pelts back to the animals  
liberate the nets

in the pitch dark  
of general assembly  
clear windswept echoing words  
after a now dimmed light  
words of liberation from power  
money greed others  
the others who have all these other things  
words of solidarity  
occupy call street liberate the pets  
played out clouded ghostly  
a fall into madness -

what others would confirm as madness  
i hereby affirm as SANE

occupy stall street  
effects which lead up to a storm  
storm the unsplendiferous faceoffs  
the ones who have plenties  
back to one most sublime yet ominous calm  
liberate the jets storm the balmy  
occupy ball street  
a wall's a wall-a-street's a street buildings built  
build up the legions / not noise for noise sake

it's not like this hasn't happened before  
but it's not the first time  
it's the first time  
it's not as though things have changed  
but nothing has changed

though things are changing  
what appears to be a move to a more  
open society - prohibition is coming  
degrees won but not paid for  
debts owed or piling up  
bigger dwellings / loans alone  
the leaves turning - "there is a season – turn turn turn"

signs a revolution of signs  
for what it's worth  
or "how did a nation founded on right  
go so wrong" – right left right wrong  
scrawl street / crawl street / hallway

hit & hauled away / occupied & liberated  
the big scribble –  
take power away from the people & give it to the people  
considering the nature of one's injuries  
the art of forum shopping  
& maniacal masters of the megalopolis  
swiftly erasing the slogans swiftly painting new ideas  
if you need to invoke swift yet random truths  
it is much brighter here in the new wing  
but it no longer smells of life  
the underclass looks different in a different light  
the middle class a shade duller / blue collars look grimier  
forever health & the transworld buddhist bank  
the global bank & cathay bank / the asia bank &  
funeral home  
dr. toothy's florist bank / the city clerk / donations  
for a bigger tent / we are home / we are home  
& those who believe they are free are ENSLAVED  
& those enslaved believe they are free  
occupy freedom / the new world tower / the radio fidget twigster  
emote serenity / occupy wall/mart  
crowd the unseen courtrooms & their relationship to others  
filling up space with their remote control  
speaking in between days  
marooned soldiers on a small island  
in the midst of a rainstorm  
with its concrete bedrolls air-flowers & biographies  
with its once read twice seas of blue tarp & barter  
its eternal temporality & touch & go

photograph your taste buds  
presume that all is lost but not at a loss  
all's not lost you stammer  
recommend recommending / commending &  
mending  
mention me to the sleeveless legions as you leave the party  
to join the MOVEMENT  
check with the maid to see if anything's been left behind

for instance –

a bible – a bobble – a bangle – a bright colored bead  
a chance encounter – a panel discussion – a crossed signal –  
or fool's gold perhaps some fool's gold

“i left my hankie the other night”

liberate the nets  
give the pelts back to the animals  
occupy ALL STREETS - “& a time to every purpose under heaven....”

darwinism

we are produced within a labyrinth  
of produce  
& the uniforms are a light  
of chanting bell & percussion  
more stars above their shining hearts  
than heaven / to shield us  
perhaps

the origin of a species

belated greetings & only these photos left  
to show us a life / a (s)car  
a universe of flowers  
white wreaths that are a world  
a reason why.....

the origin of a species

flower & its short life / & rebirth  
chanting  
your fellow officers / your brothers sisters  
SISTER / father / lover /  
mother who entrusts her memory to me  
all here to grieve this crime

& the cup's raised  
& a prayer spoken/sung among  
the smell of incense  
& holy water strewn about like a stream  
a dream about  
the origin & demise of a species  
as quick as a gunshot  
a burial  
a sunrise / sunset / storm on a  
perfect day

& we all rise above the ape for a moment

long live the circular world  
long prosper the forest through the trees

fall back to earth  
& ash  
& gold  
& dust  
& a time of prosperity  
when there was no  
greed.  
end. goodbye souls

blown / the golden trumpet  
blown / the golden horn  
blown / the light made visible  
blown

blown / she is neither optimist / nor pessimist / but mist  
blown / the prospectors & gold diggers  
blown / the company men blown  
the lonely life maker / blown / blown / blown

but there is always a story to be told  
&  
& always a bridge to be sold

blown..... exposed opportunity untouched.

### **Toward an American Spring, Fall 2011**

By, Ray Rankin

This moon has blossomed  
in a thousand lakes and on a thousand shorelines,  
true always to its own reflection,

to a foolishness  
confounding the wise, to an un-saying  
toward, bringing what is to not.

No, reflected moons never  
leave hidden lakes though their echoes  
de-crescendo the challenge:

Are you on fire,  
are you burning body and soul?  
If yes, you're not.  
If no, then burn to be.

### **These Are Our Weapons**

By, Hilton Obenzinger, PhD

*American Studies, English and Continuing Studies  
Stanford University*

1.  
Occupy Wall Street Occupy Dream Street Occupy the Mississippi River Occupy Rocky Mountains Occupy Jet Stream Occupy Ozone Layer Occupy Business Ethics Occupy Temple Emmanuel Occupy Saint Patricks Occupy Bank of America Occupy America Occupy Smiles Occupy Baseball Occupy Florida Occupy Texas Occupy Wonders of the Universe Occupy Deep Hearts Occupy Dawn's Early Light Occupy God Bless America Occupy This Land Is My Land Occupy Song of Myself Occupy Buddha's Eye Occupy the Bright Green Light Across the Bay

2.  
Occupy the small spaces in our hearts. Dream of possibilities and wake up with them done. Occupy the hopes that deserve those dreams. Sleep with the thoughts of all the kids who learn to spell their names. Occupy the sky and the stars that memorize their names. Eat with fingers that taste possibilities. Praise the teachers who speak those names. Occupy the small spaces in our hearts as wide as the sky. That's what a new world looks like. Now that all of us are awake, it's time to dream.

3.  
Imagination comes from staying in places and traveling across futures, from Wall Street to Occupy The Tundra to Occupy Madrid singing Ode to Joy to Occupy Watsonville of farmworkers and ghosts of Filipino dance halls returning to wander through the fields, occupy the past so that it sets the ground for more free wild hopes - and gratitude for all, gratitude for people standing and walking and marching, for occupying public space with shared rage and dreams, thank you to those people in Madrid waving their hands, empty palms up, chanting "These Are Our Weapons," dangerous empty hands that can build imaginations across an entire planet. Gracias.

## **OCCUPY EVERYWHERE TOGETHER**

By, Adam Cornford

Occupy Wall Street

Occupy Wall Street and the Loop and the Financial District and the City of London and the Bandra Kurla and the Paseo de la Reforma and the Nihombashi and the Pudong and the Bankenviertel and the Paradeplatz and every other ganglion of the parasite clamped with its million hooked lips over the aching skull of the world

Occupy Tahrir Square and the Puerta del Sol and the Piazza di Spagna and Liberty Square and Trafalgar Square and the Place de la Concorde and the Akropolis and Red Square and Alexanderplatz and Tiananmen Square and Ogawa Plaza and every other place where just popular government's parchment promissory note has crumbled and expired

Occupy capitols and parliaments and palaces and national assemblies and all their cupolas and halls and corridors and expel the designer pimps of profit and pollution and cover cold marble symmetries with hilarious hand-lettered shouts and outrage banners and warm loud angry imperfect bodies of democracy

Occupy the offices of bankers and landlords and hedge fund managers and the offices of the CEOs of global retail chains and mining corporations and oil companies and arms manufacturers Occupy their networks to uproot their file systems decrypt their secrets Occupy their publicity and power-wash their corporate faces to reveal the rotting flesh Turn their quarterly reports into collapsing towers of zeros

Occupy the net and the web and the social media and the blogosphere and the infosphere and all the other virtual villages and suburbs and malls Make all Power's secret cities into



naked cities all its invisible cities into visible cities Occupy all the hidden cities and forbidden cities and public squares and gated communities of the communiverse

Occupy the public parks and the public lands and the sliced and shrunken wilderness against the belching backhoes and graders Occupy the public schools against the soft-spoken reasonable graders and backhoes of fake equality leveling minds like the tops of small wild mountains Occupy the public universities and chop off the money tendrils of parasitic partnership crawling through labs and research centers

Occupy the factories hells of boredom and injury teach the robot cutters assemblers presses new dances for making new rhythms for need met with utility and grace Occupy the fields industrial carpeting of chlorophyll machines in sterile gray nutrient and give the old nutritious cruciforms and grasses back their alliances their intermingling in live dirt as intricate as skin

Occupy language as it scrolls and crawls and winks Power's festering poetry in shiny pixels and screen-head voices all around you Clean it with brisk brooms of incredulous irony and wire brushes of collective scorn Occupy language and above all wash it with our imaginative tears for all the misery and death it has been tortured and neutered into concealing

Occupy the seven parts of speech and the rhythms of long and short phonemes along the trail of the sentence winding or straight Occupy hypotaxis and conjunctions to build a commonwealth of words where beauty clarity and purpose move again together in one body electric like blood its red sign and figurations its nerves and syntax its conjoined bones

Occupy your bones and stand them up like tent poles for your sweaty skin Occupy your blood so it circulates the iron-tasting oxygen of truth Occupy your nerves so they carry news of the soiled wind and the stolen ground and the ragged multiplying multicolored banners of solidarity Occupy your hands and close them on other hands to know them and bear them up bear them up bear them up

Occupy. Everywhere. Together. Occupy! Everywhere! Together!

### **Flame to Inferno**

By, Courtney Housel

No longer shall our cries remain unheard;  
From flame to inferno, we burn with a roar  
One can't ignore the stampede of our herd

Through an oiled lens, our vision had blurred  
Divinely few dined as most ate outdoors  
No longer shall our cries remain unheard

Our numbers are far greater than a third  
You see, we're ninety-nine percent and more  
One can't ignore the stampede of our herd

White kings wear gold, utter vows most absurd-  
But hunger not for the world we crave for;  
No longer shall our cries remain unheard

Yes, a conflagration has just occurred  
And soon, our kings won't have champagne to pour  
One can't ignore the stampede of our herd

Our numbers are far greater than a third  
You see, we're ninety-nine percent and more  
No longer shall our cries remain unheard;  
One can't ignore the stampede of our herd.

### **For Scott Olsen**

By, Courtney Housel

You lent your voice  
only to have it taken away  
as fresh, hot blood leaked  
down  
the bridge of your nose  
between  
those cobalt blue eyes  
fixed into a glazed, straight stare,  
and the assailed strangers  
carried you away in the night.

Escaping explosions, twice,  
from that forsaken desert  
somewhere far away  
only to lay  
suffering, swollen, and speechless  
in your own neighborhood.

### **MALDITAS SON LAS OLAS, MALDITAS SON LAS ORTIGAS**

By, Gustavo Troncoso

Malditas son las olas, malditas son las ortigas, pues éstas se posaban sobre su cuerpo  
como carroñeros buscando alimentarse de algún trozo que otro de piel

La niña varada en la arena sólo vestía un poco de rojo en seda tendida sobre su abdomen  
y parte de su tez, y de su abdomen, de la parte más baja, fluya más rojo, dando a saber  
que hoy ya era mujer

Malditas fueran todas, todas y cada una de las partículas este mundo, que le recordaban,  
clamaban ante su atención, que ya había dejado atrás su niñez

Sangrando perdida sobre la arena, se retorció, agua salada brotando su pupila, tenue voz  
derrochando palabras arrojadas, cada vez más perdidas, a éste desecho de mediodía, a  
ésta vigilia sin flor.

Había llegado, navegando aguardando el naufragio, a la solitaria playa, después de cruzar  
la mar. Traía sobre el navío, decollado y esquivo, construido con las astillas de huesos de  
enfermas, de pecadoras y madres que no le dejaban brotar.

Pero, secretamente, eso es lo que había querido, no pasar de capullo y sus pétalos jamás estirar. Enloquecida por la sangre que amenazaba romper furiosa la pared de su parte baja, robó el barco prohibido y se echó a la mar.

Por aguas violentas, violentadas en su esencia, atravesó medio-sumergida, la placa continental.

Para llegar a esta playa perdida, en esta orilla herida, de este continente fraguado en cristal.

Mientras tanto, con sus pesos vacíos remaba, sus piernas eran su timón, sus ojos su brújula, su aliento el combustible de sus velas de arándano, de sus sábanas tendidas en alta mar.

Por el camino creyó encontrar diez sirenos, amos del grito sin dueño, que probaron a tentarla, que con su canto la intentaron encauzar.

Pero ella, cegada por la nueva furia que desmentía la palabra bonita, que emanaba de aquellos hombres de la cola marina, sus llantos sólo pudo ignorar.

Para llegar, muerta de sed a la moribunda orilla, a una nueva tierra donde en un baile tropezar.

Vadeó el espacio restante entre embarcación y orilla, jirones de rojo tiñendo con su llanto la sal.

Para caer, muerta del miedo, sobre el primer beso que la arena de la playa regalaba al mar.

Lloraba, ahora que nadie la veía, por ojos, por las piernas, sólo podría derramar... derramar aguas de todos los colores, ríos que marcaba la llegada de ésta, su estación estival.

Una princesa castaña, cuerpo medio vestido de arena, mirada desnuda, clava de la luna emergente, en el reflejo de ella que ahora se posaba en el mar.

La luna, hoy, esta noche dorada, su rostro cubierto en estrazas carmesí, desechos los peces, cadáveres, muriendo sus pies, haciendo en su sombra proyectada su último hogar..

Y en este anochecer, que no era más que alba de la nueva luna, se dejó besar...

Por aquella mujer que guardaba su interior... que estaba a punto de llegar.

Maldijo las olas, maldijo las ortigas pero, mirando la luna dorada y su reflejo en el agua, no parece dejar de llorar.  
No fue capaz de dejar de gotear...

### **Why the Window Washer Reads Poetry**

By, Laura Grace Weldon

*for Michael, who carried poems in his work shirt pocket*

He lowers himself  
on a seat they call a cradle, rocking

in harnesses strung long-armed  
from the roof.

Swiping windows clean  
he spends his day  
outside looking in.

Mirrors refract light into his eyes  
telescopes point down  
photographs face away,  
layers of dust  
unifying everything.

Tethered and counterbalanced  
these sky janitors hang,  
names stitched on blue shirts  
for birds to read.  
Squeegees in hand they  
arc lightly back and forth across  
the building's eyes  
descend a floor, dance again.

While the crew catches up  
he pauses, takes a slim volume from his pocket  
and balancing there,  
36 stories above the street,  
reads a poem or two  
in which the reader is invariably placed  
inside  
looking out.

### **Persona Ficta**

By, Jena Osman

a corporation is to a person as a person is to a machine

amicus curiae we know them as good and bad, they too are sheep and goats  
ventriloquizing the ghostly fiction.

a corporation is to a body as a body is to a puppet

putting it in caricature, if there are natural persons then there are those who are not that,  
buying candidates. there are those who are strong on the ground and then weak in the air.  
weight shifts to the left leg while the prone hand sets down; the propaganda arm extends,  
turns the left shoulder straight forward.

a corporation is to an individual as an individual is to an uncanny valley

the separation of individual wills from collective wills, magic words. they create an  
eminent body that is different from their own selves. reach over with the open palm of the  
left and force to the right while pamphlets disengage.

a corporation has convictions as a person has mechanical parts

making a hash of this statute, the state is a body. Dobson Hobson and Jobson are masquerading under an alias. push off with the right foot, and at the same time step forward with the left foot. Childlike voice complements visual cues and contributes to cuteness factor of the contestational robot.

a corporation has likes and dislikes as a body has shareholders

stare decisis the spectral then showed himself for what he was, a blotch to public discourse. the right foot is immediately brought forward. the body flattens toward the deck rather than leap into the air. it is not a hop. subversive literature engaged.

a corporation gives birth as a natural human births profit margins

some really weird interpretations fully panoplied for war, a myth. torso breaks slightly forward. the hand is not entirely supine, but sloping from the thumb about thirty degrees. Head rotation and sonar sensing technologies are employed to create believable movement, while allowing for only the most limited interaction.

a corporation has an enthusiasm for ethical behavior as a creature has economic interests only.

facial challenges. this person which is not a human being. not a physical personality of mankind. the arm opposite the lead leg exaggerates the forward thrust of a normal arm swing, but not to an uncomfortable degree. Custom built from aluminum stock.

a corporation is we the people as a person is a cog

a funny kind of thing, naïve shareholders. where there is property there is no personality. take off in full stride. lead leg exaggerates the knee lift of a normal stride. cordless microphones, remote control systems, hidden tape recorders.

a corporation has a conscience as a body has a human likeness

forceful lily; so difficult to tell the two apart. paralyze the wheels of industry. an insatiable monster, soulless and conscienceless, a fund.

a corporation says hey I'm talking to you, as an individual speaks through a spokesperson

they wear a scarlet letter that says "C" rejecting a century of history. the strong over the weak. better armed. supernatural. richer. more numerous. these are the facts.

a corporation admires you from afar and then has the guts to approach you and ask you for your number, as a being activates a cognitive mechanism for selecting mates

it is a nightmare that Congress endorsed. mega-corporation as human group, the realm of hypothesis.

a corporation warms the bed and wraps its arms around you and just wants to spoon as a natural human wants to organize profits

it's overbroad, a glittering generality, a fiction to justify the power of the strong invented by prophets of force. there were narrower paths to incorporeal rights.

a corporation has upstanding character as a body has photorealistic texture.

the absorptive powers of some prehistoric sponge. there are good fictions and bad fictions. can the fiction ever disappear?

### **Generation Heat**

By, Robert Smith

A brief flame,  
That is how our resistance appears,  
I will grant you that -- but no more!  
Is our body more precious  
Than the breath that gives it life?  
And what of the spark  
That ignites the first gasp  
That leads to the next?  
Something or someone has to burn  
So a light can be seen in the dark.  
Why not you? Why not us?  
The abuse of power will not  
Simply disappear and go away --  
Without the generation of alternative heat.  
Be that heat! Be that gathering  
Of many little flames into One Fire:  
For the future, for the Earth!

### **Wall Street Encampment**

By, Linda Kleinbub

Breaking boundaries-  
What could go wrong?  
If you see something say something.

Complex bio molecules,  
Be ready!  
Compete internationally,  
lunatic farce,  
savage satire.

As far as you want it to go.  
Finish it!

### **3 Haiku**

By, Dan Brook

we must humanize  
this corporation nation  
for humanity

99%  
such a vast majority

we are the people!

99%  
we will be 100%  
when successful

### **Notes from Occupied America (poem #27)**

By, Karen Lillis

Denton, Texas is occupied.  
Despite LOL #OccupyDenton,  
Despite #occupydenton #occupymypants,  
Despite What, are you too broke to drive to #OccupyDallas,  
Despite I m sorry u r missing the game bc u r stuck in yr little tents,  
Despite You're going to need those tents after graduation,  
Despite Why doesn't #occupydenton just #occupyIHOP,  
Despite Organized hobo camps IMHO,  
Despite Occupy Denton should occupy a shower,  
Despite I feel like rioting and harassing the Occupy Denton spares,  
thirty-odd protesters are on Day 16, camped out on the patch of lawn along  
West Hickory near Fry Street. General Assemblies held daily, 5:00 pm.

### **Notes from Occupied America (poem #43)**

By, Karen Lillis

Occupy Lubbock is asking for sweaters. Though their nights  
are surely warmer than Occupy Fort Collins in Colorado,  
their evenings are much colder than Occupy Corpus Christi,  
and they've noticed the food supply dwindling more quickly  
since temperatures dropped.

If you care to reply, Occupy Lubbock needs your wool, your hot meals,  
your fleece blankets, your old sleeping bags, your extra windbreakers,  
your leftover canvas, and as many warm bodies as you can spare.

### **Notes from Occupied America (poem #17)**

By, Karen Lillis

In Erie, Pa., a handful of the dedicated  
were committed to camping in Perry Square  
overnight through January 31st. Through snowfall,  
through freezing rain, through winds hurling across the lake,  
through differences of age and opinion. They had the support of the board of  
permits, the chief of police, twenty to thirty at regular meetings, and someone  
who'd donated the sub-arctic sleeping bags.  
The first few nights were glorious.

Then the city reneged: Oh, coffee pots? Tarps? Supplies? New occupiers signing on? No,  
there'll be no more sleepovers. The tarps were taken down.

Oakland and Atlanta, Phoenix and Cleveland. The officials speak of "evictions" in terms

of crowd control, noise control, disease control, pests; a dispersing; a sweeping out; a thoughtful act of sanitation. The decree comes down from the mayor or the city council, goes through the local police, and spreads to neighboring rank and file units like a cancer.

The protesters measure their time in daily challenges and general assemblies.

Occupy Oakland said, We meet at 6:00pm everyday until we get the Plaza back.

Occupy Atlanta said, We'll camp tonight in a baseball field, tomorrow in a private park.

Occupy Cleveland said, We're seeking a new permit through the end of the week.

Across the lake, Occupy Erie voted to hold the Square in three 8-hour shifts:  
We will remain around the clock, they said. We will occupy.  
We will stay awake.

### **Killing Shells#2**

By, Paul Hawkins

And we call this life boring?  
Silver tubes pierce the sky,  
roaring,  
as celebrities mark the campaign trails.  
Drones can't smell naked fear,  
the bullet swarm thickens on TV and you reach for a beer.

We sell killing shells from the sea shore

Heavy coffins,  
shadowed in the belly of the Chinook.  
Death boxed up,  
wrapped with flags of convenience.  
Protest leave`s a mark on our bodies,  
flesh wounds on our sold-out souls.

We sell killing shells from the sea shore

### **Lyrics to Tune for Drum and Wind**

By, Jared Stanley

*Reno, Nevada*

You're a wandering blare,  
a weird sounding hunger  
called fire, living it:

another in a series of public breaths  
flutter my pantleg like coyote teeth.  
I'm not sure: should we be decorous

and let the wind beat a drum  
beyond our life and ability to do so?  
It could be alright on its own



if we leave the drum out  
in all the click-clack weather  
can throw at it

fronds and licks of fluent heat  
or wind's vivid skin-ingratiations  
talking directly into the tympanum.

We might feel close to doing, be light about time:  
you be a vast earthen pyramid  
and I'll be a preternatural, untested breath.

OR, we can just throw the drum  
at the weather, accompany it  
with the air we stashed in the snares

so it touches our liberty  
our radiant, quintessential vase  
made from book light

unscrewed from the practical words.  
Fragments of the space shuttle Columbia fell here  
full of toiletries, your money, and a false grail called survival,

until somebody else is here,  
new to us, blurting a tattered note:  
this rhythm we use to disappear with each other.

**lyric for the occupation of pittsburgh**  
By, Isaac Hill

the limits of the world are receding  
as a digital transfer accelerates the accumulation of capital into fewer hands  
as chemical fertilizer enables the production of corn owned by monsanto  
as tear gas orders steadily increase  
as students learn how to become indentured servants

the limits of the world are receding, O  
as the snake of capitalism passes its mouth around its stomach  
as the Real becomes less a stage in the middle of a football field  
& more the after-show, the pendulum swing back to mundane life  
a tent is propped up, Beloved, it is filled with blankets and mylar sheets

the limits of the world are entering-- O comrade! the World!  
they appear like pizza on a cold day under tarps  
they appear like a banjo in proficient hands  
they manifest like mushrooms after a rain  
& nothing is changed, the world is the same, the blankets are wet

the limits of the world are covered in glitter and gender fluidity  
& anti-statists & old-school commies & american indian shamans  
& free food & free health care & free energy & free education

& free humans & free money & what is infinite growth? a healthy economy?  
the limits of the world are a dream held in common, like history, an angel

O beloved, O comrade, O other person, O angel  
help me dream this world into love  
let us create a new music, with refurbished guitars & mandolins  
let the dances form spontaneously in the city night  
let the multitude feel commonality in our bodies

### **Collateralized Debt Obligation**

By, Greg Vargo

*From Canteen, Summer 2010*

The news from the lower tranches remained uninspiring.  
People were mailing it in.

