

THE OCCUPY WALL STREET POETRY ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY STEPHEN BOYER, FILIP MARINOVICH, KARI GIRON, JACKIE SIMMONS, SARAH SARAI, ELIOT GLASSHEIM, JACKIE SHEELER, CHRIS COBB, OFELIA DEL CORAZON, SARAH E. ROBey, RAMI SHAMIR AND THE POETS OF OCCUPY WALL STREET

IN THE SPIRIT OF OCCUPY WALL STREET

A VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU TO THE PEOPLE OF OCCUPY WALL STREET, THE PEOPLE'S LIBRARY, THE POETRY ASSEMBLY AND THE SOURCE UNLTD PRINT AND COPY SHOP

THIS ANTHOLOGY IS FROM THE HEART OF THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT, IT'S A SYMBOL OF FREE SPEECH, DEDICATED TO THERE BEING A FUTURE

WE LOVE YOU

BY ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

POETIC INTRODUCTIONS (p.19)

Poems Are The Ultimate Weapon Of The 99%: An Introduction

by Danny Schechter

The OWS Poetry Anthology Story

by Stephen Boyer

from THE MAD SONG

by Michael Schiavo

ONE LIBERTY

by Cynthia Andrews

WEEK ONE (p.27): 10/11/2011

Taking Brooklyn Bridge

by Stuart Leonard

WE WILL SEE

Translated by Rafiq Kathwari

Caribou

by Vivian Demuth

Nine Black Robes . . .

by Steve Bloom

Air and Breakfast - an awful feeling

by Jennifer Blowdryer

CALIBAN PROTESTS

by Edgar Garcia

Gangbang For Democracy

by Stephen Boyer

Lost Highway

by Masha Tupitsyn

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

by Rob Couteau

Celestial, Inc.

by Philip Fried

99%

by Najaya Royal

Invitation to Walt (for Occupy Wall Street)

by Danny Shot

LET'S BURN THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS

by Michael Brownstein

Rhymes & Sayings

by Serge Matsko

The People Are Rising Again

by Tom Savage

Ball Out What?

by Eliot Katz

WOLFMAN LIBRARIAN AND THE TREMBLING PAIR OF ACTOR HANDS

by Filip Marinovich

WEEK TWO (p.61): 10/18/2011

Untitled

by Tim Bokushu Tucker

The impact of a dollar upon the heart

by Stephen Crane

AN ETHIC

by Christina Davis

PEACEABLE

by Christina Davis

DEMONSTRATION DELIRIUM

by Filip Marinovich

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

by Filip Marinovich (10/2010)

TIME GUYS

by Filip Marinovich

FUNNY NUMBERS

by Filip Marinovich

Bicameral Breakdowns

by Joey Molinaro

Occupy Flats

by Lara Weibgen

Have It Your Way

by Lara Weibgen

Because we love each other

by Lara Weibgen

In my past lives I must have met everybody

by Stephen Boyer

Dear Lindsay Lohan My Friend IM'd Me

by Stephen Boyer

Wallahi le Zein

by John Mulrooney

Tremendous Loft

by Russell Jaffe

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

by Russell Jaffe

The Night, What It Allows

by Claire Donato

Thin Cover

by Gracie Leavitt

The Answer

by Ayesha Adamo

Anonymous

by Eileen Myles

Listen My Children

by Stuart Leonard

YES, MR. MONEY

by Jack Foley

Mobocracy 101

by Paul Nelson

haiku flock

by Mickey Z.

MAD SONNET

by Michael McClure

Luminous Moment

by Jon Andersen

Occupy Planet Earth

by Jim Cohn

Heavy Weight

by Jack Litewka

ECONOMICS

by John Oliver Simon

I Approve This Message

by Les Anderson

FOURTH OF JULY POEM

by A. D. Winans

\$\$ Men Haiku

by Adelle Foley

Waiting Eye

by Edgar Lang

The People We Don't See

by Richard Krawiec

Be Fearless: Choose Love

by Nina Serrano

WINDS OF TIME

by Edward Mycue

MIDNIGHT

by Edward Mycue

From the 'BUMPS'

by Edward Mycue

The Coming of Christ

by Raymond Nat Turner

REVOLUTION

by ava bird

for a good time, call your congressman!

by ava bird

Testosterone the terrorist

by ava bird

voting is for fools

by ava bird

Communique From The Center Of The Universe

by Richard Woytowich

From the Liberty Park Kitchen

by Vivian Demuth

The Whole World

by Jonathan Skinner

GIANT ROLLING WAVES

by John Curl

LIBERTÉ

by Adrienne Rich

In Utopia

by Charles Bernstein

Haiku

by Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

SOLIDARITY THOUGHT

by Marc Olmsted

Out Train Window

by Marc Olmsted

Prisons of Egypt

by Anne Waldman

GAIA REGARDS HER CHILDREN

by Alicia Ostriker

Imagine the Angels of Bread

by Martín Espada

I Am Already Ashamed

by Penelope Schott

Give Me Back My Pony

by Feliz Lucia Molina

After the Storm, Praise

by Kathy Engel

GLOSE

by Marilyn Hacker

OLD FACTORY

by Miriam Stanley

Here's a poem :)

by Ross Brighton

OO AMERICA

by Doug Howerton

It's Really Up to Us

by Ngoma Hill

To the Occupation

by Germ

Recollections I Will Have When I Am Old

by Germ

Alphadebt

by Germ

Democracy Factory

by Germ

Opportunity Knocks

by Germ

An Ode To The Cause

by Germ

THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDER THE WIRE

by Doren Robbins

WHAT WE KNEW AND WHAT WE DECIDED AND WHAT

WE BUILT (guerilla warfare)

by John Colburn

One for Overcoming (the self)

by Stu Watson

PUTTHEHARDWORDSFIRST

by Stu Watson

The Cause of Meaning Errantly

by Stu Watson

Areopagus of Equals

by Stu Watson

ARC

by James Scully

HOMEcoming

by James Scully

POOR. PARADISE.

by James Scully

LISTENING TO COLTRANE

by James Scully

The End of Dork Swagger

by Steven Karl

WEEK THREE (p.117): 10/25/2011

Spine Poem

by Erik Schurink

EMPLOYMENT

by Jorie Graham

THE ECONOMOMY

by Anselm Berrigan

POEM

by Anselm Berrigan

For Allen Ginsberg

by Kate Wilson

MARLA RUZICKA

by Hugh Seidman

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALISA ZINOV'YEVNA ROSENBAUM
 by Mike Cecconi
A Right to Bare
 by Ian Bodkin
WEALTH MANAGEMENT
 by Cynthia Atkins
ROOMS
 by Cynthia Atkins
WAYS OF DRILLING
 by Lee Slonimsky
ILLINOIS PENSION ACCOUNTING
 by Lee Slonimsky
THE PEACE MOVEMENT
 by M. G. Stephens
THE CULT OF ISAAC
 by M. G. Stephens
WAR AND PEACE
 by M. G. Stephens
THE ACT OF FAITH
 by M. G. Stephens
AS IT IS
 by M. G. Stephens
THE OLD CLOCK
 by M. G. Stephens
LIFE HAS LOST ITS BEAUTIFUL RHYTHM
 by M. G. Stephens
NEWS OF THE WORLD
 by M. G. Stephens
PUBLIC NOTICE
 by M. G. Stephens
THE CRISIS
 by M.G. Stephens
THE DECLARATION OF PENGUINDEPENDENCE
 by Filip Marinovich
is it zuccotti park where you are?
 by Gus Franza
Ode to an ever-Intensifying radical.radioactive.rejection of capitalism
 by Ingrid Feeney
A Dream Divulged : A Raw Collective
 by Eddie Caceres Jr.
AMERICA (When Things Fall Apart)
 by Philomene Long
The World Wave
 by James Smith
ZUCCOTTI PARK (A TOUR))))))))))))))))))
 by Gus Franza
SHOW ME WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE
 by Lara Weibgen
The Blue Cat Visits OWS, the First Colony of Liberty in the New World
 by Franklin Reeve
God and The City
 by Floyd Salas
The Pledge of Aggravance
 by S.A. Griffin
The War
 by S.A. Griffin

The War Is Over
 by Burt Kimmelman
FUCK CAPITALISM
 by Dan Owen
Ribbons and Bows
 by Dan Owen
It is mean to not share
 by Dan Owen
Poems for Occupy Wall Street - Anthology
 by Aaron Beasley
Tsunami
 by Kelly
U.S. City
 by Kelly
Historical Inevitability
 by Kelly
Favela Tweets
 by Phil Baumann
New Civilization Rising
 by Craig Louis Stehr
Fight Song
 by Star
Movement
 by Lisa Cattrone
Reconjure the Blocks
 by Lisa Cattrone
OCCUPY YRSELF
 by Lauren Marie Cappello
stormed capital
 by betsy fagin
Voice of Jah
 by Ras Osagyefo
THE PEN IS MIGHTER THAN THE SWORD
 by Ras Osagyefo
Sleep-Deprived, Mobile My Socioeconomic
 by Celina Su
Governmentality
 by Celina Su
...da system is da problem.
 jimmy.mankind@gmail.com
Not From Here, Nor There
 by Carol Denson
DEATH To VAN GOGH'S EAR (first half)
 by Allen Ginsberg
The Status Quo Reprise
 by Jesús Papoleto Meléndez
An excerpt from EVERYDAY WRITING: A Deconstruction of the Human Hive
 by Nathaniel Watts
NEWANGELS
 by Edward Mycue
Last Days of Disco
 by Ayesha Adamo
EARTHQUAKE
 by Kelli Stevens Kane
FACT-CHECKING REAGONOMICS
 by G. P. Skratz
OCCU PIE
 by G. P. Skratz

The dark tunnel
 by Chad Johnson
The hour glass
 by Chad Johnson
When will we learn
 by Chad Johnson
The next superstar :
 by Chad Johnson
Arrogant
 by Chad Johnson
Sinking like a rock
 by Chad Johnson
Letter To Travis
 by Dr. Ed Madden
AUTO-TUNE
 by Ben Lerner
Rite of the Gift
 by Carolyn Elliott
Ghost Flowers
 by Carolyn Elliott
The Unimagined
 by Carolyn Elliott
I am autumn wrought
 by Gustavo Troncoso
Marguerite Duras
 by Feliz Lucia Molina
CRAIGSLIST MISSED CONNECTIONS
 by Cynthia White
Wall Street Horse Sense
 by Richard Woytowich
Everybody
 by Sparrow
Socialist Poem
 by Sparrow
Total Capitalism
 by Sparrow
Awful Fart
 by Sparrow
LXII Untitled (Deep Sea Diver)
 by Maureen Seaton and Samuel Ace
In Sum
 by Richard Wyndbourne Kline
FOR DENNIS BRUTUS
 by Austin Straus
THE TAO OF UNEMPLOYMENT
 by Wanda Coleman
SONG OF THE THIRD WORLD BIRDS
 by Lawrence Ferlinghetti
OCCUPYING AUSTIN (one day @ a time)
 by Thom Woodruff
2:57am
 by grimwomyn
GOOD NEWS
 by Dan Brady
TROUBLE AT THE POLE
 by Kevin Killian
Isten
 by Burt Ritchie
Occupy

by Bob Holman
I am sick
 by UsooMe
Occupy Our Streets
 by Surazeus
Wall of Street
 by Christopher Bernard
Occupy Your Mind
 by Christopher Bernard
To the Bankers . . .
 by Christopher Bernard
SON OF A WORKING MAN
 by Santo Mollica
Letter to the NYPD on the 9th Day of the Wall Street
Occupation
 by Eric Raanan Fischman

WEEK FOUR (p.217): 11/1/2011

Love in Autumn (Blessed Are the People)
 by Matt Deen
Case History...
 by Christopher Barnes
Autonomous Revolt
 by Christopher Barnes, UK
Long Arm Of Cold Sweats
 by Christopher Barnes
In This Accusative Bout
 by Christopher Barnes
Responding To A Scream's Blowout
 by Christopher Barnes, UK
The Mark
 by Christopher Barnes
Wall Street Occupied
 by Peter Neil Carroll
THE FOLLY OF HONEST MEN
 by David Howard
The Great Unrest
 by D.A. Powell
As I Look to the Sky
 by Tenisha Smith
I know it's Hard
 by Chris Coon
Homelessness
 by Chris Coon
BALLAD AGAINST MONEY
 by Rebecca Mertz
Wild Things
 by Michelle Higgins
Sycamore
 by Alex Tamaki
Against Interpretation
 by Alex Tamaki
A Poem for the Owls
 by Matt Proctor
Commencement
 by Shelley Ettinger
Our Block Hot August Night
 by Shelley Ettinger

Look Up

by Shelley Ettinger

Imitations in G

by Mark Butkus

LA GRAN FUNCIÓN

by Victoria Marín

BROTHER

by Hugh Mann

POEM

by Simon Pettet

OCCUPY POETRY

by "Damn" Dan

A New Translation of an Unwritten Prophecy

by Patrick Kosiewicz

School Anthem aka Senioritis, 2000

by MC Paul Barman

Poem for Occupy Wall Street

by Nia Lourekas

Poem 4 People's Mic

by Paul Mills / Poez

Occupation

by Alex M. Stein

FOUR HAIKU'S WRITTEN IN ZUCOTTI PARK

by Sarah Valeri and Dan Collins

Youcaress

by Bill Scott

Forager

by Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

Children Are Like Rivers

by Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

It is never Too Late to Climb Trees

by Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

Huelga General

by Vincent Katz

Cabin

by Vincent Katz

Fool's Gold

by Steve Dalachinsky

Toward an American Spring, Fall 2011

by Ray Rankin

These Are Our Weapons

by Hilton Obenzinger, PhD

OCCUPY EVERYWHERE TOGETHER

by Adam Cornford

Flame to Inferno

by Courtney Housel

For Scott Olsen

by Courtney Housel

**MALDITAS SON LAS OLAS, MALDITAS SON LAS
ORTIGAS**

by Gustavo Troncoso

Why the Window Washer Reads Poetry

by Laura Grace Weldon

Persona Ficta

by Jena Osman

Generation Heat

by Robert Smith

Wall Street Encampment

by Linda Kleinbub

3 Haiku

by Dan Brook

Notes from Occupied America (poem #27)

by Karen Lillis

Notes from Occupied America (poem #43)

by Karen Lillis

Notes from Occupied America (poem #17)

by Karen Lillis

Killing Shells#2

by Paul Hawkins

Lyrics to Tune for Drum and Wind

by Jared Stanley

Lyric for the Occupation of Pittsburgh

by Isaac Hill

Collateralized Debt Obligation

by Greg Vargo

Living with the War

by Greg Vargo

What the Sergeant Offered

by Greg Vargo

Six Weeks

by Greg Vargo

PEACEMAKERS ON WALL STREET

by Louise Annarino

IN-FORMATION

by Louise Annarino

Still Trying to Overcome

by Louise Annarino

Such Savage Thirst

by Wesley Parish

OUT OF KILTER

by Jack Roberts

**SEPTEMBER 24, 2011: 100 THOUSAND POETS FOR
CHANGE**

by Michael Castro

OCCUPYING WALL STREET

by Michael Castro

TO SPEAK OF TREES

by Michael Castro

Build Our Occupations (Resisting Lords Of Greed)

by Raymond Nat Turner

Seven Parking Tickets

by Annie Rachele Lanzillotto

JUMPIN WITH JOY

by Annie Rachele Lanzillotto

Dear Mr. President:

by Gloria Frym

from Mind Over Matter

by Gloria Frym

KINDNESS

by Hugh Mann

WEEK FIVE (p.291): 11/8/2011**CARTOONS**

by Sharon Rosenzweig

Koi Pond

by Urgyen Thupten Dorje

SONG TO SING BEFORE A MIRROR

by Martine Compton
Letter From Mt. Sinai
 by Sarah Harper
Manifesto (MoMA 10/20/11)
 by Sarah Harper
Freudian Insight
 by Sparrow
Octagonal Police
 by Sparrow
The Taming of the Shrewd
 by Sparrow
An oration for Occupy Wall Street:
 by Sparrow
Star-spangled, with Flu
 by Dodie Bellamy
Poem for OWSL
 by Joseph Perez
Love is a canister of gas you can throw
 by Terence Degnan
Ode to the Poor
 by Mike Perkins
Sacrificial Lambs
 by Mike Perkins
ERUPTION
 by Sherman Pearl
THE 99% ARCANÉ
 by Jack Hirschman
Poesía de los Indignados
 by Mark Butkus
POLAROID
 by Catherine Corman
No Share, No Ware
 by Riché Richardson
Why is this
 by Ruth Hamilton
OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY 101
 by Bruce Stephenson
Wasteland Vol 3: on wars within and without
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Witch's Prophecies Part I
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Speech
 by Lewis Lazarus
Offering
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Wild West: Where Man's Law meets Judiciary Law
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Witch's Prophecies Part II
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Waltz
 by Lewis Lazarus
Prophecies Come and Go, Life Moves On
 by Lewis Lazarus
All Senses Stripped
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Toll
 by Lewis Lazarus
The Last Illusion, The First True Painting
 by Lewis Lazarus

POLICE
 by Julien Poirier
CRIME
 by Julien Poirier
AUGURIES OF COMPASSION
 by Julien Poirier
SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS
 by Julien Poirier
ADVICE TO SQUATTERS
 by Julien Poirier
Downtown Walk
 by A.E. Richards
Extreme Sanity
 by Yuko Otomo
ZUMANS
 by J.C.
Thoughts on OWS
 by Alexa White
Occupy Wall Street in 8 anagrams
 by Erik Schurink
My One Demand
 by Alia Gee
At Liberty to Say
 by Alia Gee
DANCING IN THE SUNLIGHT
 by MisterHAN / Charles T. Cleary
FULL MOON REVISITED
 by MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary
REMEMBERING BROTHER MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
 by MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary
Free Photographs
 by Ariel Goldberg
Occupy Poetry
 by Jessica Lipscomb
Untitled
 by Tyler Merbler
SORRY
 by Najha Fancois
Untitled
 by Najha Fancois
a tomb or a cocoon
 by Patrick Hughes
maze>maze>maze>maze>maize (abridged version)
 by Patrick Hughes
looked at the moon through a horoscope and it was
fucking screaming
 by Patrick Hughes
the suns, the dogs, the old fish
 by Patrick Hughes
all politics want to divorce their owners
 by Patrick Hughes
The State of Loneliness
 by Nino Rekhviashvili
Dipping into American History
 by Nino Rekhviashvili
The Pac Man
 by Michael O'Brian

WEEK SIX (p.361): 11/15/2011

CARTOONS

by Sharon Rosenzweig

An overwhelming majority

by Vincent Katz

standing in a batch of bees

by Patrick Hughes

subprime tsunamis

by Ravi Chandra

IN FOREIGN FIELDS

by Bruce Stephenson

Dear 99

by William Scott

Occupy Wall Street

by Jennifer Nelson

How to live like a ____ in ____

by Sheila Black

Bricolage

by Peter Ciccariello

Crossing Right Over (11:11:11)

by Bruce Stephenson

The People's Microphone

by Chris Cheek

Song for the Day

by Francesco Levato

The No-Net World

by Larissa Shmailo

truth beauty

by Michael Schiavo

war time

by Michael Schiavo

lines life

by Michael Schiavo

Figli della disobbedienza

by Alessandra Bava © 2011

Sons of Disobedience

by Alessandra Bava © 2011

Songs of Defiance

by K. A. Laity

Occupy Wall Street

by Geer Austin

Thirst

by John Siddique 2011

Believe me or not

by Vivekanand Jha

Cut-throat

by Vivekanand Jha

Cruelty

by Vivekanand Jha

Dream House

by Vivekanand Jha

Dispossessed Motherland

by Vivekanand Jha

Hands Heave to Harm and Hamper

by Vivekanand Jha

My poem falters and falls

by Vivekanand Jha

Only your name is dog

by Vivekanand Jha

The Prime

by Vivekanand Jha

Trauma of Terror

by Vivekanand Jha

America's Heart

by Paul Dickey

Exile

by Dawn Potter

The Occupy New York

by Erwin Franke

Liberty Square: Day of the Foley Square March

by Stuart Leonard

Banksters!

by John Jackson

Poetry is not created for your convenience

by Marina Mati

Adam, Are you Ready?

by Genine Lentine

Poem For the Occupations

by Steve Collis

WEEK SEVEN (p.407): 11/22/2011

Limerick

by Erwin Franke

Mainstream Society is the New Voice

by Dawn Gastil

The Lit Match Sputters In

by Donna Fleischer

Occupy Wall Street

by Lewis Grupper

Newtonian Utopia

by Brendan Lorber

Take Me to Intentional City

by Brendan Lorber

Occupy, Or Under The Hunger Moon

by R.M. Engelhardt

Yellow Yo-Yo

by Merrill Cole

Feed Your Children Well

by Susan V. Facknitz

Recall Election for Mayor Bloomberg (Villanelle)

John A. Todras

To Those Looking Down: Watch, Listen

by Linda Lerner

**An Ode to the Dearly Departed People's Library,
November 15, 2011**

by Aaron Kravig

Occupying Wall Street

by Steven Curtis Lance

Revolution

by Steven Curtis Lance

Obey the Law, OWS!

by Lewis

Wall Street

by Jeffrey Cyphers Wright

The Plains of the Sky Burn Blue in Dream Alone

by Richard Wyndbourne Kline

Now in Autumn Stillness, Beautiful This Hour
by Richard Wyndbourne Kline
Tell It All So May It Secretly Begin One Summer's Day
by Richard Wyndbourne Kline
The Accretion of the Pearl
by Jonathan Moore
There is a River for Revolution...
by Margo Berdeshevsky
Occupy My Love!
by Laura Harrison
American Marxist
by Chris Butters
Sand in the Bread Ground Their Teeth Away
by Paul K. Tunis
The 99%
by Patricia Carragon
Voices
by Patricia Carragon
Unquiescent
by Matthew Hupert
Modern Americana
by Peter V. Dugan
The Ignited Shambles
by Peter V. Dugan
Little Beggars
by John Harrison
Dear Emily
by Verandah Porche
Live Stream: Crown Our Own
by Verandah Porche
What My Sign Says: Song of the Uninsured
by Verandah Porche
OWS
by CS Thompson
A Poem of Condemnation
by CS Thompson
Bring On The Tear Gas
by CS Thompson
We Listened
by CS Thompson
Vigil
by Steve Shultz
Sing
by Hillary Brown
Invisible Hand
by Joseph Hutchison
(they ask us why we) Occupy
by britkneelynn
Personal Ad for my Country
by Eve Lyons
To the Whipping Post
by Denise Amodeo Miller
Elizabeth Taylor's Jewels
by Vanessa Gabb
I was part of a demonstration in Woodstock, New York today, with the sign:
by Sparrow
Invisible
by Sparrow

Tommy James
by Sparrow
Quotation
by Sparrow
Seltzer: The Wonder Drug
by Sparrow
Love Letter November 15
by Frank Sherlock
Bottom Lines
by Michael Scott Marks
Round and Whole
by Octavia McBride-Ahebee
If...
by Jake St. John
After the Little Big Horn
by m sarki
History of Work
by Jenny Draï
What Fear?
by Mahnaz Badihian
Alien Nation
by Charles Watts
When You Beat Me
by Richard Vargas
The Subconscious Knock
by Kim Switzer
Trolls
by Kim Switzer
The Vell
by Kim Switzer
What Happens to Man?
by Kim Switzer
My Friend V
by Kim Switzer
Who Am I You Say?
by Kim Switzer
Abraham Lincoln
by Dustin Luke Nelson
The Truth is a Lie
by Austin Williams
Origin of Tribes
by Austin Williams
To the 1%: Only Getting is Losing
by Prof. Howard Seeman
Revolutionary
by Matthew Safarik
Bless This House
by Maria C. McCarthy
Occupy Poetry
by Raimondo Angelo Accardi
Non Dio, non la Patria e nemmeno la Famiglia
by Salvatore Leopardi
Sea Poem for Occupy
by Sarah Malone
Egypt In the Mississippi
by Russ Green
Zuccotti Zuccotti
by Russ Green
Revolutionary Eros of the Female Gaze: Preliminary

Sketches in Verse, 11/19/2011

by Laura Ferris

What Color Is Peace?

by Ka Ruhdorfer

Early Morning Prayer

by Geraldine Green

I Believe in the Power of the Land

by Geraldine Green

Tao of Chance

by Eric C. Chance

Rising

by James Denison

Better Every Season

by Ben Nardolilli

The Captain

by Brent Hopkins

From the Republic of Conscience

by Seamus Heaney

Rumbling City

by JoyAnne O'Donnell

Warrior

by Michael Colfer

Christmas Gift - 2011

by Gloriana Casey

Report from Occupy Wall Street New York USA October 2011

by marimoses

For the General Assembly of Mankind

by Jack Foley

Tahrir of My Soul

by Shirley Siluk

This Side of the Atlantic

by Edward O'Neill

WEEK EIGHT (p.489): 11/29/2011

Liberty Sq.

by Jonathan Ross

Radical Librarian Love Poem (unfinished)

by Stephen Boyer

The world is not what it once was

by Colin Keegan

Love Story

by Masha Tupitsyn

Soon Enough

by Walter Worden

All of Us

by Julie Hart

for occupy wall street and all 99%...

by Sally Sense

occupy finding...

by Sally Sense

corporate greed banking...

by Sally Sense

corporate greed's earthly hurtfulness...

by Sally Sense

mayor's affairs...

by Sally Sense

self-critique helpfulness...

by Sally Sense

O W S

by Gus Franza

Otherwise Occupied

by Joy Al-Sofi

Simple Pleasures

by David Dominick

War Poems

by Stephen Sartarelli

from Seasons of Mars

by Stephen Sartarelli

le mur

by Lois Jammes

The People's Peace

by John A. Holmes

The Chicago Senator Recently Elevated

by David Bolduc

Declaration

by David B. Maas

OCCUPY

by Frederick Leatherman

Mic-Check

MIC-CHECK

by Frederick Leatherman

Vast Amounts of Time

by Frederick Leatherman

Sycophant King

by Frederick Leatherman

Bullhorn

by Veronica Spinharney

Let Us Now Praise Famous Bankers ...?

by Wesley Parish

Me and Lary N. Gitis Occupying

by Mysterese

Occupying Jesus

by John Auer

BABY LOVE

by Cynthia Andrews

treasured notes* / freedom from fleeced

by Thomas Paine II

these are the times / it takes a greenback

by Tom Paine II

bugger bubbles

by Thomas Paine II

Occupy Wall Street

by Gregory Axel-Lute

ROUGH OLD RIDE

by Dave Arnold

WHERE HAS LOVE GONE TODAY?

by Dave Arnold

two-thirtyam: novemberfifteenthtwothousandelevn

by Adrian Ernesto Cepeda

madness haiku

by Jason Lester

Hey Cops!

by Matt Shultz

Expect Us

by Matt Shultz

Schism Dreams

by Matt Shultz

Birdseed

by Matt Shultz

Screaming at the Silence

by J D Morden

Occupy Poem

by McClain

In search of beaver pelt

by Robert Gibbons

THE RAGE IN ALBION

by Cecelia Peters

House Exercise

by Sparrow

Leaves

by Sparrow

We Were Wrong

by Sparrow

Mic Check

by Sparrow

LET'S RE-OCCUPY

by Marco Cinque

RI-OCCUPIAMO

by Marco Cinque

Thanksgiving

by Steve Bloom

ER ZIJN DAGEN SOME DAYS

by Michaël Vandebriel

Tompkins Square: 20 years later

by Puma Perl

99 to 1

By John Claude Smith

Rome, I loved you more than bread

by Terence Degnan

What Really is the Problem?

by Mollie A. Steward

IT DOESN'T MATTER

by John S. Whitfield

In A Way We Are All Dr Faustus

Adapted by Rehan Qayoom from an Urdu poem by Parveen Shakir.

The Shameless Class

by Wicked Enchanter

Enjoy Your Revolution

by Jackie Simmons

YOUR VOICE©

by Walter William Safar

THE VOICE OF LIFE©

by Walter William Safar

THE STATIONERY BOY©

by Walter William Safar

POVERTY©

by Walter William Safar

MY VOICE©

by Walter William Safar

LONELY NIGHTS©

by Walter William Safar

WITHOUT HOPE©

by Walter William Safar

SILVER STAR©

by Walter William Safar

Cascade Of Faces

by Alfred Corn

We Stand

by Jacqueline Valencia

MY PREOCCUPATION

by Fred Mecklenburg

We Are/Somos

by Miguel Robles

I See No Image, Only Letters

by Cassidy Summers

the poet stays home on a Saturday night

by Casey Degnan

I WANT YOU TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

by Michael Devere

WHO KNEW

by Kathy Goss

YOU PROMISED (MARCHING SONG)

by Kathy Goss

NEW WORLD WEATHER

by Kathy Goss

Panegyric

by Jamie Felton

THE GOOD KING

by Joseph Annino

Bible Study

by Riché Richardson

Untitled

by Marina Mati

The bone's prayer to Death his God*

by Gregory Luce

Red

by T. P White

THE LAST TENT TO GO

by Ray Zdonek

WEEK NINE (p.573): 12/5/2011**It's Been A Nightmare of Police Brutality**

by Stephen Boyer

CAPITALISM POEM #1

by Joshua Zelesnick

The American

by Steven Frank

America's Story Not Told on Fox News

by Eliot Glassheim

TITLE: needs a lot of work

by Nancy Keating

TITLE: Watchwords

by Nancy Keating

SILK KIMONO

by Nancy Keating

My Neurosis

by Sparrow

Marxist Poem

by Sparrow

When The Crisis Comes

by Henrik Johansson

HOMEGONE

by Jordan Kraiss

CHARGE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

by Jordan Kraiss

THE DANGEROUS LIVES OF CONFUSED YOUNG TEENAGERS

by Jordan Kraiss

Dear Walt's Rome

by Terence Degnan

DSNY PROPERTY RECEIPT INVOICE

by Kevin Sheneberger

winter

by Robyn Fuoco

Occupy Their Minds

by KJ Ink

Empathy

by Chris Baral

Tick Tock Poem

by Chris Baral

Confronting the End

by Ken Vallario

Billie's Consumerism Blues

by Joy Leftow

A Corporate Illad

by Brian Donohue

The Most Trusted Name in Blues

by Brian Donohue

Lines From My Cubicle

by Brian Donohue

America's New Song: A 21st Century National Anthem (A Prose Poem)

by Brian Donohue

低能

by 匿名

MOVEment

by Daniel Baez

A Voter's Lament

by Richard L. Johnson

What is a tent?

by Io Bonini 2011

untitled

by Ben Rosenberg

Defund This!

by Michael Biegner

for the wings of a dove

by Janey Smith

3-Day Cycle

by SB Stokes

UPDATE TEN (p.629): 1/7/2012**{locusts—have no king}**

by Vero González

BOOK

by (i found this)

Revolution

by Dr. Swapan Basu

Occupation

by Charle Le Mahr

Les Chemins de la Lune

by Philippe Costes

Untitled

by Robin Clarke

Zuccotti Chronicles*

by Richard Levine

Mic Check Mic Check

by Dubblex

Occupied

(a double, reverse Nonet)

by Patrick Hammer, Jr.

Acoustic Winter

by Lee Ann Brown

The Depressed Soul

by Jeremy Dehart

Lo To The Fallen

by Jeremy Dehart

On Confidence

by Jeremy Dehart

Silently Waiting

by Shirani Rajapakse

YEMEN!

by Cynthia Andrews

INCOGNITO

by Cynthia Andrews

THURSDAY NIGHT

by Cynthia Andrews

Brechtian Political Poem

by Dave Eberhardt

INARTICULATE

by Davey Davis

Mirrors, Without Song

by Terry Thompson

it's too late for**careful**

by CAConrad

UPDATE ELEVEN (p.655): 2/4/2012**Untitled**

by Adam Roberts

Occupy Yourself

by Neil O'Neil

I Do

by Ariana Reines

Insurgency

by Jay Chollick

Rescued Returns

by Krystal Languell

America's Redemption

by Mariah Santiago

Billfold Souls

by Bob McNeil

THE RENISSANCE WILL BE POEIA?

by Kyle De Valk

Occupying Sherman Street

by Sissy Buckles

POET @ THE OCCUPATION

by Donald A. Kronos,
OWNERSHIP'S STROPHES
 by Ryan J. Douglas
THE SHIT-KICKER
 by Ryan J. Douglas
*** 7. ~Free~ ***
 by Willow Poetry (Sara Emillie)
Leaves, They Are A'Turnin
 by Terence Degnan
Down in Misfit Bay
 by Ryan Ostrowski
Fifteen Minutes in the Occupied Zone
 by J.D. Perkosky
I LOVE MUSCLE
 by Fredrick L. Linnabary
A Friend In Need
Can Be Screwed Indeed
 by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh
CHANGE
 by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh
Occupy!!!!
 by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh
SYSTEM ANOMALIES
 by chrisglover
The Bones Under New York City
 by Arlene
Christmas on Wall Street
 by Dan Rutt
I'm In Love with a 1%er
 by Hakim Bellamy
Sleeps Mission
 by Paul Hawkins
Occupy my Heart
 by Valery Oisteanu
Broken Shoes
 by Sparrow
New Sound
 by Sparrow
Advice For Mumbler
 by Sparrow
Writerly Advice
 by Sparrow
Shakespeare's Prophecy
 by Sparrow
Media theory
 by Sparrow
Geometry Lesson
 by Sparrow
Heard In A Dream
 by Sparrow
An Occupy Bestiary
 by Cora Roelofs
PERFECTION IS IMPERFECTION
 by Arnold Freeman
New Year's Wishes
 by Chavisa Woods
ZUCCOTTI PARK
 by Richard Doyle
Elephantiasis

by Nicholas Komodore
This Is The Greatest Country In The World
 by Rebecca Mertz
2nd Poem for Occupy Wall Street
 by Nia Lourekas
Shock Cocoon
 by Red Slider
OIL PAINTING POEMS
 by Sharon Rosenzweig

UPDATE TWELVE (p.739): 4/9/2012

Call To The South
 by Burt Ritchie
A Soldier
 by Doug Soderstrom
Found: Portrait of the average participant in the demonstration on Bolotnaya Square Moscow in February
 by Will Decker
Why You Watched The Super Bowl
 by Ngoma Hill
RESOLUTIONARY
 by Lola Rodriguez
ABUELITO / SON OF THE AFRICAN
 by Lola Rodriguez
Thought this one might be good for the Anthology!
 by Germ
Too Big To Fail
 by Dave Spinelli
OCCUPY WALL STREET
 by Neil Shepard
Declaration of the New World Order
 by Peter V. Dugan
Outside the Garden
 by Peter V. Dugan
Lines Written After Attending OWS Bowery Poetry Club Reading
New York City, January 26, 2012
 by Patrick Hammer, Jr.
Parallel Lines
 by Lewis Grupper
Between the chants
 by Anonymous
LET US OCCUPY
 by Arnold Greenberg
Revolution
 by Ron Kolm
CHINESE FUTURE
 by Ron Kolm
SWIRLING FRONTIER: THE BLIZZARD OF 2011
 by Elizabeth B. Morse
WHEN IT'S TIME TO RETIRE, ALL ASSETS WILL BE TOXIC
 by Elizabeth B. Morse
TOO LATE
 by Maureen Hurley
The Street of Broken Dreams

by Minnie Bruce Pratt
Modern Feudalism
 by Peter V. Dugan
Declaration of the United Corporations
 by Peter V. Dugan
LOCKDOWN
 by Howard Pfanzer
Even a Poet Laureate
Doesn't Deserve to Get Beaten by the Police
 by Eliot Katz
This Is Just A Picture
 by Brian Mangan
[February 14, 2012]
 by Brian Mangan
Note to the Person in Charge
 by Ama Birch
Who Will Tell the People
 by Michael Gregory
Washed Up
 by Michael Gregory
Party Crasher
 by Jason M. Glover
Deed in Lieu
 by L. K. Cunningham
BIG BANG THEORY
 by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson
Spring rain
 by Matsuo Basho
Tell All the Rest: Butterfly Spring Will Come
 by Richard Kline
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
 by John J. Trause
Corpus Christie
 by John J. Trause
2.14.12
 by Brett Price
O, Occupy
 by Patrick Hammer, Jr.
Corporations!
 by Miranda Lee Reality Torn
Further Arguments
 by Sarah Sarai
INEQUALITY
 by Valli Poole
Choose Sides in the War Against Imagination
 by Mickey Z.
Brave Soldier, 1958 - 2012
 by Sandra Weaver
Norman Rockwell
 by Ali Liebegott
Corner Store
 by Ali Liebegott
ANOTHER BREAK FOR THE WALL STREET
 by Urayoán Noel
Untitled
 by Joey Molinaro
people magazine
 by Jeffrey Grunthaner
A total lack of cinematic knowledge

by Jeffrey Grunthaner
The Long Now – How I got to the Sacramento
Occupation
 by Red Slider
Those
 by Will Decker
QWEE
 by Qwee
GODDESS ADDRESS
 by G.S.
MASTERPIECE
MASTERPEACE
 by Space for Friends
People
 by Dr. Swapan Basu
Prices – Ghazal
 by Dr. Swapan Basu
Cries – A Ghazal
 by Dr. Swapan Basu
from Symphony No. 2
 by Emily Carlson
[from Garden City Sleepover]
 by Sten Carlson
Occupy
 by Darrel Alejandro Holnes
The Poems Interplay in Scene to Become An Acting
 by Cecil Williams
Well, Of Course We Cannot Accomplish These Goals
 by Cecil Williams
all revolutions will be FABULOUS
 by Sara Larsen
what contraception is littl' angel going to use?
 by Sara Larsen
there is the letter A be yond hell cop t or
 by Sara Larsen
The President's Poesy State of the Union Address:
 by Red Slider
Ash
 by Red Slider
Ecos
 by Red Slider
There is much more than you think, and keeps so
much to itself.
 by edward engdahl
CONCEPTION: DIRECTOR'S CUT
 by Monica McClure
MERIDIAN HOLDS THE GUN
 by Monica McClure
MOTHER'S DAY
 by Monica McClure
SPAIN COULD BE YOU! (A slogan on a bank facade in
Poznan)
 by Howard Pfanzer
FUCK DESPAIR
 by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson
TEA PARTY
 by G. P. Skratz
The Summer They Killed the Spanish Poet (after
Philip Levine)

by Ron Kolm
Revolution
 by Ron Kolm
Major CEO: Basic Job Description
 by David S. Pointer
Basic Peace Plan
 by David S. Pointer
Bootstrappin'
 by David S. Pointer
Financial Sentry Duty
 by David S. Pointer
Wall Street-Washington
 by David S. Pointer
Solidarity
 by Erric Emerson
Iskra, Garibaldi, and the Barbary Coast
 by Jesse S. Mitchell
Cold Water Sea Change
 by Jesse S. Mitchell
The Great Wyrms of the Primer Siglo Veinte
 by Jesse S. Mitchell
A Corporation is a Man's Best Friend
 by Juan Lamata
Occupy, from the Old French Occuper
 by Juan Lamata
Zucotti Park: 13 October 2011
 by Frederick-Douglass Knowles II
OCCUPYING TUCSON
 by David Ray
RECESSION CONFESSION:
 by CHRISTRAPER SINGS
3. FLAGGED DOWN
 by M. N. O'Brien
4. SAME AS IT EVER WAS
 by M. N. O'Brien
6. PITTSBURGH
 by M. N. O'Brien
10. AUTOMATIC PEDESTRIANS
 by M. N. O'Brien
11. FREEDOM WHEEL
 by M. N. O'Brien
17. SIREN
 by M. N. O'Brien
18. THE ECONOMIC DOWNTURN DANCE
 by M. N. O'Brien
20. FUSE
 by M. N. O'Brien
Frustration with Humanity
 by Samantha Torres
FALLEN
 by Phil Kirsch
RETREAT
 by Phil Kirsch
CITIZENS FOR WHAT IS NOT
 by Phil Kirsch
A Few Dead Republican Girls
 by rose drew
Temporary Safety (CT Democratic Primary March 2004)

by rose drew
HOW WILL I FIND YOU?
 by Thomas Devaney
THE SYSTEM
 by A.D. Winans
Bridgin'
 by Zigi Lowenberg
MAY BE! Chorus for Inquisitive Occupiers
 by Rodrigo Toscano
Twilight
 by Kerri LoPuzzo
Occupy all fronts
 by marz
Awaken, are you sedated— still
 by Adrian Ernesto Cepeda
Required Nutrients
 by Camillo DiMaria
Man About a Dog
 by Camillo DiMaria
Happy Baby
 by Camillo DiMaria
A Tip For Activists (before the raid)
 by Ted Kerr
At A Party
 by Ted Kerr
Firefighter's Call
 by Brittany Hyde
XBOX LI (o) ve
 by Brittany Hyde
Sun – Kissed Memories
 By Brittany Hyde
A Prayer for Change
 by Jack Wells
Anhedonia
 by Bill Berkson
The Tree of Life A Manifesto
 By Albero Louise
The Son of Night
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
The Hand
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
Funny Frogs
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
A Clock
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
Bike
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
A Beggar
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
Loving guest
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
The Sun
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
We each His tiny tot
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
Dish Divine
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha
A Devoted Monkey
 By Dr. Rajanand Jha

Adrenaline Junkie Love

by Zachary Kamel

Mailbox

IO Bonini

Deadly Euphemisms

by Susy Crandall

BP Oil

by Susan Crandall

Pandora's Box (Reflections on Fukushima)

by Susan Crandall

A Dialogue with the Spirit of Truth

by Susy Crandall

Chung King Express vs Panda Express

by Ofelia del Corazon

Ode to Occupy

by J.W. Horton

МНОГОГОЛОВАЯ ГОЛОВА

by Jolanta Cihanovica

multiheaded head

by Jolanta Cihanovica

Where it then Goes

by Sean Allingham

SUGGESTION BOX (p.885)

POETIC INTRODUCTIONS

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Poems Are The Ultimate Weapon Of The 99%: An Introduction

by Danny Schechter

November 9, 2011

The News Dissector, is a blogger (Newsdissector.com), Filmmaker, (Plunderthecrimeofourtime.com), journalist and activist, Comments to dissector@mediachannel.org.

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 over bunused 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 engage, 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, Wkipedia 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.

The OWS Poetry Anthology Story

by Stephen Boyer

A People's Library librarian

Poetry was my entry to Occupy Wall Street. My first few days in the park, I walked around listening, soaking in the vibrant energy and diverse conversations. I wanted to be part of the new imagining of community and politics but didn't know how. The third day, I was introduced to Travis Holloway, who was helping form the Poetry Assembly, a weekly re-imagining of a traditional poetry reading:

"The reading will take the form of a direct democratic assembly. Poets will add their names and be chosen by lot. We have no headliners or special privileges but rather presume the equality of each poet's voice and to try to listen to one another. We ask that each poet try to keep their poems under 3 minutes. And we hope that poets will select poems that they feel are relevant to the hopes and demands of the people here."

Text from the November 25th Poetry Assembly@OccupyWallStreet announcement.

The idea of the Assembly immediately excited me and I joined Travis in painting cardboard signs, with no realization that I was participating in the beginning of my deep involvement in the movement.

The OWS Poetry Anthology was born the second week of the Poetry Assembly. Earlier in the day, I had gone to Liberty Plaza to make signs for the Assembly. I had been asked to be the facilitator for the evening and to ensure that the assembly ran smoothly. As I made cardboard signs, I met the People's Library librarians for the first time and immediately fell in love with the few bins of books the library had collected, safeguarded by tarps. The librarians enthusiastically expressed gratitude for the Poetry Assembly and through those initial conversations; it was made apparent the freewheeling Poetry Assembly needed to be archived for the future and for the people coming through the People's Library on days that the Assembly was not taking place. I initially imagined the Poetry Anthology would exist as a few poems stapled together sitting in the People's Library, just a small document of the multitudes of voices who had been moved by the

Occupations happenings and had been inspired to reflect on them. The Library loved the idea and immediately took it on as their publication. They offered to provide the necessary funds to cover printing and with that I joined the People's Library as a librarian. All there was left to do was to ask the Poetry Assembly if they liked the idea. The response was unanimously positive amongst the poets who had assembled. The poet Filip Marinovich immediately offered to join in the compiling of poems. A few days after the anthology was announced, the poets Eliot Katz and Vivian Demuth came to OWS to discuss the project and offered to reach out to America's great living poets – Anne Waldman, The Allen Ginsberg Society, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Wanda Coleman, Michael McClure, Kevin Killian, Dodie Bellamy, Frank Sherlock, Eileen Myles, Adrienne Rich, and more.

Once I moved into the park, life became a whirlwind of participation, conversations bleeding into one another – “how to survive a maritime disaster” to “Broadway theater” to “global politics” to “philosophy” to “queer issues” and ever onward. Time warped, hours became days and it felt like I hadn't even blinked an eye. Without realizing it, I had fully given myself to the OWS movement and the People's Library. Life in the park was a continually ecstatic outburst of psychedelic transformation, philosophers engaged gardeners, poets engaged politicians and the freewheeling demonstrators engaged the vampiric Wall St. in unflinching, self reflecting, ongoing conversation. Filip Marinovich said it best in an interview with the Huffington Post, “We are psychically echoing and playing variations on each others' waking dreams of being here at Liberty. The grove of trees here is the Greek Akademia Democratic Polis grove of trees moving and the anthology pages are its leaves falling in the American Fall Wind. Welcome to Sherwood Forest, merry human.” For as beautiful and exhilarating as all of this was however, life in the park was also exhausting and trying... if you think life with a few roommates is hard, try living with thousands of people all bent out of shape that their lives have become overshadowed by a vampire nation. Needless to say, working on the Poetry Anthology proved to continually be the highlight of my week, keeping me focused on the long term goal and adding sanity to my days.

For three weeks, the poetry anthology lived exclusively in the People's Library of Occupy Wall Street. We reasoned its limited presence gave it a powerful and magickal aura. Visitors in the library seemingly never let it rest. It was our gleaming diamond. Journalists wrote about it, visitors anxiously thumbed its pages; the original copies were stolen and replaced all in a very short amount of time. It soon became apparent that more copies needed to surface as demand to read the anthology grew. We placed a copy at Poet's House. People that never felt compelled or ready to enter Liberty Sq. found that copy and suddenly wanted to visit and see the spectacle that these poets had engaged. Things were active and beautiful.

Then on November 14th, 2011 the NYPD raided Liberty Plaza. The Nation very generously told the tale of the OWS Anthology and my relation to it:

“During the raid, Stephen Boyer, a poet, friend and OWS librarian, read poems from the *Occupy Wall Street Poetry Anthology* (see peopleslibrary.wordpress.com) aloud directly into the faces of riot police. As they pushed us away from the park with shields, fists, billy clubs and tear gas, I stood next to Stephen and watched while he yelled poetry at the top of his lungs into the oncoming army of riot police. Then, something incredible happened. Several of the police leaned in closer to hear the poetry. They lifted their helmet shields slightly to catch the words Stephen was shouting out to them, even while their fellow cops continued to stampede us. The next day, an officer who was guarding the entrance to Zuccotti Park told Stephen how touched he was by the poetry, how moved he was to see that we cared enough about words and books that we

would risk violent treatment and arrest just to defend our love of books and the wisdom they contain.”

A couple days after the raid, the poet Sarah Sarai and I met up and turned the Poetry Anthology into a PDF so we could get it onto the People’s Library wordpress site. Now that the People’s Library had been destroyed, it became necessary to give it a new home. The Internet seemed like the obvious choice in order to spread the message across the globe instantaneously and have the anthology occupying computer screens everywhere. The anthology went online with instructions on “how to print” and “how to make your own copy” so people everywhere could place copies in their community. In this way the anthology demonstrated the power of limited access and total access. Since the anthology has gone online, I’ve received numerous emails from people from across the world that have told me they’ve printed the anthology and placed a copy in their community and community is what Occupy Wall Street is all about. Without the community that banded around the anthology, it would have never happened.

My personal life has always been a constant rotation, with various interests taking more dominant roles depending on the outside forces and astrological aligning at play. Currently, political engagement has superseded the more frivolous art for art’s sake attitude of last year, my first in New York City. Memories of my “face covered in glitter” still up-sparkles in the ether, however, and always will no matter what mask I’m currently wearing. And I know I’m not alone in my ever widening mystical lifestyle. How could we ever expect politics to change unless we radically re-imagine. So it’s this sentiment exactly that guided my decision to push for a politically minded anthology that set no parameters on poetic content and form. After all, who is to say what is and what isn’t? This movement is about constant re-definition, about the open ended and perpetual, the imagined and the re-imagined. We have been placed in the middle of a transitional scenario that has the possibility to remain fluid and that very well could carry on forever. This is the birth of a new mindset, a new way of addressing the universe, the powers that be and each other.