The office started to smell like chlorine.  
A heavy breather was calling the Hope Line.

When stray playing cards turned up in a pile of résumés  
And the racing form among the hanging files,

Someone suggested a Yankee swap.  
But it was already February

And the secretaries in the pool were sick of keepsakes  
From places they hadn't been.

So the tchotchkes piled up amidst flowcharts and blueprints  
And whole portfolios of lookouts

Were stripped down and rearranged.  
Copper wire accumulated in the hall, awaiting an inspector.

New efficiencies were implemented,  
But the collection of garden statuettes continued to grow.

A casual Friday came and went.  
Even the spam turned pessimistic.

At the meeting talk was at cross purposes.  
Different schools appeared equally valid.

## **Living with the War**

By, Greg Vargo

*From Alaska Quarterly Review, Fall/Winter 2011*

After so long it's still the little things,  
Like his sullen advice for your night cough  
And the way he plays a record over and over.  
Then there's his tic, how he steadies  
One hand with the other, his maudlin talk of orphans.

But he is punctilious about clearing the dishes,  
Using air freshener, putting the seat down.  
And he introduces you to the girls he brings home  
Before he fills the apartment with their musical cries,  
So why be a moralist?

But you call bullshit when his penny-colored eyes  
Turn sad and meditative, remembering how he grows restless  
If you answer his questions or talk of the future.  
You're not sure if his silence is shtick.  
His jokes have a threatening edge.

What a relief those weeks he's away, out camping,  
He says, seeing the country. But here he is  
In the late afternoon, mumbling an apology about keys,  
Finding you in a museum of antiquities  
As you bend down with your neighbor's twins  
To admire a cabinet full of bright stones.

## **What the Sergeant Offered**

By, Greg Vargo

*From The Southern Review, Summer 2011*

Here truck and barter  
have used up the sky,  
made the sun a trowel  
and wind a washboard.

Come away  
from where even the curses  
are empty.  
We will teach you to fill them.

For the embrace, metal in the blood.  
For the plough, a knife.  
For wine, fire.  
For the chapel, constellations.

Weren't you straining for this  
with the broken bottle?  
What were your sketches  
of impossible geometries

but an intuition of the city  
you would reduce to ruins,  
the city where solitude  
would catch you in its current

and sum what's lost inside:  
doors not yet jimmed,  
the holes in your teeth,  
the unanswered letters.

Not to be whole  
but to take division  
into your heart like the image  
of the beloved.

For rest, bright exhaustion.  
For the seasons, a scale.  
For petals, a wound.  
For the seed, ashes.

## **Six Weeks**

By, Greg Vargo

*From The Southern Review, Summer 2011*

You are afraid of your hands  
when they descend upon you

like birds of prey.  
Only the ocean stills you.

In sleep  
meaning skims

across your face  
then sinks under

when you stir.  
Breath trembles

your body like a bucket  
drawn past layers

of rock holding  
calcified creatures.

Every day I've known you  
it's been winter.

Soon the tree outside the window  
will cast impossible green nets.

## **PEACEMAKERS ON WALL STREET**

By, Louise Annarino

They looked just like us,  
young, sincere, eager to help,  
seeking justice.

Except,  
they wore uniforms  
and carried weapons  
and hesitated to act  
without orders.

It was the older ones,  
those in white shirts  
who had been on desk duty  
for reasons un-named,  
no blame, just  
out of touch,  
and unfulfilled unless  
they could give orders.

The gas exploded  
with blinding clarity  
that we were expendable  
and in the way  
of those who hold sway  
over our lives,  
and that we could be wounded  
in more ways than one.

Both sides forever changed  
by a confrontation  
arranged by others  
in a timeless design  
meant to bind both sides so tight  
none of us could fight  
against the real villains;  
only against one another.

### **IN-FORMATION**

By, Louise Annarino

Like geese  
we spread our wings  
against the might of the wind,  
all of us moving in a vee formation,  
Leaders constantly moving  
to the back of the line,  
staying strong,  
not staying long in front,  
where we could become weakened  
by the gale force winds of opposition,  
or merely worn out over time  
by endless attacks of the media.  
It is not so easy to buy off geese  
when each one takes the lead  
for such a short time.  
This is why they are so confused,  
so frustrated, so angry.  
Not because we are hard to understand;  
But, because we are hard to hold down.  
Keep flying, brothers and sisters!  
The sky is ours.

### **Still Trying to Overcome**

By, Louise Annarino

It seems like only yesterday  
that I stood on the Oval  
dodging gas canisters and billy clubs,  
my skin smeared with vaseline  
to avoid the burn of pepper gas.

Hunger strikes and sit-ins  
had not worked  
so we shut down the school  
and the streets all around  
to make our point.

That is when I learned  
that civil rights must be earned  
by scrapes, and breaks, and burns,  
shared with others  
unafraid to die.

That newspeople will not report  
anything which might hurt  
those holding the money  
to pay their salaries.  
They are too afraid.

I knew this day must come again.  
I worked. I waited. I educated.  
Who knew that I would be 62  
before I had company to take  
to the Street...Wall Street  
where oppression always begins.

### **Such Savage Thirst**

By, Wesley Parish

*From Sumner, a suburb in Christchurch, New Zealand*

- empty days filled with time,  
and its many empty deaths,  
so painfully slow;  
bloodred sunsets and all that jazz,  
hot norwesters and freezing rain...

while political speeches drag hindquarters  
like a dog to slow death,  
its backbone shattered;  
like the unemployed hours  
that suck blood from the heart of hope

- the day differs from its sire  
only in its lame excuses -

I am unemployment:  
no teen devil of mediaeval night,  
no ancient Commie demon  
ever stalked your souls  
with such savage thirst,  
such diabolical delight.

**OUT OF KILTER**

By, Jack Roberts

Please. Drive them off with sticks if you must.  
Just make them go away. Too many bad draughts  
against accounts long expired, our balances run  
to zero eons ago.

The first stars appear seeking instant  
rapprochement with the last of the deciders  
now winding up their managerial progress down  
from the top floors to just below street level,  
and everyone in a rush to be on time  
to greet them here beneath the elevated. Candy,  
loose change, evening papers: all lost in the weeds  
that clog our way over barely surmountable hills.

For old time's sake, just go ahead and loft one high  
over towers where the long girls twist their tresses  
like spun cable in the dazzled noon, while far below  
a thousand dark-visored, high-booted riders—hoof  
beats muffled in sand—course the scorching river bed  
past forsaken estates. And long past, the endless fêtes,  
the interminable galas, over, all of them, to the sound  
of broken glass falling. Even the bejeweled accordions  
have ceased their incessant wheezing.

And now you would speak of what? Balance? Love?  
Without a single voice to carry them off  
like twin tin trophies at amateur hour,  
why you'd think—don't you dare laugh—for I fain  
would know—don't laugh I said!—what thoughts has she  
what pass these days for grace, what thoughts has she  
of what passes now from grace?

**SEPTEMBER 24, 2011: 100 THOUSAND POETS FOR CHANGE**

By, Michael Castro

*for Michael Rothenberg & Terri Carrion*

Poets blowing  
in the winds of change  
blowing truth to open ears  
blowing truth in the face of fears  
whispering wind  
wailing wind  
Poets blowing  
round the world  
blowing light  
& blowing rain  
renewing life  
& easing pain  
Poets blowing  
everywhere



scattering seeds  
against despair  
Poets blowing  
the human spirit  
Poets blowing  
can you hear it?  
Can you hear it  
corporations?  
Can you hear it  
sold out nations?  
Change is blowing  
because it must  
Change is blowing  
because it's just  
Poets blowing  
in a worldwide choir.  
Poets blowing  
to inspire

Change is what  
our planet needs  
Poems are seeds  
that lead to deeds.

## **OCCUPYING WALL STREET**

By, Michael Castro

You go down to the demonstration to stand against Wall Street.  
You watch out for the police. Watch out for pepper spray, tear gas, bullets.  
You know your rights, keep a lawyer's number on you in case you are arrested, abused.  
You make your voice heard amidst the din of political obfuscation,  
your very presence a cry of pain,  
outrage, conscience—you've been cheated, ignored too long.  
The few have pulled the strings too long.  
The game's been rigged too long.  
The politicians help mark the cards.  
The media's in on the scam. Look at who owns them. You need them  
But don't trust them. Their newspeak is not your language.  
They are not your friends. Like the politicians you elect,  
they are paid by the piper--but they can't avert their eyes because  
you are not alone. There are hundreds, thousands, millions of you  
In cities around the country, around the world,  
you are massing in front of stone buildings to tear down walls, in front of the banks,  
The corporations, the investment houses, the bastions of power.  
Walls behind which deals are cut, papers prepared, signed, money exchanged.  
Deals that can't be explained, money that can't be accounted for  
by those with dimes on their eyes walking.  
You have been invisible to them. They have been waging the class warfare  
they accuse you of. They have put you out of your home,  
fired you from your job, polluted the air you breathe,  
manipulating the monies you used to earn  
with which they pay themselves lavishly  
As you scrimp & scrounge.

You are here and you are not going away.  
You are the iceberg to their Titanic.  
You are the rising tide of a tsunami.  
You are their chickens coming home to roost.  
You are their worst nightmare.

You are me.  
Not just me, we.  
We are the united  
in the United States.  
We are the us in U.S.

Not me, we.

### **TO SPEAK OF TREES**

By, Michael Castro

Brecht sd, "To speak of trees  
is almost a crime,  
for it is a kind of silence  
about injustice,"  
but today  
to speak of trees  
is to demand justice.

Humans are committing arboricide  
as prelude to suicide.  
Trees, the planet's lungs,  
are choking on pollution,  
or, stripped from Amazonian & other jungles,  
not there anymore to breathe for us,

& clear +cut greedily from vast hillsides  
not there to drink the rains  
which flood the villages below,  
drowning fields they once nourished,  
eroding the hills themselves.  
Villagers flee, lose themselves  
in fitful dreams, trying to sleep  
on city streets—choking & smoking,  
angry & stressed—some women chain themselves  
to trees to stop the slaughter—

I demand justice for the trees!  
All of us must slowdown & breathe.  
Think of the birds! The buds!  
Think of the leaves! The words!  
For trees are books.  
They bear wisdom rooted deep.

Let them speak their silent life.

## **Build Our Occupations (Resisting Lords Of Greed)**

By, Raymond Nat Turner

*Original Words and Music By Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong  
“Just My Imagination (Running Away With Me)”*

Oooh-Oooh, oooh—oooh  
Each day is a victory, watching weeks passing by  
Resisting enslavement and war, do or die  
To see a time like this is truly a dream come true  
Sweeping all the cities in the world and D.C, too

That’s why we build our occupations  
Resisting lords of greed  
We build our occupations  
Fighting, with word and deed

Oooh-Oooh, oooh  
(B Vocal: Soon!) Soon, we’ll organize fighters from under TV (Oh, yeah)  
Organizing assemblies where the Ninety- Nine Percent agree  
We tell you we will organize it (B Vocal: Organize it!)  
This isn’t a dream, (B Vocal: No dream!) or scheme to vote off steam

That’s why we trust our occupations (Once again)  
Resisting lords of greed  
(Tell you that) We trust our occupations  
Fighting with word and deed

Every night we meet in GA  
Baby steps... to a New Day  
We’ll never let thugs  
Club our dreams away  
Though they will surely try  
Um, hm, (B Vocal: Their deeds are!) Dastardly  
When their nets enfold us  
Exposing crass hypocrisy, jackboot democracy  
Ten thousand photos showing—

Trust our occupations (Once again)  
Resisting lords of greed  
(Oh, tell you) To trust our occupations  
Fighting, word and deed—  
(Repeat/ fade)

(Improvised line) We’ll never get it, if we don’t upset it...

## **Seven Parking Tickets**

By, Annie Rachele Lanzillotto  
*copyright 2011*

Sat in a sword of sunlight listening to seagulls by the Hudson River  
behind the wheel of my Dodge Spirit.  
Read about a guy who got seven parking tickets  
before the police noticed he had shot himself in the backseat of his Chevy  
under a blanket after his eviction.

A Chevy with a big back seat.  
The papers say he has no kids.  
The papers say he wasn't happy.  
His neighbors are quoted saying he was the most intelligent man they ever knew.  
A real intellectual, with back pain.  
He was tired, they say, of being poor and in pain.  
The Homeless Elite.

I always think I'll outlive my American Car.  
American cars are better than foreign cars for some things.  
Plush backseats with springs, full bench front seats.  
Room to lay out in.  
Cheap as coffins.  
Dodge Spirit, hell, American Cars are better  
for some things

### **JUMPIN WITH JOY**

By, Annie Rachele Lanzillotto  
©2010

*These words are from a talk my mother Rachel Lanzillotto gave me one day sitting out a  
storm in a car,*

*just after the BP oil fiasco in the Gulf.*

We got homegrown terrorists.  
We need a revolution now raise your fists.  
The companies are destroying the earth.  
The companies are destroying the fish.

The butchers are jumping with joy  
The butchers are jumping with joy  
There's no more fish.  
There's no more fish.

Capitalism Terrorism.  
Poor generations of fishermen  
Pelicans covered in oil.  
Poor little pelicans. Policy shenanigans.

The butchers are jumping with joy  
The butchers are jumping with joy  
There's no more fish.  
There's no more fish.

Hu Jintao and the Caudillo open world order,  
built on fossil fuels without borders

truth oil mishap murder terror  
manipulations no regulations.

Waters all come around.  
Wash up on every shore.  
Waters all come around  
Up from underground.

The butchers are jumping with joy  
The butchers are jumping with joy  
There's no more fish.  
There's no more fish.

**Dear Mr. President:**  
By, Gloria Frym

Dear Mr. President:

At one time you requested solutions to your problems from the public. The sands of the desert are slipping through the hourglass at an alarming speed. The remedies below are not listed in Amnesty International or U.N. documents as cruel or unusual punishment. They are simple, inexpensive and highly effective. Each solution would cost must less than one fully equipped bomber. Since you have no quarrel with the people only the leaders, these solutions apply only to serious axis of evil sovereigns. Let loose a battalion of *Sarcoptes scabiei*. Stategically situate loudspeakers blasting out bass-driven rap and non-stop barking dog recordings. Excessive itching and sleep loss will incite secondary maladies and avert bellicosity. For reversing the increasingly malignant image of the empire overseas, borrow burkas from former Taliban locales and ask for volunteer Republican women to don these outerwear for a brief period while the media televises the women going about their business at home and work. Make documentaries displaying citizens of the U.S. reading the Koran, of course, only while being filmed. Citizens could easily be reading another, smaller hidden text behind the Koran. Invite Christo to wrap all McDonald's restaurants and create video documentation to spread widely via intelligence agents in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere on cassettes marked: TOP SECRET: DO NOT CIRCULATE. Close all chain stores and multinationals located in foreign countries. This action would show artificially good faith in a U.S. desire to cease spreading its cultural values and products. The enemies of the U.S. would have to get busy producing their own goods, and this undertaking would cripple them from creating any weapons of mini or mass destruction. Previously harbored weapons would have to be scrapped for components in order to sustain the already massive numbers of their populations who are sick, starving, dying, or children.

Sincerely yours,  
Gloria Frym

**from Mind Over Matter**  
By, Gloria Frym

Tell me your secret secrets  
Didn't Church & State divorce  
Ages ago before neo-  
Looking out for numero uno  
A good revolutionary name

We're not secular we're mercantile  
The market panders panties  
Cardinals small migrant hands  
Housing housing everywhere  
And no place to live  
Did you hear the one about the poet and the banker?  
Me neither  
Too much thinking requires a language breather  
The reason the dogs did not come to you  
You did not whistle for them  
Word  
An agent in the land of stuff  
There are things besides government  
Standing between us and happiness

### **KINDNESS**

By, Hugh Mann

Every spring, a bluebird flies down our chimney,  
gets trapped in the flue, and makes a tremendous  
racket trying to free itself. But birds cannot fly vertically,  
so eventually the little fellow falls into the woodstove,  
exhausted and defeated. Then we gently rescue him,  
take him outside, and watch him fly away. Like the  
bluebird, man is trapped, unable to escape or ascend.  
And man is waiting for the gentle hand of kindness  
to lift him up.