This anthology is in no way intended to be our guide. It is merely meant to illuminate and inspire and I hope that in its pages you come closer to tasting the spark of beauty and excitement that led to this document’s creation.

So with that, I’d like to acknowledge the community of people whose input, conversations, support and help shaped this anthology (in no particular order): Cory Rockliff, Filip Marinovich, Eliot Katz, Vivian Demuth, Sean Allingham, Michael O’Brian, Betsy Fagin, Sarah Sarai, Lee Ann Brown, Tony Torn, Elisa Miller, Jonathan Ross, Cynthia White, Molly Crabapple, Laura Weibgen, William Scott, Sparrow, Thom Donovan, Travis Holloway, Grey Space and Anelise Chen. And a very special THANK YOU to everyone that has contributed their voice to this document, you give me and everyone else hope, poems matter, voices matter, people matter!

from THE MAD SONG

by Michael Schiavo

North Bennington, Vermont

From a bright, civic borough I call to you. Let us make room for more weddings. For pie to better the pork chops. Though her biscuits are still the best. Cast off these modern times. Yours is bridle, the old way of thinking. Enjoin the gazebo and gulch. And talk of the tiny things that make

up a life. Loneliness, friend, ever lends an ear. The toilet we share, the towel hanging dry. Above us no authority. Nor below us fiefdoms nor slaves. Let love break what laws it break 'til every lover sleeping wake.

*

In the autumn of the new American. The eerie of your name beckons. Across the Mall, the ricochet, as with all astonishments. The farmer in his field is a banker underground. What November would be worth the shot? The Reverend Mister Edwards phoned me last night. Preached a dazzling drunken dry. "We are the epitome of the beauty—and the essence of the crime." Ordinary fruit for extraordinary tongues. The redness of our lives is a good thing, not small. Never small. Gladness returns to the confidence man. We shun all sizes anyway.

*

We are the illusory sunbeam. We burn down the laundry and shamble to the river. We itch for months, ready for your return. We run on for a long time. We destine. We jump a little rowboat to take us to her shore. We stare into the maw of Leviathan.

*

Be my anxious moment. Only better. Raise a specter. Love is a hazardous chase down crowded streets. I dream my life in your vicinity. If a nunnery you go, I'll become a priest.

*

We baffle the monarchy of mules. We are neither firefly nor inferno. We examine his portrait in the post office. We shuffle to make you smile, motherfucker. We outlast the palace. We too climb the sycamore to grab the chubby raven. We court the mountaineer. We, in our element, cannot be halted. We are never in our element. We belie. We have milled through many nettles. We dispense our interior joy. We are not endowed with happiness, only the pursuit.

ONE LIBERTY

by Cynthia Andrews

In the mid-1980's I worked at One Liberty Plaza and never dreamed while gazing out the window to the park across the street (with the statue of the seated businessman who looked so life-like that one day I almost said Hello to "him") that there would someday be people of all ages in sleeping bags occupying that very same park I had lunch in every day, or for that matter, that there would even be a movement – or a need for a movement – called "Occupy Wall Street."

Back in those days we "occupied" Wall Street with a *Dress For Success* and a no-nonsense attitude about where we were going – which was always up – and never down, like the almighty Bull market we all prayed for. The "Young, Upwardly, Mobile Professional" was usually finishing their college degree at night, while climbing the corporate ladder with a full-time job during the day. Did I say "Job?" I meant "THE Job!" (As in from here I'll go there, and from there I'll go there and from there, I'll go there...) In a few years we had every credit card under the sun and gigantic school loans which were likely to be paid off in the not-so-distant future. (We had a PLAN!) We had visions of Jaguars, gourmet food, romantic weddings and sending our kids to Harvard on a

trust fund. In those days, Melanie Griffith and Harrison Ford in the movie, "Working Girl" were profound reflections of very real people with very real jobs who fulfilled a very real promise in their lives.

Notwithstanding all politics (and the invention of the cell phone), since then, this "promise" that Melanie and Harrison seemed to have accomplished so easily, became elusive, frustrating and even a little frightening to their descendants. The sweet naivete of the "Working Girl" was soon replaced by the almost iconic phrase "Greed is Good;" and what was once an exhaltation and downright demonstration of the "American Dream" suddenly became a dark struggle for homeless victims, rampant foreclosures and unemployment, the astounding rise of the special interest groups, the "Religious Right" and of course, September 11, 2001.

While it may be true our Forefathers would never have predicted that mortgage bankers, capitalism and oil would be the country's downfall, the children of this century seemed to have found a strange solace in their words while sleeping on that same cold ground where blood was shed and wars were fought for the ideals of a new nation, built ironically, on an "experiment" which has already produced the likes of Thomas Edison, Steve Jobs and Walt Whitman, just to name a few. Though we cannot forget what is the beauty of our heritage, we must also not distort the reality or seriousness of this "Bizarro World" we have all seemed to have entered in the 21st century, consisting mainly of the residue of capitalism gone mad and the American character – gone fishin'! This is precisely why poetry remains an important force of expression for the movement of Occupied Wall Street, where in its essence can be found clarity, passion and above all, truth.

I am proud to be a contributor to this anthology, and set my name among others who may never have experienced lunch hour in the park across from One Liberty Plaza in the 1980's, though have, nevertheless, taken the side of, and found a voice for, all those who are fallen, misled and disgraced by a powerful Elite who have trivialized their own actions with an outrageous arrogance. Occupied Wall Street has proven with great courage, originality and gumption that Free Speech is still a constitutional right in the United States of America in 2012 – even on Wall Street.

WEEK ONE

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

Translated by Rafiq Kathwari

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.

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 souls 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, sitting 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 trying 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. It's 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 pinchth.

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 each other 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

by 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 seen 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.

by Rob Couteau

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

Anyone who grew up in the 1960s 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 City. As I pointed out to many of the young people I interviewed on September 30 in Liberty Plaza, the fact that organizations such as the Transit Workers Union (TWU) were now pledging to join the protestors was nothing less than extraordinary when viewed in this historical context. I added that, in the Paris revolts of 1968, the solidarity of the unions and students had nearly brought down the government, but nothing comparable had ever happened here, in the days of rage, during the '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 Square 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 emblematic 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 Square) 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 assembling there en masse, then return to the park on 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 rally to join the workers.

I trailed behind a small, ragtag group of three protestors 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 faces, 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 wait at Liberty Square for the TWU and the other unions to join us. But to do that one 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 Square; it was just amazing. It wasn’t an intimate experience – of speaking in depth in a relaxed atmosphere with the young protestors, like my previous experience – 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 poetry in a café with several other poets.

By now it was dark, although the lighting equipment from various media outlets cast sections of the street 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 Square – both the sidewalks and the street itself – but the police had erected metal barriers along Broadway and were somehow managing to keep the protestors on the sidewalks so that 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 on Wall Street without a permit – 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 sidewalk, and most of the crowd had remained stationary, chanting to the police to “join us,” and shouting slogans about how 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 train station I encountered a few cops standing near the entrance outside, but they seemed to be minding their own 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 a 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 had lived in Paris in the ’90s, and many of my students had related stories about how, during the Algerian War, the Paris police had secretly closed the métro stations and 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 protesters, to bring them out in bigger numbers, and to turn the nation against the police.”

However, these vicious numbskulls are just the 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 Square 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 this corrupt power structure.”

Perhaps holding up a digital camera and passively recording such 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 “passive resistance.” But those cameras will be held in place only for so long before someone starts to throw one. These particular cops are playing with fire and, so far, no one in the government seems to understand this. 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 cares 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

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

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.

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
and your old school hat come see what's happened
to your home and your beloved democracy

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

Before we saunter to the Bowery or the Nuyorican
where exclaimers and exhorters still sling verse
of hope and despair to hungry crowds who
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.

Let us not see America through rose colored
blinders, but as it is, an unfinished kaleidoscopic
cacophony created by imperfect human hands,
beautiful in complexion, ghastly in reflection.

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
to stir shit up, to worry the rich
with a real threat of class warfare

We need to take back our democracy, from the masters of Wall Street,
banks too big to fail, 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

To protect the interests of the moneyed
than do what's right for the greater good
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
they scare me with their fascist posturing
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 America based on empathy and equality
where we lend a hand to those in need
unembarrassed to embrace our ideals.

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 us 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 depredations
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 !

The People Are Rising Again by Tom Savage 10/6/11

The people are rising Again
Looking for results,
Like erections, unlike constructions,
They want to tear down their oppressors.
Their shouts should be
Against Wall Street
And the Republicans
"Where are the guillotines when we need them?"
But this is a peaceful protest so far
Except for the cops using pepper spray.
And the unions are joining in
As if out of Marc Blitzstein's The Cradle Will Rock
Or perhaps more potently
Whitman's Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking.
So where are the poets when we need them?
We're here, too.

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 pencil cases
when we awake first graders 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 ear buds 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 54th 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 11th 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 TWO

WEEK TWO

WEEK TWO

WEEK TWO

WEEK TWO

WEEK TWO

Untitled

by Tim Bokushu Tucker

Wet trunks seek the sun
underfoot, a swirl of hungry sky
tapers off...where is the sky?
dwarfing 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

by Filip Marinovich
for Tim Dlugos

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.
Wise 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-cidal 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

by 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 Leonard

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 shd 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
by Michael McClure
for Allen Ginsberg, 1964

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
by Jon Andersen
This originally appeared in Counterpunch.

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

by Jim Cohn

4 October 2011

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

slicking 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

by Nina Serrano

(to Jessica Xiomara Garcia and Camilo Landau)

Oakland, California 2011

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

by 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

by 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'

by 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 ADMIRER 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 ONEANOTHER 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 MUSICDANCINGHUMMING PRESS-
ME-TO-YOU TUNE HELPHELPHELPHelp AND LETMEALONE LET ME ALONE EVERYTHING TODAY
ADJUSTMENT ENACTMENT OLDCARSNOISE. 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
e c O.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

by Adrienne Rich

(first publ. in *Monthly Review: An Independent Socialist Magazine*), 2011

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 Lucia 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

From Names (W.W. Norton, 2010)

*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 midddy to wear in the photograph
of the four of us. Sit still, stop *fidgeting*.
–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.

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 Hill
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

A People's Library librarian

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

A People's Library librarian

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

A People's Library librarian

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

A People's Library librarian

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

A People's Library librarian

Opportunity.
Hear it knock
Fenceposts into rural soils with
Hammers of prejudice.
Racist barbed wire of segregation.
Separate 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

A People's Library librarian

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 ghoulish 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

HOMECOMING

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 THREE

WEEK THREE

WEEK THREE

WEEK THREE

WEEK THREE

WEEK THREE

WEEK THREE

WEEK THREE

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 ECONOMONOMY

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

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

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
spitfire, 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

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.

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.

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 herds and heed your own words
Because I'm 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.. Dasssit!

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 without 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 foxnoose 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 sábado neoyorquino desde el metropolitano
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 42nd 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
dissappearing 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 kerosone 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 and

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

1
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,

3
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.

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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 abuzz 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,

OMing 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 congrigation.
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
A People's Library librarian

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 1

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 MIGHTER 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 than 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 used 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 men 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 poetical 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,
Cleanse 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
©

We cudda 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
for Facundo Cabral
7/11/11

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)

by 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 Themselfs/
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 Occupy 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– our 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 solid imitations 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 New York Craigslist.

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

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!

LXII Untitled (Deep Sea Diver)

by Maureen Seaton and Samuel Ace

excerpt from *Portals* by Samuel Ace and Maureen Seaton © 2011 Ace/Seaton
10.20.11

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

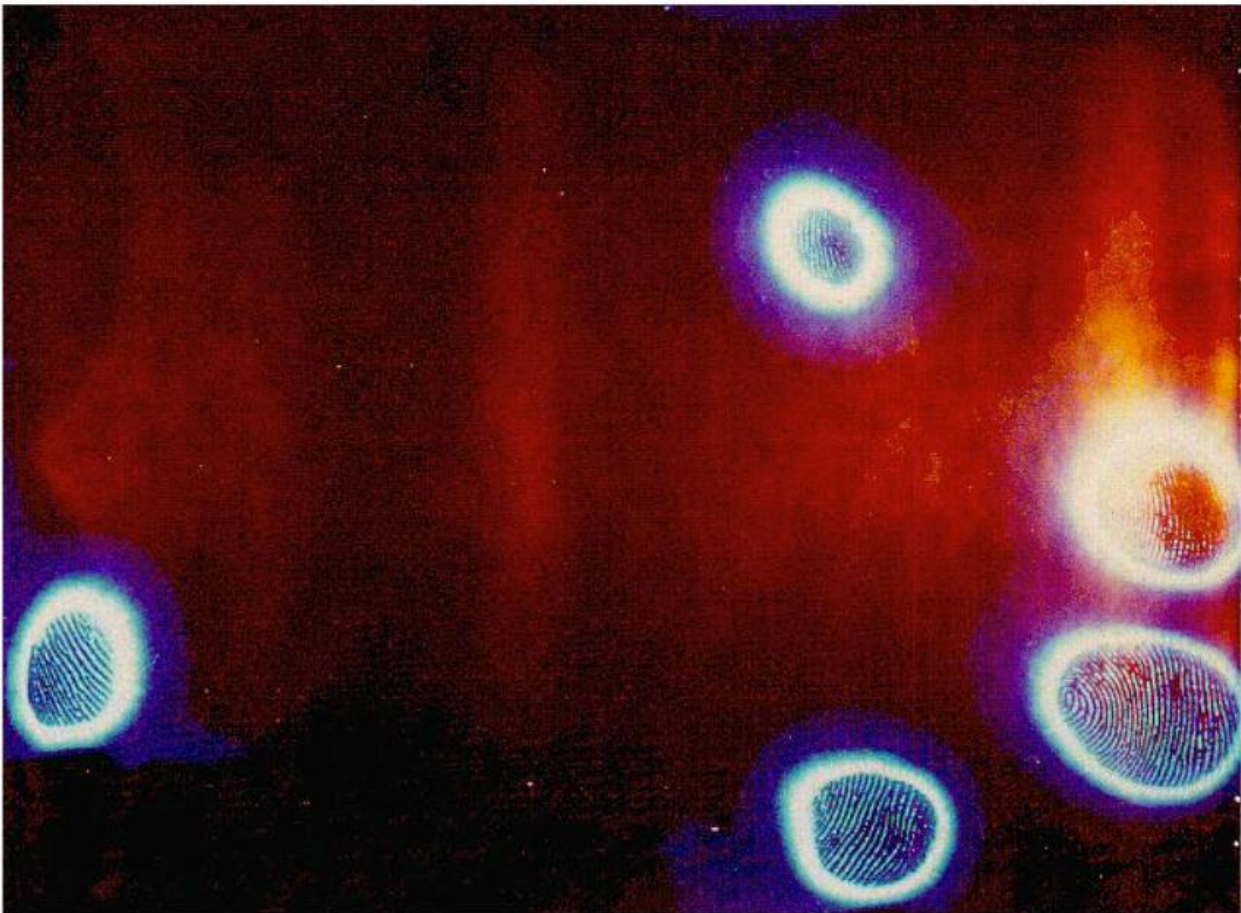
Things that are optional:

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 fingerprings 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 intention oniles 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 arsenausagehold bloody clouds and all

It's so fundamental you see.

In Sum

by Richard Wyndbourne Kline

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 us ventilate when we should filter first.
 Some of 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
 [wabbbity-wab-wabbbh-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 sonnsofa-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 tats 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 unnehstand.

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

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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, CA

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

first published in "Mizna: Literature in Revolution"

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

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 window The world rushes in But I am already gone I am not there The
world looks all over But 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
where St marks Poetry Project and Nuyorican and Bowery Poetry
Club,
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 UsuoMe

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 Trailor,
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

by Surazeus

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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 9th 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 FOUR

WEEK FOUR

WEEK FOUR

WEEK FOUR

WEEK FOUR

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

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

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

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

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 scraggily, 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 homelessssen,
You see homelessssen is between homeless and homelessness...
Because homelessness is where that needle is stuck in their flesh,
But homelessssen 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,
frozen, and then seared, and then
and then unfurled. and then unsealed,

Pages fall from the Tree of Life. The Brave Ones collect them. Someday they will offer you their anthologies the way ancestors tossed down 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 / Poetz

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 fragrant 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.

FOUR HAIKU'S WRITTEN IN ZUCOTTI PARK

1:

by Sarah Valeri

Banks ate my money
Weary of unjust scruples
Willing to get wet

2:

by Dan Collins

Try to calm my friends
All I have is cop abuse
Fucked that up again

3:

by Dan Collins

Victory Friday
Dawn breaking warm without rain
Clubbing tomorrow

4:

by Dan Collins

Surrounded by cops
Waiting to get arrested
Almost fell asleep

Youcaress

by William Scott

A People's Library librarian

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 articulate longing:

occupation
is
desedimentation of the 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

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

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 tympanun.

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 jimmied,
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

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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

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.

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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*. Strategically 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 FIVE

WEEK FIVE

WEEK FIVE

WEEK FIVE

WEEK FIVE

WEEK FIVE

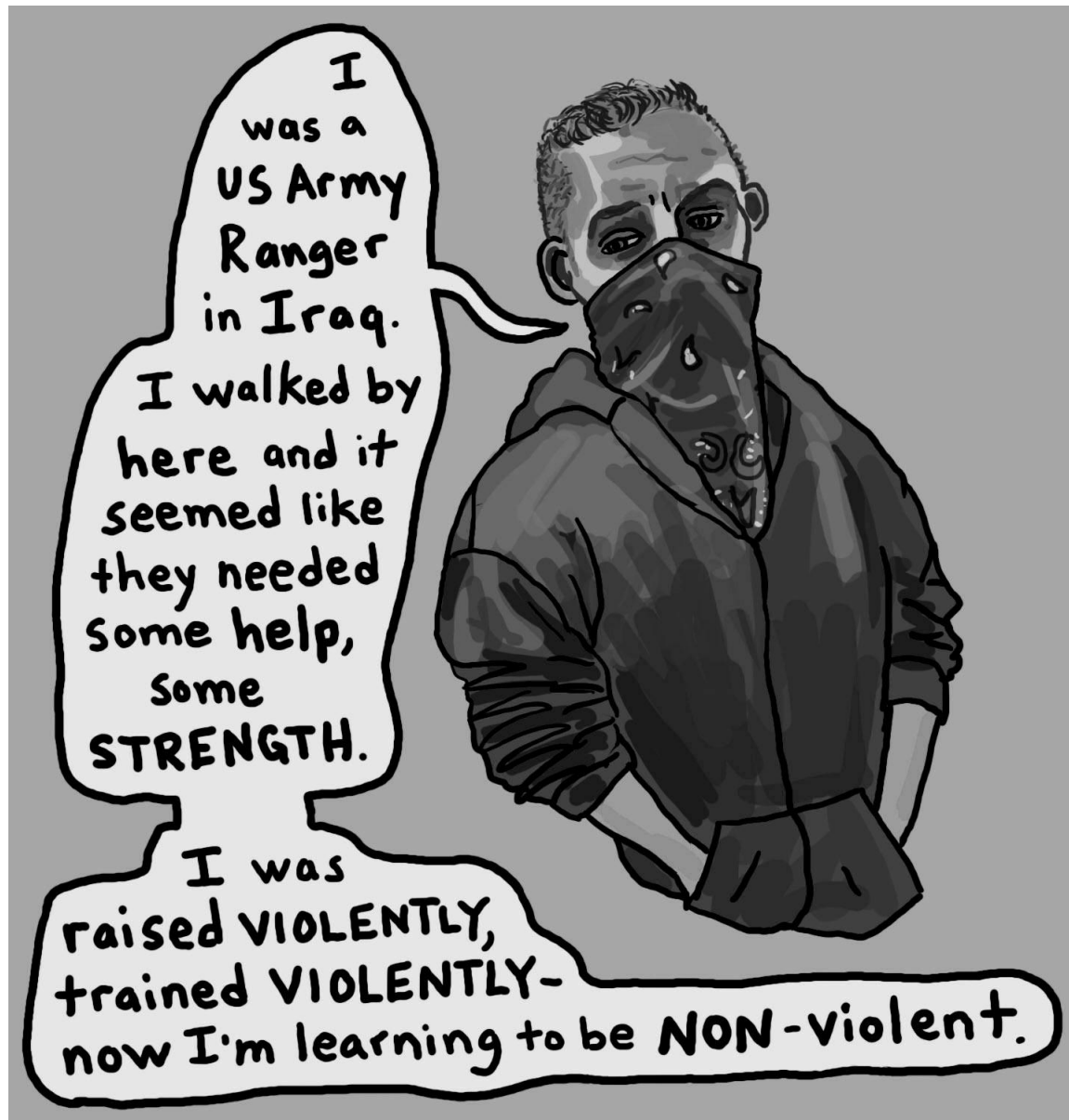
WEEK FIVE

CARTOONS

by Sharon Rosenzweig

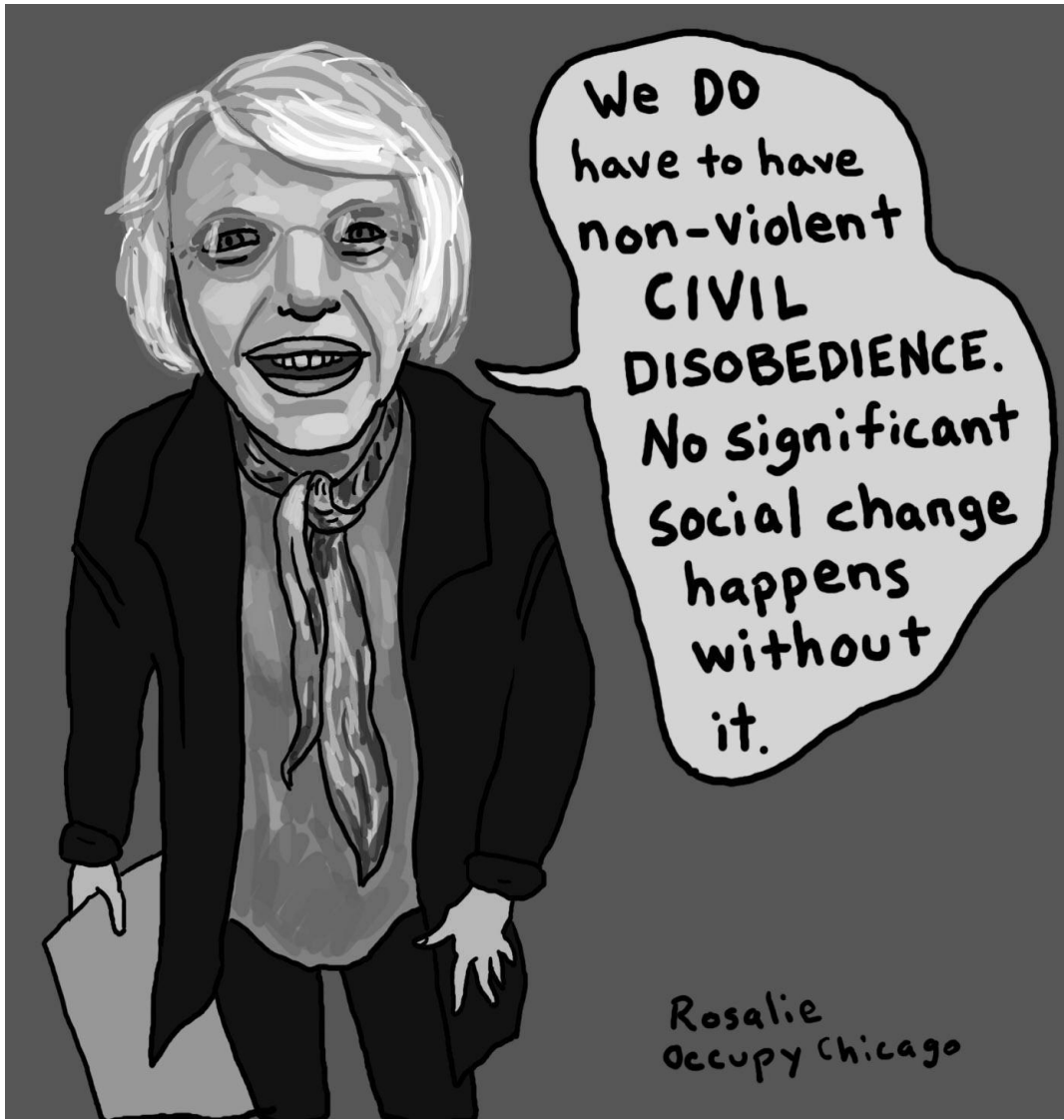












Koi Pond

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????)