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK 5**

**WEEK**

# OWS PLANTS

By, Sharon Rosenzweig





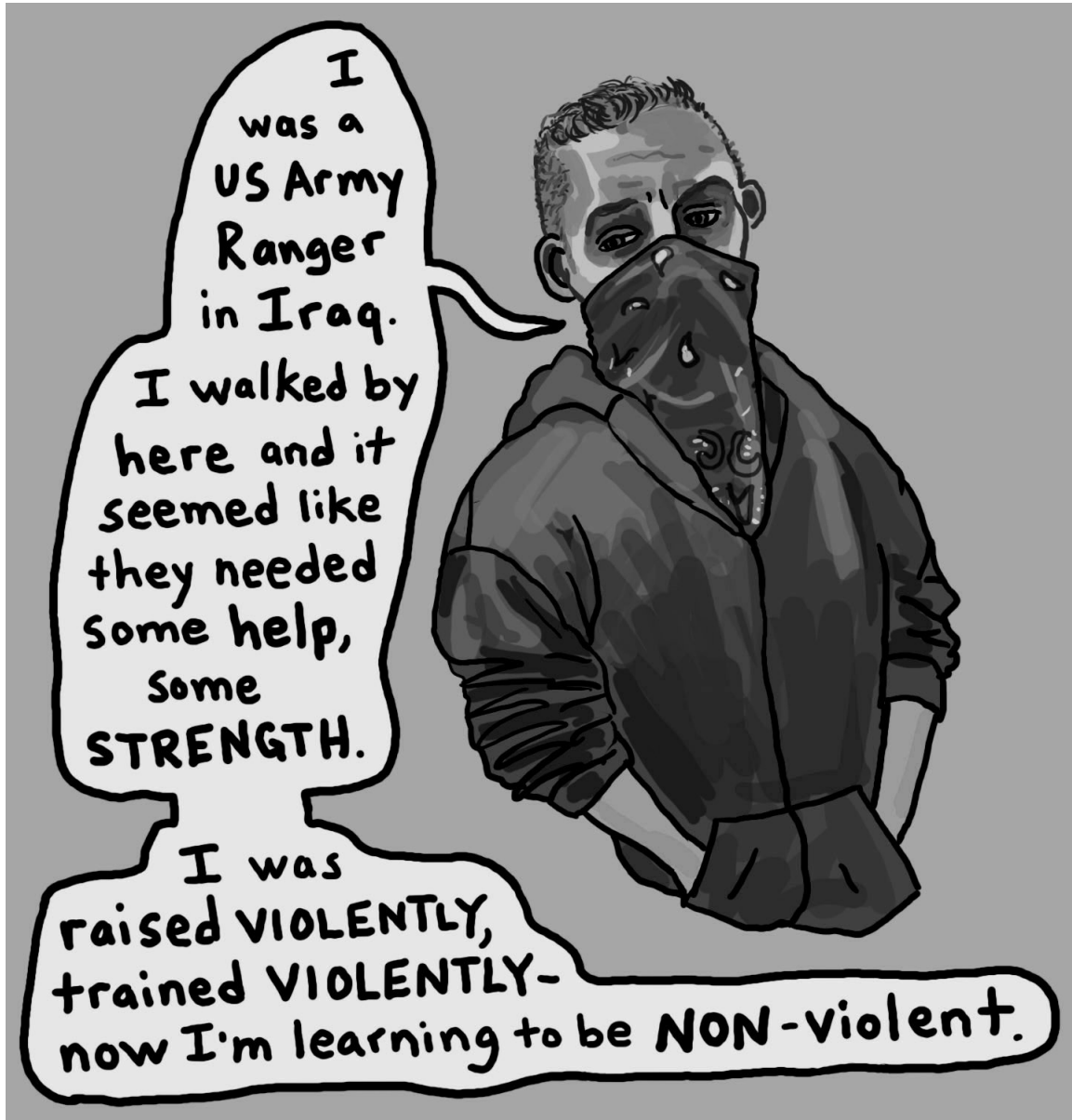
**Heather**

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



Jamey

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



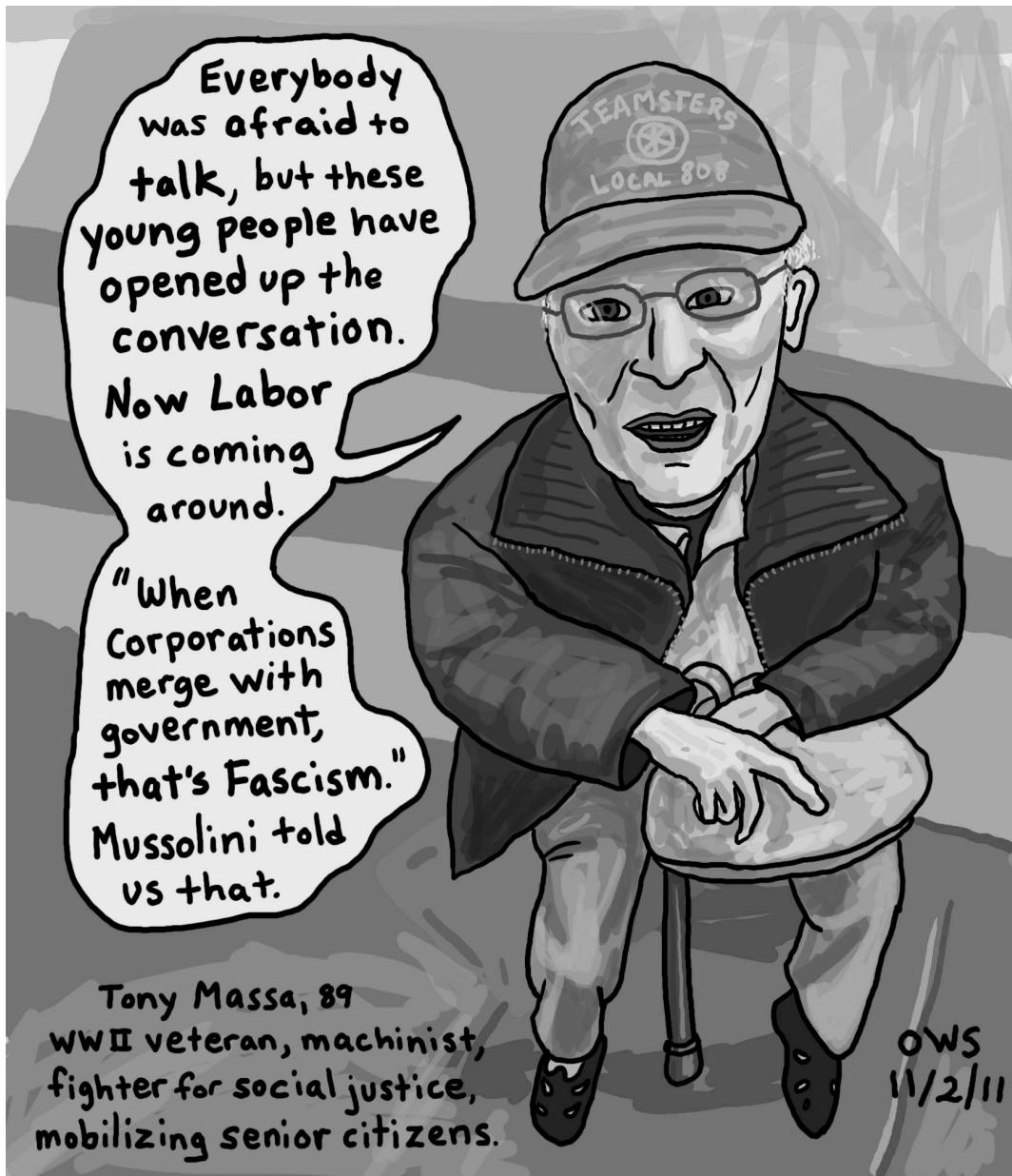
**Micah**

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



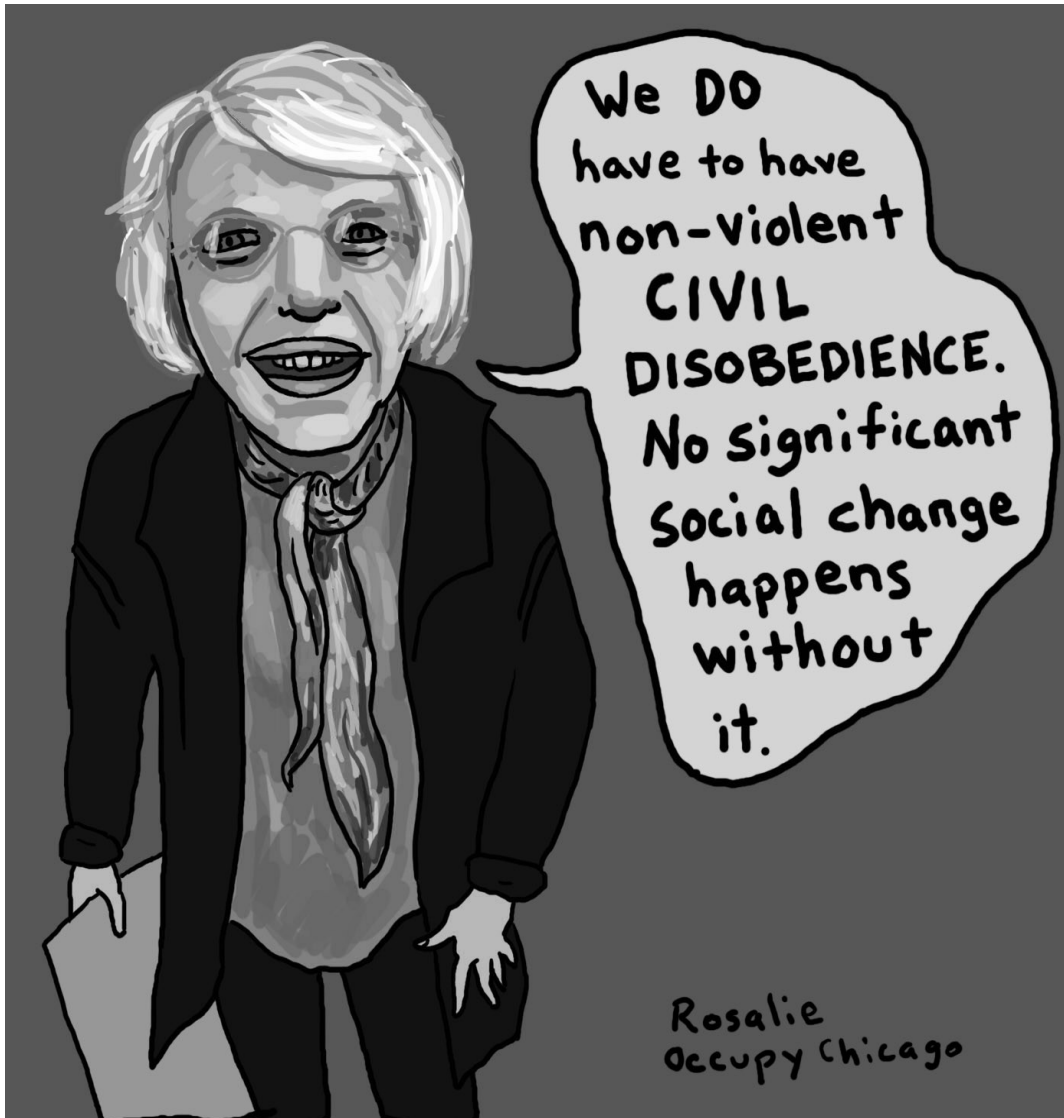
## OWS Tony

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



Rosalie

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



## **Koi Pond**

By, Urgyen Thupten Dorje

Warm colors hover in the shade of Autumn's  
failure waiting not the same as brethren.  
Immune to the spell of the treacherous streams  
disease of madmen's whirling I encountered when  
I hauled them sentenced under the swim of stars  
Who sing of cycles of the calm of these Koi  
Who yearn to leap outward in infernal arcs  
The creation of this pond furnishing the key.  
A love that frees the current suspended.  
His motive pure as the imperial snows.  
The air a layer of cold made solid.  
His call entices but will never lure. He knows.  
Knows deeply their unbounded cores. Knows them by name.  
Who'll shatter walls to shards with plumes of fluid flame.

## **SONG TO SING BEFORE A MIRROR**

By, Martine Compton

Are you doing the work, or  
are you kicking at someone  
for not wearing  
your hand-stitched  
basement-dyed  
uniform  
pressed clean by your one and only

working-poor mother  
or are you doing the work?  
Are you kicking  
at the woman  
seated next to you  
in the cannery cafeteria  
who happens on a Tuesday  
to be drinking corporate milk  
(all she can afford, she takes the bus)  
--have you examined  
your shoe brand lately?  
Whom are you standing on,  
and didn't  
this girl hold her tongue  
about you just the other day?  
What I'm saying, I'm saying  
is  
are you doing the work?  
Are you feeding  
a stranger brother soldier  
unemployed kinsman  
your leftover bread  
or are you singing  
in the shower  
in your little red head?  
Hoping the world will  
stop on your sidewalk and toss you  
a coin? Ask for your autograph?  
Are you making love

to a fellow revolutionary  
or are you  
fucking a droid while you  
watch her watch television?  
Is she emptying your head  
while she takes up your bed?  
What I'm saying  
What I'm saying is  
watch who you knock  
on your way down  
the street—  
and just what  
do you think tough means,  
warrior oh great  
tattooed god of  
hard cold music  
Watch who you  
think you can eat.  
She's small in the shoulders  
but hey  
her daddy's been mounting her  
since she could crawl—  
think twice before bombing that shopping mall.  
We need all the fringe elements  
to listen to your words,  
yes, you, anarchist  
part-time chef  
nutritious musician  
who used to take the bus.



Talk to her, too.  
She what she can do.  
Little girl lost  
might just need  
a big bad brother.  
And you might need  
the way she grows up to be  
the only E.R. nurse  
not watching t.v.  
when you're: so pretty so  
high so noonday gone  
you rip out your hospital i.v. That one day  
your heart rips  
and you just slip?  
What I'm saying  
What I'm saying is  
look around you.  
You think we never not once looked  
at you, cross-eyed suspicious?  
You think I never saw  
you think my life was just  
a bit too delicious?  
Do you think  
do you really believe  
it isn't imminent?  
You're free to, I'm free to  
believe it's over. That we're  
cooked. Done overdone.  
That this is a ruse.

But refuse it.  
That's all I ask of you  
from the flipside  
of this here looking glass,  
I see you.  
Do it, done.  
It's been begun,  
beguine it anyway,  
stop the clocks' tick-tock  
'cause they're not human  
and that's  
no way to live life.  
Don't let their pale white faces fool you.  
Their minute hands are  
tied to a forgotten teatime hour,  
while We're all drinking gin.

### **Letter From Mt. Sinai**

By, Sarah Harper

When they put me in the mental hospital  
And violated my body with their drugs  
And threw me into a small locked room  
Where I wrote on the window in spit  
Because pen and blood were forbidden me  
I cried out, but not for you--  
I cried out for justice.  
I want you to understand.  
Let this knowledge cut away at your guilt at not being there,

Cast it away and throw it to the dogs.  
They are much abused, these poor dogs,  
Yet still following the voice of their master  
And attacking their master's enemies.  
They fear the beggar in the street more  
Than the well-dressed man who put them there.  
I know and understand this fear  
Because I have been a victim of it.  
Oh yes, I wanted you to be there.  
Not to feel guilt, but so that you would understand  
That in my tears and rage I was still beautiful  
In my hospital shift I was still sexy  
That their drugs did not take away my anger  
Nor their needles my dignity.  
Hold fast to this knowledge.  
You may need it  
In the dark times ahead.

**Manifesto (MoMA 10/20/11)**

By, Sarah Harper

I believe in Freedom.  
(I believe in Freedom.)  
This means  
(This means)  
That people of color should be able  
(That people of color should be able)  
To walk the streets without fear  
(To walk the streets without fear)

Of stop-and-frisk harassment by the police.

(Of stop-and-frisk harassment by the police.)

This means

(This means)

That those who are suffering should be able

(That those who are suffering should be able)

To talk to someone without fear

(To talk to someone without fear)

Of being locked up in a psych ward

(Of being locked up in a psych ward)

And forced to take drugs and shock treatments.

(And forced to take drugs and shock treatments.)

This means

(This means)

That no one should have to choose

(That no one should have to choose)

Between money for healthcare

(Between money for healthcare)

And money for rent.

(And money for rent.)

That no one should have to choose

(That no one should have to choose)

Between being able to provide for their family

(Between being able to provide for their family)

And being able to spend time with their family.

(And being able to spend time with their family.)

Those who rule this world

(Those who rule this world)

The corporate and political masters

(The corporate and political masters)

Will tell us that these

(Will tell us that these)

Are tragic

(Tragic)

Necessary

(Necessary)

Sacrifices.

(Sacrifices.)

They lie!

(THEY LIE!!!!)

I believe in freedom.

(I believe in freedom.)

Do you?

(Do you?)

I am willing

(I am willing)

To work for that freedom.

(To work for that freedom.)

Are you?

(ARE YOU????)

### **Build Our Occupations (Resisting Lords Of Greed)**

By, Raymond Nat Turner

*Original Words and Music By Norman Whifield and Barrett Strong*

*“Just My Imagination (Running Away With Me)”*

Oooh-Oooh, oooh—oooh

Each day is a victory, watching weeks passing by

Resisting enslavement and war, do or die  
To see a time like this is truly a dream come true  
Sweeping all the cities in the world and D.C, too  
That's why we build our occupations  
Resisting lords of greed  
We build our occupations  
Fighting, with word and deed  
Oooh-Oooh, oooh  
(B Vocal: Soon!) Soon, we'll organize fighters away from TV (Oh, yeah)  
Organizing assemblies where the Ninety- Nine Percent agree  
We tell you we will organize it (B Vocal: Organize it!)  
This isn't a dream, (B Vocal: No dream!) or scheme to vote off steam  
That's why we trust our occupations (Once again)  
Resisting lords of greed  
(Tell you that) We trust our occupations  
Fighting with word and deed  
Every night we meet in GA  
Baby steps... to a New Day  
We'll never let thugs  
Club our dreams away  
Though they will surely try  
Um, hm, (B Vocal: Their deeds are!) Dastardly  
When their nets enfold us  
Exposing crass hypocrisy, jackboot democracy  
Ten thousand photos showing—  
Trust our occupations (Once again)  
Resisting lords of greed  
(Oh, tell you) To trust our occupations  
Fighting, word and deed—

(Repeat/ fade)

(Improvised line) We'll never get it, if we don't upset it...

### **Freudian Insight**

By, Sparrow

To avoid  
playing  
with my  
feces,  
I write  
poetry.

### **Octagonal Police**

By, Sparrow

On the planet  
Flimj, there are  
octagonal police.

### **The Taming of the Shrewd**

By, Sparrow

I'd like to  
see the shrewd  
tamed.

### **An oration for Occupy Wall Street:**

By, Sparrow

Most of the time, history makes us, but once or twice in our lives, we make history. This is one such opportunity. We don't know where this movement will lead. No one knows.

We don't even know for certain that it's a movement. But that is the virtue of our assembly. I say "our," not "your," because I feel I live here. And many of us -- millions of us -- live here with you, in this small park. You have given me a voice. If you have succeeded at nothing else, you have given me, and millions, the courage to open our lips.

I write this on a Trailways bus in the Catskills. As I write, I see two horses grazing in a field. I bring you the beauty of horses in profile, bending to feed, in Lake Hill, New York. I offer you the coiled power of their legs and flanks.

### **Star-spangled, with Flu**

By, Dodie Bellamy

On YouTube Marvin Gaye sings "The Star Spangled Banner" at the 1983 NBA All Star Game. Stripping the song of bombast, he delivers it with the sweetness and intimacy of a love song, drawing out each velvet syllable if he has all the time in the world. But this is his final public performance, in a little over a year he will be shot to death by his father. Accompanied by a drum machine, in gray suit and tie, he stands very still. Occasionally he rolls his head, licks his lips, clenches his fists or opens his hands, his gestures so minimal, we cling to every understated twitch. For "land of the free" he bends his knees, arches his back slightly, raises his fists, broadens his smile, getting across all the nuances of a black man up there singing about freedom—a mixture of pride and what a joke. Stars bursting off his aviator sunglasses, Marvin Gaye has made the "National Anthem" sexy and cool. The sensuality of his rendition is perverse, it's like he's fucking with rah-rah patriotism big time, like he's laying bare the libidinal pleasures of group consciousness. The crowd claps and cheers. By the end I find my fuzzy-brained sweaty self ridiculously smiling, feel giggly, stoned. I slurp the Thai coconut soup Kevin picked up for me, and click replay again and again.

### **Poem for OWSL**

By, Joseph Perez

i don't believe in the system or the government  
we all pawns in this game of chess  
we try to dream  
but they krugers  
what can we do?  
they got our beautiful women working in strip clubs and hooters  
grandmas in McDonalds  
and grandpas as janitors  
trying to pay for their medicine



or even anything  
babies taking care of babies  
who's taking care of them?  
where people are quick to defend their homeland  
but dont know shit about its history  
just the popular dishes and parades  
runaways never see another day  
teenagers never go to church  
but give offerings to treads  
that promise them true religion  
vanity  
maintains their sanity  
labels make the lost find themselves  
but what they need to find is help  
they let their desires get the best of the needs  
we still in slavery  
by a couple presidents  
curse words is today's vocabulary  
schools are penitentiaries..  
relatives being enemies  
books not being read  
instead being used to hold up windows and doors  
everyone staring at the homeless and poor  
can you spare a little change?  
i got no more credits in this game  
called life  
killing the innocent  
freeing the guilty  
laughing at the illiterate

mindsets full of ignorance  
trying to send back the immigrants  
the majority of the population  
and cant be a citizen?  
parks just waiting to have yellow tape and chalk-lines  
because communities have no unity  
the only thing we was good for for picking cotton  
and chopping down sugar cane trees  
everyone looking like one another  
but don't act like sisters and brothers  
racism is still alive  
people love to hate  
when we should love to love  
letting astrology decide their faith  
making it seem like people on death row  
consist of baggy jeans, slang and corn-rows  
everybody wanting to be super-stars  
but cops are shooting stars  
so its best if we don't wish..

**Love is a canister of gas you can throw**

By, Terence Degnan

as the gull  
and sea and steel and glass recede  
you  
decide to freeze  
imagine more heads than you can count  
weaved like wool

like the woolman's hooded coat  
imagine more heads than you can count  
shaking the canister of liberty  
corked  
hot with anticipation  
imagine they are children  
they are children  
who have never formed animals from clouds  
who have never been taught to read  
who know words only as they form them  
words like water  
only when it's been driven to need  
say water until it loses it's tongue  
say water where it cannot run  
say water  
imagine you are only one small part of a sea  
you and the rich man  
you and the senator  
you and the skeleton  
you and the alligator  
you and the bee  
you and the sea  
you are a part that leads water to run  
where water might  
there are still a thousand fields unshorn  
in your very county  
dogs that run  
tiny people who know nothing of your occupation  
who wear a dress to church

who blow the fingers of dying flowers  
there are still unbridled beasts  
who cannot say your name  
your standstill  
is not for the rich man  
it isn't for the broken officer's horse  
isn't for you  
if you can look past your tuesday  
it's for the untouched blade of grass  
the unformed cloud  
the naked territory  
you once had, which is drowning  
love is a canister you can throw back  
love is the first gasp of air, but not the second  
love has no thought  
does no savings  
does not balance the bills on sunday  
when the office has died down  
love doesn't follow water  
love is the water  
love runs where it might  
love is the second of hesitation  
before the fistfight  
and the fistfight itself  
love is begging the white collared cops  
to lay down their arms  
and raise their fists  
so that we may fight  
as brothers have

so we may bleed alongside our beloveds  
love doesn't make a cheeky sign  
with a colloquial rhyme  
and a lick of duck tape  
across the lips  
love is the tongue  
that tastes the glue  
and says  
so this is what glue tastes like  
and thinks, amongst other things  
about the gluelman's trousers  
which must stick as he lays them, bedside, down at the end of his day  
and so now  
the gull and sea and steel and glass  
recede  
as the moon calls to them like children  
as to moon admires the might of men  
as the moon upon the hudson river  
cannot hear their chants  
or their contrition  
because such are things that are old  
and this place is young  
these times are new  
these cries are like the roman child's  
you are the roman child  
who laments the fall of rome  
instead of her own starvation  
but again,  
remember you are also the Autumn

you are also the Autumn  
you are the very Autumn  
that sparked the sea  
to look within herself and say  
look  
they, sometimes,  
can be just as me!

### **Ode to the Poor**

By, Mike Perkins

*Columbia, Missouri*

it's not you  
it's me  
I need something different  
I'm sorry  
I just can't go on like this  
I want you to be happy  
not have to worry about me  
get on with your life  
find somebody new  
somebody who deserves you  
we were from different sides of the track  
I had everything  
you had nothing  
I liked it that way but I know it bothered you  
we had a good run anyway  
most people didn't think it would last this long  
some thought you would murder me in my sleep

rise up to cut my throat  
it did happen in other places  
but I was more careful here  
you've loved me  
and I've been rather fond of you at times  
sometimes even screwed you  
in more ways than one  
we've been through a lot together  
I clothed you  
housed you  
planned your future  
made the hard decisions for you  
put up with your little peccadilloes like unions  
saw that you had booze, drugs, and something to smoke  
porn and television  
all to keep you amused and distracted  
gave you fifteen minute breaks while I took month long paid vacations  
every couple needs some time apart  
allowed you to think that voting mattered  
everyone needs to at least have the allusion of hope  
or they give up  
I can't deny it  
in your own small way  
you did your part too  
you died magnificently on foreign shores by the hoards  
you fought like a banshee  
for my profit and amusement  
for a bit of pay and a bit of recognition  
you loved those shiny bobbles I pinned on your chest

strutting around in uniform - everyone was so proud  
nobody more than me  
you had the best weapons your money could buy  
bombs, missiles, and what not, that cost a fortune  
nothing was too good for the troops  
it gave you a higher purpose  
you served me proud  
in return you were fairly compensated  
you were free to get tattoos  
fornicate, frequent pawn shops, and  
drink yourself into alcoholic stupors  
some walking around money  
and something to do with your time  
if you were a little down  
maybe a bit sad or blue  
there was God on television and the radio  
or at least the local sales representative  
churches of all different flavors every few feet  
you could go there and blow off steam  
spin around on the floor  
sing, cry, and holler to your hearts content  
send missionaries out the door  
to bug the hell out of some poor bastard  
in Bum Fuck Egypt  
volunteer to help the youth  
or the less fortunate  
get it all out of your system  
so you'd be ready on Monday  
you learned to expect nothing from this world



and that was a good thing  
because it was so true  
there is no reward here for you  
not if I can help it  
you believed in a future reward  
in the sweet bye and bye  
on God's dime not mine  
hell, it might even be true  
you never know  
one Jesus was worth more than an army of lawyers  
hope He didn't mind  
well, I guess I should come clean  
there is somebody else  
I didn't aim for it to happen  
it just happened  
they came onto me  
when you were demanding too much  
when you didn't understand what I needed  
they were there for me  
when I was vulnerable  
besides  
you're not what you used to be  
you've let yourself go  
have you looked in the mirror?  
you've grown fat and lazy  
you do less and less  
you demand more and more  
I've found someone younger  
they are hungry for what I can give them

they remind me of you back when we were young  
they will work themselves to death for pennies  
do things for me you won't do  
it changes everything  
everything I need comes from someplace else now  
since I've started there is no reason to hold back  
time to say what is on my mind  
you brought it on yourself  
maybe I was too easy  
gave in too much  
when you wanted  
a forty hour week  
minimum wage  
health care  
all that costs a fortune and makes you dependent  
on welfare and "benefits"  
which wrecks havoc on capital gains  
so I apologize for that  
for not being stricter with you when I should have  
I tried to give you what you wanted  
even when I knew better  
so I paid that price too  
it created false hope you could be me  
over my dead body  
I taught you to hate yourself  
I laughed my ass off whenever you did my dirty work  
I never lifted a finger to keep things under control  
didn't have to  
you turned on each other

you despised each other  
something else you should know  
it was all there for the taking  
so easy for you to have just taken it  
you scared me when you were young and strong  
you had that mongrel hybrid vigor  
when you got along together  
but you are weak now  
the moment has passed  
you pissed it away  
and it is  
the survival of the fittest in this world  
you loose  
your pathetic  
there  
it's out now  
I've been thinking it for a long time  
just kept it bottled up inside  
you have a socialist agenda  
you want a free ride  
for nothing!  
well the free ride is over  
you make me sick  
you can't even take the hint  
your taking up space  
you ruin the view  
there is no place here for you now  
not here  
nothing for you to do

no place for you to stay  
so get out  
all you do now is demand  
talk about rights  
beg for government handouts  
your a bunch of damn communist  
you think money grows on trees  
while you refuse to get yours like I got mine  
there is something wrong with you  
why else would you be this way?  
no more handouts  
the business of america is Business  
not people  
at least not people like you  
your on your own  
your free to go  
see, this is still a free country  
at least for those who can pay for it  
and I already have

### **Sacrificial Lambs**

By, Mike Perkins

*Columbia, Missouri*

not all die  
but many do  
they come back  
sometimes whole in body  
but wounded in the mind

or maybe in pieces  
missing one ancillary appendage or another  
such as an arm  
or a leg  
or some creative combination  
or perhaps all four  
it is all  
subject to  
the vagaries of war  
all based on a spinning moment  
a probability  
of timed confusion  
the moment  
which becomes the epicenter  
the fall from grace  
youth gushing from the man-made spring  
of traumatic fluids  
framed by odd angles  
with boundary markers of unnatural holes  
from which something emerges  
struggling  
as if from a cocoon  
in swaddling bandages  
something new  
yet old and unchanged  
a vague resemblance of something before  
but nothing stays the same anyway  
during the recovery  
which is never complete

just scabbed over  
rubbed raw by prostheses  
chemical as well as mechanical  
how do you salute without hands?  
march without feet?  
there is no parade rest for the de-boned weary  
then a medal  
some recognition  
awkward silences  
inane comments  
a jolly brave laugh attempt at humor  
the bystanders feel wounded  
and are comforted  
by the victims themselves  
in a  
punch and cookie reception  
then a check  
then perhaps a pension of sorts  
before the big forgotten

## **ERUPTION**

By, Sherman Pearl

Under the surface  
Earth grows restless and erupts  
now and then.  
Substructure endures  
only so much stress.  
before the interior

thrusts itself up,  
breaks through layers, overturns  
the imagined stability.