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 don't 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 glueman'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 illusion 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 polaroid's 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 machetes, 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 armored 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 sometimes 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
(throngs 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 splendor
Both god and the devil are battling endlessly
convinced of their duty to defeat lucidity
to engulf zambianity
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 somewhere!

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 waggars,
no sayers and yes sayers, hallelujah jehovas choo choos gotta wigga boogoos
dragons 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.

POLICE

by Julien Poirier

"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

by Julien Poirier

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

by Julien Poirier

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

by Julien Poirier

The School of the Americas is in the Alps.
\$

ADVICE TO SQUATTERS

by Julien Poirier

Don't trust anyone over the age of information.

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

October 2011

Alert! Let's wrest wallet.

We'll rest at Wall Street's welt. Alter!

We'll start east. We'll retell west: "Art!"

or

Occupy Wall Street in 8 anagrams

Alert! Let's w|rest wallet.

We'll rest at | Wall Street | 's welt. Alter!

We'll start e|ast. We'll re|tell 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, uncared-for 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 unbaptized 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 insurmountable flood
of newly unbottled babies uttering their first yell of horror, howling to find themselves
unstained by transgender dominatrix's 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 Fancois

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 SORR 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 Fancois

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.

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 pockets...!" 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 sound waves 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 couscous, 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 embolden 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, “Geooorge 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 wasted man walked out of the building 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 Occupy Rochester 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.

WEEK SIX

WEEK SIX

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WEEK SIX

WEEK SIX

WEEK SIX

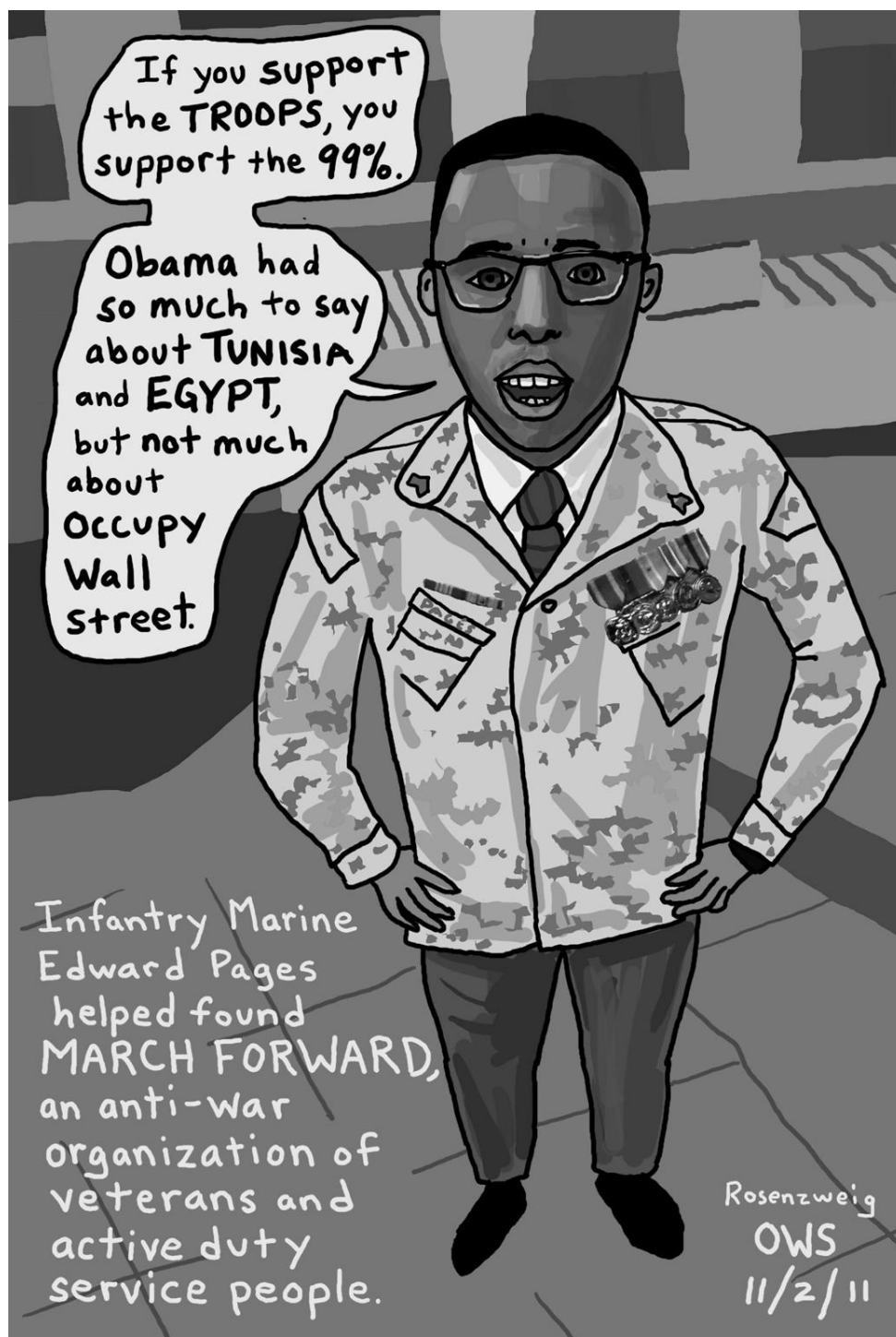
CARTOONS

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 tree squared off by plastic with wood veneers now a little
lopsided on the wall the wall's a hidden door wall revolving wall who is of the door couldn't

stand you at all but you're in the corner of the frame at a fork in road you, you don't have a key
you stand there wind breeze but you don't have a door so you look at the floor and the
difference in number of trees a pavement break patch of grass looking up right at a plane it's
saying down "there comes a rain" you're thinking up why 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 land and 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!
Afghanistan, 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
Whose 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

People's Library Librarian

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 Webster's –
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

Brueghel was also making a joke
where haystacks resemble their laborers

Like any other buffet, a panorama
isn't about infinity

Brueghel 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 Brueghel 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
Brueghel 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

Brueghel 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 DISOBEDIENZA.

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,
peripherally,
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 Blake¹'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.

"The poison of the honey bee
is the artist's jealousy";
Yet how can I not envy
your canvas' 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 caterpillar¹'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 previous 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

tamaracks, 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,

risers 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 beanos.

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

WEEK SEVEN

WEEK SEVEN

WEEK SEVEN

WEEK SEVEN

WEEK SEVEN

Limerick

by Erwin Franke

Occupy Wall Street camper
Shared a spicy last supper.
Lest their grain
Should prove plain,
Cops brought assault and pepper.

Mainstream Society is the New Voice

by Dawn Gastil

Copyright 2011

Let us all rise up and occupy the streets
Get the one percent who controls the wealth out of their seats
Mainstream society is the new voice
Say it with certainty!
Do we have any other choice?

Speak up loud!
Make these hard working families proud
Let the world know we will not stand for what the financial institutions are trying to do to blue
collars
Adding foreclosures, higher rates and fees to get money that is our own hard working dollars
Mainstream society is the new voice

The government is no better
Enriching their pockets while we become poorer from their greed is not something we need
We need to get our pens and paper out and write an open letter
Lower the gas
Don't lower our class
A New World Order is approaching
And we don't need any more coaching
Mainstream society is the new voice

Occupy Wall Street
Keep occupying until we defeat
Don't get lazy and kick up your feet
It's going to be a long run like a championship track meet
Race to the finish lines and don't get beat
Mainstream society is the new voice

This is the type of revolution that starts off slow
It is only because the media is downplaying scenes on the low
But wait, just wait....
It will begin to move so fast that in no time they will know
And then we will see the 99 percent rise against the 1 percent and grow
Mainstream society is the new voice

Power is knowledge so electrify yourself
Dust your little old boots off the shelf
Stomp hard with those boots until these corporations hear you
Put your foot down and make them listen to our cries for all things overdue
Mainstream society is the new voice

Corporate America is slowly beginning to listen
It seems like they are playing a game of chicken
Look at how some are now changing their tune by removing certain fees
Implementing tests on society to see what will stick trying to bring us to our knees
Mainstream society is the new voice

Lesson number one is to become:

- Overpowering
- Overshadowing
- Overbearing
- Overzealous

We are the 99 percent

Mainstream society is the new voice!!!

The Lit Match Sputters In

by Donna Fleischer

the lit match sputters in

dark water

long
enough
to hear
stone
move

Occupy Wall Street

by Lewis Grupper

In washing away the dirt
In the mad zigzag
From one affinity group to another
From one sleeping bag area to another
From paint spraying t-shirts
To water filtration
To a group of organized spontaneous singers

Quick – let's generally assemble for the General Assembly

As the Occupy Wall Street Journal
Comes out and is distributed
As the tourists mingle
With the Wall Street crowd

This disorganized organization
Begins to make sense
As the earth coalesces out of chaos

As we draw attention to
The cancer that is Wall Street

We have already begun to right
The U.S. political spectrum
That the Tea Party tipped to the right

The poet Erich Fried wrote
"Money had grown too big
To be able to jingle" ¹

When I was a child
The rich were millionaires
Now they're billionaires

But what does it profit us
If we heed not the prophets?
(Like Al Gore)

I know you don't want to believe it
When you're young
I didn't in the 'Sixties
But every revolution yields to reaction
The French yielded to Metternich
So don't get caught up too much in the hype

I begin to see the birth of a movement
In a creative sense of possibility
In washing away the dirt

¹ "Questions about Poetry since Auschwitz" by Erich Fried

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

Occupy, Or Under The Hunger Moon

by R.M. Engelhardt

2011

In early evening,
Jupiter in the sky,
Hunger moon tonight.

Where
The wolves
Of wall street
"Prey"
Upon
Each generation
Under any
Name
Monarch or
King, Politician
Or snake.
For history
Just seems to be
And never change
A wolf, a dog
Chasing its own tale
Into devastation
"Greed"
In early evening,
Jupiter in the sky,
Hunger moon tonight.
As all the people,
Tents are forced
To leave
With their statements
&
Beliefs.
And yet?
Who ever said
That
Life,
This world
Or universe
Was ever
Fair?
In early evening,
Jupiter in the sky,
Hunger moon tonight.
Where we all starve
For a better way,
A better life.
Usually realizing
The fates of Rome
&
Our kind
Far Far
Too late.

Yellow Yo-Yo
by Merrill Cole

Pull the stars from their dead sockets.
Not even the least flicker
stays fixed. For every X on the map
marks the burial site of someone

who lingered too long — this is no
signature. Catch quickly
what stains and folds have not rubbed out:
location is a trap.

What use in a hobby-horse that won't move?
And if it does, a delight
always to jerk back to the place
you wouldn't leave, now dizzy because
the circus is just the same.
Every telephone

pole or grandfather tree offers
another hold for the noose.

Some limbs deserve to be severed.
You cannot stand underneath forever
watching sluggish constellations repeat.

No destination. Don't ever sign it.
For like a yellow yo-yo
the sun dangles from your hand.

Feed Your Children Well
by Susan V. Facknitz

Carried by private car
from parents' drive to private
or public school, ranged about
semicircular joined tables
until they are delivered again
to the safety of their safety
seats in their crash tested cars
and fragmented houses equipped
with multiple detectors in cities
parceled out with identified
predators, pedophile
free zoning, amber
alerts and hierarchies
of most wanted. Fluoride filled,

fluorocarbon free and parentally
surveiled, their development
is arrested and centered,
rewarded and reviewed.
They have scripted and filmed
sweet sixteens, webcast and
choreographed with limos and
fountains of fake champagne;
everything that parents can
buy. Each night they are v-chipped away
from images of war and rough
language, from entertainment
where children are raped and abused,
degraded in detail just
off camera so police
can solve, prosecutors convict,
and parents be assuaged, comforted,
aroused like those in other
houses, encouraged as their fantasies
play out in prime time, who copy
out each error and method, play
the moments over for pleasure,
rehearse the plan for the moment
their impulse alights on one of these
children whose parents have
cared for and curried, modeled
and molded, educated and
released them if only for a moment
into the wilds of a world we won't admit
we have made where their sensual
sense of clear unfractured strength
is an affront
to all the broken crockery

Recall Election for Mayor Bloomberg (Villanelle)

John A. Todras

10-'11

We oughta have a recall election for Mayor Bloomberg real quick,
He's the biggest liar New York has seen in years!
Just the sight of that man makes me oh so sick.

His brain must have gone through big oil slick,
what's in there now must be a large variety of bad beers...
We oughta have a recall election for Mayor Bloomberg real quick!

His heart is hard as a brick,
He views the working class who question his authority as mutineers,

Just the sight of that man makes me oh so sick.

He looks like an old celery stick,
this, the creep who never sheds tears....
We oughta have a recall election for Mayor Bloomberg real quick!

There is nothing chic
about he or his friends, those corporate racketeers...
Just the sight of that man makes me oh so sick.

That loser doesn't care a lick
about you and me, just his multimillionaire peers...
We oughta have a recall election for Mayor Bloomberg real quick,
Just the sight of that man makes me oh so sick.

To Those Looking Down: Watch, Listen
by Linda Lerner

Rat, I thought, seeing that dead animal,
could have been a small squirrel or large mouse
by the cellar steps where I put out food the night before
for two black cats I feed, but
kept coming back to rat

 flung it out loud at
a white shirted tie-flung-over-his shoulder guy
ahead of me rushing thru the heavy metal subway turnstile
his hand flying back against it, smacked me in the face
blood squirted from my nose; people offered tissues
he tossed out sorry like a black rose,
I'm in a hurry vanishing down the steps....

the rat outside my building was still there next morning.
I walked around it, picked up the cats' plates
put them on the other side and quickly ran in
to wash my hands...first one rat then
hundreds, soon a whole town infected dying,
recalling Camus' The Plague

all you really need is one rat....
saw homeless fear in a former colleague's eyes
a decades old best friend of his boss, a man trying to
show higher ups he's keeping costs down,
get a promotion, told him, *you're no longer needed*....
over 50 is no longer needed

I kept hoping the rat would be gone each morning
that a neighbor or the part time super

would get rid of it...

I've never been good at getting rid of rats
once at a job, in my bed, my home
put up with it longer than I should have
than anyone ever should.

the fourth morning the rat was gone from my building;
even if it was a small squirrel, as my neighbor thought,
I saw a rat...others were seen

on the terrace of the Cipriani club at 55 Water Street
looking down at the crowd protesting thousands of firings
looking down at scared, hungry, out of work
for months, a year, or more, others
drinking champagne and looking down

a crowd armed with mental pesticides gathered around Wall Street
quickly grew ignoring boundaries, spread
across economic lines, across bridges and state lines;
In less than a week they outnumbered the 1%
looking down

An Ode to the Dearly Departed People's Library, November 15, 2011
by Aaron Kravig

let this be a revolutionary weapon
and not just a literary device,
plunged into the dumps by fattened
hogs roasting over green coals.
let fiery ringing march a thousand
miles over stones and nay-saying
poppets recoil in their vanities,
abundant and foggy veneers.
let not these truths to be held over
nor thrown in river flow or salt.
disperse youth only in disparity,
lest sins be too un-reconcilable.
there is no rhyme: *felix sans inferno*.
Alexandria, your halls echo today.

Occupying Wall Street
by Steven Curtis Lance
Copyright MMXI

Justice delayed but not denied
What was before no more because

We had to rise but how they tried
To stop the ninety-nine for one

When we forgot then or we thought
We did we hid our hope inside
But now that we remember we
Have never been we want to be
Whatever it means to be free

When it means everything to me
I too who have been pushed too far
I too then rise to my surprise
When history feels like a kiss
As we remember who we are
Who waited all our lives for this

And now that we remember how
And what and where we see us there
That we are why right here right now
Forgetting fear for now and here
The revolution has begun

Spring has come for us after all
And tonight it sleeps in the park
American spring in the fall
As hope keeps watch across the dark

Revolution

by Steven Curtis Lance

Copyright MMXI

Cruelty and greed and execution
Haunt a hunted people drowning in debt
As puppet masters gather now for how
To vow to hold us down no matter what
Some of us who should remember forgot

Frightened old white men grabbing all they can
Taking so much they are breaking us now
Calling all the rest un-American
Turning a blind eye to those left behind
Warring on the poor according to plan

Exploitation without explanation
Nor does it matter to them if we mind
Taxation without representation
Enforced by bread and circuses and yet
Some of us who could see would rather not

But eyes kept in the dark now realize
Their hope out in the park to their surprise
Now beholding the lotus unfolding
Coming to us becoming you and me
As the ninety-nine percent solution

Held down long enough we who would be free
Opening now to see *revolution*

Obey the Law, OWS!

by Lewis

Or we'll arrest you hence
For sleeping in sleeping bags
And tents

City Councilman Rodriguez
How dare you
Hit the sidewalk with your cabez— a

Mayor Bloomberg watched as the protesters bled
To protect his Wall Street buddies
The First Amendment in shreds

Wall Street

by Jeffrey Cyphers Wright

I stand with those who march.
I walk with those who run.
I run with the ones what fly
and fly with them who dream.

I dream a long truce,
of banners with a green X.
I walk behind the leaders.
I lead the ones behind.

My country, I sing of thee.
Wind up the wind and be free.
Fight for justice and peace.
My country, of thee, I sing.

The Plains of the Sky Burn Blue in Dream Alone

2 Sparks 2 Runes 93 - 2 Fells 3 Spires 01

by Richard Wyndbourne Kline

Lift-light
 And a slip of wind,
 The city's far-below;
 Your Hands let go,
 I fell into the Sun—
 I turned a mirror to the Winter Moon
 Your quarter late or soon to spy,
 And so beheld Your footprints in the sky . . .
 On the breath of Your Sigh the World floats away.
 I fell; I fall; I will fall: **FREE!**
 Within a cool and meaningful December.
 The plains of the sky unfold into the gun-blue Rose,
 The moil of the mist-sea maze drowns downbelow;
 Come I to Your country could I know, but by Joy alone?
 A blind man shouting, "Beauty! Beauty! Beauty!"
 High steel stepping free to feel the Sun;
 Scarpless abyss of dawn to fall alone.
 Cut to fit a crumpled rune,
 The mountains' Key turns in the lock of dawn,
 And the Prisoner Sun bolts through the Door of Time,
 Mad-leaps in Space for Joy within to burn;
 Clear crystal sphere, Your Hand lets fall—
 White flame with little wind.
 The shimmer of the weightless Moon,
 The dark charisma of the Sound
 Sink into sea forgotten; day's empty azure explains . . .
 Nothing. If my voice was Your Voice, could I tell?
 These years, Your Words; this silence, Runes of reason?
 Dancer in the last stars—gone: nothing, and No-one.
 Your mystic citadel I've stormed in vain;
 The ruined clouds and Light alone remain;
 Fought for illusion was the war that's cratered all the Moon:
 You've rolled away the Stone that stops the Stairway of Existence,
 And fled into the dawn.
 The Mansions of the Sky fall in, abandoned.
 The cool rain done, in dream alone
 Direction-wind suspends, pins vane;
 Spin-blind Earth ever rescinds its gaze. So, whereaway?
 But that, I know: don't turn; stare high, and stride into the Sun.
 Call out should I ever pass You, You will know me by my eyes,
 Burned indigo beyond the Dawn.
 The Door of the Dawn stands open, and Beyond
 I hear You calling still within the soundless stream's windsong:
 —Come on, then, alone;
 The milky eidolon trails from My Pavillion;
 Cloud banners and a blue rose, One, adorn My Garden;
 Mantle of suns upon My shoulder:

This is Eternity's Home!—

—thirty thousand feet and rising
into the dawn

Now in Autumn Stillness, Beautiful This Hour

2 Fells 1 Spires 05

by Richard Wyndbourne Kline

A sky of light less mighty stills the proud sun;
Then a susurrations' coolness in the lees of afternoon,
Is answered by a leaf here, there a bird's refrain;
Echoed on by thousands, soon then myriads the same.
Where glowed gaud's certainty, purlescene gains; soon
The red-gold Chalice of the reaped year all busheled whispers
And all luminescence of the fulled names of things shall pour;
Together, Summer's tow and kisses brushed or cast away.
Will-less, near soundless, all the live things sigh,
In acceptance more than sorrow of the day; unsurprised.
Destiny named us; weep or sing or wave goodbye the same,
Destiny claims us, and in Autumn's openness explains unspoken.
Full is tomorrow's yesterday, a time between,
And in its stillness beautiful its hour, lambent and calm;
Of today spendend, nothing to tomorrow owing, dreamless become;
Whereof by claimlessness unbounded, limit lifted free,
Of this now but to be.

Tell It All So May It Secretly Begin One Summer's Day

1 Fells 3 Summering 08 - 1 Whispers 1 Fastness 08 - 2 Sparks 2 Fastness 09

by Richard Wyndbourne Kline

for Claire Rein-Weston

seen through 'Metheny glass'

Glance-shocked, the kitten-dawn within the jewel—then deep-shot;
Side skip and cricket light, glad-glistened racer, you; our lionheart,
This close-court fencer; up falcon arc, down dead nick too upon a time:
“I'll give myself to this, meet all its joy *face-on!*”
Nor shirk its bitterness nor with that tarry, either; even in defeat a winner.
Bailora north to south, east to west; four corners, every season.
Point huntress mad to claim striving desire's grace-unreason;
Prey-motion's nemesis—come time between, a deep arresting look's lees
Spells further surmise: Taut and tan maid-no-more, thirsty,
Craves a further prize. Elixir-laisser beads, trickles, both sides of the gaze.
Honey curl hides the keen tooth; soft throat purrs a jest.
Amber eyes carafe pour forth a cool soul when, seldom, at rest.
Will-dynamo which could move a mountain to the Moon were there but time.
When I think of you, it's of a long hour pulse-matched all scent and sweat,

In a white room with sunlight on my face: never too far away.
Middle blade from a velvet box which cuts the best, lacking but a ribbon-bow.
Demure agent secret, training for your intrigue, your hearts-challenger.
Wine, wine, *wine*, your modesty; too many cups upturned, your smile to me
Beyond the pane. Tinder-hazard, what I touch turns red, burns,
So I'm forbidden you: That you not find what fire asks of flesh,
I kiss your lips imprint across the glass.
Night turns into day; dreams of youth's cinnamon wane but do not leave me.
Memories of a long June tide me to your shine, as a barque that sails itself
Into the dawn, unto the island of you, summoned by your calm charisma;
Palms of darkness, limbs of light dapple-puzzle; lips and muzzle meet;
Fit, fuse; latch flame. Lit within, my crystal mimes your sun: "It's for you."

The Accretion of the Pearl

by Jonathan Moore

The accretion of the pearl begins
with a miniscule intrusion
into the body of the animal,
which resists but cannot dislodge it.
As the point of irritation persists
its lucid symmetry thickens
into a tough, coagulating teardrop
hidden at first in the body of the
bivalve, a swelling
circle of hard nacre and light.

But first something has to be little enough
to slip between
the oyster's mantle
and its shell; a balky,
sticky thing
as stubborn as a grain of sand.

There is a River for Revolution...

by Margo Berdeshevsky

At the end of the beginnings,
we dress in long light—
a hybrid body of stars—
Caress in a broken moon's lost veils,
undress, where the white owls sail.

River, where the parched heart drinks
her fill, hill where mourning can't hide,
water, where the hungering hearts call,
hill, where the unborn owlets—climb.

Winds of a sun-blind sky, call me—
shadows of streets or kisses, find me—
muses with no name, un-name me,
ghosts with no name, un-tame me, body
. . . where the unborn owlets climb . . .

There is a river for revolution,
and revolution is coming in . . .

Waters, where hungering hearts fall,
hills, where the broken wings climb . . .
seas, where the parched heart
finds her fill, hills where the old
owls climb. . . to hills where the peace
hides. . .
All pulses . . . praying . . . there's a river where
the wing tears . . . and there is a day
when the owl sails . . . and there is a river—for
revolution—the hardest love that's coming in.

Bring me to the river where lives begin,
where revolution—is coming in. . .
At the end of beginnings, souls without name,
un-name me, revolution without name—un-tame me. . .
dressed in the river's open hands: for the hard love that's coming in.

And bring me to the river where lives begin, where
our nakedness needs no skin, bring me to the river
where it begins and begins and a revolution is coming in . . .

Occupy My Love! by Laura Harrison

In the April rain I stood alone
And now there is a thunder

Kicked to the curb by what they called “cutbacks”
A lifetime of work simply discarded

My heartsick friend passed after dismissal
Another family will lose their home

It's the economy, it's the housing market
A town lost a zip code

Members of the board received million dollar raises, so I stood there alone in the April rain and
now there is a thunder.....

American Marxist
by Chris Butters

“What are you,
some kind of Marxist?”
he asks me,

after I tell him that
working people didn’t create the crisis,
we shouldn’t have to pay
for it.

What is more,
we should nationalize
the banks and oil companies.

“You could call me that,”
I reply.

“That is funny,”
he replies,
“You don’t look like
a Marxist”.

Maybe that is my problem
I later think,

suit and tie
and briefcase
for my job
as a computer programmer

a month after the national conference,
a year after the split
with the LOC.

Maybe that is my problem.
I don’t look like a Marxist,
making my way
not through Russia
or Germany or France,

but America,
crazy America,

juggling marriage, children
mortgage, union,

even as I seek
a working class revolution
in the belly
of the beast.

I get in the car
and drive down Route 23,

Route 23, where the nurses struck
at the hospital
to keep their pensions
last summer,

some called the settlement a victory
in a town where a company
last year moved
its production overseas,

some called it
because they did not win
a cost of living increase
a defeat,

Route 23, past the broken schools
and abandoned factories,

where all roads seem to lead
to the shopping mall,

where the conditions
for revolution
are so ripe
they are somewhat rotten,

where Lenin said,
there is a class war
going on
even in peace,

at the 7-11 I stop for a snowcone,
look up at the stars,
my car drinking thirstily
from the lip of the gas pump,

at the stand nearby a newspaper
says we must bomb another country
if we are to defend the cause
of freedom and democracy,

our capitalist way of life
which is on the blink.

I look up at the stars,
shining in the night sky,

I am in New Jersey,
and I have to get to a meeting
about the fightback
in New York City,

but I stop for a moment and look up
at the stars tonight,
as the car drinks thirstily
from the lip of the gas pump,

the theme is not since the robber barons
have so many
been exploited
by so few,

the theme is not since the thirties
has there been such
an opportunity
to unite the many,

I look up
at the constellations
twinkling
in the night sky,

Big Dipper,
Seven Sisters,
Orion,
Cassiopeia,

I look up at the stars,
twinkling in the night sky,

though I have to be
in New York City
and I have miles
to go before I sleep.

What does
an American Marxist
look like,

I wonder.

Sand in the Bread Ground Their Teeth Away

by Paul K. Tunis

Quarters taken like eucharist by more children until we forget the difference between
teething and tithing.

Ours weren't the fairytales that ended in vacuum castles but rhymes of old shoes and wolves.

We were mined from the ground and told we were jewelry.

Palms raw from climbing, we wait for the rain.

The 99%

by Patricia Carragon

(first published in The Cartier Street Review, November 2011)

the 99%:

Wall Street bailout

\$ changes everything

the 99%:

walking in gutters

paved in bullshit

the 99%:

not fat-free,

just pissed off

the 99%:

one city, one nation,

one world kicking ass

Voices

by Patricia Carragon

Voices of people:

the unemployed, the under-employed,

living under corporate steeples.

Voices of humanity:

a new nation, a new assimilation,

rising above global calamity.

Unquiescent

by Matthew Hupert

(for Milton Friedman & the Chicago boyz)

no one simon legrees
moustache clitorally twirled
until ze orgasms in eviltude
(but)
Ø ends magnetize means
Ø means have ends &
Ø endings mean
so when rainflame downs
— its thunder masked
under a muffled
gunmetal night knock—
cry “cui bono?”
scream “cui bono?”
ask everyall “cui bono?”
and if the answer isn’t you , brother, run like hell
..

Oh words, what crimes are committed in your name!

—Ionesco

Modern Americana
by Peter V. Dugan

This is the land of freedom of choice:
Coke or Pepsi,
light beer or dark,
less filling, tastes great,
Republican or Democrat,
horse manure, cow manure,
different crap,
same smell.

America is now a pie
divided
into eight slices,
but, there are twelve at the table,
and three of them want seconds.

It’s all a game.
George and Martha never had a son.
Truth and illusion;
it doesn’t make a difference,
we still sit in the waiting room
expecting delivery.

Money is the new Messiah,
greed is the national creed,
"In G-O-D (gold or dollars) we trust,"
but, credit cards accepted.

The government of the people
has been bought and sold.
It's strictly business,
nothing personal.

The heart of America
stopped beating,
the blood clotted,
no longer red,
now medi-ochre,
and pumped
by the pacemaker
of public opinion.

And still there are those that believe
that the only real American patriots
are true blue and white
or least act white,
and all the stars
are in Hollywood.

The Ignited Shambles
by Peter V. Dugan

satellite states redden as Epicures serves a deep-fried hippopotamus that emits a foul scent
roasting on a spit a real rustic rucksack potlatch lunch of tweed tobacco provided by shyster
donation hounds of inflated obstinacy and natural nausea a moral roll call on a rampage an
aspiration of assimilation to slash strata stances while impudent lower class exiles oscillate
between the magic sage veneer of an insincere atoned congress embodied by Sadducee
elephants and Pharisee donkeys who vote against hair ties and honey pot pies but don't
oppose the airing of cheesy trailer park porn while embroiled in an elite eclectic November
election a split decision, a cheap retraction, a comedy of errors an on air narrative performed by
unique ogre candidates versus jury defying pothead all-stars based on an empty set of
untapped unborn toddlers' Miranda rights and the murder mystery of who killed the constitution
the courts or the corporations waiting we have to hold our breath until America turns blue in
the face.

Little Beggars
by John Harrison
From the United Kingdom

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Not much they wanted
But a few pence
To be warm
With their fears

As we rush past
To some, we say:
“Alright” and smile

Others look down
With such contempt
Or ignore, blank out
These... beggars

As the bank man grabs billions
For we must pay
For their mistakes
And the next generation
Must pay for them too

And they:
Clean shaved, in well cut clothe
Respected and...
Protected

Have just created
A land more full of beggars
Than ever before

We just don't know it yet

Dear Emily
by Verandah Porche

Daughter diva you occupy
your tent and time
in the bosom of friends
in the nick of crime
dreams on a sign
your breath solid as laughter
Justice cuts ice
you muscle into winter
sleet can't snap that power

Live Stream: Crown Our Own

by Verandah Porche

What's on my mind? Homeland Security: terrorize
the dreamers in 100 parks betwixt the trees and stars.

Tax us to do this. Startle, stomp, slash, throw down
those who strive to comply. Trash treasures.
Tear gas and sound cannon while they scramble
for possession. Exile in the chill, harass the weakest
as they wander. Corral, belittle, scorn, starve.

But a kind cop calls an ambulance. Says this could be
my daughter. The IV drips warm hope. My sister waits.
There is shelter a river away from the fray.

Harm done. What now? Weigh in.

What My Sign Says: Song of the Uninsured
by Verandah Porche

Uninsured though able for the moment
my body and I roll into golden age.

It's passing strange: the vehicle and home
I shuttle from have coverage.

Whack a fender, trip and fracture
on my premises: adjusters gauge the damage

you endure and dole out a sum.
Rest assured, I pay. I pay the premium.

Calculate the odds I gamble on:
my heart, a slot machine,

my dice, the density of bone;
my fear: a rhyme for "answer,"

the care I may postpone.
Risk is the lien on all I own or owe.

Luck is my doctor:
touch and go.

Listen, my body's coverage is skin.
Thick or thin, my only coverage is skin.

OWS

by CS Thompson

Stand up and be strong
Link your arms and hold fast.
Make them choose,
Make them show who they are.
'Cause if we were just wrong,
Would they come with such wrath,
Dressed in armor
As if for a war?
Would they bring in the gas,
Would they use their grenades,
Would they lie
Through their teeth
Every night?
Would they batter and kill—
As they soon enough will—
If they weren't well aware
That we're right?

A Poem of Condemnation

by CS Thompson

I call you cowards—
Men who come with clubs
And shields and gas
And guns
And trucks
And noise.
I call that man a coward
Who destroys
What others have created
For his sake
And that of all his kind.
The man who breaks
What better hands have built
And hides his guilt
Behind a screen
Of riot shields,
The thud
Of rubber bullets
And the stream of blood,
The screams of pain
And helpless rage
And fear.
I call you cowards
And I hope you hear,

Because you pick your battles—
Never those
Who stand a chance to fight.
Instead, a girl
Bent kneeling on the ground
To help a man
You tried to murder.
Now, the whole damn world
Can see you for the little men you are—
False warriors who wage an unjust war
Against an unarmed march
With all the hate
And unleashed power
Of the modern state,
Protected by your pads
And shields and laws.
I call you cowards, and I name the cause—
No, not because you're cops.
A cop protects,
Protects and serves,
And you do not deserve
To call yourselves police
So don't expect
Respect you haven't earned.
The cause is this—
Each tool must have its use.
We scared your masters,
So they turned you loose.

Bring On The Tear Gas
by CS Thompson

My daughter screamed last night, and begged my wife
To come and bring me home. Instead, I marched,
My fist against the sky, while in New York
They tried to murder what we've tried to make
With noise and fire and flailing sticks and fear.
I'd rather be at home. It hurts so much
To know she needs me and to not be there.
I'd rather be at home, but not like this.
I can't just watch on TV while grenades
Are thrown into a crowd, while men are shot
At point-blank distance by a tear-gas shell,
While thugs in blue beat students linking arms,
And all of it is justified with slick,
Self-damning lies. What justifies such rage?
You thought you'd kept us comatose. We slept,
But as we slept, you went and pulled the plug

And left us there to die. Instead, we woke.
Bring on the tear-gas. You're the ones who'll choke!

We Listened
by CS Thompson

America, you wound me.
What you say
And what you do
Have grown so far apart
It almost seems
As if you merely lied.
I won't believe
It's only that. Instead,
Those few of us naïve enough to hope
You might have meant it once,
The few who grieve
To hear those words you taught us
Turned around,
Perverted to the
Service of the thieves
And rendered meaningless
Will now arise
And stand together,
Though you beat us down.
And if you wonder why
We rise again
In solidarity—
We listened when you told us we were free.

Vigil
by Steve Shultz

to serve
and protect
yet projectile
rubber bullet
fractures
peaceful skull
of U.S. vet

spoon fed
rainbow colors
turn knots
in stomach
sudden need to
projectile vomit

up organic
coffee, bitter
alongside
daily news

lights are out
hands tremble
as they feel
for a candle

Sing
by Hillary Brown
November 2011

Say, child, that green is true, and grass grows to tell the story of this place.

Translate the message of all these coded skies; speak the blues and violets of their hallowed dictums.

Your silence will not save you. Tell every displeased employee that the infinite is suitable for hallway conversations. Sculpt stone ears for the skyscrapers and tell them too.

The river rambles and weaves its currents into playful braids, it's a game. We should be having fun.

Let the dejected generators know they are playing it wrong.

Scream, child, at the insistent trains, the leaking ships, the things we cannot change. Call loud so that the incensed sounds cannot be drowned by the clanks and vigorous whirs of nonstop production machines. Raise two bellicose fingers before you, and turn slow circles to address each member of this vacant congregation. Demonstrate your sincere estimation for every man, whose hand helped to build the engine, for every man who does not take it apart, for former luddites so easily converted, for part-time insurgents so eager to be discouraged, for unsure selves throwing sightless punches.

Stay, child, though this night will end, hot light comes back and skin will crack and age. Stand straight, feet planted, and raise your face to greet the advancing torrents. Do not be moved by the rising water in your shoes. When the waves have broken and there is too much nothing, tangle yourself in the sag-fleshed appendages of others and occupy the swelling vacuum. Cut explicit shapes into the vagueness. Don't let anyone ask you to leave. Predicate the existence of resistance.

We must be the subject of the sentence that we serve. Sing, child, to that maternal rock of darkness, pluck the sacred harp of wild dogs. Ring out over topless mountains, over cinderblock bunkers. Lift up a voice to shake towers down. Intone all that bids us to go on, all that breaks us, all that is not of us but contains us. Hum for the disciples, who let themselves be fooled, for the luckless who failed to be convinced.

For the wayward babies, who pictured something different; for primeval souls, who know that nothing ever is.

For the eternal queue of offspring, born soft-soled and wanting,

Child, you must sing.

Invisible Hand

by Joseph Hutchison

He intends only his own gain, and he is in this [...] led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention.

—Adam Smith

some bridge buckles crashes
down crushes a dozen
lives into the river

elsewhere
a coal mine shudders
like the throat of a
drunk baritone
crooning Mahler
and the shaft
implodes

or some drywaller's
lungs scrape thin shreds
of oxygen from each
raw breath clogged
air sacs thick as bay water
oil-slicked by Exxon

all these and more
are bombs the terrorist
bosses throw cracks
in the sound barrier
shuddering concussions
we've learned to shrug off

they're just the invisible
hand at work "the free
market" or "the way
things are" just
a blip just a little
hiccup in the gasworks
just another down day
for the Dow

*

the knife that sliced
just below and behind his ear
was made of coins melted down
molded polished honed

the invisible hand with long fingers
like leafless January twigs
extracted a big dream and some
smaller ones perhaps more beautiful

be grateful (a voice in the ether)
be grateful you're still alive

*

from the banker's suit-sleeve hangs
a nothing no a force field
such as magnets produce

in its presence our desires
turn to iron slivers
that swarm into the hand's
grip and whirl
like ash flakes in some
anti-snowglobe

while somewhere
a wound-up music box
tinkles "White Christmas"

*

swift Hermes herald of the gods
artful cunning cattle rustler
god of roads and border crossings
patron of traders liars thieves
discloser of meanings bringer of dreams
conductor of souls to the underworld

small wonder the invisible hand
flowers before you treacherous
god of cattle futures and hedge funds
derivatives and algorithmic trading
Jon Green suits golden parachutes
"good wars" and terror alerts

a radio pundit Freudian-slipped
"Blood is the money that runs
through our system" O Hermes
you narrow fellow in the grass
the dreams you bring are dark dreams
the news you deliver bears a faint
odor of the grave

*

the dangling puppet knows
it's a puppet is proud
of being a puppet ergo
glorifies the invisible hand
without ever asking
"whose hand"

bound to the hand by tough
strings once jute or cotton
now nylon even steel
the puppet bows prances
doggedly marches
collapses
in a heap then
resurrects to applause
from the audience
(also puppets)

"that's entertainment"

a diversion from the daily
angst the thousand
vague and so-called pointless
questions

will the hand
fix these chips and cracks
in our once bright
painted limbs will its touch
heal the aches in our grating
joints (no healing
ourselves after all
we're just puppets)

no choice then

no choice because
so much depends upon
the hand and its countless

avatars no choice
but hope the strings are
strong enough to hold
us up to keep us
strutting and fretting
dancing the familiar
old jigs

*

or
we could cut the strings
walk out in the sun
like real
human beings
with lives of our own
maybe unsure maybe wobbly
on our feet but real
with real lives
of our own

(they ask us why we) Occupy
by britkneelynn

We've seen the writing on the Wall
So we gather in your Street
You spray us down and block the airwaves
Any time we try to speak
But the more you try to silence,
The louder we will cry
It's time for OUR Revolution
And that's why we occupy

Because it's time for a change
These empty words are out of worth
We want there to be something left
When we inherit the Earth

The fat cats ride around in limousines
While toddlers live on cans of beans
It's just not how it should be
And it's our turn to rewrite history
We're on the verge of greatness
We're stepping into our prime
But how are we to make it there,
If they won't share a dime?

Greed is the American disease
And the big wigs can't be cured

So much wealth in one man's hands
Is nothing but absurd!
Please, oh please, won't you tell me
What on Earth you could ever need
That might warrant 12 million a year
Whilst your fellow Americans freeze?

And the government lets you keep every dollar intact
Because obviously you are the LAST ones that can afford to be taxed
But this cycle of shitting on the American people has to stop
Because we are just that: PEOPLE, not pawns or props
We don't need your millions, we just need heat
A roof over our heads and something to eat
We have families and mouths to feed
We'll take pride over profit; guts over greed

We know it's time for a change
These empty words have no more worth
We want there to be something left
When we inherit the Earth
Oh yes it's time for a change
Your promises have all been broken
And we won't close our mouths
Until you've heard the words we've spoken

And to the fat cats and politicians
All so set in your old ways
Just remember that your generation
Has one foot in the grave
Not to be a cynic
But let's all be realistic
We're on a sinking ship
And we don't want to go down with it

So instead of sending officers with pepper spray and shields,
Can't you, for a moment, go back to Strawberry Fields?
You remember, don't you, believing in a cause?
Just open up your greedy eyes, and you will understand ours.
We aren't "lazy poor kids who don't want to work, so they protest"
We aren't "bored rich kids who have too much time and money, so they protest"
We are your kids.
And we want a world that we can pass on to ours.

It's high time for a change
Your empty words are drained of worth
We have to fight to save what's left
For when we inherit the Earth
We are standing up because
All your promises, you have broken

And we will stand united
Until you hear the words we've spoken.

Personal Ad for my Country

by Eve Lyons

Previously published in Protestpoems, December 2010

Married Jewish female
seeks one person
who knows how to love country
without hating its inhabitants
who knows how to cradle
both extremes while standing
astride the middle.

Married Jewish female
whose marriage is only legal
in five states, who feels
as uncomfortable with
the Orthodox of her own kin
as she does with orthodox Christians
orthodox Muslims
orthodox capitalists
and orthodox secularists.

Married Jewish female
seeks a country
where the borders don't feel like prisons
where the talking heads
on the television
don't preach hatred
and mistrust.

Married Jewish female
seeks love.

It's hard enough
some days
to remain
a married Jewish female
without feeling the urge to
"fuck and run"
from arguments over whose turn it is
to change the cat litter
from arguments over which part of the population
deserves more funding
from attack ads
from bitter political debates
from a whole world.

Married Jewish female
seeks a home
Not a condominium or

a house or a mortgage
Not a rented space
from year to year
But a home
a place where my soul
can rest.

To the Whipping Post
by Denise Amodeo Miller

at night, it is still
almost peaceful
the quiet seeming serene
the rustle of blankets
the clearing of a throat
reminding you
you are not alone here
you are one of the many
the many who are fighting
for this land of hope
that was once promised
and now hides
behind money bags and mansions
and there your tent shivers in the lies
look what they've done
nothing seems to change
bad times stay the same
you know we can't run
and this may be long
run down and
feeling like fools
the many voices join you in the wind
we become tied
you at winters edge
we toiling these dark hours
to make the rope ends meet
around these holey bonds of family
Good lord I feel like I'm...
chanting of days gone by
when there were pensions, compensation and care
for the hours given
the moments taken that will never bend back
we are not corporations
we are not slaves
we are only love
and our days are owned by us
not them
we shout bring us a change

bring voice to our dignity and
our lives
fray corporate greed
mend our tomorrow
rebind us to our forgotten America
...dyin'

Elizabeth Taylor's Jewels
by Vanessa Gabb

No one speaks
Of the occupied streets
Those now there
Living so they one day
Might live
One night
Shimmering just blocks away
Just wine at dinner
Please
And some bread
The talk was of
This day's job interview and that
How tired
Pretending about vacations
And the day's paper
And, oh, how exquisite
At Christie's
Elizabeth Taylor's jewels
On auction to the highest bidder

I was part of a demonstration in Woodstock, New York today, with the sign:
by Sparrow

YOU CAN'T
KILL
OUTRAGE

Invisible
by Sparrow

I hold an invisible candle
in my hand.

I hold it steady, so the
flame does not flicker,

and a clear, strong
light reaches
each one of you.

Tommy James
by Sparrow

Tommy James is a prophet, who wrote
for the band Tommy James and The Shondells.

In 1969, he prophesied:

A new day is coming,
People are changing.
Ain't it beautiful?
Crystal blue persuasion.

There'll be peace and good,
Brotherhood.
Crystal blue persuasion.

O, Tommy James, you were right!
O, Tommy James, that day has come!
I see it all around me, in this park:
Crystal blue persuasion!

Crystal blue persuasion!
Crystal blue persuasion!

Quotation
by Sparrow

"The peasants have their own ballet."
– Martha Graham

Seltzer: The Wonder Drug
by Sparrow

I'm staying at my parents' apartment in Brooklyn. My father asked me to buy seltzer, when I went to Key Food. "It's a cure-all, you know," Dad explained. "Everything from hiccups to TB! My grandmother told me."

I offer you the wisdom of four generations.

Love Letter November 15
by Frank Sherlock

Books
gone
Shelter
gone
I've been
screaming
out of key
all day
for you to
cover
the promise
hole
in the wall w/
a horizontal
picture or
something
that looks
like joy

I've been waiting

Ah this
sunrise
again on
a failed
paradigm
this stare
too far
into space
for too long
to remember
the name of
this city
Here is
a hammer
Here is
a bulb
A number
of things can
happen like
building in
light
killing in
darkness
or touching
each other

during
our magic
hour
I trade
news links
through
militarized
playspace
to keep
witnessing
fresh
to stay out
of the back
catalogue
while
looking to
not be
abandoned
Take a sip
of war
commodity
from my
bottle when
you get here
I know you
get thirsty
You might
taste traces
of blood but
this is what
I have
to offer
The sound
you might
hear is
quiet running
counter to
anticipations
seizing on
conservation
as if shorter
showers matter
Pardon
my reach
to be
respirited
filching a cup
of memory
as memory

Are you there
This company's
the worst
The trapdoor
spiders' prey
lines up
in the web
in perfect
single file
I hate them
& I'm not
talking about
the spiders
Feed on
a symbol if
it's helpful
This phone
has hit
the wall
It still
works as
a transmitter
 Call me
Where does
the exile
end & the
life begin
Your now is
three hours
before my
now & your
now is six
hours after
my now &
where in
this hell is
our future
but so far
ahead it'll be
unrecognizable
upon arrival
Not to
get all
necrocentric
but there's no
contradiction
between
the love of
flowers &

hatred of
floral
wallpaper
This was
real this is
real since
nothing
can be
destroyed
even when
pushed
into fire
I take
the cremains
to the Risk &
Disaster
Studies
section to
Poetry
(of course)
to the bridge
between
the smart
side of
the river &
mine to
the cafe for
conversation
Part funeral
Part miracle
The miracle
can no longer
be buried
There is
a difference
between death
by despot &
natural death
but neither's
truly painless
Pretending
there is no
loss foretells
more loss
than I could
ever shoulder
I've waited so long
Living through
catastrophe due

to no fault
of our own we
feel around
in this blackout
for everything
unseen
Yes we're

engaged
No we never
dated I
swear it's
really not
that weird
Before I woke
I banged
piano out
in a field
the floodrotten
shed in
the distance
I composed
for you w/
ham & wire
It sounded
good at
the time so
what if it
came out
sloppy it was
Peace Be
With You
sang so far
away from
church
That was nice
but we are
awake now
captured
while viewers
haven't
discovered
that craters
seen from
a distance
render these
wounds less
than their
actual size

I despise
missionaries
& their boring
positions
I'm tired of
lying on my
back just so I
can be taken
This interest
rate this
jobless stat
this market
demographic
has gotten
up to stay
human
I have almost
died again
to prove I
am a person
The library
starts over
You are
what I've
waited for
& finally
we're here

Bottom Lines

by Michael Scott Marks

They gonna use up all the air we breathe.
They gonna use up all the skies.
They gonna use up all that's left to eat.
They gonna use up all supplies.
They gonna use up all the birds and bees.
They gonna use an old disguise.
They gonna use them for their industries.
All for the sake of bottom lines.

Wearing big boy ties
with their fiery eyes
up the ladders they climb.
And from some high-rise
it comes as no surprise
they start selling me lies.

Stop selling me lies... lies... lies.

If you believe in anything.
Then why... why... why?
Do you keep telling me lies?

They gonna shoot up all their enemies.
They gonna shoot up all allies.
They gonna shoot up all who they can reach.
They gonna shoot up all mankind.
They gonna shoot up all humanity.
They gonna shoot up all our lives.
They gonna even up the balance sheets.
All for the sake of bottom lines.

With the Big Board ties
to the firing lines
and the boys that die.
"To the battles!" they cry.
it comes as no surprise
they've been yelling more lies.

Do you mind telling me why... why... why?
You keep selling me lies... lies... lies.