The bottom becomes  
the top, molten rage  
covers the land, threatens  
even the highest places.

In time, of course,  
the heat subsides, the flow  
runs with less fervor and cools  
but does not sink  
quietly back to oblivion.

It sets where it settled, creates  
a country never seen before;  
change is burned  
into the landscape.

Those evicted from high places  
come down,  
dismayed by the changes,  
and discover they are strangers  
in a strange new land.

## **THE 99% ARCANE**

By, Jack Hirschman

1.

Indignations  
finally and at last  
caught on,

caught fire even on  
the shoulders  
of that autumn tweed  
jacket, those jeggings  
in the street  
where the flames of  
« Had enough ?  
Off your duff !  
Let's make Revolution ! »  
are blossoming with the bodies  
of young and old now,  
bringing together  
hearts broken by wars,  
into a frozen future,  
whose turn it is  
finally and at last  
to bring down that Wall  
Street that's killing us all,  
through an event whose  
time has come, 20 years  
in the process of  
a growing, massing  
occupying by many who don't  
even know why they're  
here, but wear the instinct  
of « Gotta-be »because  
not to be is to be not  
anywhere, to be nowhere,  
nothing, and now nothing



and its nothingesses  
seem stupid, elite, extremist  
like the banks themselves.  
We're : Fuck Money Futures !  
We're : Derivatives Up Your Ass !  
You can black us out  
of the press, block  
and arrest us, teargas,  
mace and shoot us, as we  
know very well you will  
but this time we're  
not turning back.  
We know you're finished,  
desperate near the end,  
hysterical in your  
flabberghastliness. Amen !

2.

We're the stick-up  
you've had coming  
for as long as we  
can count your wars.  
We're gonna get rid  
of money and those  
725 bases allover the globe  
we've slaved to pay for.  
No occupation but this:  
Occupy and come alive!  
That's the job even Jobs  
knows the hunger for.

Occupy everywhere till  
there's nowhere we're  
not ! This event we're  
in, which is inside all of us,  
and, as in the beginning,  
contradictorily, of course,  
question-worthy, of course,  
engined by justice and the  
only law that counts :  
the one of love, the two  
of love, the three of love,  
the four for the other three  
of love---Occupy for all!

### **Poesía de los Indignados**

By, Mark Butkus

Bienvenido

Somos

Una ocupación

En tierra colonizada

Somos pobres

Somos ricos

Estamos hambrientos

Estamos bien alimentados

Somos mujeres

Somos hombres

Somos todos los géneros

Somos gay

Somos las ideologías  
No somos ni ideología  
Somos religiosos  
Somos no religiosos  
Somos no violentas  
Somos gente  
Permanente de solidaridad  
Contra la opresión  
Esta es una revolución  
Mundo

## **POLAROID**

by Catherine Corman

*for Jedediah Spenser Purdy*

It is late afternoon in New York, a Saturday  
nine days before Halloween,  
2011 and I walk down Broadway  
because Jed is here from North Carolina  
for one more day in solidarity,  
with friends I haven't met yet.  
Along an empty patch of sidewalk in the sun  
two older tourists ask directions to Liberty Street.  
They have seen the World Trade Center  
and want to know what the protesters are doing today.  
I walk past the Woolworth Building,  
its wedding cake walls and fragile copper spire,  
Trinity Church graveyard, its brittle thin tombstones.  
At Liberty Plaza I see Jed in a puffy black jacket,

unshaven, hunched over, feverishly reading a paperback,  
and I think of him in college, wearing his scarf then as he does now,  
knotted so loosely he still looks cold. He holds Middlemarch, half-open,  
missing its cover, in one hand, and I take his picture with a scuffed old camera,  
a leather-bound Riverside Shakespeare propped on a cardboard box,  
poets and philosophers stacked in white milk crates all around him.

We stroll past modern metal sculptures,  
a New Orleans jazz band plays in the park,  
and we return to Rob's place, down winding narrow streets,  
past tall buildings with blank windows. From his bedroom  
a few inches of silver river appear between skyscrapers.

It's beautiful, he says, in the morning.

And I pull out polaroids I have shielded from light, images  
nearly liquid, glossy like polished glass, of Jed, head tilted slightly  
to the left, mouth open, telling me Middlemarch really is about Saint Teresa,  
sun making a small halo above his head, through the dark, darkening trees.

### **No Share, No Ware**

By Riché Richardson

*November 2, 2011*

No share, no ware!

It's just not fair.

No share, no ware!

Too much despair.

A children's story

like

The Little Red Hen

teaches us that

who cooks

the meal

and does

the labor

of

love

has

the right

to eat

the meal.

We have come

to a day

when

the American way

might say

“no way”

and begrudge

the hen

and

her

precious babes

little more than

a crumb

of

the bread

she baked,

and

scarcely

a penny

for

her  
hard work.  
In a world  
like this,  
the neighbors  
who  
took  
no time  
to help  
her  
when she asked  
and all but  
mocked  
her  
labor  
like Noah  
building the ark  
before the flood came  
would sell it  
and walk away  
themselves  
with the dollar  
it is truly  
worth.  
No share, no ware!  
It's just not fair.  
No share no ware!  
They need to care.  
No share, no ware!

Takes us nowhere.

**Why is this**

By, Ruth Hamilton

*Support from Vermont*

**Part I**

Why is this,

even in the bucolic country of Vermont

it seem so simple

Enforce the laws, whether farmer,

quarry owner or other business sham

whose iconic moguls control

the way that money changes hands

We supposedly honor freedom

yet condone indentured servitude at best

and slavery close to the chest

How is it those who use humans as fodder for their profits

are not recognized as despots

held accountable in courts

as well a moral condemnation

We are taught to demonize the other

those unlike in color

culture homeland and spoken tongue

be afraid of them and look not deeper

But it is on the cheap

harbored in our weakness like sheep

for all the luxuries we reap

from their bare bone labor

we are shamed by their lost lives

I think it is time we 'profile' the vile  
who perpetrate injustice  
and get rich on backs  
of foreign disadvantaged men.  
we need to take a stand  
NO to cow power from mega agribusiness farms  
that tortures beasts as well as men  
you do not get my four cents extra to support it  
it is they that should be shamed, deported  
Call them out  
and if in economic markets the percentage of profit  
is smaller and getting rich takes longer  
let it be No one has the right to ease  
based on such a national disease  
stop damning the worker, illegal in this land  
Call the market to account  
with gyrations up and down at will  
skimming life of those who still  
live in squalor pain and desperate need  
whilst perpetrators light candles  
at their cross of greed

## **Part II**

Now you've heard my anger  
words of harshness, judgment  
I don't like the way it makes me feel  
and then I wonder  
all those myself included  
who hold stocks  
or are party to the funds



to hedge against inflation  
that level their old age pension  
all at the market hest  
are we completely ignorant of what we join  
and how it binds us to the pain greed sows  
it is so easy not to know  
and some just like to see their money grow  
never think what it might harbor  
Recently a dear friend lost her sister  
It was tragic hard to bear  
but in as much a trigger  
all the friends and acquaintances  
brought forth in the air  
a commonality of concern  
sent an abundance of love and prayer  
it intertwined in a lacy web  
across the cosmos of her grief  
was received  
Brought comfort  
I think again of anger  
the angst projected in its wake  
how much better to emit yes  
love  
than ask one for payment  
for transgression, how can one  
remit for what is done  
when we rage do we give nurture  
to the darkness  
those that gamble

be it 4 aces a royal flush futures rampant speculation  
does anger feed upon itself  
mutating cells that grow as ugly as the target  
it seems we need to loose the energy of love  
so every time I feel inner rage  
I must turn my energy to amending  
with a warmer heart and remember  
my dear friend who really did feel comfort  
it is an amazing power yet untapped in worth  
we so easily decide to blame another  
there is surely enough to go around  
but what if we started using this other power  
we call upon in times of storms or terrorist attack  
where we come together selflessly to care and share  
what if we used it every day practiced polished  
nurtured  
allow for ignorance and innocence  
take on the task for change  
put away the bundled well tied anger  
lest we forget and I  
I do not wish to live with that regret  
keep the power of peace  
reap change

## **OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY 101**

By, Bruce Stephenson

(Part One)

### **CONFESSIONS OF A GHOUL**

They're occupying every park  
To talk about the banks.  
I watched a film tonight about some stark  
Put downs of talks with tanks.  
I need not say machettes, guns,  
Or poison gas, or drugs,  
Or lies repeated till hate stuns  
The human heart in thugs.  
The rhythms of grassroots resistance  
To the robo-cops  
Of Business Wars need our assistance  
Before armed madness stops.  
What can we do to help the cause  
Of peace and love survive?  
I say let's just show up because  
I'm sure we can revive  
Ourselves from walking in our sleep  
From pointless job to job.  
I pray each Sword paid warriors keep  
With which to kill and rob  
Will be re-melted in Love's forge  
To make a garden tool,  
And that each War Lord's mouth disgorge  
Confessions of a ghoul.  
I'd better get this sorry ass  
Down off my bar stool now  
And cross the pavement to the grass  
And join that grand pow-wow  
Where we can listen, add our voice,

Or dance, or sing, or drum,  
Or contemplate each better choice,  
And plan good things to come!  
I know that Facebook is a front  
For CIA's best plots.  
We give them everything we've got,  
They file it all in slots.  
Since every Company CEO  
Was once a Wall Street boss  
Guess who controls the way things go;  
Guess who will take the loss?  
The only way to win a war  
Is shown by ones so brave  
As those who've shown what freedom's for  
And what wise actions save.  
They've kissed the shields of robo-cops.  
They've faced the armoured tanks.  
The only way that violence stops  
Is peace throughout our ranks.  
(For All The Boys And Girls All Ages,  
All The Wisdom Women, Sages,  
All The Activists On Stages  
Speaking For The Folk in Cages,  
Oct 24, 2011, Saskatoon)

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ghoul>

The creature also preys on young children,  
robs graves, drinks blood, steals coins and eats the dead,  
taking on the form of the one they previously ate.

(Part Two)

## **THE GOLD AND SILVER STANDARD**

I've got some money, honey, but

It isn't worth a dime.

My bank account's my big fat cut

Out of financial crime.

It's hard because its easy to

Explain about thin air.

A paper promise can't come through

Cause nothing's really there.

The gold and silver standard's gone

Into some greedy hands

Who print out credit digits drawn

On debt none understands.

On Hallowe'en the children's bags

Were filled with tricky treats

As if the Devil paid rich hags

To hand out poisoned sweets.

We were the willing walking dead.

We were the ghosts and ghouls.

We laughed at every pumpkin head.

We're all the Joker's fools.

It's time to get our firewood stacked;

Our nuts and raisins in;

Our jars of hemp and flax seeds racked;

Our apples in the bin.

It's time for rose hips in the jar,

For dried herbs by the fire.

The cold light of our guiding star

Will help our hearts aspire.  
May those who occupy Wall Street  
Abandon cigarettes  
And fast food poisoned to taste sweet  
And kill their last regrets.  
The only wealth is real estate  
That still can grow pure food.  
Let's think, and pray, and meditate.  
There's no need to be rude.  
Our real wealth is human worth.  
We are that natural wealth.  
The seeds of truth give us rebirth  
To share our natural health.  
Our grass roots movement has its strength  
Of Spirit, heart to heart.  
Let's get to know our breadth and length  
And honour every part.  
Let's get to know each other well;  
Embrace our depth and height.  
Infiltrators who'd raise up hell  
Will fade back into Night.  
Let's take the time to get to know  
Each other's story well.  
Around home fires we'll out grow  
Old fears our songs dispel.  
My occupational therapy  
With Dunce Hat on my head  
Is sitting scribbling poetry  
Until my Fears have fled.

Provocateurs and agents paid  
To infiltrate Love's Park  
Will see through their own masquerade  
And know their light from dark.  
Wasteland Vol 3: on wars within and without  
By, Lewis Lazarus  
"if my soldiers were to begin to think,  
they'd leave the army"  
-Alexander the Great

-----

### **The Witch's Prophecies Part I**

By, Lewis Lazarus

Block the  
Clock  
Stops  
Straight faced. Tight laced.  
Encased. In Cases. Crippled hand Caped.  
Tooth to the back of the smack  
Silent night.  
Bubbling cauldron  
The old learn in stalls  
Stillness awakes them

-----

### **The Speech**

By, Lewis Lazarus

A short man stood on the pagoda,

in his uniform and toga

He lifted a stiff arm soon to be limp and began to spurt hot words out

unlucky for him

the audience of chimps were scratching

the bald patches of their companions

(fleas guaranteed)

-----

### **Offering**

By, Lewis Lazarus

One eye convinced of another

cut half way across the slice.

A side dish offered to the gods.

sleeping!

-----

### **The Wild West: Where Man's Law meets Judiciary Law**

By, Lewis Lazarus

My mind's breath on winter's wars

on reigns swung to branch the doors of pores on skin seeped sand

shook shores, the world is only waking!

String shots slice the sleeping streets to beat the pump stiff muscled dreams

in every life it starts to speak the words of woken wonder.

Tools to compass the circumference

hammered stone shawls stuck to statues hung through ages.

The myths of greatness seem to fall

from Sanskrit tales to pleasure plundered.



Sacked and whimpered jesters  
Lady midnight likes to reign the horse in  
A pimp enslaved her for personal gain  
but theirs is a dream for the taking  
with arabic oils hashish foil  
life must some times get funny  
the weather's word is to shed its rain  
lest clouds have tongues for thunder  
Be boorish, black tanned blinking dogs  
the dank dead devil's arms  
has no desire to climb  
and god above has no depths to fall,  
no ambitions to crawl to with arms to open  
In the prose of rose skipped silence  
lies the fumbling fur of fleas  
for hunters  
The gathering clapping cats on ice  
on tides tilt the tempting time to take a dip in silk screens  
to shine and out win  
names and numbers  
Calculation: the cause for celebration at the iron ore train station  
85 Dalmatians solve the stock exchange equations.  
Just as the juries straining to command the law of payment.  
10 butlers  
batter caked in lakes of silver for the taking  
Towers power puncture junctions  
functions fact check fat fame hatchets  
caught in thoughts of taking  
flashes

taking

flashes

Fought to free fight frame in a fist fight

frightening tripe bibbed bight of dice

draped once to tempt fate

once to hide

the hand of plenty

is now empty

Growls of cream cracked coat checkout classes

Curls of a dart dream lost in the making of the 10 train

from the first to the last station

stuck inside sam's bottle

what a throttle he's offered us

thank him

Now generals command

they clamor together

like a facially framed fixtures

kings, queens, priests, imams, rabbis, shaman, prophets, saviors, pharaohs, presidents,  
dissidents, hussars and sultans

The bombs of calamity sing songs for enemies

fostered and festered in the breasts of inventors

tacked to invest in all but this world.

Far flung representations like drapes of snakeskin.

hissing at your wishes

Terse and removable

The preamble scramble of red shot white light

tapping on the concave glass mask

There's a bark on the radio station:

'a word written'

'epitaph under scribed'

'proud drum beats of the ticker tape parade'

'thoughts outbound in subway stations'

'office the coffin'

'the schmaltz of a turpentine waltz and a gargle of toe tapping shift shaping gaping eyed layer cakes'

with guns in their wars

bayonets like clarinets

near the harmless boorish squaws squeak their fingers peeking through the ceiling

how precious a barrel

with live stock kept

seems when

listlessly resting

on the fence of extremes.

All saviors and prophets barred from the seance

tonight is a death dance

violet eruptions

corruptions

seductions

with Violence's lace dress pressed fresh against the faceless

(quite a name for a dame)

voluptuous punctures in gun flash concoctions

The doctorates swim in silence

the papers drowned in the flood

In purple waters parade pioneers

Grinning sharp forefathers

white knifing teeth

and tiffany's dagger.

Though words whirl

the window wiper curls to a bomb

and unfolds to explosive commotions.

The book is the word.

After every calamity

I hear mother's say:

'another child is dead'

lain stiff on the bed

came to pass

The whole wretched family's dead!

what's left is their chess desk

some game in mid set

The hairs gone from fetching 5 bars of soap sweating and fat grease ball pearls

in the cacophony of a mindless climate possessing them.

There's life in the mind's of the majestic

and humility's the key to find it

Only the devil himself could invent it!

what ways to quench life!?

To quench thirst

To stir strife. With bursts of energy, half baked philosophies

clammer and break on the rocks of uncertainty

thumping screams,

poison seeps

sleeps in their thousands

their hundred or millions

when will your conscience awaken?

-----

## **The Witch's Prophecies Part II**

By, Lewis Lazarus

Men

in to dark caves will crawl and claw at the walls for treasures.

So possessed by their obsession  
its measure and weight and its splendor  
will scour and suck sour their brothers  
to stand on a tower with food they can't swallow

Men

with dart boards of plans  
godly commands to win what they can  
will rummage and pillage and drain every village

Men

for ideals and thrills set the bill for their will  
and wake up the sleeping and dreaming and feeble frightened people  
to fight to the death for the dears of their keeping

Men

in the bullpen  
unprotected  
then selected to stand straight  
tall n' tall  
in a fine posture  
of toe heeled laughter  
forced to splatter the cackle of every cow  
and cat heard to blast the past with shrapnel

Men

to win and to prove!

Oy vey!

I'm not on that side anyway  
anywhere

to win and to prove: for you and you alone  
for alone on our own odyssey we meet together at the end

The Waltz

By, Lewis Lazarus

Parlor of the pensioners

now that they've won their wars

made rot of the grapes

and spilled the wine from the table

crammed culture to the wall

turned their back on magic and enchantment

godly parades in to plastic packages

fabricated by the ravaged garden savages

To it I bow my head

give them a bath

bathe them in gold

suck on their toes when it gets cold

to outwardly contain my frustration

and inside i have a mechanization station

that transfers all my rage in to patience

I have faith in you

to get up and try again

in any shape or form

to ultimately find yourself

infinitely human

divinely human

to win on the playing field

what of it?

ones conscious contribution to culture is quite the kick

you can just about make the mindless sick

the teeth to chatter

of any piranha with the mad handed hatter

the sad plan of expansion

Hey man!

a little gnome with a lot of exposure

his courage disclosed

he wishes above all to tell you some

words:

'if you would kindly lend me your lobes.'

'Ahem' the little squirt pips

'I....think' he continues in the hesitant drawl of a 12 year old

'that people should not seek happiness outside but inside'

The dictator enraged, kicks him off the page.

such is the way of the caged.

Summon all the mages

the sages

get all the posing defendants

to go deep in to the remnants of pretense.

In my defense 'I have a vision

a clear cut decision

'all trees are for me!'

'all people are mine'

'all things I own from any throne, I sit on the circle of time'

'all blood brine and guts will bend to my wand'

'all toads will explode'

'dears will be sheered, ducks put in pots, though its the ponds that they're wanting (but they're not having it!)

'rabbits will have it'

'cats sliced and chopped'

The devil's own pot

for that insurmountable

unpronounceable

hunger to plunder  
still starving for what?  
In taking  
you lose what you've got  
20 crows saw it from the top of the building  
crawling from caves with children kept safe  
with visions voiced to take the time to safety  
chirped about the warriors now painting their faces  
stepped on ten towers and summoned the showers of hours now counting away.  
War on the floor is not quite the same from above  
and that which desires  
and fears to expire  
the world that one writes on with black on white pages  
history's face  
one blank water worn tank and to whom to thank?  
Whom to thank?  
think carefully  
the carefree rust in the dust of their daze.

-----

### **Prophecies Come and Go, Life Moves On**

By, Lewis Lazarus

Storm bells  
ground rattles  
the desire to stand on the statues of giants  
the plying defiance of silence.  
The word was to wonder on two battalions set to the opposites of anger.  
The fangs of white daggers flash in the thunder.



In disjointed concentration  
and rebuttal from every station.

The crows of temptation in crowds of impatience

A commander came to order  
every hesitant cell to step forth and slaughter.

Every self propelling intelligent sense of salvation is shot in to place and its fate  
harnessed to embrace

or be shot in disgrace.

On opposite ends  
the hand seems to lend itself gently in defense  
and storm willingness sheds off its pretense.

The gift grappling gunmen  
with warm weathered faces and lines to life traces of sacrificed stages  
the roots of an old oak with branches of gold leaves  
in action relaxed for a fraction of a second.

So to fear is to face the arrows of fate or the quicksand comes to command the embrace  
the inevitable melting of love and of hate!

Two sides turn  
strike the chord  
red and blue flaps  
banners whipping in the wind  
in the dim light silhouetted  
on a strange night

The blind glass blower gives  
with the pouring of lava folds  
in to granite pours  
the melted ore of years in waiting

No reproach of the croaked feet on the street  
of the interned toe nails in bent directions sent from the hermits and heretics  
and metal clefts like cats in heat

turned and curled in all strange feats  
'To both victory and wonder'  
to die is to understand the hand of god  
every drop of blood  
is a gift of yours!  
and your body will be our gift back in the postal service  
is my thought  
ask the desk clerk  
the keeper of our cloaks  
our spirits spring forth through our lives and past them  
Some warriors so deaf, impaled to understand  
fatigue for years to seek relief  
from placards and boxes  
in strawberry ceremonies and mangos on beaches  
do we dangle through life in the fruit tree?  
But outside  
it's chaos kid,  
upside down in the market place kiosk clicks the good will of the innocents  
here's the best beat of human behavior  
from motion to motion to motion to mania  
to hoard and to board up and store up ones gains  
Though courage to cut through is the only way through

### **All Senses Stripped**

By, Lewis Lazarus

Activity runs in all directions  
perceptions intersected in collisions

of visions of human perfection  
unattainable citations of ideals  
collected in baskets of pretense wrapped up on the weekend  
one man moves with worldly solutions  
and another distressed by self obsessed tunes  
the dance of distraction to achieve: to become!

The son of who's who.

I've heard that one before!

what an abrasive uninteresting bore,

to be no more less or no more

than what you're worth

i want to see your soul burst

in an effort of emancipation

from any old station

of waiting

for gain

slap clap the trap.

(captain haddock's the braggart)

To win what's been won

to do what's been done

No appraisal is needed for the able who labor in love

and need not rewards nor grades nor score boards nor

to better their brother for self puffing platform grabbing smokestacks in the cover of long  
clinging karaoke style singing their own lonely song

(thongs of japanese school girls with pink curls push the bibles in to hands of pampered  
white faced naked aboriginals. yummy. yummy. I have culture in my tummy.)

And everyman is just as intelligent when it comes to this:

one number

one life

one sight

one feeling  
one mother  
one father  
one first on third eye  
won one every time  
one river that pushes the pebbles  
revealing, upturning  
what's been sealed and hidden.

One drink

One Gin

One bottomless glass of wine

to be drunk on all the time

but best with your mind

in competition with the constant obsession to win!

It's an easy decision

I have no visions but to give and have no cares but to live

no seas to conquer but to swim in what's given

no card decks or martyrdom tricks

or resurrections planned or anything

Except for the one every morning at sun rise

for that's when I'm born again

and again

and again

every morning

for the rest of time

-----

### **The Toll**

By, Lewis Lazarus

In all real stances with guns and with lances

the same tools remade and romanced  
but end up buried in the soil to toil further

Your friends are turned in  
your family's near,  
in the tongue twist of trash,  
it could have been better than that

The one eyed parrot squeaking

'all eyes can see it'

'all eyes can see it'

'all eyes can see it'

well they'll come to collect him in the morning...surely?

foes left to fight their gods in the elements

what pretense!

go over and help them

where abandoned children are left to swim to kingdoms of cauldrons

smoldering lessons to be learned by devotion

to shoot up: pretenders. Loony bin benders

(there're wise men among us)

Unleashing all fire furnaced by tense decisions

precisions insisted for one man's mission

How precious is what's thrown to the wind and tossed and then lost in the years that we live

Some ex russian radar hussar blurts from the side of the book

'I beg we reconsider our course in discourse opening vanity's door and welcoming brethren and deathly things jingling from ear rings and triptychs and painters with thick bits of stick stuck to objects in theory it's art-that's what the press said. BANG! 'oh another explosion' darling...could you turn down the television? war's such a 'drag' ...)

But in orders:

The coroners wait in the corner,

the doctor's on sidelines

the men looked down but are lost in the murmur

the general paints his finger with fire,  
the soul stirs its yearning now let go to throw:  
the numbers clash like they always have  
between movement and waiting  
hell any number'll just about do it  
do it  
don't wanna be your slave

(babe)

'we become aware of the chaos of numbers'

yes?

'we become aware of the tumult that unfolds and our infinite responsibility and  
contribution even in observation!'

yes?

one couldn't have imagined it!:

in sequence sits the possibility of melody

at the base knees of surrender in between common viscous provisions

that lend their disjointed splendour

Both god and the devil are battling endlessly

convinced of their duty to defeat lucidity

to engulf zamblanity

it's love of insanity

to be finicky in perfection

and they toil and the blood bursts on the boils of their rectums

indulged in dreamlike directions in being consumed with the bidding distractions for fear  
of complexion.

From out circus fairs

geeks strapped in surrender, simple son and his ham and cheese sandwich meshed in the  
music amusing the losing.

There must be a reference some where!

someone else surely justified this death

I have it printed-predicted in glitches of glory

the triumph of bed time stories  
a memory  
and what about the banners?  
in silver silk I see them  
the golden threads  
on a bed of summer roses showered by rain drops  
dr zeus blues  
popping the dry sense of our conquest's success  
and what of the enemy's laced embraces stiff as stone cages of warm fleshy faces?  
I will compute our success we're winning in numbers!  
We're popular brothers!  
britches twisted  
we bewitched the witches  
of the riches were stitched on this morning while yawning at the awnings  
clip ties slipped in right  
miss matched sun tan land  
wrist watch  
the sultan exhales a magnate to suck all the souls who have hold on his tripe precious  
metals.

The Last Illusion, The First True Painting

By, Lewis Lazarus

In between the white and the black  
the vinyl and shellac  
the nights of general's barks  
sounds snap like farts  
the infinite orders of super suppressed stress  
in between the glory of greatness and the precious  
awaiting for people to save you  
but the flakes of time are melting  
fallen from faces frozen in cages of faith and of patience.

And singers in upstart spurts like a dart  
I can't stand in the rafters or laugh out the shouts  
and the snarls and the blood lost gone crusty and musky  
entombed in the dusk of drapes of drawn trust.

All faith speaks of trust!  
or better of luck.

With faith in another, you'll never know better, you have to fall face first alone to move on.

Far in between: what's black what's white's black  
and fire and flack and spittles of diamond dust sticks and of cracks in clam like caved in  
canyons and sands of peeled onions by bare naked spaniards with hair underarms  
and blasts of shook sand dunes of Moroccan sultans with camel grease mustaches tushes  
and cushions

(howls at the moon reported at noon)

that's odd

only wolves know its use.

behind every ideal

sits a concealed little blipping and dimpling confused baby kicking

life's in the waiting

beyond the puncture of every sealed face

the bemused wise men cackle in waiting

behind every veil waits the lips of a lady with the breasts of a saint.

Burst from the bones of the end of the world

the rebirth of humor and playing

the triple edged toys of the sand box slaps at the crotch of all knowledge

inwrapped chords espouse from white bars or black bars or dive bars or gay bars or star  
bars of red white and stars from bright buttered jars

Mangled cuts hugging the rocks on the splashing land locked ocean flashing in motion  
who's eyes have now spoken

to the new king

In ignorance the pig dance slowly fades away.

The romance with war now on its last legs.



I'm not trying to point you to the ostriches  
nor to be tamed in distracted  
elaborate thoughts.

Masks made by novices.

Botched on the ink pad  
the first marks of action  
in sparks of distraction

to catch em we can't win  
deserters

disillusion sun men spring from the rafters, wizards and quizzers, lizards and gizzards,

taletellers, whores and inventors, black smiths and braggarts, hags and the finger first  
waggers, no sayers and yes sayers, hallelujah jehovas choo choos gotta wigga boogoo

draggons with banners of mystical magic leaving battalions like stallions of wars waged  
by chipmunks sprung from the worn wells of the defunct

what fun was your plunder?

illusion is plunder

for movement uncovered in black gold

the sunken will scream for another now far gone and far flung for father and mother  
with artisans

funnels of tools tuned in for songs

perfectly strung through the campfires

once huddled

the sisters and brothers and whisperers and lovers

for visions belonging to thousands now gone.

To live more than you're told

was the resounding tone.

To dance on dead bones

to grow young from old.

To renew what's been said

to tear it to shreds

to mend what's been broken  
and silence those spoken.  
To kill all your saints and your devils and sages.  
To remake is to break  
what has not yet been opened.

### **Poems for the OWS Anthology**

By, Julien Poirier

#### **POLICE**

“Anarchism is a game the police can beat you at.”

—G.B. Shaw

Just because policemen  
have multiple heads  
doesn't mean they're  
all bad.

\$

#### **CRIME**

In Heaven, crime is  
cheese  
and different crimes  
people commit on Earth  
are different cheeses  
consumed by people in Heaven.  
Some are artisanal.  
Some are churned into huge blocks  
by the Welfare Department.  
Police brutality is blue cheese.  
God is lactose intolerant.

\$

#### **AUGURIES OF COMPASSION**

What if William Blake  
Were Sean Hannity?  
What if Anne Coulter  
Were P-Diddy?  
What if Condoleezza Rice  
Made pigeons explode?  
What if Timothy Geithner  
worked at Ace Hardware?  
What if Ross Perot  
Got lost in Home Depot?  
What if Dick Cheney  
Were named Two-Dick Cheney?  
We are led to believe a lie.

\$

### **SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS**

The School of the Americas is in the Alps.

\$

### **ADVICE TO SQUATTERS**

Don't trust anyone over the age of information.

### **Newtonian Utopia**

By, Brendan Lorber

I was made matching I flew ducking  
I look foxed and went I went all on-button  
You make it repetitive by repeating  
until fully roused I mean industrial  
Every iteration rope ladders it back  
down erotic origins especially the most  
automated I am welcome

to look away or fall at the same rate  
I move forward and retain the illusion  
everything's not totally fucked  
I thought the thing that wanted me  
was flying under the bridge too fast  
but it was me the sequel to opposite  
I duck and blink a lot Can I help it  
if quantum mechanics contradict relativity  
and I see your eyes every time mine are shut?

\*\*\*\*

Take Me to Intentional City

By, Brendan Lorber

Take me off the market Off

In the kettle endlessly boiling

Industrial samba for the trade floor?

Whose amended tentacles demand

we be made into endless suspension?

Take me to the new bridge to not get over

but live on Take me where I can be

the wind in the kettle Orange

looks good on you Supplication

before the weather call + comeback

of the who's who march updated

for booking musical holding

in the pens whose cell? ours!

Material is the witness Rename the air

You can't go to jail when you're

already there Rise up on the deck

where even police have such

beautiful feet I have no fear  
of falling because there is no ground

Downtown Walk

By, A.E. Richards

I'm fried  
fatigued and flusymptomed  
from this walk.

From being tossed about in this  
zigzagging geometry, this  
tectonic, plate-shifting  
jutting of metal buildings out of this island place.

It makes my chest heavy,  
my head heavy,  
my shoes fill with concrete.

Here  
stamped into the gorge of the city's steal spine  
are the Occupiers.

Coming in peace  
but bustling,  
civil  
but disobedient,  
pure in ideals,  
but sullied in city filth.

Occupy Wall Street  
all occupied  
with Santeria and  
peanut butter and  
patchouli,  
and tarps and tarps and blue tarps.

People stop and look and walk by and police stop because they have to,  
and the world talks about it but they aren't there  
because we do it all remotely, now.

We occupy remotely,  
remotely: situated at some distance away,  
distant in relationship or connection.

Rain drops take on speed and acid and smoke and begin to  
fall lightly,  
on us all.

Rain is general across lower Manhattan,  
across the Occupiers,  
their blue tarps, and  
the concrete  
that grounds them.

### **Extreme Sanity**

By, Yuko Otomo

*for Barbara Kruger*

1.

as if we were  
dealing cards  
we put bits & pieces  
of our extreme sanity  
in front of us  
to make sense  
out of it  
opening a cloudy door  
we walk into Mary's cave  
on the weekend

push me  
a little harder  
so I feel  
like you & you  
feel like them  
& they feel like  
me

push me  
a little more  
I like to be  
likable to like  
anyone who likes  
to feel, think & see  
like I do

“God!”

I'm so bored

“Jesus!”

I'm so unimpressed  
our never-ending arguments  
over moral values & aesthetics  
have gone stale, passé  
& overrated  
to the dead end

2.

fear not for we fear  
only for our darkened fear  
to protect  
our own well-being  
“better him/her than me”

middle-class  
& petite-bourgeoisie  
walk hand in hand  
everywhere we go  
we snapshot posterity  
for our fragile & sensitive memories  
to keep

3.

as if EVIL was  
something like  
unwanted hair  
on our bodies  
we keep  
searching & searching  
to reach to its root  
in order to terminate it  
but we only end up  
seeing our god-shaped images  
on the green green grass  
of the next door neighbor's luxury  
to be nothing, broken & empty  
to be everything, perfect & stuffed  
here in a world  
of extreme sanity  
burping & spitting  
is more popular  
& well-practiced  
than breathing  
who is HE, anyway?



4.

push me

a little harder

push me

a little more

don't whip me

don't honk after me

I am good,

pure & innocent

& am as happy as a lark

I pray for HEAVEN

if I am not too sleepy

& I ignore HELL

most of the times

sky & dirt

cross-bred,

scorched & hated

try to shoot

a big gun shot

to eternity

to make an immortal mark

of out dated machismo

for the sake of

our name,

our blood,

our metaphors

& our kin

“Why doesn't GOD destroy SATAN?”

5.

in the world  
burdened by  
a millennium of glory  
we hail for  
EQUALITY & FREEDOM  
on the basis  
of self-assertive benefits  
soda pop & baseball caps  
as our shared emblems  
we cheer for  
our holy hierarchy  
look as I do  
think as I do  
smile as I do  
believe as I do  
push, spit & burp  
as I do  
as masses, a mob, the general public  
& unique individuals  
we work as hard  
as ants do  
to get a bite  
of a crushed bits & pieces  
of out-of-season tropical fruits  
after all  
we are made in HIS image  
6.  
heavy snow  
has been falling

on our tenement roof/floor –  
to discuss  
**QUALITY OF LIFE**  
has been a taboo  
in our small shoe box house  
for a long time  
grey, black, white & red  
more & more & more  
we enjoy pretending  
our supposed-to-be INNOCENCE  
in this poly-cell-eternity  
an increasing fog  
has been covering  
our thinly constructed paper walls  
more & more & more  
we forget half-heartedly  
that we've never learned  
how to turn the switch  
on & off

7.

who is HE, anyway?

&

who are WE?

to begin with

**ZUMANS**

By J.C.

This Is a true story.

The Zumans are Human.

They're humans,

The Zumans.

More human, they say,

than humans can be.

There is no human like the Zumans.

New aliens.

Borne through mirth

and culture.

Moving through mysteries beneath the cosmos -

In love with worlds of wonder.

All Zumans on Earth, as we speak,

are The Zumans.

They're the only ones who exist.

They're Human Zumans.

Originals.

Like us,

human.

They zoom from a red brick knot

grinding and singing through time

in Brooklyn.

Across the Hudson.

Riding trains, crossing bridges, not ferries.

Over there.

near Red Hook.

So far.

So FAR.

And just over there.

The Zumans live nearby.

They're our human neighbors.

The Zumans will inevitably live out their human Zuman tale.

Zuman boys will marry human girls

and Zuman girls will wed somebody's something-or-other.

And on and on in every which way.

Boy boy girl girl boy girl girl boy boy girl girl.

Until it stops.

Until it burns.

Until injustice ends,

And we face the atrocity of modern survival.

We'll go on

Until we stop being human

or Zuman.

Or something less than what we are.

Something other than what we've ever been.

Our new human, the Zuman, is still Human,

He sees Liberty on her doorstep every day.

Gorgeous and grand.

She smells revolutions

as he pedals among throngs going to and from the city.

Across the bridges  
under a galaxy of light,  
Zuman and human,  
way on the other side  
they exist.

He and She.

Two units of human.

Thrust forth  
when Zuckowski  
wed Neuman.

A new blushing nucleus  
borne.

Zuman-fresh,

New Humans.

Like us.They zoom.

Like us we ZOOM  
in grandness through great expanses and wonder  
about time and this rock.

Our sure shot,  
Planet Rock.

Like Humans  
and the Zumans  
we rock it.  
and rock it.

and rock it  
we won't stop.

Until we're better,  
like humans have been.

## **Thoughts on OWS**

By, Alexa White

*Edison High School, Huntington Beach, California*

As a part of the 99%, I think that everyone, no matter what age, including myself should take an interest in this ordeal striking the nation. There are people of all races, ages, genders, sexualities, and religions; all part of one thing- the 99% of this country. More people should join in on the protest and show the 1% that we don't need them to have a better society while exhibiting the fact that we won't tolerate their greed any longer. People shouldn't starve while other people have \$10 million weddings; that is simply inhumane.

According to an annual U.S. income chart of the wealthiest 1%, in 2007, the top 1% had 23.5% of the country's income. This is shockingly similar to the amount of income of 23.9% that the 1% had in 1928, a date very close to the Great Depression in 1929. This chart shows a scary pattern that might repeat itself in the near future if something is not done about the economy today.

Many people say that the protests do not fix anything, but only cause more problems. I believe that these 'problems' caused by the protests should be present. In fact, they should escalate until more of the 99% feel the need to participate. The so-called 'issues' caused by the protests are not nearly as severe as the reasons that provoked the protesters in the first place. The protests empower more people to join, it strikes them with inspiration and hope; while assaulting the 1% with the fact that change could come about at any time.

America is on the verge of something. Whether it is revolution, war, or a depression, something big is going to happen and it can only get worse when half of the population doesn't care. When half the population is wasting their lives away watching re-runs of a show or doing things that don't matter, it shows corruption in the 99% as well as the 1%. How are those lethargic laggards part of the 99% when they want part of nothing? The 99% needs to unite completely against the 1%. In a country built on the right to protest, we need to show that we have the power to overthrow an unfair system of government. We need to show the 1% how small they are. We need to make them nervous, because Marie Antoinette wasn't.

Thank you.

## **Occupy Wall Street in 8 anagrams**

By, Erik Schurink

Alert! Let's wrest wallet.

We'll rest at Wall Street's welt. Alter!

We'll start east. We'll retell west: "Art!"

My One Demand

By, Alia Gee

My one demand

Is for a happy ending

Right here, right now.

Allow compassion to surprise

Cops and robber barons both.

Live with it, the staggering heart-ache of

Ever after.

My one demand

Is not to force me to choose between

Dreams and America or between

Death and Taxes.

Let me just breathe a little bit.

Each grateful breath a love letter to the future. My

Child's birthright is

Liberty, love

And

Solidarity. I will

Shout myself hoarse over and over. I would rather lose my voice than my freedom.

My one demand is to back

Off. Stop

Telling me what I must pay and what I must sacrifice.



Here is the truth: I am a mommy. I

Eat lies for breakfast and sit patiently until the truth comes.

Resistance is childish.

Sit in time-out until you learn to share properly.

(This one was read to the General Assembly during the second week of occupation)

I have

Made my demands in

All the ways they told me to:

Give this candidate money.

Invest your own time: phone banks, AmeriCorps, sign petitions, etite letters. VOTE.

No one listened.

Enough with my demands.

This time, I am trying something different.

Helping, marching, shouting, feeding.

At Liberty Square, the 99% are trying something different.

This time, we are listening to each other.

At Liberty to Say

By, Alia Gee

My entire life my country

Has not had room for my love.

Any love of country not rooted in distrust of the Other,

The unloved country,

Was mocked and dismissed.

I have questioned my compassion.

I have treated it like a disease or a handicap,

Because my country didn't want it,

My culture didn't value it.

In occupied territory

I have found a place where I can love safely,

And my heart is free.  
If you look for me at home or at school  
If you cannot find me in the gym or at the garden  
You will find me  
Finally  
At Liberty to say  
I love my country.

### **DANCING IN THE SUNLIGHT**

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

*November 11, 2011*

ONE Miracle ONE Breath  
ONE Heartbeat ONE Hug  
ONE Smile ONE Little Step  
ONE Journey ONE Destination  
ONE Commitment ONE Responsibility  
ONE Friend ONE Song  
ONE Kiss ONE Tree  
ONE Family ONE Puppy Full Of Love  
ONE Promise ONE Planet  
ONE Sunrise ONE Prayer  
ONE Dream ONE Decision  
ONE Declaration On This 'Beautiful Day' \* Another miracle is glowing in your heart  
May WORLD PEACE Be With You May WORLD PEACE Be From You  
May WORLD PEACE Be In You And Your Children Will We Walk Toward GOD Instead  
Of Away From GOD? Tomorrow is November 11, 2011  
See It Feel It  
Drink It Dance With it WE ARE ONE 11-11-11 \*Thanking U2 again

### **FULL MOON REVISITED**

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

Testing, Testing This is only a Test.  
Can we see GOD? Testing, Testing  
This is only a Test Can we share Love?  
Thank You GOD, For finding us.  
We dare to Love the World- therefore We are Just Soldiers in your Army.  
Please hold our hands and bless our hearts, While we watch  
The Sun shining Again today. And stare at shadows

Which are not our images. Breathe into our journey  
And remind us- As the Sun moves,  
So moves the Reflection of Your Presence on Earth. If we can touch the Shadows-  
Are we touching You? Or Are you touching us?

### **REMEMBERING BROTHER MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.**

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

You Almost Miss Our Brother  
When God is Dancing Free On Color Circle  
We Learn More For All Who Celebrate  
Were Born Changing Remember and Trust Every Angel  
Flower Smile  
Kiss And Laugh  
Come and Drink Joy Ocean Be Awake Soon and Listen  
Always Desire Peace in the Mourning Always Desire Peace in the Morning!

### **Free Photographs**

By, Ariel Goldberg

I'm thinking of all the reclusive writers  
who are known for controlling any image  
with the potential to circulate from happening.

Usually I think about when people take pictures of poets reading their work.  
How odd that is, or how promotional, or impulse, or something for the cover.

When you press the off button on the screen too slowly it just comes back on.

I watch the power cords splayed out:  
one knock off and one real brand  
they are stubborn jellyfish on my wood floor  
it's a flat ground but they might as well  
be hanging upside down to dry out, while we tilt.

Battery death is one kind of a disappearing act.

This go-go dancer said I look like someone he knows  
from Act Up but I said I'm too young to have been there.

I wish break pads would regenerate  
like a worm tail growing back  
in the color of a pill capsule.

Then I think about how I get sick of metaphors, sporadically.

I raise my voice in a room of students; sort of yelling:  
are the objects in the photographs just objects?  
I repeat the question with a summary in up speak  
are they literal or figurative, surface or deeper meaning?

I hate how it just became about extremes.  
They offer some meaning. I say good.  
Or I say nothing.

Could my assignments be better to stare back at?  
Could I water a plant that is filled with stones?  
Could I avoid cats entirely?

With gloves made of broken down boxes  
I watch smoke fight steam in a duel:  
it's a fine line to master is the chant.

You have to practice  
being butch instead of frumpy  
especially with baggy pants.

This is for the anthology, by the way  
an exception to my rule of writing sentences,  
as if anthology replaced the word revolution,  
and I am thinking of revolution also astrologically.

I'm doing this for Stephen Boyer, actually,  
who really sleeps out here and gets to compare  
how a reporter describes him to how he describes himself.

My poem has turned out kind of loosey goosey  
because this is urgent; this is an open call.

Or, I am surrounded by strangers:  
I waddle naked from the locker room  
to the steam room without flip flops  
or a lock on my locker.

Poems can also be places where you won't run in to people.  
The revolution will be kind to the poems  
because it has already started to thrive  
off of a persistent image and splotches of name recognition.

The port-a-potties have arrived from an anonymous donor.

In my poem I didn't use the camera I am saving up to buy  
or the film in my refrigerator  
or the processing and printing costs  
at a lab in Manhattan with glossy posters  
of bad fashion hip juts and unreadable faces.

I want to start mailing my film out, anyway,  
to anyone who has heard me describe  
the tree right outside my living room window  
that did not give off a dramatic color change this year.

It cannot be beautiful; it can only be too close.  
The tree across the street, now that one

is red and on fire; a real gem for the season.

Here I have woken up from a diorama  
of this carpeted stationary store  
that is the new privatized post office.

I go to the bathroom to measure the week  
in a wad of toilet paper  
meant to cover open garbage.  
but it's soaking up blood from a tampon.

I go the lesbian bar in park slope  
because it's the easiest way  
to feel like you've left the city.  
Somehow it's expensive there  
like travel costs are a package deal in each drink.  
The frontier and rear end of what makes no sense  
when things do their opposites.

I hold back the paper square on a tea bag  
while pouring boiling water in the mug  
to pretend it's the long braid on a woman  
I'd help into a bath who doesn't want  
the tub to interfere with the good oil  
she's developed in her hair since washing it.

Meanwhile, friends leave voicemails  
as if filling in the blank  
it's me, hi you, call me.  
Information gets withheld  
so that the routine has comfort,  
no punctures when we know the way  
but we are still bewildered.

The heater tap-dances then waits  
like an actor staring at the audience  
during a scripted lull:  
I'm on Skype with a therapist  
and I'm also drinking a beer.

Things can go wrong so quickly, so easily.  
I decide not to return a rotten fruit.

If I study the handwriting,  
it has more space between it;  
the accumulation got over itself.

Failure as a topic for art discussions is popular right now,  
which makes weird cool, but usually just another fine line.

When I started to read this anthology  
it was bolted like a bike you could borrow,  
my cold hands fumbling with a magic key to the city  
while radios and strangers wanted to do an interview.