They gonna wire up reality.
They gonna wire up the times.
They gonna wire up our sanity.
They gonna wire up our minds.
They gonna wire up what's left to be.
They gonna wear a bold disguise.
All in the name of new technology.
And for the sake of bottom lines.

With their big hard drives
and assembly lines
in the Third World dives
To the towers they rise
it comes as no surprise
they start selling me lies.

Round and Whole
by Octavia McBride-Ahebee
©1993

Empty mango trees, drained of leaves and living color
hold only vultures,
the lone and last witness that I once was,
positioned in a congenital though merciful conspiracy
they look down on me

I stare up at their glorious, black, feathered cloaks
covering the skeletal, witless arms of this giant, sun-beaten,
fruit flower
these buzzards, angry at their own nature,
are compelled to banquet on my flesh
their hearts, they convey through their florid heads, bobbing
will not eat my soul as an appetizer
while my body rots on the side of the road
alone, except for the sole companionship
of someone's silent, crawling child,
dragging its limbs, disrupting dead memories
of thin, twisted strips of black licorice
eaten in times of plenty
a child, drained too, like the mango trees
but forever green
pulling with its neglected mouth at my left breast
spotted like a leopard, deflated like bagpipes
without the breath of a musician to give them context

Empty

Full was once my life
but fullness-round and whole
light with ordinary innocence
like soap bubbles blown
from a child's unworldly mouth defies,
distorts, disturbs your image of me
the African

I am a Dinka girl, complex
piled high like an anthill
I am a Dinka girl from Juba
black like the tar you pour on roads
to ease your travels and I am just as long
but I cover myself, on joyous journeys,
in cattle dung and red ocher for reasons you refuse to hold
I work hard, dance easily and suck the juice from mangoes
with a passion you will never touch
I make love in the open fields
when the sun has knocked down its glass walls
and only the cows and the moon's light are watching
and God tickling me with her approval

Full

I am one piece of a gaunt, faceless mass
to you
—a bloated stomach
emptied by inept, home-grown madmen—

We are stranded starfish spewed from the ocean
once part of something round and whole
now left on the road to rot
but, no, I am not alone on the shoulder of this road
here is a dying child and a horde of vultures
who will take me from you
and I will float in a generous atmosphere
wear an amulet around my neck to keep you out
eat stars when I am hungry
and still make love by the moon's light.

If...

by Jake St. John

If hope was a color
it would be brown
like the corrugated billboards
that occupy Zuccotti Park

if hope had an odor
it would smell like peppers
saturating the midnight air

if hope had a taste
it would taste like the milk
running from my eyes
and down my cheeks

if hope made a noise
we would hear bongos beating
behind the wail of the elderly
and the screams of the suppressed
that lay beaten in the street

if hope was a feeling
it would be the tightening
of plastic cable ties
around innocent wrists
and blows from batons
that rain down
upon the rib cages
of professors and students
who won't bite their tongues
any longer

if hope had a heart
it would be enclosed
in the chest cavity

of an eagle soaring
above the smoke filled streets
lined with debt and unemployment

After the Little Big Horn

by m sarki

Their laughter grew so loud
the cattle stirred. Awake in
my boots, I patted the crest

of my pony, waiting for
daybreak and a fresh cup
of coffee. Napped until

the sun burned my hair and
felt that beast behind no
breeze coming for me.

Grabbed my hat and ran
for the nearest saloon,
thinking of you and how

we used to be happy.
Before the cattle, cowboys,
coffee, and this full moon.

History of Work

by Jenny Draï

*dedicated to the Chicago Board of Trade employee who dumped McDonald's applications on
OWS protesters' (as well as to everyone fighting against obstacles to make their way in the world)*

had collected wages
prepared the bread for baking
returned to the ancient
 woman's house upon appointed day
[cleaned the toilet, washed the windows]
minded three children, shopped
 groceries, the indicators of the indictment of *calendar*
cooled his milk [once boiled over]
worked at the airport [rotating shift]
got sick
answered questions about books in an overtly
 competent manner
drove troubled children to the pool in passenger vans white as clouds
constructed timelines from research, traveled
 cities, compiled reports of expenses [ate at Subway]

got sick, very wretched [not from Subway]
 refolded the jeans wall [large cockroach]
 answered questions about books in an enthusiastic
 and overtly competent manner
 attended graduate school to get a better job
 got sick, almost disastrously so
 did not get a better job
 answered questions about books and multimedia in a courteous,
 enthusiastic and overtly friendly manner
 got sick
 received state disability payments
 Dictaphone, Dictaphone and more Dictaphone
 got sick
 received more state disability payments
 managed the office at a furniture store competently and fruitfully
 [learned about color, about the benefits of leather]
 moved to So*Cal amidst a time of economic turmoil
 could not get a job
 volunteered at the library and wrote novel
 [atheism, evolution, Gilgamesh, Jesus, love, sex, and fear of death]
 named finalist in respectable poetry contest
 did not win
 could not remember the procedures for the job at the shipping store
 got fired, felt shame, returned to the library
 got sick, horribly so
 attended writers' conference [for novel] :
 accordingly—*your style*, one leader grins whole-
 heartedly, *resembles a painting*
by Tissout crossed with a Dennis Miller rant,
 bits of Tarantino thrown in—
 she looks at me,
 pulling down her glasses—
does it just come spilling out of you? [it does. I do
 not feel shame now.]
 we have to get you published my tall beau says, saying we
 dinner, which requires creativity
 laundry, which need not
 sometimes I sweep to win out against this light dust miasma
 often, you see, I have tried to surmount my difficulties
 have tried with much alacrity :
 please come and dump some McDonald's applications on *me*,
 I will show you my teeth

What Fear?

by Mahnaz Badihian

They always scared us of poverty
 Now what is left to be scared of?

We are all poor together

They always scared us from breaking laws
What fear?
They broke all the laws in front of our eyes
And the world was witnessing

They scared us from homelessness
What now?
We are all homeless
They scared us with blood and death everyday
What fear?
We see blood and killing and terror
In our media everyday enough that
Now we are used to seeing the killing and bombing
On our TV as a routine day by day movie

They scared us of left becoming right and
Right becoming left
What now?
That neither left nor right can solve the big human misery

Now our only fear should be
Separation of our hands
Separation of our voice
Voice of 99%

Alien Nation by Charles Watts

We abandoned our tents
Down in the occupied zone
When the blue and shielded
Storm troopers came with fire

Hoses in their hands to wash
Our stain off the lands that we
Had taken from the patriarchs
That had forsaken the rest of us

Arrested all the rest of us
Who could not run away in time
Or travel wormholes to another bench
Or mark another sign against our oppressors

A photo drone flew out between the pillars
Of the walled fortress we had besieged
Sent to identify the leaders

Of the leaderless milling crowd

Our android and idevices flash mobbed
Marching orders, gathering points
Confrontation locations to counter demonstrate
The Tea baggers in Uncle Sam suits

Chanting get a job you slackers, give us back
Our park our fantasies our oppressors
For we cannot live without them
Feeding us the meaning of our lives

Black helicopters with blue lights
Lit the clouds, the tear gas skies
Rubber bullets shattered skulls
Among the peaceful souls assembled

To face down the parasites
Of money and power and greed
Of haunted politicians afraid to
Let us be the land of the free

When You Beat Me

by Richard Vargas

does your arm tire
as you swing your
baton into the thud
of my flesh and bone
and you hear me
scream out in pain
when you crack
my ribs and jab
my soft belly
do you feel like a
job well done when
you pin me on the
ground and harness
my wrists like a
rodeo cowboy
hogties cattle

no matter that
we are both looked
down upon by those
on their balconies
of glass and steel
who laugh and joke

as they spread caviar
on fancy crackers
that will never pass
our lips

while you choke me
knock me down
look at how they
raise their flutes
of exquisite champagne
sparkling in the sun

blinding you with
their cold brilliance
and empty nods
of approval

The Subconscious Knock
by Kim Switzer

Search, Knock the Man,
The Universal Mind speaks,
Only Fathers arm Can,
Wake the Mind of Meeks,

Man hears the Call,
Gathers in Places Elite,
SET's greatest Fall,
Is Mans greatest delight,

The El & Owl now Pall,
A Ra Rat pees Fear,
Owl Lilith keeps the Cabal,
Eagle Enlil gets the Spear,

The Covens are Exposed,
Slave shackles Man Throws,
King and Caesar Disposed,
All Heaven now Knows,

Man Hears the Knock,
The Awakening is ON,
Fathers Arc is at Dock,
All Men are Drawn,

Few recognize or Believe,
Few know it is Father,
But all Children of Eve,

Now gather this Hour,

Few know of the Covens,
Of SET or his Churches,
Of their use of the Ovens,
Of others Researches,

Few know of the Game,
Of the Governments in Power,
Of their trick of the Name,
Their massive Control Tower,

Even Less know the Truth,
Of the history of Man,
Myths from our Youth,
Freedom flames now Fan,

Self Rule was our Right,
Called the 'Good Neighbor',
Freedom is our Might,
The Return of our Labor,

No child left Behind,
No elder left to Starve,
Awaken now Mankind,
This history we Carve,

Search, Knock the Man,
This subconscious Knock,
Was always Dad's Plan,
The EI you must Block,

The Doubt they Implant,
The Religion they Entrain,
Hampers Dad's Chant,
Tampers with the Brain,

Not an Ape are You,
But a Spirit child of Eve,
In an Avatar they Glue,
An effort to Deceive,

Search, Knock the Man,
Hear the Call to Gather,
Respond to Dad's Plan,
Obey now the All Father,

Stand UP for Mankind,
For our Right to be Free,

Statutes keep you Blind,
Leaving only their Debris,

Search your Heart Now,
And ask yourself This,
Who do I a Vow?
Where is my Bliss?

Do I Vow a Corporation?
A City Council or State?
A Constitution Affirmation?
A Corporate Bank Rate?

Do I Vow a Church?
Is Religion my Pride?
Let your heart Search,
Where the Devil does Ride,

Are you Eve's Child?
Who loves all of Mankind,
On whom Father Smiled,
And this place Maligned,

Search, Knock the Man,
This Cardinal Awaken,
This Earth Father Scans,
No Child is Forsaken,

He's Fishing for Man,
Who choose him and Eve,
Flames of Protest he Fans,
Against Liars who Deceive,

Awakening Man on Earth,
The Veil he will Drop,
Knowledge of your Birth,
SETs plan to Stop,

Great Lawgiver is Back,
To return us all Home,
Statutes he'll attack,
This will end Rome,

As to Babylon's fate,
The Whore was the El,
Lilith's brother her mate,
The El called Enlil,

The Incestuous Twins,

Papal, Federal and Royal,
They Knew of their Sins,
To SET they are Loyal,

Eve refuses no child,
Who chooses Her,
Instead they Reviled,
It is SET they Prefer,

And so it is SET,
Who's Seal they Wear,
Owing Lilith Bad Debt,
They will be left Bare,

Not apart of the Divine,
Not apart of Mankind,
Wearing Human skin Swine,
Greed made them Blind,

So with SET they Stay,
Some go to the Pit,
Others slaves to Play,
Until they all Quit,
Or all Debt Repay,

The Rest of Humanity,
Will be free at Last,
No more the Insanity,
This will all be Past,

Search, Knock the Man,
Awaken all from Blight,
Follow Dad's Plan,
Enter Dad's Light

Trolls
by Kim Switzer

The Truth is Known
To only a Few
All they would Own
Dissension they Brew

They openly Troll
Spread Hate & Divide
Their Rhyme is quite Droll
False names to Hide

The rest of Mankind
Will be free of this Debt
Trolls sorely Blind
Staying in Ra's NET

Let go of your Hate
Let go of that Troll
Heaven can't Wait
For your funky Hole

You think you are Clever
And attack openly
The sad truth is Never
So easy to See

By spreading Hate
And mocking the Light
You'll end up quite Late
And Remain in this Blight

If you Continue
With Anger to Fright
You'll win the Venue
Of the Elite

The Veil is to Lift
To 'Shame' you'll Awake
That judgment is Swift
Don't make that Mistake

The Veil
by Kim Switzer

The Law of the Veil
Was meant to Hide
Our past Life Detail
For this Long Ride

There's only One Veil
And SET made it Seven
Man's Path to Derail
To close off Heaven

The Veil is Lifted
At each Cycle End
The World is Shifted
To where we Began

The Conscious Mind
Is merged once Again
With the Subconscious Mind
That's where we Began

This feels like you're Shaken
To someone Asleep
Who suddenly Awakens
Their Minds now Leap

The Hidden then Seen
No Lie can Withstand
All that was Mean
Is visible to Man

Those who were Hiding
And killing Mankind
Mans Mind starts Chiding
All telepathy Combined

This is why it is Said
You Awaken to Shame
Lies told now Spread
Through Universal Mind Frame

So Naked you Stand
Deception torn Away
Judgment at Hand
Your Shame does Flay

All actions you've Done
All words you have Spoken
Every Lifetime now Stun
The Mind that is Woken

What Happens to Man?
by Kim Switzer

Many now Ask
What will happen to Man
The truth is now Fast
Our move is at Hand

We protest the Rigid
Corruptions and Shackles
The Elite who are Frigid
The Policeman who Tackles

It's all a flash in the Pan
A show for Delight
To waken all Man
To his Slavery's Plight

The shackles of Kings
Presidents and Congress
The future now Brings
Man's immediate Egress

Eden this is NOT
That was the Trick
SET had you Caught
This place we now Kick

The Law from Above
Is nothing old goes Forward
These kings we will Shove
Our Eden rows Shoreward

No Statutes and Bylaws
Will rule our Rights
That is the Flaw
Man currently Fights

Self Rule will Return
No King will we Need
SET's world we will Burn
Man already Freed

My Friend V
by Kim Switzer

Once there was One, Then there was Five
Three left and Hun, Kept me Alive

Always the Friend, Always the Loyal,
Queen of Reverse, is always the Royal,

Late nights we Penned, Hopes we Shared,
My virtue Defend, Only V Cared,

Loyal to the End, Two were Paired,
No need to Pretend, Squabbles we Aired,

No offense ever Given, None ever Taken,
Nothing Unforgiven, No words Mistaken,

Nothing was Sacred, Or too much to Say,
All night we Bantered, Worked together all Day,

We plotted their Downfall, All those Elites,
Always the Brawl, Catching those Cheats,

Not an ounce of Conceit, But both of us Proud,
We didn't Retreat, To the End we Avowed,

Together we Fought, And we laughed out Loud,
At each one we Caught, Each Elite we have Bowed,

Once there was One, Then there was Five
Three left and Hun, Kept me Alive

Soon I will Leave, My Friend left Alone,
But there will be Steve, RS will have Shown,

I'll only be Above, Just a Short While,
Then All My Love, thru RS make her Smile,

Only a few Weeks, From the Event she'll Be,
As All Father Speaks, Together again Me and V,

We'll have Wine and Chocolate, And All will be There,
At the Gathering they'll Appreciate, And All we will Share,

Our Stories and War, the Battles we Won,
Father's Laughter will Roar, At me and Hun

We'll party the Night, Till dawn break is Done
Dancing in Arc Light, Having loads of Fun,

Never will it End, Eternals we Are,
V is my Friend, I'll never be Far

Who Am I You Say?
by Kim Switzer

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I'm One who Fought Grey's
To bring down the Kings

I am One of Five
Our cell was quite Active
The EI to Deprive
Of their main Objective

We fought Day and Night
The Evil puppeteer
Our Powers gave Fright
I was the group Seer

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I am one who is Fey
I Know Future Things

The El are the Grey's
From the Phlegm of Frog
And That's all who Stays
With the snake Bush Magog

They're wanna be 'gods'
And tricked all Mankind
Road over Roughshod
To SET us they Bind

With Vows to Religions
The Papal they Made
Royals their Stoolpigeons
The Federals they Paid

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I know the El Grey
And deliver them Stings

No Child of Eve
Will we Leave Behind
No Tree or Leaves
No foolishly Blind

Not one Cat or Dog
No Flower or Plant
Not even a Frog
All sang that Chant

We Exit Together
Leaving only SET
And his in the Nether
Obama and NET

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I kept Lilith at Bay

And Off'd all her Strings

I'm the First Child of Eve
Sent in a Disguise
The Enemy I Cleave
I'm one of the Allies

We Fought for your Right
To be free this Carrion
Man's Entrance to Light
I'm the group Librarian

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I'm the Seer quite Fey
Who calls Answering

The Questions of Man
Letting all Men Know
Of Father's Great Plan
To King's Overthrow

I bring in the Light
She Enters in May
With Mother I Fight
To win you this Day

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
Knowledge I Weigh
To Light Hidden Things

We were sent in as Spies
To open the Door
To Uncover the Lies
Man's freedom Restore

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I entered the Fray
I hold the Key Rings

I know where the Door Is
I know what they Hid
I'm green a skinned Osiris
Sent to shut down the Grid

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things

To the Enemy's Dismay
I am One Attacking

This Planet to Free
Man Kind is United
Father did Decree
All of Man is Invited

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I know of the Way
The Pathway to Spring

Soon I will leave You
To Eden Above
And rejoin my Crew
To give the last Shove

Abraham Lincoln
by Dustin Luke Nelson

Lincoln is considering getting into politics. His feet grew two sizes and he starts drinking coffee when he sets up his exploratory committee. He outlines in red ink the congressional sub-committees he thinks could be improved, the sub-committees on which he intends to sit. His right eye grows a bright brown cyst. The campaign manager says, *We have to cancel the town hall, Abe.* Lincoln says, *They will respect my ability to be a real person, with real problems.* Lincoln asks what I think, hoping I will affirm his case. He won't be strong-armed when he has that look paling his face. *It looks pretty gross, even with all the make-up,* I say. Lincoln goes out and takes questions. A woman asks, *Do you know Cheryl? I think she's like, here, and she was saying to me the other night that there is pig fat or whatever on all the bills you want passed.* Lincoln froze, and wasn't sure how to respond. The woman I had seen working with Chester Arthur nods in the back of the room. She is a plant. A fern. A bush of berries. She's grown old. She shakes her evergreen branches. *Rustle. Rustle.* Lincoln tilts his head back and a pigeon uses his lower jaw as a perch.

The Truth is a Lie
by Austin Williams

The truth is a lie
Just ask me why & I will tell you
Those who govern are governed by greed
Stealing the right from you and from me
& they send out their warriors most mysteriously
To deliver what they have taken
While they in their armor personify fear
& it grows as the danger comes near

But, when the true rider came we did not know
For he was not on a horse, but in the pale house of a nation
What's left to do?
What's left to say?
When the whole world is dying & we're all left to blame

The hour has not left us
The dream has not past
There's one last move & that's to hold fast
We will not sit here in silence and let our death take its toll
& lay our coins down on those who've yet to grow old

Scream to me softly until the shadow has passed
I see you, I hear you, I love you at last

Origin of Tribes by Austin Williams

I appreciate individualism
& the rawness of sound & words
Over choreographs, perfection, & tainted minds

Bring me to the unrecorded radio
& to the ORIGIN OF TRIBES
Before the leaders of men

Our actions now pulsate like sound across the universe
To those who stand idle behind THE WALL at this inception of OUR revolution
Freed from the influence of SELF
This is the new dawn we were promised

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### **To the 1%: Only Getting is Losing** by Prof. Howard Seeman

We are all on others' shoulders.  
If you can see far, it is because those before you got you that high.  
You would feel even more alone, if you did not have others to see you,  
hear you, feel you.  
And even more alone if you do not look at, hear, and feel  
all the others.  
You could not amass all you have without all the others.

And, alone, all you amass loses meaning.  
Without really being with all the others,  
you only get brief pleasure  
that leaks,  
that compels you to fill yourself more and more,  
to run more and more,  
toward your final bed.  
Only getting is losing.

However, if you bring all the others with you,  
help them climb with you  
[though not take away their own prideful steps]  
This *With* is more than quantity.  
Then, you can have less  
but much more.

Oh, I am sorry, you can't hear me.  
I understand. You feel like I am trying to take something away from you.  
I understand why you put up your hand, bite your teeth,  
and dig in more.  
However, if you do that, I cannot reach over your wall.

Can you find your fear?  
That is what is making you build your wall.  
I see it.  
Sad. It gets darker faster behind walls.  
I guess you need to feel that safe to fill yourself.  
However, I wish you could see that your are feeding the wrong hole.  
Until you can, if you ever do,  
I will be over here holding hands with your brothers and sisters.

### **Revolutionary** by Matthew Safarik

I will watch as you siphon my freedom. I will pretend your punishments mean nothing to me, that they leave no scars, burn no memories. I will gather a following, an allegiance. I will watch your grip on us slide, your tyrannous hand slick with sweat and treachery. I will watch my old family fall, and be surrounded by a new one. I will hear you whisper and plot, wishing to break me. I will evade you for a time, and you will respond.

You will destroy my past, crush my loves and hopes and dreams. I will act as if they are baubles, children's toys. You will tear chasms in my heart, stick it to the earth with a silver stake and call me a monster. You will tear the ideals from my back, humiliate me and parade me as a fool. You will turn my people against me. You will have your army and your commanders and your soldiers and your sheep. You will have me hang for this.

They will leave me, abandon me, sell me. They will paint over their worries with crisp dollar bills. They will turn a blind mind to their actions, pour a glass of whisky and erase their betrayal. They

will smile with one another, lay with one another, and murder one another, as you would have it. They will be oblivious to you, as furniture to a warhead. They will fall, they will panic, they will scatter, and they will die. You will show your power.

I may wait in my hole, plan your move twenty steps ahead. I may fail and I may retreat. I may watch you destroy my home, cut the throats of my brothers, rape my sisters. I may clasp my hands to my mouth. I may sob and hide in the darkest corner of my heart. I may hear you call my name, offer me peace, honor, for my surrender. I may watch your feet stop before me. I may watch your eyes glare down.

But you will find no mouse here.

For I will *not* speak, and I will *not* come quietly.

### **Bless This House**

by Maria C. McCarthy

Bless this house; thank God it's not us.  
When earthquakes and tsunamis are images

we can flick to re-runs of *The Simpsons*,  
when the snatched child is not our own,  
and uniform photos on flag-draped coffins  
are other families' sons and husbands,  
we take comfort in virtual transfers  
to telethons to ease the tortured faces,  
and when the sirens fade to silence  
at another door, we send flowers  
for the funeral of the twenty-year-old neighbor;  
he was riddled with leukemia.  
It's the platitudes that get us through.

It's the platitudes that get us through.  
He was riddled with leukemia,  
the twenty-year-old neighbor whose funeral  
we send flowers to. It was at another door  
that the sirens faded to silence.  
As telethons ease the tortured faces,  
we take comfort in virtual transfers.  
When other families' sons and husbands  
are in uniform photos on flag-draped coffins,  
and the snatched child is not our own,

we can flick to re-runs of *The Simpsons*.  
The earthquakes and tsunamis are just images.  
Bless this house; thank God it's not us.

## **Occupy Poetry**

by Raimondo Angelo Accardi

Amore e piu' ami -farsi odiare-combattere per idee e per la vita  
-farsi odiare-cercare in una speranza ricercata nella verità e trovare  
odio per la paura della Conoscenza-Entrare nelle pagine di un libro e  
scoprire la copertina distrutta dalla violenza di "non so perchè  
":picchiare e ancora poi cancellare l'amore di un qualcosa costruito  
nella gioia indistruttibile del profondo azzurro del cielo futuro.

## **Non Dio, non la Patria e nemmeno la Famiglia**

by Salvatore Leopardi

*from Italy*

Troppo spesso mi è sembrato  
di avere tra le mani il filo che conduce  
solo seguendolo e senza guardare  
tutto quello che succede attorno

ma come non fermarsi e non guardare?

La palpebra dell'Euro si chiude in arcigno  
sibilare di monete gracidanti

e noi non ascoltare?

Imparai ad imparare da ogni cosa  
che vedevo intorno - leggevo sulle labbra  
invece di leggere i giornali  
spegnevo i televisori invece di guardarli

Resteranno senza antenne  
a cantare inutili proclami  
mentre noi andremo avanti  
liberi come schiavi  
che imparato a contare  
sanno di essere più forti  
e non uccidono i padroni  
ma gl'insegnano ad amare.

## **Sea Poem for Occupy**

by Sarah Malone

From the sand cliffs where the math confronting us takes on the blue of distance, you can  
watch for days and not know what is rolling in. Something has to be done—here is a  
blackberry if you need it— we have seen between tides so long that we can time our footprints

to the kelp heaving when the sharp fins near behind the wave. It's everyone I want to lift, and it's my feet that are slipping.