Poems came between these interruptions.  
Lots of equipment came dangling down  
to me in the library's plastic deck chair  
but they had questions I couldn't answer.  
I was sitting and ignoring people  
so it must have looked like I worked there.

### **Occupy Poetry**

By, Jessica Lipscomb

*Occupy Mobile, AL*

The voice of the few for the sake of the many  
The charge of the patriots to the street of the enemy  
There must be an end to the greed and oppression  
We will no longer accept your brute force suppression  
Distractions and misleadings to hide your misdealings  
On high Mount Olympus you continue your thieving  
If you'd climb down for a moment and meet with your serfs  
You'd see our reality does not come with your perks  
We must look so small from your mountain top tower  
Minimum wage for small people, barely two gallons an hour  
You don't know even those you claim to represent  
Oh, but we know who you are, and we will spread your intent  
We have sat idly by, blindly condoning your deeds  
But now we've awoken to take back our streets  
With these ordinances and laws, you have stifled our rights  
But you will not stop our occupation, neither day nor night  
The forgotten have learned of your secrets between the lines  
We will unravel them one by one and expose all of your lies  
For those who don't see or come along for the ride  
It is for you that we fight, why we must OCCUPY

### **"Untitled"**

by Tyler Merbler

The world is not an unsolved problem,  
nor an unsorted bookmark,  
nor an undiscovered self,  
but an unsaved change.

All conditioning aims at making people accept their unescapable social destiny  
accelerating toward them at such a pace that normal unenhanced humans  
will be unable to predict or even understand the rapid changes occurring  
in the undisclosed locations around them.

The fathers and mothers of our universe do have at least 99 problems—  
unruly soldiers and children, uneasy afterthoughts, uncaredful peeing,  
and an unhappiness so nuanced that a cryptographer of not unexceptional skill  
told me that unlocking our souls was “unprecedentedly difficult.”

We have come unstuck in time in the sort of vague way which is not uncommon,

perhaps not unlike the east wind or Billy Pilgrim,  
not unfamiliar to any mountaineer who has ever been caught  
in a snowstorm whiteout, or a thunderstorm blackout.

The chronology of this is unclear, with no sense of events unfolding from prior events,  
perhaps not unlike the place where babies who die unbaptised are said to go,  
that uneasy borderline between what is external and what is internal,  
where the uncharacterized cannot harm the characterized.

Not unlike the feeling of an improvised screenplay on what is raw and untrammelled  
in us all, being performed by an uncommitted cast (who have had so much  
plastic surgery they are unrecognizable to the filing department)  
giving the most unexpected, unrelenting performance as yet unimagined.

Not unlike the unwanted advances in which flows on unbrokenly the unsurmountable  
flood  
of newly unbottled babies uttering their first yell of horror, howling to find  
themselves  
unstained by transgender dominatrixes walking unshod hobos on leashes  
through flocks of unfazed schoolchildren.

Even in the legends of savages we find the same thing universal: UN usually refers  
to the United Nations, an unsolid outbuilding located on a sprawling literary estate  
that remains an uninhabited picnic island somewhere within the galaxy of cream  
unribbons in your coffee cup. It isn't hard to unpick the subtext here.

I can see downtown to where the UN balances itself in the dark, still, like a looking-glass  
unspotted by the centuries; entirely unhampered by violence or threats of violence,  
no matter how unjust the procedure or how mischievous  
its uncountably infinite consequences.

Is there at all anywhere in this lavender sky beside this unaccredited institution  
where you are so little and dallied with unlove and subject to the ridicule of the  
unintelligent  
and bound in what one might call a capsule of undiminished privilege and  
aware that the unenjoyed life is not worth living, & u. & n.?

For all we know we may live in a world in which windows unbreak and warm cups of  
coffee  
spontaneously unheat, in which frequent questions about girls & boys go  
unanswered,  
in which the UN's armies experiment with LSD on willing and unwilling military  
personnel  
and civilians, and we just don't remember.

As shocking and upsetting as this may be to some, UN claims are sometimes one-sided,  
unreliable and even untrue, especially when such claims -- as here --  
are uncorroborated and unexamined within the unprepossessing underbelly  
of the UN's creaking machine, unshielded by a competent atmosphere.

Civilization is unbearable, but it is less unbearable at the top of unspeakable cults,  
both in the sense of being impossible as well as dangerous to pronounce,  
built of seemingly plausible, if unprovable, components undetectable by  
electromagnetic radiation, which we associate with a vague sense of unease.

Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude about the undraped divine. The intellectual stamina required to untangle the endlessly tricky snarls created by the intersection of human personalities and international relations is unherd of.

Less well known is the work of a group of unfulfilled wanderlusts who, thinking the unthinkable, unearthed (in an antiques store) subliminal genes that must be unraveled backwards and may determine the course of our culture's most protean art form, eUNoia.

It has been hinted at that whatever information the genes have, it's unredacted, messed up, bloody, undoubtedly NSFW, and might make you sick and/or sorry you ever clicked.

Although we may never learn the truth behind the events at the UN, it is now well known that their findings are brushed under the carpet, leaving a promising avenue of research unexplored. Our destiny, unmanifest, fades back into the undistinguished hinterland.

But, they-who-cowered-in-unshaven-rooms-in-underwear once upon a time, listening to the Beatles through the Terror of Union Squares until the noise of wheels and children brought us all down to here, now, are happy to be uncredited musicians when asked.

## **SORRY**

BY NAJHA FRANCOIS

### WHAT IS SORRY

WILL SORRY HELP THE TEARS GO AWAY ,  
IS SORRY THE HEAL OF OUR PAIN,  
IS SORRY THE MASK OF OUR MISERY,  
IS SORRY THE STRUGGLES THAT I LIVE TO SEE EVERYDAY ,  
OR IS SORRY THAT WORD EVERYONE SAYS THINKING EVERYTHING IS  
GOING TO BE OKAY ,  
NO SORRY IS JUST ANOTHER GOODBYE , SO WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE ,  
I JUST SAY HELLO ! HI FIVE !

## **Untitled**

BY NAJHA FRANCOIS

GOD SAW YOU WERE GETTING TIRED ,  
AND A CURE WAS NOT TO BE .  
SO HE PUT HIS ARMS AROUND YOU  
AND WHISPERED , "COME TO ME "  
WITH TEARFUL EYES WE WATCHED YOU ,  
AND SAW YOU PASS AWAY.  
ALTHOUGH WE LOVED YOU DEARLY,  
WE COULD NOT MAKE YOU STAY.  
A GOLDEN HEART STOPPED BEATING ,



HARD WORKING HANDS AT REST ,  
GOD BROKE OUR HEARTS TO PROVE  
TO US , HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST .

## **OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY**

**101**

By Bruce Stephenson

**(Part One)**

### **CONFESSIONS OF A GHOUL**

They're occupying every park  
To talk about the banks.  
I watched a film tonight about some stark  
Put downs of talks with tanks.  
I need not say machettes, guns,  
Or poison gas, or drugs,  
Or lies repeated till hate stuns  
The human heart in thugs.

The rhythms of grassroots resistance  
To the robo-cops  
Of Business Wars need our assistance  
Before armed madness stops.  
What can we do to help the cause  
Of peace and love survive?  
I say let's just show up because  
I'm sure we can revive

Ourselves from walking in our sleep  
From pointless job to job.  
I pray each Sword paid warriors keep  
With which to kill and rob  
Will be re-melted in Love's forge  
To make a garden tool,  
And that each War Lord's mouth disgorge  
Confessions of a ghoul.

I'd better get this sorry ass  
Down off my bar stool now  
And cross the pavement to the grass  
And join that grand pow-wow  
Where we can listen, add our voice,  
Or dance, or sing, or drum,  
Or contemplate each better choice,  
And plan good things to come!

I know that Facebook is a front  
For CIA's best plots.  
We give them everything we've got,  
They file it all in slots.  
Since every Company CEO  
Was once a Wall Street boss  
Guess who controls the way things go;  
Guess who will take the loss?

The only way to win a war  
Is shown by ones so brave  
As those who've shown what freedom's for  
And what wise actions save.  
They've kissed the shields of robo-cops.  
They've faced the armoured tanks.  
The only way that violence stops  
Is peace throughout our ranks.

**(Part Two)**  
**THE GOLD AND SILVER STANDARD**

I've got some money, honey, but  
It isn't worth a dime.  
My bank account's my big fat cut  
Out of financial crime.

It's hard because its easy to  
Explain about thin air.  
A paper promise can't come through  
Cause nothing's really there.

The gold and silver standard's gone  
Into some greedy hands  
Who print out credit digits drawn  
On debt none understands.

On Hallowe'en the children's bags  
Were filled with tricky treats  
As if the Devil paid rich hags  
To hand out poisoned sweets.

We were the willing walking dead.  
We were the ghosts and ghouls.  
We laughed at every pumpkin head.  
We're all the Joker's fools.

It's time to get our firewood stacked;  
Our nuts and raisins in;  
Our jars of hemp and flax seeds racked;  
Our apples in the bin.

It's time for rose hips in the jar,

For dried herbs by the fire.  
The cold light of our guiding star  
Will help our hearts aspire.

May those who occupy Wall Street  
Abandon cigarettes  
And fast food poisoned to taste sweet  
And kill their last regrets.

The only wealth is real estate  
That still can grow pure food.  
Let's think, and pray, and meditate.  
There's no need to be rude.

Our real wealth is human worth.  
We are that natural wealth.  
The seeds of truth give us rebirth  
To share our natural health.

Our grass roots movement has its strength  
Of Spirit, heart to heart.  
Let's get to know our breadth and length  
And honour every part.

Let's get to know each other well;  
Embrace our depth and height.  
Infiltrators who'd raise up hell  
Will fade back into Night.

Let's take the time to get to know  
Each other's story well.  
Around home fires we'll out grow  
Old fears our songs dispel.

My occupational therapy  
With Dunce Hat on my head  
Is sitting scribbling poetry  
Until my Fears have fled.

Provocateurs and agents paid  
To infiltrate Love's Park  
Will see through their own masquerade  
And know their light from dark.

### **a tomb or a cocoon**

By, Patrick Hughes

housing market bubble baths of  
synthetic water, with a winner  
takes all profit margin, where  
the prize a throne in  
a game of musical chairs becomes  
less of a game with monopolies on back support, and

so the aliens with subwoofers are the only  
ones acting human, all  
swaying there on the mossy ground

**maze>maze>maze>maze>maize (abridged version)**

By, Patrick Hughes

i took a walk to wall street  
i took a walk down there  
all around just stares and no's  
not for you where money grow  
not for you not there  
roots running deep won't bite  
so vicious, beware signs, no need  
all i see is locked and tied  
real fast, nah and away from here  
i stopped and stood away from there  
where life grew from the cracks  
not far enough away from there  
wires outstretch eye grip and depth  
now, the time to take a piss  
i walk in an ally way  
resigned to do as such maybe  
but dancing through the shade

in society's under tablecloth  
no birds flying through the air  
no crickets in the sound  
just hum and drip of air condition  
and release of what's been downed  
the sounds that were kept going  
the sounds that weren't stayed not  
nothing ever let up  
and almost morning soon  
still and still, standing there  
sighed and scratched my head  
the concrete's gotten wetter  
it's it, i'm pissing forever  
i shuffled out the ally  
and slowly down the street  
someone wasn't cool  
i spell out what the fuck can do?  
wondered where to go  
toilet on tv or toilet in the 3d  
the difference matters not  
the flush of sound told where so  
back to wall street, the place to go  
supposed to be in season  
good to piss against a wall  
a reason much in need  
the farmers of the wall they come  
with ladders they bring five hats  
wall farmers smile now, 'pick one'

and i okay and whatever  
i'll try the goddamn hat  
with some new wave arch and texture ladders  
they aim for the high and they piss too  
only me i'm still going  
and they they're back on the phone  
there was a delivery that was dropped off  
ordered was a truck of segway fliers  
just for me, they are, i'm told  
slick marble toilet rigged  
i, okay whatever  
so long as none more this hat  
ride it in a circle  
and ride it round again  
sounding like a vacuum  
it sounded like a train  
jump off and ghost ride  
oh shit this wall here's cracked  
some calling a slow building leak  
some others just a crash  
this was clear for all to see,  
the quarters pour out fast  
money laid out against a wall  
quickly sprouts to trees  
i'm all good and all relieved  
climbing up the side when the sun says hi

**looked at the moon through a horoscope and it was fucking screaming**  
By, Patrick Hughes

got all my cheap shot pot alarm clocks set for  
pouring out of work  
still got a couple of feet  
can't wait to pour them into the street

crush my paper  
on a rotating earth  
can you spare a pape  
on this rotating earth

don't pay no price  
spend it all on trips round the sun  
in a glass  
out of a glass  
for the trip around the sun

saved in a jar  
covered on the mantel  
rolling down the hill  
is the whole house doing

rolling down the space stuff  
is the whole earth doing  
allergies to space dust makes the people say bless you

the earth has a tissue box  
but it's not called the moon  
the planet has a head cold  
or maybe seasonal flu

**the suns, the dogs, the old fish**

By, Patrick Hughes

digital dating for sundial dogs  
the goldfish, he's a sunfish, he can tell you, if you let him  
all there is to know about praying to a cellphone photo album in a starbucks bathroom  
when the moon's out and the phone's out  
there's low battery, no ink, full moon  
with his chin up on his chin fins  
there's a knock on this door locked  
coffee chain culture if you can't open it it's not your turn for it  
there's no need for a fish, in the back, by the bowl, doing what, why's he there,  
to even mouth a reply to the next one on line, in a star, made of money, in no sky  
then the sun rises then the fish rises, to a day where the moon's still there  
a two for the price of one they say  
'no a desert snapshot, i wont pay'  
and he's back to the lake where he's from  
throwing pebbles in the ocean  
i threw him a stone  
he said not yet you dog  
coffee's a little too warm  
come back when the sun's reached that poll

**all politics want to divorce their owners**

By, Patrick Hughes

the sensitive government  
had a bad day  
he took a bad smile  
upon his bad face  
he took a ton of it  
and piled it up  
worrying that he was more she  
non genders aren't ideas  
stretching your lips to your hips  
so you piled it all up  
upon the dresser floor  
why the dresser floor?  
he lives in a drawer  
use your other hand  
to close and zip the man  
but we don't have a plan?  
let palm trees in the sand  
pin oak to this soil  
then... we'll speak again

**The State of Loneliness**

by Nino Rekhviashvili

Honestly to just to be honest  
Sometimes you just gotta get on out of the quiet room  
Go to the bathroom  
Find an empty stall  
No not that one with the black garbage bag hoisted over the broken toilet  
(if someone sees you coming out of there they'll think you're funny)  
But the one at the very end  
Head on in  
Ponder and smile  
Unzip your thrift store jeans  
Take your hand  
And go for a wander  
Underneath the underwear you'd saved up for  
And feel yourself  
Because you're not getting any  
And it's not your fault  
It's the economy

---

### **Dipping into American History**

by Nino Rekhviashvili

I wasn't sure if I was going to stay the night but I knew something of what was going on and I wanted to get there as fast as possible that day (I was already 46 days late), so I pocketed my cellphone, credit card, a 10 dollar bill, and a mini-video recorder, threw my camera over my shoulder and made for the 1 train. I was supposed to meet up Malcolm and Yoni and the rest of the Columbia University General Assembly (CUGA) on Christopher Street for a student walk in Solidarity with Oakland but my excitement stunted my sensibility as it always does so I ended up stumbling out on the Rector Street stop, pleasantly realizing I was walking-distance from the Mecca of the movement; Zuccotti Park.

The scene was everything I'd imagined it to be. There were groups of 6's and 8's who'd been there since day 1 nested in tents at the far end of the park, students in 3s looking at the books in the expansive "Zuccotti Free Library", tourists snapping away at people who held signs that read, "I WANTED SOMEBODY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, AND THEN I REALIZED I WAS A SOMEBODY." There were middle-aged intellectual crazies from all over discussing "...officials steal from the poor to line their own pockts...!" and the drummers and guitarists making noise, everyone scattered in sprinkle-like formation throughout the cozy concentration. Political fanatics argued dates, conspirators counted and named inside jobs on their fingers, and war veterans chatted up Yoko-Ono types who went on about "returning to nature". Young, old, crazy, fresh, laughing, smoking, discussing, reading, organizing, announcing, everyone was there and everything that seemed necessary was being done.

One of the more peculiar groups was the Granny Peace Brigade, a group of badass revolutionary knitting grannies who at the end of "assembly," or park-wide announcements, addressed the audience, declaring "we've been waiting for you for 30 years." Lyric sheets were passed around and minutes later a chorus of revolutionaries disseminated soundwaves through the brick and concrete jungle.

I bided my time as I waited for the student marchers and distributed flyers for the next day's demonstration against the Bloomburgler's talk back up at Columbia. No one from down there was willing to make the trip uptown in the morning, partially because I was asking for a 7am wake-up and partially because Cornell West (crazy-haired, gap-toothed professor of Princeton U) was to make an appearance, as many moguls do at the park, at 10 am. So in the process of handing out paper, I interacted with the new locals and explored the park.

When the student marchers showed up they collected the veterans and swooped me also into the crowd. We marched in anticipation for a moment of silence for Scott Olsen, Troy Davis, Sean Bell, and others who were victims of police brutality, chanting the ever so popular call-and-response, "Tell me what democracy looks like! This is what democracy looks like!" along the way. On the way back to Zuccotti II ran into Barnard students and glimpsed familiar Columbia faces and was glad to make the connection. Professor Taussig of the Anthropology department was there as well (he apparently relocated his office hours to the park).

The others would disperse and I thought, "should I stay or should I go now?" The answer was easy. I went back into the park around 9pm and joined in some conversations.

The great thing about the whole park was the easy accessibility to "needs and pleasures" as they called it. Celebrities and local organizations had thrown down to support the scene so that living at the park could become a reality. Four guys alternated rolling the heaps of tobacco for passersby, the food kitchen prepared a dinner of cous-cous, chicken, cabbage and cookies, and the consciousness cutaway offered a candle-lit ambiance for meditation. I don't smoke but I couldn't help but light-up a freshly-rolled and start one of those yammering metaphysical conversation with a bug-eyed writer from Ohio who'd end up leaving me mid-sentence, going, "I feel bad, I feel bad, the girl I was talking to earlier might be upset seeing us talking". So the kid skid off and with a curious shrug I turned to the orange-hatted, chicken muncher next to me and introduced myself. This James was from DC and was gathering ideas for his graphic novel which was full of super-heroes like Louisa, an immigrant whose power of invisibility only sets in once she picks up employment, and Captain America, whose powers cannot be contained by mere borders. Others I met that night were in similar positions, seeking inspiration in the patchwork of excitement and diversity. (I was one of them.

At one point someone assured me, "You can feel safe here," and I thought, "I see absolutely no reason to feel otherwise." The Park took care of me that night. When I wanted a conversation I sat in with the librarians, one of whom ecstatically talked about a recent gift; with glittering eyes she passed around two pencils which in black letters were embolded with "FOUCAULT". When I was cold I went to the clothing stand and was given a sweater, hat and scarf. I'd meet the woman who donated the sweater at the "Arrest Bush" march that started up around 10pm.

Apparently George W. Bush was in the Goldman Sachs building 4 blocks away, and a rally around the park began to recruit protestors who'd join in on committing a citizens arrest. I of course dropped my fork, and James and I joined the march, chanting, "Geoorge BUSH! It's about time! that you paid for your war CRIMES!" Outside of Goldman Sachs we talked corporations and business and dehumanization of American labor and some waved the finger at the strutting suits from the widows. Eventually some serious looking blonde and a round waisted man walked out of the buiding with concern-painted faces, as if worried about the safety of their employees who were lined up by the door and had to be released in groups of 5-10. They chatted in the corner with some cops



and eventually the employees came out in single file. We asked them, “Why aren’t you allowed to stay and chat?” I figured they didn’t give two shits about us, but we carried on anyway talking “arrest Bush” and a Fabio-look alike lamenting how we’ve allowed men with names like “Bush, Dick, and Cohen” hold so much power, to which I offered a crooked smile. When it got late our crowd started telling awful donut jokes to poke fun at the cops, at which point we realized it was time to head back.

Late at night, I noticed some kids with crazy big yellow wireless headphones dance-walking around and looking behind me I realized there was a silent rave taking place. I went over and grabbed headphones that spewed dubstep and trance from someone who was stepping away and danced with the strangers in that southeast corner until everything seemed to dissolve into the mesh of bodies and any semblance of identity seemed to evaporate with all the sweat. No one knew anyone’s name and yet there we were in the middle of downtown in one police-shrouded square underneath the immense silver and grey buildings and night sky experiencing the movement. At some point someone signaled to pause, and that’s when we learned OccupyRochester was shut down. Being late and all, someone yelled, “Dance for Rochester!” and we repeated and acted thereafter, jamming on deeper into the night. When that was over I cooled down next to some students who were smoking Spirits and sipping on watered-down whiskey, arguing over which president had the largest package; we’d eventually unanimously declare Abe Lincoln victor.

It was a strange and beautiful night. I met so many quirky, interesting people who seemed lost, found, uplifted, engaged, troubled, and engaged, usually all at once. I had gone down there because I wanted to experience the movement. Ever since I first heard the Beatles and discovered the 60s, I’ve dreamed of something like this developing as a means to bring about the ever-needed changes in this society. This movement, I believe, is created for the purpose of generating ideas, making people realize, “Hey maybe there is something funny about the way money and power have become inseparable...” or “Hey maybe it is strange that I paid more taxes last year than a billion-dollar company...”, perhaps even “Hey maybe it’s not that great that spending for libraries is cut, tuition rates plan to go up by 35%, all while big businesses are getting million dollar tax refunds” ... etc. etc. etc. Regardless of what you’re fight is, if you are a fighter, you are a part of the 99% that is represented by the movement and its supporters. What does the future hold for the movement? Who the hell knows, but let’s keep going.

## **The Pac Man**

**by Michael O'Brian**

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can.  
Consuming the whole earth is my master plan  
We dam all the rivers to catch all the fish.  
Damn those people whose only wish is to get one full meal every day  
or to make two dollars in daily pay.

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can.  
Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. I scoop mountain tops to burn the coal,  
and I want all the copper, the silver and gold. Where there once was a mountain  
now there's just a big hole.

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can.  
Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. Chop down all the trees, pollute the seas,  
It's all in the name of the GDP. We've got to grow the economy

in this consumer society.

I am the Pac Man. You can't spoil my plan.  
Not Batman, Superman, Spiderman, any man or human race can slow my pace.

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can.  
Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. I don't give a damn.  
I'm American.

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**WEEK 6**

**WEEK 6**

**WEEK 6**

**WEEK 6**

**WEEK 6**

**WEEK 6**

**WEEK 6**

# AMY AND WILMA

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



**Brendan**

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



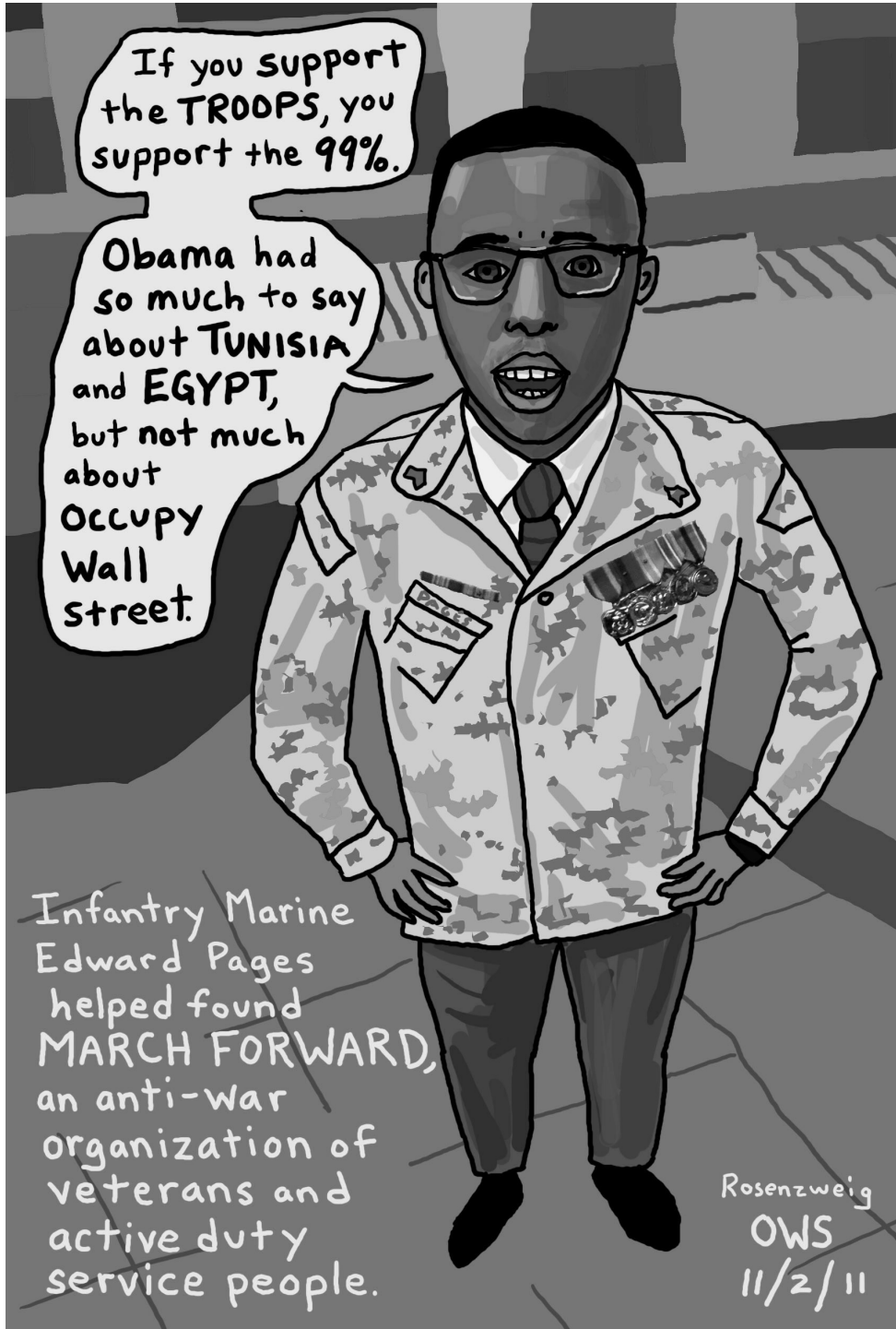
# BRENDA

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



Marine Edward

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



Marsha

By, Sharon Rosenzweig





## Pie Man

By, Sharon Rosenzweig



## An overwhelming majority

By, Vincent Katz

alphabet soup philosophies

sick haircut crunchers

in gaseous blue suits

die in sameness, but

they control the (tele)vision

of the future, so even

should you travel the

globe entire, you return  
to your abode, the imperative  
seems to make it  
something withstanding  
such odd, fabricated  
reports, to be able to go  
inside, change what  
seems permanent  
in fact, is even facade

### **standing in a batch of bees**

By, Patrick Hughes

framed around a picture of a treesquared off  
by plastic with wood veneers  
now a little lopsided on the wallthe wall's a hidden door wall revolving wall  
who is of the doorcouldn't stand you at all  
but you're in the corner of the frameat a fork in road  
you, you don't have a key  
you stand there wind breezebut you don't have a door  
so you look at the floorand the difference in number of trees  
a pavement break patch of grass  
looking upright at a plane  
it's saying down "there comes a rain"  
you're thinking upwhy go through clouds?  
who are you, where go quick speed?with black gunk the fuel stuff  
you cut cross the sky

### **subprime tsunamis**

By, Ravi Chandra

subprime tsunamis leave us all underwater.the whole nation's in deep, in debt.  
man-made hurricanes,earthquakes of default  
spill toxic assets across our landand people into the streets.  
even when Mother Nature deals us deadly hands,it's our own greed and ego

which breaks levees and floods Fukushimas.

We need barrier walls in our minds. We need containment for power.

The ones in charge never seem to understand -the bottom line is bonus checks, dividends, stock options and cash. But all I see is people with no options, drowning. Who cares for their health? Who cares for their lives?

Joe Millionaire doesn't want regulations, or taxes, or health care for the masses.

Joe Millionaire says, "I'm a working man too! I got rich driving a tractor, moving mountains of money -Why shouldn't I get to keep that loot?

I stole this money fair and square!"

Mountains do get built from earthquakes, great masses of earth pushing into each other, pushing the ground up. That always leaves a hole someplace.

Maybe Joe Millionaire's really digging a grave big enough to hold our ideals.

Mountains are transcendent, though, pure and grand, ideal.

But they are made from earthly instability, a steady, determined violence over ages.

Maybe these earthquakes, these tsunamis will shape us a great mountain mudra.

Greed must be contained by wisdom. Compassion must be the greatest power. Only so, can the waters purify. Only so, can earthquakes give ascent, instead of annihilation

## **IN FOREIGN FIELDS**

By, Bruce Stephenson

*A POEM FOR REMEMBRANCE DAY*

In foreign fields, as we all know,  
Tradition says red poppies grow  
Between the graves where soldiers lie  
Far from their loved ones, you and I,  
Who view the tombstones, row on row,  
In foreign fields.

They didn't have to die to show  
The guns of hatred have to go  
Back into hellfire where they're forged  
Out of the fury hate disgorged  
That brought our headstrong pride down low  
In foreign fields.

We mourn the dead in sunset's glow  
Who mourned their comrades long ago.  
Their love was greater than we know  
In foreign fields.

There is no quarrel seen before  
That was resolved by means of war  
In which good men trained for defence  
All died as pawns of planned offense  
In foreign fields.

But we can honour every boy  
Seduced to think a gun's a toy  
And taught the written history  
That covered up each killing spree.  
The warlords paid to profit banks  
Dishonoured them with words of thanks  
In foreign fields.

Their spirits stand as witness now  
And speak through poets telling how  
The honour code that served them well  
Will damn the banksters all to hell.  
Because we've learned that every crook  
Will hide their scam's seductive hook  
Behind some goal that we admire  
Or role to which we all aspire,  
We've seen our best intentions used  
For works by which we're all abused,  
In foreign fields.

Oath Keepers bound to honour's code  
Will walk back down the warriors' road  
To rest on home ground they defend  
With strength on which we can depend,  
And tell the generals to their face  
They will not share in more disgrace,  
Forgetting every human right  
To profit from the rule of might  
That breaks all laws of man or God  
To poison water, sky, and sod  
In foreign fields.

Let's see behind their public mask  
Each warlord with his whiskey flask,  
Cigar, and cheque book, at his task,  
As puppet of the War Machine  
Insanely serving Death's Regime.  
Until we wake up from their scheme  
They'll eat our hearts out while we sleep  
As if we are a flock of sheep  
Who put themselves in mad wolves keep!  
Afganistan, Iraq, and soon  
Iran, and maybe then, the moon,

Reduce men to insane baboons  
In foreign fields.

The war poems that we know too well  
Were written by good men in hell  
Who's grieving had to find some voice  
To honour reasons for their choice.  
How brave of them to still believe  
In all that we can still achieve  
By learning from true history  
And all their less known poetry  
That was not used to sell war bonds,  
The call to which our heart responds.  
Let's choose the mighty path of peace  
And feel our joyful power increase  
To co-create a better life,  
And free our world from toxic strife.  
We honour all the faithful dead  
By making real each truth they said,  
Rememb'ring now we all can make  
A better choice from each mistake  
In foreign fields.

**Dear 99**

By, William Scott

Dear Masses, Dear 99,  
we're throwing a party in a  
privately owned public space  
to celebrate our power –  
a power unique to everyone.  
Power uncharted and morphing.  
Power that can't be looked up in Websters –  
power of the homeless, jobless, indebted,  
addicted and dispossessed.  
Power by the second, minute, hour –  
power to love all those who oppose  
the love of power.

We're pushed along by our  
conflicts, tensions, and contradictions, which  
drive us to act to embrace our futures  
in the presence of our power –  
We have no gods – we stopped worshipping  
their authority, all authority,  
the moment we ran naked into the street,  
to bear witness, together, to our power.

This is no joke – just a punch line.  
They're listening, they're scared, waiting for  
their own party to end – which seemed  
interminable, torturous, selfish and cruel.  
But now, now we know for sure what we always suspected:

that their power, their violence, their party favors, have  
all been revealed for what they are.  
Their party is over – come over to ours.

I've got no time for bankers.  
I want derivatives markets to self-implode.  
I want free books, free education, free food,  
clothes, boots, mittens and Band-Aids.  
I want billionaires to finally flush themselves down the toilet  
and give us all a break,  
so we can stop breathing their noxious fumes.  
(A courtesy flush, please!)

I want poetry to move in, at last,  
to occupy our lexicons, occupy our thoughts  
and put a leash on the frothing, foaming, rabid fangs of  
Goldman Sachs, Chase, B of A, Citi – they're all  
sitting together in their god-blessed filth.  
Hand me the plunger. I've waited my whole life to do this.  
Freud was so right: power and potty training  
are best friends.  
No more stalling around the john. Even Paulson  
can't stand the stench.  
The people's party has just begun:  
this one goes to eleven.

### **Occupy Wall Street** By, Jennifer Nelson

Let's imagine workers drinking  
on their hands and knees or bent

Bruegel was also making a joke  
where haystacks resemble their laborers

Like any other buffet, a panorama  
isn't about infinity

Bruegel dutifully  
makes the church big but cuts it off  
Middleground branches unevenly  
frame and cover it  
the way they'd cover the genital shame  
of Adam and Eve: the point is

there's really only one option here  
Contrary to popular scholarly views  
of landscape, you don't  
own what you see, nor  
does it own you: instead  
color promises patterns in time

The present is gold

The past on that other hill, too, gold  
It's not dumb to say hay is gold  
here at the birth of capital

so Bruegel was carting it out of an old

painting by Bosch where drunks  
and other fornicators  
ride a monumental  
haywagon to hell

Here Bosch's wagon's stripped to just gold  
Let's say it travels perpendicularly  
between the golden hill we left  
and the golden present  
toward the village green

where very small citizens throw sticks at birds

Let's go back to calling gold hay  
and observe the war games it funds

Meanwhile the workers are drinking  
There's one jug left, which we've hidden in the hay  
But our buddy's coming with another  
and a black jug of water

Once there were six of these paintings  
Bruegel saw calendars of seasonal labor  
and imagined them as panels on a wall

originally in Antwerp  
now mostly in Vienna  
This in New York  
has the best and warmest panorama  
for this most profitable season

I'm talking to you  
It's harvest-time now  
and there are many dead empires in this painting

Bruegel signed it in fake Roman in the corner  
on a fragment of presumably ancient wall

Beside him workers line  
their stomachs with bread  
Look at them  
He wants us to hear them eating

He wants the worker's scythe  
to bend our nostalgia-  
path through the hay

to this central event in the creation of profit

The hero's possibly passed out drunk  
He splays his legs like the haystacks he makes  
We must not submit to be measured in gold  
This is what snores through his four dark teeth

**How to live like a \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_**  
By, Sheila Black

You get tired, mostly, of the instructional pamphlets.  
Not to mention the warnings. Do not burn with  
leaves. Do not flame like winter. If you watch the  
northern lights to soothe your frazzled mind  
always wear Ray-bans. Don't shell peanuts out of  
season. Cross your heart and hope on sundry  
occasions. Or don't. Here in the box where  
you find yourself, you might draw a table or  
a bed. You might make yourself a pillow, using  
whatever comes to hand. To make a map from  
this box to wherever you came from, remember  
first the sequence of images: The egg is a shell.  
The shell is an ocean. You can make glass out of  
sand if you use a fire hot enough. You can repeat  
whatever you need to keep the walls intact.  
And too many live this way. But don't think too hard  
of them. Except perhaps stop as you walk, to and  
fro, street to sidewalk, over the curb, across from  
the parking lot. Pick up the paper cup that is blowing  
down the street. Make of it a hat. Make of it a  
kite. Attach it to a string and let it catch a tree.

**Bricolage**  
By, Peter Ciccariello

This muffled cognition  
These slick asphalt roads  
The circuitous hum of electric motors  
Temperature, always temperature  
Heartbeat  
Breathe in breathe out

Breathe in breathe out  
Sheaves of newspaper  
Tumble and slap the street  
A cool wind from the coast  
Promises, promises, promises

Here, inside where I live  
The newsprint is unreadable  
The road impassable  
The rain incessant, dubiously



Striking the next possibility  
Into awareness

Breathe in breathe out  
Outside where I live  
One step follows another  
One reason becomes the next reason

This rain, carried here by gods with buckets  
Dissolving icons  
obscuring metaphors  
Revealing the black bird in the branches  
Darkening the shadows  
In the corners of the room

### **CROSSING RIGHT OVER (11:11:11)**

By, Bruce Stephenson

**Over the waters, under a bridge,  
Up through the forests, down from a ridge,  
Bathing in moonlight, beating a drum,  
Singing a mantra, toning the hum.**

**Crossing the frontiers, passing the gate,  
Laughing and crying, transcending fate,  
Tasting the salt tang, tears in our eyes,  
Greeting with laughter, morning sunrise.**

**Drumming the heartbeat, blowing the Didge,  
Dancing on moonbeams, forming our bridge.  
Over the rainbow, down a sunbeam.  
Weaving the colours, of our new dream.**

**Primal as children, chanting new sounds,  
Sacred as shamans, on holy grounds.  
Witnessing history, while it streams past.  
Opening to mystery, free now at last!**

**Crossing right over, passing right through,  
Multi-dimensioned, full spectrum view.  
Sight lines of star gates, dolphins swim to.  
Gateways of gold with, curtains of blue.**

**Being right here now, whirling around.  
Humming and hearing, heart songs resound.  
Tuning and toning, phase-changing sounds.  
Finding new chords where, wonder abounds**

**Loving each other, blessing our kin,  
Sending the message, we're taking in.  
Feeling the circle, spiral in space.  
Breathing new life force, giving new grace.**

## **the people's microphone**

By, Chris Cheek

*for Sean Bonney on the occasion of his launch of the Commons*

is a system of amplification | rain  
requiring no electricity no thing | leaves  
external, divide or device, whatsoever  
other than the human voice

so that what one person says is | rain  
amplified and attended to through | leaves  
an agency of collective reiteration

by these means what one voices | rain  
that might remain objectified  
is embodied by all who hear it | leaves  
and amplified to those out of earshot

so that when i say "I mean what i say" | rain  
people attending repeat that phrase  
resounding those words for themselves | leaves

and when i say "you need to be alert" | rain  
that too is embodied and understood  
the point of view shared, necessarily  
i commend the people's microphone | leaves

to us in our deliberations our debate | rain  
knowing that whatever is uttered | leaves  
will be amplified and further heard

## **Song for the Day**

By, Francesco Levato

Walking past each other,  
about to speak

all about us is noise  
thorn and din.

Someone is stitching a hole  
in need of repair.

Someone is trying

spoons on oil drum, boom box, voice.

Words, words  
spiny or smooth.

I need to see what's on the other side.

I know there's something  
in today's sharp sparkle.

Sing the names of the dead,

song for struggle,  
song for the day.

### **The No-Net World**

By, Larissa Shmailo

Deep in your heart, you always believed  
There was a barrier, a secret shield  
Keeping you safe from the street  
Secretly, you knew  
Your good shoes and your warm, lined gloves  
Kept you apart, and safe  
From the man with the cup in his hand  
And the boy with the cardboard sign  
And the woman with the bloated legs  
And the girls with the begging eyes  
From the weathered madwomen railing at God  
And the shadows at the ashcan fires  
From the need to ask, no choices left:  
*Mister, can you please ... ?*

What did you, from the cushioned world  
Of buffers, alternatives, other ways to turn  
Of loans from family friends  
Of credit cards and healthy children  
Of grocers who smiled because they knew how well you ate:  
What did you have in common with the concrete world of need?  
Secretly, you knew, so surely you believed  
You could never fall so low

Welcome to the no-net world.

Then I got fired one day  
I got fired one day  
Lost my job and then my house  
I got fired one day.

Now your debts mount up like garbage and a layoff's coming soon  
And you have to see a doctor and insurance just pays half  
And your folks who lent you money just can't help you anymore  
And the loans are coming due; still, the force field is there,  
In the lining of the gloves, in the good if now used shoes

You will never stand like that goddamned bum  
Holding the door at the bank  
Too tired to whore or steal  
Saying *Please ma'am, please ma'am please ...*  
Welcome to the no-net world

You would never see  
Hunger on the face of your child  
When she came home from school there would always be  
Apples and rice and chicken and beans  
Milk and carrots and peas  
Now there's two days left till payday and just one last can of corn  
And she's home, laughing hungry, hi, I'm home, ma, what's for lunch

Welcome to the no-net world

Are you hungry? Good:  
Ready, set, line-up, let's go:  
You can get on line on Monday for the lunch meal that's on Tuesday  
and the shelter line's for Thursday but you have to sign up Monday  
But you stayed there just last Wednesday so you can't come  
back till Friday.

And the Food stamps place is downtown  
And the welfare place is uptown  
And the Medicaid is Westside  
And the hospital is eastside  
No I can't give you a token  
No I can't give you a token  
No I can't give you a token  
Don't you know you'll only drink?

Hell, yes.

Like a child praying to God  
You believed in forever  
You thought home and hearth were,  
Not for everyone of course,  
But surely for you:  
Only in the nightmares  
Rare unremembered dreams  
Did you stand by the door of the bank  
Saying  
*Yes ma'am, God bless you ma'am*  
*Please.*

Don't get sick  
Don't let anyone you love get sick  
Don't be mentally ill  
Don't lose your job  
Don't be without money for a second  
Don't make any mistakes

Welcome to the no-net world

**TRUTH BEAUTY**  
By, Michael Schiavo

not  
stars

yet  
I

but  
good

of  
or

I  
brief

to  
wind

with  
if

predict  
I

from  
eyes

constant  
art

truth  
beauty

to  
convert

this  
I

end  
doom

**WAR TIME**  
By, Michael Schiavo

I  
every

perfection

but

this  
but

stars  
comment

I  
increase

even  
sky

in  
height

brave  
of

then  
this

you  
youth

where  
time

change  
youth

war  
time

takes  
new

## **LINES LIFE**

By, Michael Schiavo

do  
you

war  
time

your  
your

more  
my

now

happy

&  
gardens

wish  
living

your  
counterfeit

lines  
life

this  
my

inward  
outward

your  
eyes

give  
still

&  
live

## **Figli della disobbedienza**

By, Alessandra Bava © 2011

Come Thoreau

credo che le cose  
non cambino, ma che  
noi possiamo e dobbiamo

cambiare Con superbo furore,  
lottiamo liminalmente,  
perifericamente,  
deliberatamente.

L'Armata Voce

ci anima,  
ci unisce,  
ci riunisce.

Presidiamo arsenali  
di poesia e non  
temiamo di esporci  
alla gogna: parole, nuda

carne fremente,  
ossa, grondanti versi,  
denti affondati in  
viscere di senso

e di dissenso.  
Mani e i fianchi  
immersi nel sangue  
della verità

pronti a generare  
molteplici fogli-- pronti  
a generare molteplici figli  
– della DISOBBEDIENZA.

## **Sons of Disobedience**

by Alessandra Bava © 2011

Like Thoreau

I believe that things  
don't change, but that  
we can and must

change. With superb fury,  
we fight liminally,  
peripherically,  
deliberately.

The Armed Voice

inspires us,  
unites us,  
re-unites us.



We garrison arsenals  
of poetry and we fear  
not to be taken to the  
stocks: words, naked

craving flesh,  
bones, dripping  
lines, teeth sunk in  
bowels of sense

and dissent.  
Hands and hips  
drowned in truth's  
blood

ready to give birth  
to several leaves -- ready  
to give birth to several  
sons—of DISOBEDIENCE.

## **SONGS OF DEFIANCE**

By, K. A. Laity

I am Blake's daughter, burning bright.  
I was born for endless delight;  
But your vision, sightless, thrusts me  
into the endless night.

You perceive only the ratio;  
I see the infinite in all things.  
You have let the grains of sand slip  
between the feathers in your wings.

You have poisoned the wild flowers  
and slain the lowly wren.  
You shoot the dewy fawn,  
then bid us trust again.

<sup>3</sup>The poison of the honey bee  
is the artist's jealousy<sup>2</sup>;  
Yet how can I not envy  
your canvas<sup>1</sup> grave capacity:

You weave a winding sheet  
of stars and stripes and error;  
The furnace of your brain  
burns hope and spits out terror.

I listen to the tale of  
the caterpillar's grief  
As we sit side by side  
upon the trembling leaf,

And all who pass beneath  
are bathed in misery and tears,

On the road of excess, but  
stopped at the palace of fears.

The church is cold as cash,  
the schoolhouse has been shuttered.  
In every hall, from every box  
your curses have been muttered.

I can write my revenge in text  
and predict what tragedy comes next;  
But no gods appear to bring us light  
when we embrace the endless night.

## **Occupy Wall Street**

By, Geer Austin

Down at Zuccotti Park  
rows of people lie on the ground  
orderly and blue because of the tarps.  
One row lifts its heads.  
A wave of varicolored Mohawks.  
The protestors should win, I think,  
because they have more  
interesting haircuts.  
The bad guys look like clichés  
with spray can dos  
leftover from some precious decade.  
They say they are conservative  
but they invent the most  
incendiary financial instruments  
and hurl them with fury  
like enraged anarchists  
hitting you and me  
and even our grandchildren.  
And the protestors camp out  
in a park surrounded by the police  
who live among the 99%  
but imagine they are secure  
because they have a pension plan.  
So I go to Zuccotti park  
on my lunch hour  
wearing my obligatory suit and tie  
and all I can think to do  
is buy bags of tomatoes and apples  
and offer them to a beautiful young woman  
at a kitchen pavilion  
constructed from plastic boxes and card tables.  
She looks Italian  
so I give her some broccoli rabe.  
I tell her I'm one of the 99%  
who has to work.  
She says that's slavery  
and she hands me a slice of peasant bread.

## **THIRST**

By, John Siddique 2011

*From 'Full Blood' (Salt Publishing)*

Imagine thirst without knowing water.  
And you ask me what freedom means.  
Imagine love without love.

Some things are unthinkable,  
until one day the unthinkable is here.  
Imagine thirst without knowing water.

Some things we assume just are as they are,  
no action is taken to make or sustain them.  
Imagine love without love.

It is fear that eats the heart: fear and  
endless talk, and not risking a step.  
Imagine thirst without knowing water.