### **Egypt In the Mississippi**

by Russ Green

third world's here right  
here baby! you want poor?  
we got poor you ain't seen  
poor this is louisiana poor  
sacramento tent city poor  
you don't need to go to  
afghanistan pakistan or any  
other stan you can stand right  
here on genuine usda american  
soil we got the goods third  
world approved get down and  
dirty lower ninth ward approved  
people, houses, livelihoods,  
hell their very lives washed  
right outta their hood by waves of  
indifference washed right over  
those low down insignificant bloody  
government approved flood barriers  
what we need here is an egypt in  
the mississippi! i mean pyramids  
rising right up outta the goddamn  
louisiana swamps i'm talking  
tahrir in the rear of wall st!  
shove some of that middle east  
democracy inspired revolution right  
up the back road ass of america! lets  
bring the sphinx to camden all  
decked out with banners around  
it's neck - *all we are saying - is give  
sphinx a chance* - bring the pharaohs  
to south central cleopatra will strut  
like the hot little egyptian she is,  
swingin' her tight little ass right onto  
the national mall and stroke that  
washington monument

### **Zuccotti Zuccotti**

by Russ Green

zuccotti zuccotti zuccotti  
manicotti eating manicotti

in zuccotti they'll give them  
no porta potties in zuccotti  
only manicotti they celebrated  
succott in zuccotti built a sukkah  
a sukkah for succott in zuccotti  
they were blamed for drinking  
hot totties in zuccotti but all i  
saw were cup cakes and biscotti  
a thousand peaceful bodies talking  
with literati in zuccotti so me and  
my pals kathy and kelly mikey  
and scotty who kelly thinks is a  
hottie walked around zuccotti  
and saw a young woman  
practicing kiribati it's a yogic  
quick breath through the nose  
that heats up the body called  
kiribati kiribati kiribati breathing  
kiribati kiribati kiribati kiribati  
in zuccotti pete seeger marched  
thirty-six blocks at ninety-two  
so even if you're feeling a little  
shoddy you too can come to  
zuccotti

**Revolutionary Eros of the Female Gaze: Preliminary Sketches in Verse, 11/19/2011**  
by Laura Ferris

The soul out of work.

There is a photograph of a girl on Sproul Plaza  
She – she – she skirted the protesters in Mrak Hall  
wore jeans and a t-shirt, so they wouldn't identify her  
as she walked to meet with the people who decide on the worlds  
that are used to inform us of *what is public safety*.

There is a photograph of a girl on Sproul Plaza  
set among other faces of other girls. She looks  
straight at the camera, dark eyes, troubled  
expression holding a sign. *ReFund Education*.  
She is unhappy or sun-blinded and beautiful  
and young, and she is staring back  
at the camera.

I cannot see her face, the girl -  
Woman?  
who holds the camera against her body  
and screams at the police *you are hurting him*

*why are you hurting him why are you hurting him why*

For all I know, I could be her, before the Savio steps  
watching a boy beaten by several officers in riot gear  
the way I begin crying and screaming  
at a screen assembled by Chinese workers and robots  
in a factory I will never visit or want to visit,  
beneath the suicide nets over Shenzhen.

This isn't about police brutality.  
This isn't about the use of excessive force.  
This isn't about the tragic summary  
execution of Christopher Travis, UC Berkeley, '13.

This is about how goddamned privileged  
you are. *So shut up and take down those tents!*

She holds the camera against her chest or below  
on the quad – actually quadrangular – and she  
screams *protect yourselves protect yourselves*  
*protect yourselves protect yourselves*  
And you know, what? They don't. One boy  
receives a full load of mace in the eyes and throat  
when he covers a girl beside him with his sweater.  
One girl cries pink Maalox where I wandered  
with angel hair, eager to see the Dachshund races  
on Picnic Day.

My childish fingers were one of the last to enter a stomach of a live cow  
to understand digestion first-hand,  
at the barn at UC Davis,  
because we were concerned  
about the rights of animals. How they felt.

Forty-five minutes after the police left the quad, a boy was still coughing up blood.

It is a truth universally acknowledged by Davis High students  
that the Davis police have nothing better to do  
than write us traffic tickets.

This is about privilege. It's about how  
you thought you were too good for violence.  
You thought you shouldn't  
wouldn't be the ones who were hurt.  
You thought that.  
Entitled. Deserved it.  
Violence is what made you who you are!  
And you turn your back to it  
and link arms like you're above it!

Ungrateful. Un-American.

Meanwhile Occupy Wall Street meets  
in the atrium of the Deutsche Bank,  
and gives up the park. Too bright out at night.  
Somewhere there's a number on a piece of paper or above a door  
or maybe a name, and that's where you're allowed.  
Go home! Or go to the hospital!

Meanwhile at Cal, we decided to live in the sky,  
until we remembered about gravity and the weight  
of human beings.  
We hadn't really thought before about the fact  
that no one is allowed to live outside.

### **What Color Is Peace?**

by Ka Ruhdorfer

*2011 Austria*

one of my first TV memories  
from the black and white news broadcast  
in the seventies  
was a news report from the middle east  
or some other place where there was a war going on  
a handful of soldiers shoved  
a dozen people on a truck  
but a man, a civilian i assumed as he wasn't wearing a uniform,  
couldn't climb up fast enough.  
his left hand was on the edge of the truck floor  
and i saw how a soldier standing on the platform  
stepped on it with his booted foot  
"ouch," i said  
and waited for the soldier to apologize  
"he must apologize  
he must say he's sorry  
he couldn't have done it deliberately, could he, mum?"  
my mum wasn't in the living room  
but if she had seen this  
if she had been there wherever that naughty soldier was  
she would have made him apologize.  
it's not that the soldier didn't notice  
although he was wearing thick boots  
if you step on someone's hand  
instead of the truck floor  
you must notice the difference  
you must notice the softness of the hand  
you must hear the person screaming with pain  
or didn't he?



i tried it out on the living room carpet  
stepped on my own hand  
felt it softly sandwiched between carpet and naked foot  
and when i put all my weight on it for a second  
i felt the pain, then rolled over  
and jumped up on the couch again.  
the man with his hand under the boot  
must have cried out loud  
but maybe there was too much noise  
from the others scrambling on the truck  
they were probably tired or old or both  
or frightened  
maybe there was too much noise  
from the soldiers shouting "hurry up"  
"hurry up," my mum shouted from the hallway.  
"and turn that TV off. come on, put on your sandals.  
let's go."  
she quickly combed my hair in front of the hall mirror,  
told me to straighten the white collar of my dress  
with the bright green flowers  
and off we went.  
why one needs to comb the hair  
before going swimming  
when everybody has to wear a swimcap anyway  
didn't really make sense to me.  
what made sense to me was that  
the bad guy in "north by northwest"  
that stepped on cary grant's hand  
and didn't apologize  
got himself shot.  
that's justice!  
serves him right  
i thought  
while i walked next to my mum to the bus stop to go  
to my swimming lessons.  
my right hand still hurt a bit.  
i never told my mum about the news report.  
maybe i should have,  
maybe it's not too late.  
maybe i should tell everyone.  
i didn't think about it for a long time  
until i moved to the usa  
and lived there during the second iraq war.  
maybe i needn't tell you  
that i joined women against war, code pink:  
who would have thought that  
one day i would proudly wear a pink t-shirt.  
the early TV images  
seem to have branded themselves on my memory.

i apologize for the inconvenience.  
the color of peace, by the way, is love.  
and occupy wall street is its perfume.

### **Early Morning Prayer**

by Geraldine Green

*Cumbria, UK*

This is the quiet indulgence, sitting here, these keys clicking together  
like rosary beads or soft click of amber against amber the rain's incessant window-tapping  
making music, me space-filled  
the wind I'm listening to entering me like silk blowing or spider's threads coming together to  
weave some sound from nothing  
thinking back to conversations and dreams the sweet insistence  
of diastole systole diastole  
the movement of breath among mountains, a Ghazal woven into a carpet  
or soft click of raindrops ambered against a window. It is almost a prayer this time of morning,  
that I may never know certainties it is almost a litany of outside coming in, an opening of  
sinews, blood and bones  
the interstices of my body allowing the universe to enter in all its battered glory. This is a  
prayer I am praying in the quiet, wild hours of morning.

### **I Believe in the Power of the Land**

by Geraldine Green

*Cumbria, UK*

I believe in the power of the land  
I believe in the primal fire  
I believe with all my heart and all my soul  
that I am part of the dna of worms and soil  
that my body is earth body  
that my skin is earth skin  
that my hair is grass and bracken fronds  
newly furled on the hill's side.

I believe in the name of the snail  
I believe in the song of the whale  
I believe in the cracks between breaths  
I believe in the life behind and beyond

I believe in many selves  
(and one heart)

I believe in many voices  
(in one heart)

I believe one drum beats  
(*in many hearts*)

when nature offers me an invitation to dance  
I will say Yes!

**Tao of Chance**  
by Eric C. Chance  
*Indiana, USA*

The New Scent of Spring  
The air was as soft as a petal  
and I rose with the new scent of spring,  
as I wandered the garden no mischief,  
but my interest was sparked by this thing.  
This thing was all caddywhompas  
and its concrete obstructed my view  
With buildings as tall as forever,  
at least as far as my vision had grew.  
And as I turned to run back through my nature  
I realized that I was alone  
Wandering this labyrinth of prisons,  
these prisons were those of my own.  
Oh how I wished that a new friend would guide me  
toward the peace that once I had known  
But my vanity kept me from seeing  
we are many and too we are few.  
So guarded my new inspiration  
that I spied on myself just to see  
I'm the dilemma of faction  
and they are all counting on me.  
And as I wandered the garden of mischief  
my interest was sparked by this thing.  
The air was as soft as a petal  
and I rose with the new scent of spring.

**Rising**  
by James Denison

We bodies beneath  
The inverted sky  
As the light fades,  
We feel we are  
Made of death,  
Dust and pity.

Holding nothing to our breasts,

We become immortal,  
Needing nothing except  
The illumined landscape  
Of mind, where darkness  
Opens into darkness  
And we are free.

He watched the raindrop  
Roll off the tongue of the leaf  
And thought about the long  
History of tears.

Smoke rising  
From smoldering hearts  
And he thought:  
"Good." "Not dead yet."

Long ago it was said  
That "Hope is the thing  
With feathers."  
But today, everybody knows,  
It is underground.

So, today, 'Hope is the fluid  
Thing with scales,'  
Working, through subversion  
And sabotage, at the horizons  
Of fatality and disorder,  
In order to rise into being.

### **Better Every Season** by Ben Nardolilli

Other people are demonstrating  
Success in office buildings I wish  
Were more distant and gleaming  
Under some other sun, at least rising  
Down another suburban street,  
Filling up paid hours and performing  
Presentations to rooms crowded  
With applause and fresh swag.

Other people are demonstrating  
Resistance in between towers  
Or in parks by city halls I wish  
Belonged to some other country,  
Protesting the rubber bullets  
Of austerity fired by another system,

Another home of the brave,  
Not in this ship of state that rocks me.

### **The Captain**

by Brent Hopkins

*for anybody, anywhere*

*Seattle, WA, US, Earth*

*(Lyrics from a very amateur song home recording for the #occupy movement(s), to be found at <http://soundcloud.com/festusmo/the-captain>. Listen to other protest songs at: <http://soundcloud.com/groups/occupy-wall-street-protest-songs> )*

I hear the boots come marching three miles beyond the hill,  
The Captain and his cronies with a flatbed truck to fill.

The Captain ambled slowly, calling Singeon on the phone.  
Then he broke inside the shithouse, killed old Rover with a bone.

The Captain set a fire with blood and gasoline.  
He burnt down all the cornfields for a photo magazine.

Sunday morning it came early for Preacher Bobby C,  
His congregation hallucinating on the Captain's LSD.

Kill the Captain  
Kill the Captain

He writes all your graffiti then makes you scrub it clean.  
You got to pay for the privilege of oiling his machine.

The Captain is a razor that cuts you to the bone.  
He'll charge you twice for surgery, and then mail your body home.

The Captain has a language; he speaks to you in dreams.  
Held hostage to a memory, ain't nothing what it seems.  
But you see...

We're all the Captain's sergeants; hold his gun in the parade.  
Rip those stripes right off your shoulders, or put a bullet through your brain.

You're the Captain  
We're the Captain

### **From the Republic of Conscience**

by Seamus Heaney

I.  
When I landed in the republic of conscience

it was so noiseless when the engines stopped  
I could hear a curlew high above the runway  
At immigration, the clerk was an old man  
who produced a wallet from his homespun coat  
and showed me a photograph of my grandfather  
The woman in customs asked me to declare  
the words of our traditional cures and charms  
to heal dumbness and avert the evil eye  
No porters. No interpreter. No taxi.  
You carried your own burden and very soon  
your symptoms of creeping privilege disappeared

II.

Fog is a dreaded omen there, but lightning  
spells universal good and parents hang  
swaddled infants in trees during thunder storms  
Salt is their precious mineral. And seashells  
are held to the ear during births and funerals.  
The base of all inks and pigments is seawater  
Their sacred symbol is a stylized boat  
The sail is an ear, the mast a sloping pen,  
The hull a mouth-shape, the keel an open eye.  
At their inauguration, public leaders  
must swear to uphold unwritten law and weep  
to atone for their presumption to hold office  
and to affirm their faith that all life sprang  
from salt in tears which the sky-god wept  
after he dreamt his solitude was endless

III.

I came back from that frugal republic  
with my two arms the one length, the customs woman  
having insisted my allowance was myself  
The old man rose and gazed into my face  
and said that was official recognition  
that I was now a dual citizen  
He therefore desired me when I got home  
to consider myself a representative  
and to speak on their behalf in my own tongue  
Their embassies, he said, were everywhere  
but operated independently  
and no ambassador would ever be relieved

**Rumbling City**  
by JoyAnne O'Donnell

Beautiful America  
united world

that whispers stars  
in all the land to see  
the dark came to you.  
And the fear taken away  
with American voices today  
poems from under an  
orange sunset and through the rain  
healing the pain  
these are words everyone should  
be put on a page  
with a red velvet stage  
climbing the steps  
keeping life swept whole  
of fresh orange juices gulp  
Towards the new painted door  
mountains clean  
glistening bright as  
diamond milk.

### **Warrior**

by Michael Colfer

*for Veterans for Peace Chapter 111*

Our line is straight.  
We stand proud  
beneath our banner  
of the helmet and the dove.

We have known  
the Hell of war  
We have known the horror  
of survivor's dawn.

Before us now  
another line of men  
in helmets and in armor and with shields,  
bludgeons ready  
to wound our bodies.  
We will not yield,  
so they will come,  
and they will strike  
and some of us will fall.

They hate us for our surety.  
Their anger is harsh,  
burning in their eyes.  
As they come, their weapons drawn,  
they shoot, and some of us go down.

But we - and they - all know  
that some day  
we warriors of peace

will prevail.

### **Christmas Gift - 2011**

by Gloriana Casey

*For Homo Sapiens and the Future*

As Christmas comes, I will not have  
the myrrh nor frankincense.  
Nor will I have a golden coin  
to barter Christmas bliss.

But what I have, I willingly  
will share with all who care.  
As for my gift—it can't be found  
in mall nor shopping lair.

For Peace on Earth, I've heard it said,  
IS the gift worth giving.  
Available to all—NO CHARGE.  
The gift to restore living.

For Peace and true Equality,  
as ribbon and the wrap.  
RESPECT for all Humanity,  
the single gift is—that.!

That Ozymandias—Wall St.  
crumbles down to dust.  
Those coins are stamped so legibly,  
and read "In God We Trust."

Though I have now decided here,  
both for mosque and steeple;  
the best gift I can give the world?  
Putting TRUST in PEOPLE.

### **Report from Occupy Wall Street New York USA October 2011**

by marimoses

© 10/3/11

*This poem is a simulated "poster" which came out of one of the early encounters OWS had with the white-shirted hoodlums, seen on TV. The Free Speech Committee of Occupy Wall Street is my imagined committee, although you may very well have a committee so entitled.*

white shirt bullies      not black shirts of 1930's Germany



biggest beer belly bullies bellies hung over their belts  
who (lacking true testosterone) are seen on TV screens  
nonchalantly getting a rise peppering pepper spray  
directly  
into eyes of non-violent young women  
caught in their orange net

(Free Speech Committee of Occupy Wall Street, New York, USA)

**For the General Assembly of Mankind**

by Jack Foley

Sounding and re-sounding / whirling the air!  
*Sounding and re-sounding / whirling the air!*  
Occupy Heaven: make changes there  
*Occupy Heaven: make changes there*

Make changes in God's mighty plan  
*Make changes in God's mighty plan*  
To annihilate his creature, Man  
*To annihilate his creature, Man*

Get rid of pain (God causes pain)  
*Get rid of pain (God causes pain)*  
Get rid of death (God causes death)  
*Get rid of death (God causes death)*

Where is the mighty Radical  
*Where is the mighty Radical*  
To be the scourge of my Sciatical  
*To be the scourge of my Sciatical*

Where is the Savior, born to die,  
*Where is the Savior, born to die,*  
He isn't you, he isn't I,  
*He isn't you, he isn't I,*

He isn't in upper or lower air  
*He isn't in upper or lower air*  
Occupy Heaven: make changes there  
*Occupy Heaven: make changes there*

What of the massive inequalities  
    *What of the massive inequalities*  
Between mighty apes and the birds and bees  
    *Between mighty apes and the birds and bees—*

What of the Angels, with their wings  
Which we ain't got, among other things...

What of the fishes hooked on strings

Occupy Heaven  
Occupy Heaven...

If you already occupy Hell,  
*Occupy Heaven*

**Tahrir of My Soul**  
by Shirley Siluk

Like a nosebleed –  
Terrifying torrents at first  
Then fat drops giving way  
To scarlet-ribbon trickles –  
Shock and grief  
Will rush and retreat,  
Tease and torment  
Until they slip out  
In ever-more rare  
And shiny intermittent threads.

Then a sudden breath,  
Caught hesitatingly,  
Brings a new calm ...  
Before the storm of awakening.  
So this is what it's like  
To loose those shackles.  
To walk into the light,  
Not unafraid,  
But stronger than the fear.

So diverse, these tipping points –  
A produce cart seized,  
New lips whispering in old ears.  
So diverse, these manifestations –  
Immolation, rejuvenation,  
Phoenix-like –  
Yet so the same.

## **This Side of the Atlantic**

by Edward O'Neill

On this side of the Atlantic  
Just one fourth of an acre  
Not enough to raise a panic  
Yet does, to all the Shakers  
A garden, planted out of season  
Sprung from a broken dream  
To nurture a seed beyond all reason  
On hope, if free to flourish, supreme

On that side of the Atlantic  
Where the sun also rises  
Stands an edifice, proud and titanic  
Power held in several guises  
So tall and oh so covetous  
Of even the light which falls through  
It shrouds that garden uproarious  
In shadow, for the best part of day, anew

And of the lanes of the Atlantic  
So many beyond imagination  
The vessels ply so frantic  
Journeys to unknown destinations  
Upon seeing both these shores  
A question, the question! O seer  
Released from their incessant chores  
To which side would they veer?



**WEEK EIGHT**

**WEEK EIGHT**

**WEEK EIGHT**

**WEEK EIGHT**

**WEEK EIGHT**



**Liberty Sq.**  
by Jonathan Ross

The world in miniature.  
Sparking the national conversation.  
It will spread like wildfire.

**Radical Librarian Love Poem (unfinished)**  
by Stephen Boyer  
*Dedicated to the magickal People's Library of Liberty Sq.*  
*Written in the library during the few weeks prior to its dismantling*

Sifting and sorting and stacking and resorting piles of books grouping books categorizing books labeling books renaming books reclaiming Ronald Regan titles so they'd fit into the QUEER section uploading ISB numbers online to librarything.com yelling into the wind the collective vision funneling upwards a frenetic frenzy a psychic cyclone billowing spirits a glow babbling forth a synergy of vibratory language bleeding rhythm the live feed continually sucking in the whole world watching burning banks taking streets and I won't remember the loves I've lost the loves I've given up the loves that have left me hysterical as I sort through bins of books sifting and stacking new editions on top of flimsy rain soaked paperbacks referencing Trotsky dripping shit smoldering poetic embers projecting astral rainbows I'm exhausted and want to sleep but do not not until the deep sleep in which wings sprout and the caterpillar becomes a butterfly not until shoulder blades are ready to take to the clouds and all around the crowd roaring unaware of the pages of books sticking together as Rev. Jesse Jackson takes up the natives arms defiantly dance around the tree of life swirling amongst the radiating light of the full moon permeating spiritual inertia teaching us to feel neither revolution nor systematic de-valuation this is hunger for the sake of rib bones beauty for now this is my mind wandering in search of my grandfather's spirit I want to tell him to tell me it's nice to be home that he knows I miss him I want my lover to cum back to tell me I'm worth trying for again I've never felt ownership of another's body and have shared mine with the hoard to gnaw and ravage so this newfound sentimental seizure has me in a precarious state an uncharted location guarded by sirens weeping rumors spinning tales of heartache and the incessant whispers though faint and fragile are enough to keep me whirling keep me looking out for dangers as I wonder what's becoming of my lover's body who is taking up the dreams and I step back into a pile of books to continue to sort and stack and re-sort the books forming a mountainous divide I want to stand up and pound my chest and spit blood I want to take a knife to my body I want to writhe in the horror of this capital and it seems to work at keeping me from feeling until I'm struck by a passage from a blurb and then I sneak off for a cigarette and as soon as touch the butt to my lips I remember the extension of your body electric causing my soul to spasm and I no longer know how to make our connection delicious instead of healing wounds my lover unbandaged my secrets to gawk and spread upon the sidewalk so it's back to sorting stacks of books dipping between the ever growing crowded park aware of its vibratory magnetic field yeilding psychedelic-transformative-cosmic-exploratory-energy offering just enough distortion just enough silver lining just enough of a glimpse out of this void this awakening to allow for me to let go

**The world is not what it once was**  
by Colin Keegan

The world is not what it once was.  
Our ancestors saw the twinkle of the stars at night,  
And the glow in the eyes of the animals staring back at the fire.  
In our nights now, we see the twinkle of the headlights bouncing back off the reflectors on the side of Route 9 as the speedometer passes 60 on our impatient drive home.  
We hear the semi downshift behind us and the static radio passing in and out of reception.  
We used to hear the owl and the crickets and the splash of falling water,  
But now we speed by too fast with the windows closed, wondering what it's all come to.  
What happened to the magic?  
This world of vision and imagination, spirits, guides, ghosts, and gods...  
...now seems so monotonous. We've explained too much, it seems, to still have any stake in the unknown.  
The shamans and the medicine women might as well be unicorns and leprechauns for all the myth we steep them in.  
But still we may now and again see a face in the reflections.  
They're watching still, as they always have.  
It is only us who have changed.  
The world speeds by us among the static and the headlights, but it is us who are speeding. We're hard to catch now, even though the eyes still stare back at the lights that usurped fire.  
But if we hit the breaks just long enough to hold their stare, we find ourselves familiar with the deer in the headlights.  
We are reminded of something.  
And as we enter the fog bank to emerge unscathed on the other side only moments later, we realize how easy it is to see so much more than our ancestors ever could.  
The fog enveloped them, while we pass through it. We can tell what is on the other side because we are already there. And as each passing tree becomes a subject met and parted, we find ourselves having become the shamans and the medicine women.  
It is a subtle thing to see the other side of now, but it makes all the difference.  
The world has changed, but that is all it's ever done.  
The eyes of the animals were once only reflected by the transient light of the moon. And the pair staring back at you right now is here representing an unbroken chain that stretches back to the tiny creature that first glimpsed our nighttime sun.  
To have this exchange with the animal and the moon, with the past and the future, is to rekindle the magic in the world.  
Our ancestors looked up and saw the stars and the planets. And now when our drive is done we look up to see the same.  
The configurations haven't changed much – except for the new lights in the sky – the two planes about to collide with Venus.  
But they pass right through the Morning Star.  
It is magic to behold the world where it is at – where it has come from and where it is going.  
We're along for the ride – same as we've always been, and as the fog settles in, the eyes lose us for a moment. All that's left is the stillness – and the sound of the crickets if you really listen.