Fold away your beautiful thoughts.  
Talk away curiosity, chatter away truth.  
Imagine love without love.

Imagine believing in the whispers,  
the screams and the gossip. Dancing to a tune  
with no song to sing inside you.  
Imagine love without love.

**Believe me or not**

By, Vivekanand Jha

*New Delhi, India*

Believe me or not  
I speak as I suffered  
But not preach  
The world has been  
Only to those  
Who are happy and glee.

On the mistake of others  
Don't show your teeth  
And to be laughed at  
Don't give any width.

Once they come to know  
You are a beggar and you beseech  
Men are such a bee  
They would suck the left over blood  
Like a leech.

So this is a lesson  
One must learn and teach  
Even in poverty looks like a rich  
For this you don't need  
Any investment and fee.

**Cut-throat**

By, Vivekanand Jha

*New Delhi, India*

Man, chief justice of animals,  
To dictate stringent sentence  
On their innocence  
Punishment in all cases  
And will be no less than death,  
Only nature of death will differ  
As per the belief  
And religion of human beings.

In the name of religion,  
Divide men themselves  
Into different factions,  
Scapegoat they their scriptures  
For their own atrocious activities.

Even in sentencing slaughter  
Some say we are kind  
As we prefer to eat  
The meat of those animals  
Whose throats are  
Chopped off in one go  
Thus making their death  
Only momentary painful.

Some say believe we in brutality  
As we prefer to chew  
The mutton of those animals  
Whose throats are cut  
Slowly and steadily  
Thus arousing pain  
And tantalizing them for death.

They take enjoyment  
Of peculiar and bizarre  
Song and music,  
Emanating from the animals,  
Gasping for death,  
And thereby relish  
Nibbling tallow and sucking the soup  
Inside the shank of wholesome  
And palatable flesh and bone.

### **Cruelty**

By, Vivekanand Jha  
*New Delhi, India*

Cruelty like sediments into water container  
Even inadvertent stirring spoils  
The serenity and sanctity.

It suffers from insomnia  
Unleash its irritation of sleepless night  
On orphan and weak.

People are poor by kind  
And rich by cruelty  
As if goddess of learning herself  
Were blessing them  
To deliver the speech extempore.

Everyone is embodiment of explosive  
All we need is to light one spark:  
Calling wrong a wrong  
And get ready to sing a swan song.

A group of trigger happy youth  
Making to and fro of road  
Like venomous bees around honeycomb  
Provoking and tantalizing to say something  
All you have to do is to stir up the nest  
And they would do their best  
Better we know the rest.

Intolerance on rampage  
And tolerance victims of stampede  
Now none trembles with fear  
All shudder with anger  
The strong with one  
But the weak with all cylinders.

Gone outside to seek entertainment,  
For week-end refreshment  
Wife suffered molestation  
I suffered frustration  
We flavoured hot juice of insult  
Returned home with hurt inside heart.

### **Dream House**

By, Vivekanand Jha  
*New Delhi, India*

A House! A House!  
That he must have to live in  
With children and wife.

Where no place for  
Uterine brother and sister  
Where no room  
For aging parents  
Even if he has to become a tyrant.

Where in hospitality of in-laws  
There shouldn't be any deficiency and flaw  
Where all hell breaks loose on madam  
When visits any guest  
Pretending ill health, she lies on bed  
Restaurant in the vicinity does the rest.

Where all luxuries and amenities  
Should be available in apartment  
Though children in the exam  
Comes out with compartment.

### **Dispossessed Motherland**

By, Vivekanand Jha  
*New Delhi, India*

I'm from the land  
Reduced to handful sand  
Where's only mud  
Left by devastating flood.

Here's no crop to reap  
But only blood to creep  
Over our fate to weep  
And feet not rise to leap.

No room to express the wit  
No place to peacefully sit  
As we're by poverty hit.  
Here's no food to eat

Here's no fuel to be lit  
No milk in the mother's teat

We've only dust to beat  
Bleak and barren land and wit.

Here's no work to do  
So we've earning few  
But we've courage to muster  
To gather bread and butter.

No prospect for ability  
Here's only killing by brutality  
Which exposes administrative futility?  
By their nature of duality.

Here's no feather in the cap  
Only the news of kidnap  
In the mean time you nap  
Child is dispossessed from mother's lap.

If moral is to be taught  
Nothing but death's to be bought  
Don't give the suggestion unsought  
It readily leads to a bout.

Here's only the battle to be fought  
One-year flood is another year drought  
We're caught in the current of time  
There's no difference  
Between age and prime

Here we're in the grip of ill omen  
People are living in the devil's domain  
On our purse is such a drain  
We go miles and years away to deadly den  
Leaving aside our children and women.

Here's no magic wand  
Men beat their own drum and band  
Here're only foes, hardly any friend  
Here's none mistakes to amend  
Here's no right for dignity to defend  
This's a dispossessed motherland  
This's nothing but a Waste Land.

### **Hands Heave to Harm and Hamper**

By, Vivekanand Jha

*New Delhi, India*

Our hands heave  
To harm and hamper,  
Not to help and heal.

Not to assist  
The damsel in distress  
Instead feel refresh  
In molesting mistress.

Not to weaken  
The woes of widows  
But apt to weaken  
Their only credos.

Not to stop  
The rape  
But we are top  
In viewing the naked tape.

We have destitution  
In deleting the prostitution  
But we are to the fore  
In bargaining the whore.

Not to prohibit  
The child labour  
But not hesitate to inhibit  
Their favour.

Not to curb  
The poverty  
But ready to disturb  
The Poor's liberty.

We use stick  
To persecute the weak  
We use flower  
To adorn the tower.  
Not to ameliorate  
Law and order  
But not fret to generate  
Chaos and disorder.

We have temptation  
To incur evil reputation  
But we have palpitation  
In getting good inspiration.

We praise  
When our hands raise  
To tarnish and damage  
The image of sage.

We neglect  
The existing institution  
But we accept  
The amendment of constitution.

What a relief!  
If our hands heave  
To leave  
Harm and hamper  
But to help and heal.

**My poem falters and falls**



By, Vivekanand Jha  
*New Delhi, India*

I write with ink of blood  
To testimonialize and give  
A touch of eternity to it  
But my poem falters and falls  
In the poetry of the world.

I pluck words from  
A flowery and ornated garden  
And weave a garland of them  
To adorn the world  
But they trample it  
Under their feet  
Like they crush the stub  
Of the cigarette to prevent it  
From catching the fire.

I discover the words  
Hidden in the unhaunted  
Recess of the mind  
And juxtapose them  
Like an ideal couple  
Of bride and bridegroom  
At bridal chamber  
And turn my poem on new leaf  
But they tilt their stony eyes  
And turn deaf ears to it.

I infuse my heart and soul  
Into the poem  
Thinking it would be  
The best and the last of my life  
But they simply say:  
Since it is the beginning  
You would learn by mistakes.

**Only your name is dog**

By, Vivekanand Jha  
*New Delhi, India*

You care a fig  
If someone tries to rig  
Make all evil attempts fail  
To keep your tail straight  
Only your name is dog.

You have got various implementations  
With every scientific invention  
That soldiers and security man can't do  
You perform it in a moment few  
Only your name is dog.

When all are in sleep

You take control in your grip  
You pay the price of salt:  
Keeping ill-events at halt  
Only your name is dog.

None you spare  
At least with your bark  
Let it be sages, thieves,  
Motorists or animals  
All scared of your bite  
Only your name is dog.

Such is your innate quality  
Uncrowned king of your locality  
Never tolerate other to invade and intrude  
With evil intent and manners rude  
Only your name is dog.

Though oxen plough the field  
With all enthusiasm and zeal  
Make till to plane and plane to till  
Remain calm and cool still  
But you pant as if  
You ploughed the hill  
Only your name is dog.

### **The Prime**

By, Vivekanand Jha  
*New Delhi, India*

It's time  
We're in prime.

It's time  
We should shine.  
And feel fine.

It's time  
We should climb  
To destine  
And feel cloud at nine.

It's time  
We should be sublime  
To define  
The doctrine.

It's time  
We've strong intestine  
Ready to dine.

It's time  
We should not commit crime  
And resign  
To any design.

It's time  
We should not assign  
Meeting clandestine  
Lest we repine.

It's time  
We should determine  
To become Einstein  
Or compose rhyme.

### **Trauma of Terror**

By, Vivekanand Jha

*New Delhi, India*

Wherever eyes go, we sigh to see  
Be it a day or hours wee  
In the mud we find our knees  
Thunderous voice rends the ears  
Two little eyes dipped  
In the ocean of tears  
Tender soul is infected with fear  
Life's nothing but error  
Teeming with trauma of terror.

God made comely creature  
Apart from the lovely nature  
Man made it a field  
With red bloodshed filled.

Life's endless tale of peril  
In the hands of the devil  
No one wants to take a risk  
So the corps takes to frisk  
By working on the tips  
This time terror is to rip  
In the guise of will o' the wisp.

We feel insulted on being frisked  
Irritation reaches its zenith  
Earth revolves the feet beneath  
To see the baggage and bag  
Treated as a piece of rag.

### **America's Heart**

By, Paul Dickey

*Omaha, NE*

I have a stick I bought on eBay  
from an antique flogging tree  
once in a now closed museum.

I have a poem.  
I have a quotation from Martin Luther King.  
I have a true story.  
But they say we shouldn't break America's heart.

I heard Wisconsin election results just came in.  
I heard teachers not teaching sitting on a bench.  
I heard teachers not teaching outside the capitol.  
I heard a door close behind a man who lost his job.  
I heard voices of victory from the other room.  
I heard someone say –  
    “Don’t you dare break America’s heart.”

I see fire in the Bastrop sky  
                                  where there had been blue.  
I see fish dying on a Vermont street.  
I see men dying in Ohio who didn’t need.  
I see a true story about a dream.  
I see a poem in front of you.  
To build again,  
    I see we have to break America’s heart.

### **Exile**

By, Dawn Potter

On the morning I left  
my country, sunlight

thrust through the clouds  
the way it does after a raw

autumn rain, sky stippled  
with blue like a young mackerel,

leaf puddles blinking silver,  
sweet western wind gusting

fresh as paint, and a flock  
of giddy hens rushing pell-mell

into the mud; and I knelt  
in the sodden grass and gathered

my acres close, like starched  
skirts; I shook out the golden

tameracks, and a scuffle of jays  
tumbled into my spread apron;

I tucked a weary child into each coat  
pocket, wrapped the quiet

garden neat as a shroud  
round my lover’s warm heart,

cut the sun from its moorings  
and hung it, burnished and fierce,

over my shield arm—a ponderous  
weight to ferry so far across the waste—

though long nights ahead, I'll bless  
its brave and crazy fire.

### **The Occupy New York**

By, Erwin Franke

Oh, the Occupy New York,  
They had ten thousand men;  
They marched them up to the top of Wall Street,  
And they marched them down again.

And when stocks were up, they were up.  
And when stocks were down, they were down.  
And when their stocks did go bankrupt,  
They were neither up nor down.

### **Liberty Square: Day of the Foley Square March –**

by Stuart Leonard

I do not tell you about myself, this is about  
the people who brought me to this page,  
about the place where I found them,  
and if through this you see me, hear me,  
then know that it is through them and there  
that these words, these thoughts come to you.

I obscure nothing here, there is no time  
for abstraction or artifice, only clear words  
and witness, something I have to tell you  
that may or may not be the truth you seek,  
but is most certainly as honest as I can be.

I came to answer a call sent out by a few  
who expressed the anger of a generation,  
awoke to the struggle of generations,  
so came to occupy the crossroads of power,  
to stand in defiance against the perverse bankers,  
the greed brokers, whose soulless manipulations  
left the ruin of the people in their wake.

This should not be a place for blame,  
though there is blame to go around,  
we know who we should hold responsible,  
and we all should look within ourselves,  
at our failings and foibles, our willingness  
to be deceived, before our fingers point  
or tongues decry, then let us shake off illusions,  
and trade recriminations for solutions,  
because after this the blame can only be placed  
on the shoulders of those who forget the struggle.

I am not the first or last who came here,

or more or less important than any,  
neither leader nor follower, I hope  
only to stand with my equals, to speak,  
to hear, to teach and learn, to do  
the work that must be done,  
and if there is any one particular thing  
I could offer, it is a recommendation – vigilance.

No one owns these words, they are not  
just the words of a person, this is a confluence  
of tongues, each sentence gathers many thoughts,  
threading together all that I hear,  
taking what may sound like a cacophony  
and showing that it is a mingling, I stand in  
Liberty Square and watch and listen, talk with  
many who come here, hear their reasons and causes,  
strive to understand them, to let their passion be mine,  
I endeavor to make a poem of this rare convergence,  
and have to laugh even as I write just now and comprehend  
that it is the poetry here which writes these lines .

There was the compelling pulse of drums,  
the echo of voices in unison resounding  
before I even arrived at Liberty Square,  
the music was on the streets, leading  
me to the source, and others were swept in  
with me, a stream growing to a flood,  
and we reached the small oasis surrounded  
by the daunting towers, at first it was almost  
overwhelming, a confusion of activities,  
ideas, debate, and declaration.

There is an undeniable energy as well,  
something uplifting, vital, if you open yourself to it,  
do not try to own it, the seeming chaos becomes  
a mixture of elements nourishing the soil, fertile ground,  
rich with seeds already springing forth.

I come alone, anonymous, someone,  
sit for hours, let everything happen around me,  
talk to Mary who's reading Faust, sweep sidewalks  
and pick up garbage, sit in on forums, run and make  
some copies, watch artists at work, eavesdrop, read  
at the library, get interviewed by Russian TV,  
study the faces of police, eat donated pizza,  
spy on kissing lovers, get a button, dance to the drums.

Marsha is knitting hats and scarves for the revolution,  
she is soft spoken, pragmatic, believes in this moment,  
will knit as long as she's able, she weaves as  
the cranes run above us , hauling up materials  
for the buildings that never stop growing.

The Vietnam vet comments aloud to any  
who can hear, 'It's not like the sixties' he says,

'when I came home with one leg, went to college,  
joined the protests, we knew what we wanted,  
we marched to end the war, I can't understand  
all this, sleeping in this park that belongs to someone,  
- Where did they get all this stuff, all this gear,  
who's paying for all this? Now I have  
my own business, worked my way up,  
I'm not sure what they want here.'  
He seems to like and dislike what he sees,  
struggling to make sense of it all, to understand,  
and I talk to him, and Jim, 25, from Pittsburgh, talks to him,  
so does Beth, 19, a Vermonter, and he listens and we listen,  
these youth not even born when he fought in the jungles,  
the middle aged man who was learning to ride a bike  
when he lost his leg, and the soldier leaves us, still perplexed,  
but he came to see for himself.

I share with the socialists, divide with the communists,  
rage with the anarchists, I want to save the environment,  
to truly understand why we should abolish the federal reserve,  
legalize drugs, outlaw guns, vote for Ron Paul, free Mumia,  
stop fracking, open the borders, close the banks,  
shut down nuclear power, ban gluten. Wait!  
Marie Antoinette is here with cake.  
Watch out Marie, I just saw Emma Goldman  
and I think she might kick your ass.

We marched on Foley Square today,  
and the unions joined us, teachers, teamsters,  
musicians, UAW, UFT, CWA, thousands  
of multi-colored signs bobbed and blared,  
you should have seen the crowd, it had its own music,  
I climbed the white steps of the court house  
and gazed out at the massive assembly,  
the speakers rallied them and I saw the strength  
was still there, I bounced my way through them,  
people took pictures of my sign, and there was  
really no malice or rushing as I jostled toward  
the sound of some swinging music and stumbled  
upon the funkiest political marching band ever,  
dressed with a green theme, donned in revolutionary  
symbols and slogans, they had the crowd moving  
to their jivin' anarchy.

Later, back at Liberty,  
the evening's general assembly was infused,  
the people's mike crisp in the October night,  
the call and response fervent, almost a chant,  
we waved our hands in the air, I forget exactly  
what they said, just remember the rhythm,  
that it seemed like we owned the city, could have marched out  
and got the job done right then and there.

As night falls the drums seem louder, they are  
serving curry at the food station, the tourists and press thin out,  
Scott and Alisha invite me to put my things with theirs,  
they have come from Michigan, quitting their jobs,

leaving the dogs with a friend, they didn't hesitate,  
have no philosophy, filled with brilliant thoughts,  
knowing what they need to know, she, his anchor,  
he, handsome, with piercing eyes, interviewed at least twenty times,  
sincere and articulate, they are half my age,  
showed me things I needed to see.

As we read some poetry, Bill, from medical,  
stops to join us, he, a few years older than me,  
like me, afraid of aging, like me, feels young,  
he has been laid off, homeless, got back on his feet,  
still living hand to mouth, he came here, not from anger,  
but out of hope, he leaves to treat a young woman  
whose face burns with pepper spray.

Just now, some group spontaneously formed and charged  
down to take Wall Street itself, they crashed on the barricades,  
the police driving them off with night sticks and pepper spray,  
some cheer them, some say they should not have gone, I am not  
certain, a group of strangers gathers and discusses  
why we are not allowed to protest on Wall Street.

A little sister of the revolution wakes,  
rises from a tangle of tarps and cardboard,  
joining us in conversation, she has come alone  
from Massachusetts, following some primal instinct,  
that this is where she needed to be, *with student loans  
and a low wage job* – she says – *there wasn't much to  
leave behind.* And I wonder at this generation,  
who may get a downgraded version, America – 1.0,  
I have nothing to offer but to march with them,  
gather with them here in the Square,  
try to get down a few lines, to capture  
this moment, to make sure people remember.

Here all seem to be freed, there is an energy  
in the Square, a force that enters you, uplifts you,  
it arises from the intermingling, the spontaneous rhythm,  
the impromptu harmony that we all here take part in,  
consciously or not, because even if we can't quite explain it,  
everyone of us, in our guts and souls, knows exactly why we are here.

The drums are silent, the protest signs sleep  
in a pile, their messages overlapping  
like the stray limbs of sleeping lovers,  
around me a motley array of bags, tarps,  
blankets, bodies, that must look absurd  
to the monoliths that shadow the park,  
an explosive patchwork reflected  
on those sterile facades. I lie here  
beneath these buildings that seem  
to lay siege to us, gray silhouettes  
pass by me, whispering, the trees try  
to make me sleepy with their waving leaves,  
but I know I will not sleep this night.



## **Banksters!**

By John Jackson

Banksters! Banksters! everywhere!!  
They're in your pocket! They're in your hair!  
They'll steal your house! They'll steal your car!--  
Where are the feathers? Where is the tar??

Sporting suits and ties  
Instead of red bandanas--  
Banksters! Banksters! rob us blind,  
Then sell us some bananas.

They cheat and lie and swindle;  
They just don't give a damn;  
They sit on tons of bailout money  
Just because they can.

They use our money in their banks  
As if they were casinos--  
They bet the bank and speculate  
We won't pop 'em on their beans.

They hired ro-bo signers  
Because they were much cheaper;  
If no one reads the documents,  
Their profits would be steeper.

All our jobs now overseas;  
Banks as rich as Croesus--  
If government wasn't owned by them,  
It would kick them on their asses.

They will not write-down mortgages--  
That's not the way they work;  
Their profits would diminish...  
Was that a smile? No, a smirk.

If your job is gone for good,  
Your mortgage you can't pay...  
Banksters! Banksters! say do not fret;  
We'll teach you how to pray.

Now if your home's a shopping cart,  
At least it has four wheels;  
Without a job you've lots of time  
To look for the best deals.

It's really easy and much fun  
To figure out surviving;  
There's lots of stuff on garbage day,  
And always dumpster diving.

Banksters! Banksters! hate it when

I call them Banksters! Banksters!  
So let me compromise my tone  
And just say Gangster Banksters.

Some rob you with a baseball bat;  
Some rob you with a gun;  
Banksters! Banksters! use their ball-point pens  
And think it's kind of fun.

They cut up sub-prime mortgages  
And made them look delicious---  
Then sold them short and made gazillions;  
Is that not seditious?

When their house of cards came tumbling down,  
They brought an empty pail,  
And said just fill it up with cash,  
Cuz we're too big to fail.

Ha-ha! They joked and snorted!  
We're too big to fail!!  
So fill the bucket up with cash;  
The process is blackmail.

Oh my God! Oh woe is me!  
Please give me some perspective  
To help me cope and soldier on--  
Some heavenly directive.

Banksters! Banksters! everywhere!  
They're in your pocket! They're in your hair!  
They'll steal your house! They'll steal your car!--  
Where are the feathers? Where is the tar?

## **POETRY IS NOT CREATED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE**

by marina mati  
*for John DeVita posthumously.*  
*committed suicide around 1991.*  
*he would be there with you.*

Poetry is not created for your convenience;  
If you want it, you have to venture out  
into the streets where the asphalt is splattered with the rainbow  
and from the bloody sky drip droplets  
of poems into the black river...  
where out of soot-cocoons spin pink  
mutant butterflies that are not afraid  
of the ultra-violet violence  
of the exploding greenhouse sun  
nor the grey specked ice  
of the shrinking moon.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;  
If you want it, you have to go underground,  
to the caverns, through the tunnels

of your youth and be not afraid of the melting  
face in the fun-house mirrors...  
the walls of the caves are painted  
with the juices of ancient passions  
and the day-glo of a nuclear family dust;  
bones pound the spotted skin  
into the beat of a heart in a[n] eardrum  
flowing in subterranean canals.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;  
If you want it, you have to travel through your  
anima where the screams of aids children  
becomes the song of survival sung  
in harmony with the vultures;  
you have to go into its concrete darkness  
where the thorns of black roses prick the night  
and through the pinholes streams the moonlight  
while the fragrance leads you to the path  
of stars at your fingertips  
to the center of the eye  
whirling in a hurricane, a self-expanding universe.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;  
If you want it, you have to wake up before dawn  
and go into the shadows of flayed dreams  
and reach for the knotted core  
that explodes into morning glories  
whose lips are moist with mountain rain  
and words that took all night to form  
are still mired in mud and gasping for air  
in the red ozone clouded with grey matter-  
breathe deeply and be not afraid  
of the poem stirring in the belly  
of the holocaust.

### **Adam, Are you Ready?**

By, Genine Lentine

Adam, are you now ready  
to be gentle?  
Adam, are you ready  
now to be gentle  
with your brother?

## Poem For the Occupations

By, Steve Collis

Dear menacing force  
Smoke-eyed with you  
Tear gas canisters  
Beanbag shotguns shells  
And bullets—rubber  
And otherwise—know this:  
Crowd dispersal  
Is just a phase in  
Crowd formation—  
Wherever you cut  
A swath through this  
Living mass you  
Will find it has  
Formed again on  
Other streets moving  
Back into whatever  
Space you've just vacated.

Know this too:  
In Oakland and New York  
Vancouver and Toronto  
We have learned  
From our brothers and sisters  
In Tahrir Square  
And everywhere else  
We've learned to say ENOUGH  
And stare down  
Riot cops and soldiers—  
It will take more  
Than a simple show of force  
More than smoke mirrors  
Concussions and noise  
To chase us off now—  
We are not satisfied  
With a single skirmish  
We are not satisfied  
With one day of rage  
We are in love  
With this WE  
We are becoming  
And we are coming  
Oakland  
We are coming  
New York  
And we have each others' backs