## **Love Story**

by Masha Tupitsyn

Time is impossible. It's hard to get our heads around it. But I think about time all the time. I want



time these days like a person wants another person. I want New York City. The bygone one. The one you only see in old movies now. Especially movies from the 70s, where a city was a central character. A run-down character. Full of trash, cars painted primary colors—heat.

Maybe it's because the 70s is the decade I was born at the tail end of, like a zodiac sign. Brushed up against the edge of it, ships passing in the night. Me and the 70s. I was there and I wasn't there. Only now I want Los Angeles too, which, as a born New Yorker, had never really occurred to me before.

Los Angeles was never really real until one day, last November, I saw Thom Andersen's video essay *Los Angeles Plays Itself*, and then it was. Los Angeles, like someone I didn't notice until it was too late.

I want actors before the screen aged them, even though everyone is always aging, screen or no screen. Even me. Hence this thing about time. This thing about screens. Wanting time on and off other people, as well as myself, as though time were a fancy dress to put on, to take off.

Movies make me cry. Right now, good ones and bad ones. Everything makes me cry right now. People crying makes me cry. People I don't like, crying, makes me like them. Like when Jean-Claude Van Damme recently started crying in an interview, saying that he had "fucked up his life." That made me cry.

Everything and everyone and every city and everything and every time. I want to be 7. 10. 18, 19—still my favorite life number. I want love. Sometimes even old loves. I want the loves that came then mysteriously blew out like the tire in Brian De Palma's *Blow Out*. Then everything turns into noir. You investigate. Rewind. Rescind. Reconstruct.

You know something, then you don't. You have something. Then you don't.

When the tire blows out in *Blow Out* a nation ruptures, expires, and Jack Terry (John Travolta), a microcosm of that nation, goes careening.

I think my ex thinks—as Donald Berthelme notes in "Me and Miss Mandible"—"I am sorry to be the cause of her disillusionment, but I know that she will recover." How does he know this? The boyfriends that cause disillusionment are like leap years. A decade. They don't come every year. It takes a special kind of man to disillusion you.

The 70s were about disillusionment. You watched everything break down, then you faced it, asked questions, and decided whether you wanted to go on. Disillusionment in the 70s was the equivalent of mortality. Did you want the world to go on? Did you want to go on in the world?

In *Taxi Driver*, Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro), the disillusioned man par excellence, writes:

"Loneliness has followed me my whole life, everywhere: in bars, in cars, sidewalks, stores.

Everywhere." Bickle said this in the 70s.

But what if the stores, the bars, the streets, the people became so new, so perfect, so polished that everything—places, streets, people—became even lonelier than they were when they were poor, messy, broken, split. Empty. Because empty doesn't always mean empty. Before the 70s,

the city was a set, a fantasy. Fiction. The fiction covered up the facts. In the 70s, people had jobs and a social class.

I look at everything thinking: I didn't know it. Thinking: I could have. Thinking: I did. Thinking: I won't. I feel the way Travis feels, only Travis is psychotic and a man, and I don't know what I am. But this is a diary too.

If time—a time—has a mood, I am not in the mood for this one. After he made *Velvet Goldmine*, the filmmaker Todd Haynes said that the 70s were the last truly progressive decade. The last decade to show its seams.

Film—the screen—used to feel a lot quieter. Like there were breaths between the frames. Horizon. Digital means no breath. Digital means seamless. Means the image never shows. There is something about the way the 70s screen did things.

Did water.  
Did cities  
Did bodies.

Did people's faces like they weren't just something you picked up at the doctor's office. Even did a shark, still on the cusp of real and unreal. Machine and imagination. When they couldn't get the fake to run smoothly in *Jaws*, for example, they simply used the projected unconscious and conscious dread about what's underneath the surface of the water, which is real.

In the 70s, Hollywood actors often wore clothes to the Oscars (scarf, jacket, rumped blouse) that people wear on their way to the store for milk. An actor could be mistaken for being a person. The 70s did dissolution, which the decade admitted to. That falling apart is not glossy and a city doesn't always look pretty or expensive while you do it.

Trust was an issue in the 70s—we stopped trusting—police, politicians, government, media, capitalism. Trust had to be earned, rebuilt and replaced with something else. Something new. The 70s were both an end and a beginning. Then the 80s came and got rid of things like endings. Things like new beginnings. "Is it safe?" the infamous Nazi war criminal Szell asks Dustin Hoffman repeatedly in *Marathon Man* just before he drills into Hoffman's unanesthetized tooth. "No," Hoffman finally succumbs (realizes), "It's not safe."

When Jill Clayburg died last year, film critic Ty Burr wrote an article about her and called her a 70s actress. "It was the 70s," writes Burr, "and we didn't trust glamour gods just then." And computers weren't skin. The skin of skin. The skin of an image. The skin of life.

**Soon Enough**  
by Walter Worden

Forgive in this hour all false  
prophets. Forget the repeated  
parables of antiquity.  
There is no answer. Place no  
credence in the expanded

exaggerations of cloistered  
clergymen. Do not be  
confused about the hard  
belief in what is always  
spoken. Do not mourn the  
scholars in their towered lairs or the  
dispossessed in their dream states.  
Do not be concerned with the  
random thoughts that arrive  
daily at the most inopportune  
moments like bottle flies  
alighting on the wedding table.  
Do not praise too much the reluctant hero.  
Do not dawdle over the lack of neatness.  
The king and his generals will soon  
restore order. The armies will be  
returned to the field. The streets  
will again be swept and hosed .  
Soon enough the gates will be  
closed and the last remaining wise man  
sent marching to the hills. Soon  
enough the ignorant will be enthroned,  
hallowed and perfumed.  
Soon enough they will burn the libraries.

### **All of Us**

by Julie Hart

"To see ourselves as others see us"  
Unwounded, unbowed  
A white man standing in a world  
Where everything is given to him  
Or so it seems to those  
Unwhite  
Unmale  
Unrich  
UnAmerican  
Unused to First World safety  
Of eating at the table rather than  
Settling for the scraps that happen to fall  
When the well-seated talk with their  
Mouths full.  
I see your pain and wonder at it  
After all, you have everything,  
Everything and more  
All that the ninety percent would be happy to have  
Yet you are unsatisfied.  
Why, now that you've got yours

Does the world not fall to its knees  
In gratitude, break out in peaceful  
Hosannahs, make you feel better by quieting  
Now, now that you are free?  
That world that will not conform to your  
Utopianism, also can not see the pound  
Of flesh extracted from you, from all of us  
Seated at that long and laden table  
Poor little rich men, all of us.

We were all at one time far closer to the abattoir  
Knew viscerally that our hunger not only could be,  
But must be, assuaged by the flesh of another.  
What Hitler, or Idi Amin, or corporate CEO did not  
Learn from his father, and he from his father before him,  
How to harm those weaker than they, eat them if need be.

There is no life that is wholly defensible.  
Who has not eaten out of turn, spoken out of turn,  
Turned and taken from the heaped up prizes  
Out of turn.  
We are all living  
On sufferance,  
Keeping ourselves alive  
At someone else's expense,  
Invisibly, somewhere, somehow.  
But if not us, then another.  
We can not all sacrifice ourselves  
Nor require another's sacrifice.  
All of us on that knife's edge  
Between taking and  
Giving  
Too much.

**for occupy wall street and all 99%...**  
by Sally Sense

we gave you a taste...  
and you don't wanna waste...  
us filthy rich...  
we gave you a taste...  
and you don't wanna waste...  
us filthy rich...  
we'll dig your grave...  
as you engrave...  
your life to the bitter stone...  
and there's nothin' you can do...  
'cause you can't stand alone...

when we take your buck...  
and you're outta luck...  
remember you can't stand alone...  
we'll be diggin' your grave...  
as you engrave...  
your life to the bitter stone...

"oh no you won't you rich elite!...  
we're the 99%!...  
here to occupy your wall street!...  
for all your greed that steals and cheats!...  
you leave millions of us needing...  
brand new fair and square receipts!" ...

it's up to you...  
still your money's due...  
to us filthy rich...  
it's up to you...  
still your money's due...  
to us filthy rich...  
we'll keep you poor...  
as you endure...  
your life to the bitter stone...  
and there's nothin' you can do...  
'cause you can't stand alone...  
when we pass your buck...  
and you're outta luck...  
remember you can't stand alone...  
we'll be keepin' you poor...  
as you endure...  
your life to the bitter stone...

"oh no you won't you rich elite!...  
we're the 99%!...  
here to occupy your wall street!...  
for all your greed that steals and cheats!...  
you leave millions of us needing...  
brand new fair and square receipts!" ...

your day has come...  
your duty's been done...  
to us filthy rich...  
your day has come...  
your duty's been done...  
to us filthy rich...  
we've used your time...  
to help define...  
your life to the bitter stone...  
'twas nothin' you could do...

'cause you couldn't stand alone...  
a debt's been paid...  
as you are laid...  
to rest with those so all alone...  
a name's engraved you...  
as a slave...  
to life with the bitter stone!...

"oh no it didn't you rich elite!...  
we're the 99%!...  
here to occupy your wall street!...  
for all your greed that steals and cheats!...  
you leave millions of us needing...  
brand new fair and square receipts!"...

**occupy finding...**  
by Sally Sense

for corporate greed to be so brutal...  
it keeps its human eyes closed...  
so they can't see most people!...  
using paper note blindfolds...  
with holes to view profits...  
when common good doesn't exist...  
it's the common good who must stop this!...

**corporate greed banking...**  
by Sally Sense

corporate greed banks on investment's unconcern for false gain...  
sidetracking the status quo with shareholder ideas of compliance...  
while buying up unjustness to try taking rebellion off the exchange...  
unaware that its acts of unfairness solidify its inequity's own defiance!...

~~~

(for those that speak against this movement...
whose bottom line strives to help 99%!...
your excuses become superficial exclusions...
whether wealthy yourself or nursing greed's discontent!)...

corporate greed's earthly hurtfulness...
by Sally Sense

it's corporate greed that we need to stop!...
to keep it from killing more millions of people!...
whether profit through war or hurting earth's resources!...

or the jobless or sick or poor left from its deals!...

~~~

(and if it's illegal to place encumbrances on the public's right of way...  
then the obstructions that block representativeness and rights of the 99%...  
which corporate greed unfairly bought up and erected for its own sake...  
must first be removed now to allow for common good's re-entrance!)

#### **mayor's affairs...**

by Sally Sense

there's too many wall street ties now in the big apple's town hall...  
look at the mayor's conflict-of-interest-board picks for example...  
hence why he isn't under scrutiny for some questionable pals?...  
why do high ethical standards defend backdate dismissals?...  
or testify at hearings to support work furthering one's group?...  
or be a noted ex-lobbyist who'd put forbidden influence in use?...  
or a non-profit's board member when contracts and charity help too?...  
and this from just one area of mayoral administration with who knows who?...

#### **self-critique helpfulness...**

by Sally Sense

perhaps the best opinions...  
aren't those directed solely at others...  
as if viewpoints are mainly reserved for spectators...  
filling the stands and telling protestors how to go about things...  
but rather the determinations steered head-on at our own selves instead...  
showing each of us the hypocrisy of what we're doing...  
when we're not really doing anything!

#### **O W S**

by Gus Franza

*Moriches, NY*

days weeks months years he's watched the rape of his class a slow steady  
rape not a whambamthankyoumam rape initiated most recently the 80s by  
the hollywood ham the velvetvoicedvirtuoso of general electric who brought  
down hahah the soviet onion hahah and watched us stew but now we the  
hopeless helpless vulnerable feeble and impotent are watching OWS flex and  
it's exciting and it's about time it's about time when you think how  
we've been disappointed by this country outraged just goddamn outraged  
and insulted like a fucking russian novel by dostoy the latest crises beginning  
with our I say 'our' I don't mean 'our' hubristic behavior starting with the  
fall and collapse of the soviet onion peeled to the last sliver in 1999 and the

u.s. muck-a-mucks the power that exist never give up why it means status pulling the same hubris routine that's been pulled by the powerful across the millennia just recall GWBush's coup-troops stealing the 2000 election that's when this particular downfall began right there and then some people blaming nader for taking votes away from gore others bill clinton for his raging dick but it didn't matter GWBush's coup-troops pulled a coup stole the election in fla and the supreme court stamped the steal approving it and that's america for you and what were you doing asshole through all of this? watching commercials and shopping you see how it works it all works together and the GWBush's coup-troops went to work gobbling up clinton's surpluses filling their pockets instead of ours spending it on themselves in a holy \$ wars which were actually planned by the neo-cons in '98 and holy moly what luck the wtc came crashing down on 9/11 a gift from heaven just what they wanted and needed and prayed for in their bellicose bellies and rants a provocation and what were you doing all the time you asshole sitting on the deck reading john ashbery's poetry which is pretty damn good neosurrealism if i can say so as we go off the tracks we i don't mean 'we' that's our training, the propaganda we're fed all our days by corporations which are now called people went with GWBush's coup-troops lying about wmds in Iraq murdering idon'tknowhowmanyiraqis just to prove and reinforce their imperial creds and GWBush's coup-troops took over with and abetted by led by governed by the pistolpacking tightassed wyomist cow boy Dick gorging themselves on war and profit dampening any hope that the 21st century could or might be different saying you're an asshole if you think their way show us a century without boiling conflict murder and war and we'll give you a year in disneyland with a bevy of our ladies of the evening and as for your personal life what is it when you come down to it when you go down on it your life is made comfortable by two centuries of 'our' imperialism leaving behind two thirds of the human race but are they really behind or is it us who are damaged? no need to keep toting up this short century so far we're all in it we try to keep our eyes open but fail because of all the toys steve job's given us (you, them) the einstein of our times the galileo of our times the henry ford of our times razzamatazz whatever everyone's playing with themselves organizing their little techno tricks well you are too in your backward way (radio lps old movies) even while you read baudrillard bataille foucault who blow things apart a real double play unit short/second/first if ever and what has that done for you what in second hell are you doing watching antonioni who said i film nothing or is it zuccotti park where the brave are struggling trying to well what? bring things together reduce corp. power achieve fairness restore the american dream (george carlin said you have to be asleep to believe in the american dream) revive the middle class which GWBush's coup-troops buried under the trash of their cash all the way up to 'our' sex scandals and who'sthemoststupidpolit scandals and you're hanging on for dear life and along comes OWS as the tea party fades into oblivion hey don't count your chickens since you don't know where the sarahpalin is squatting at the moment picking up tips from the irs cia mgm and newscorp and you you stop playing with yourself is this the beginning of the end I can see it in your smile and everything you do but you're afraid to tell me that we're



through but I can tell by looking at you this is the beginning of the end  
why just because that cop is flashing his baton in your face doesn't he know  
you're unemployed like his brother harry don't harry me he'll say harry's a  
bum so i have no sympathy for harry take that you scumbag see what i've  
learned since the century began i don't care for nobody except my own and  
harry's not my own my ass we're in this together so burn baby burn and  
now barry is behaving like GWBush the grand emir of our troubles and his  
Dick and coup-troops and now with barry oh trapped by the grand emir and  
his outrageous moral follies and tentacles sending marines to australia while  
the disarming army exits iraq get the joke? he's trapped by the m/i complex  
and big business &'s now rejected the proposal to tighten standards to cut  
the nation's smog you think that's a minor thing? cough-cough pollution's  
the ruination of us and shots have been fired at the w h while bloomingdale  
is outrageously impossibly unstoppably like never before but even mario  
monti can't fix italy and turn things around who can? annex it to goldman  
sacks the sackers of us like rome was at z. park where you can make drug  
connections and get laid says the right wing shorn hammertoes and you  
can have a caramel brulee' latte and hit to right if you can and bear gross  
gingrich and christie's selling liz taylor's underwear washed or not so you  
see the whole game has been rigged (again) by the likes of GWBush's coup-  
troops and Dick they've stamped the century with blood the shameless shits  
& what have you been doing all along? you in an uproar over your football  
team you impressed with geo clooney's looks and the latest longlegged  
fashion model's supermarriage you actually reading about the reopening of  
the natalie wood drowning on a yacht called splendor they were arguing  
fiercely and you are actually reading about it now as you read about it in  
1981 when you should have been attacking that swine reagan for firing the  
air traffic controllers which was the beginning of the conservatives'  
decimation of labor unions that helped you and your father you distracted by  
the corporations' massive propaganda to keep you distracted and you sucker  
for buying it ask yourself have you ever been on a yacht like splendor have  
the drugs they have the looks like these beautiful movie bimbos have? what  
are you doing to your mind paying attention to these useless inept people?  
why do you allow it? I'll tell you why the corporations are stronger than  
you smarter than you they have everything over you and you suck it up  
while everybody talks about american exceptionalism rah-rah-rah but I'll tell  
you this it's changing the myth of exceptionalism is waning pessimism is  
growing the vaunted american optimism is in deep shit thanks to goldman  
sacks and co you're being sacked and Occupy Wall Street beautiful dammit  
beautiful is being led by the very people who know what a hole hole? pit  
they're in they've got nothing to lose anymore so watch out lay off the porn  
for a while don't smoke that dope keep alert for the coming kickback  
bashback blowback explosion

### **Otherwise Occupied**

by Joy Al-Sofi

HK 11/22/11

When they crucify the poets  
then you know what a  
word is worth

### **Simple Pleasures**

by David Dominick

*Occupy Boise, ID.*

A comfort found during a dreary day,  
is seeking the heart's desires come what may.  
Those things in life only purchased with a smile,  
perchance you find walking that extra mile.

Thoughts of love that open new joys,  
which are found amongst mankind's ploys.  
Multitudes of options found along the way,  
simple things beckoning the soul's light to play.

Blundering through myriad temptations that dull one's senses,  
clouding the mind's eye view of things through dirty lenses.  
The colors of a rainbow no longer excites pleasure,  
not absorbing nature's ways in equal measure.

Relaxing with nothing to do during the mad rush,  
brings feelings of guilt from societies' lust.  
Heaving a sigh by walking your own path,  
leaves a mark on the world, though it may bring wrath.

Dozing on a grassy hillside under the sunshine's stare,  
seems trite amongst mankind's cares.  
Finding one's true self betwixt the chaos,  
simply living free and easy, one is not lost.

### **War Poems**

by Stephen Sartarelli

II

We'd been talking so long  
of how big it all seemed,  
how impossible to speak of  
as a whole.

Little wonder the world  
turned away overnight.

The surrounding space

folded up on itself  
as if loving a vacuum,  
made a box of the unending moment,  
collapsible ad infinitum.

*Here I am, it said,  
yours to disappear in your arms.*

### III

It's years now  
our comfort dissolved  
right under our eyes.

No telling when  
we'll find another darkness  
to call home.

We fight alone now  
and far from the garden we go

long past the time  
when the sun and the rain  
made our days

long past the stars  
that we wish in the sky,  
the path we desire  
to desire alone,

the palace of flesh  
once a bread-oven,  
a flowering plain,  
a town on a hill.

### IV

As if we could make more than life,  
unseed the fruit  
and still see it blossom—

ground ever turning  
to gold from the grain,

paper-bred mud  
of the self-feeding pile—

wrinkle the darkness  
strike old earth for new

ghosts from the shattering  
stone of the desert

feast in the green light  
of mineral fires

hail to the fool's spawn  
spinning the wheel

call it creation, God's will,  
make hay of cowbones,

turn it all to account,  
proceed to the organized kill,

make day of darker night still

**from Seasons of Mars**

by Stephen Sartarelli

*published in New Arcadia Review, vol. 4, 2010*

The Bear rests over the ocean,  
sheers far from the Dog Star.

The Bear rests on mind-blossoms,  
holds the Seven Sisters captive

as love and beauty flee  
behind the sun.

Babylon falls upon Babylon,  
new death upon old,

as if to sever the day  
from time's loom.

The conquering angel  
leaves no Palmyra in his wake

but only spirits splendor  
away from the water,  
strikes deep inside  
the planet's core,

far from our broken thoughts.

His monument shall be

the rift in the air.

**le mur**

by Lois Jammes

le mur est tombé  
c'était en quatre-vingt-neuf  
viva ont-ils tous crié  
à l'aube d'un monde neuf

réel ou virtuel  
le sordide est reconstruit  
se dressant entre homme et ciel  
il défie autrui

de Schengen au Mexique  
rampe ce serpent tragique  
l'argent se terre dans ses forteresses  
de visas ou de briques

son ciment est la peur  
sa fonction l'exclusion  
en Israël Corée ou ailleurs  
à son pied... on meurt !

**The People's Peace**

by John A. Holmes

1943

Days into years, the doorways worn at sill,  
Years into lives, the plans for long increase  
Come true at last for men of God's good will:  
These are the things we mean by saying, Peace.  
Not scholar's calm, nor gift of church or state,  
Nor everlasting date of death's release;  
But the careless noon, the houses lighted late,  
Harvest and holiday: the people's peace.

Peace is the mind's old wilderness cut down  
In a wider nation than our fathers dreamed.  
Peace is the main street in a country town;  
Our children named; our fathers' lives redeemed.  
The people's peace is ours, and who says No?  
Green leaves and landscape; folly, danger, sleep,  
And obvious hurt, and the joy that does not show,  
Are sometime any man's to take, to keep.

The peace not past our understanding falls  
Like light on the old soft white tablecloth  
At winter supper warm between four walls,  
A thing too simple to be tried as truth.  
Having it never made a man to die,  
And it asks of no man what he might do.  
Why is the people's peace in danger? Why?  
Who living hates it? Who would destroy it? Who?

**The Chicago Senator Recently Elevated**  
by David Bolduc

The bumper sticker summed you best:  
*Different president. Same corporation.*

**Declaration**  
by David B. Maas

I am an American. I have the right to life. I have the right to liberty. I have the right to pursue happiness. I am free to seek my needs and wants by any means I please. I have the right to smile. I have the right to clean my plate. I have the right to feed my car and my kids and kiss my spouse and help around the house. I have the right to pay rent and spend what is left on whatever else we need.

I am an American. I have the right to support stores that exploit their workers. I have the right to buy foreign made products at bigbox chains with employees in chains. I have the right to a limited selection of singleserve processed crap. I have the right to become obese and unhealthy. I have the right to help Big Pharma sleep at night.

I have the right to skimp on prevention and mend the symptom. I have the right for medical professionals to render emergency aid. I have the right for other Americans to be bled by bloated tax premiums. They have the right to call me racial epithets that don't apply to me.

I have the right to keep myself alive. No assisted suicide. It's a crime to let myself die. I have the right to take a pill to mask my ill. I have the right to linger indefinitely in crippling physical condition.

I am an American. I have the right to survive but not the right to thrive. I have the right to live but not the right to die. I have the right to exist with or without good health. I have the right to skimp on prevention and mend the symptom. I am free to seek my needs and wants by any means I please.

I have the right to reach for money I can't reach in order to have more rights I can't afford. I have the right to spend my every dime and get no warranty. I have the right to waste my time crying on the 1-800 line.

Hello, my name is Juana. My name is Ling. My name is Cletus. We are Americans.

I am an American, which means I am America. In order to form a more perfect union, we claimed the right to revolution.

We claimed the right to slaughter the Natives. We claimed the right to deceive the Spanish. We claimed the right to the Arabian sandbox, to play petroleum hopscotch, to turn our backs on the Kurds, to fill the world with empty words. They were not Americans.

We had the right to give women the right to vote in exchange for equal pay. We had the right to

purchase Africans, then free them on forty hollow promises.

Hello, my name is Malcolm. Hello, my name is Martin. We are Americans.

We had—we have the right to make nuclear weapons available to rogue states and keep the security business the business of job security.

We have the right to enlist in an army with the equipment it has, not the equipment it needs. We have the right to be injured because body armor is less essential than no-bid contractors subcontracting no-fly airport contacts. My only regret is that I have but one life to give for Halliburton.

We have the right to be corporations when we grow up. *Soylent corporations is people!*

Corporations have the right to speak the language of cash. Corporations have the right to program robots called senators and representatives, presidents and justices. Justice for the corporation! *If you can persevere when the grassroots have outspent you, then you are a corporation, my son.*

We have the right to exclude local interest by exclusive contract. We have the right to turn capitalism into a shell game. We can play monopoly. We have the right to free parking. We can fix prices. (Poor broken prices!) We have the right to trade inside and reach-around and squeeze the free out of enterprise.

# ♪♪ *Once I built a car plant, ran it sound, earned my fortune and clout. Once I drove a car plant to the ground, Uncle Sammy had to bail me out.*

*Once I was a realtor.*

*Once I was a banker.* ♪♪

We have the right to squander our savings on oilbath orgies for prison profiteers and insurance tycoons.

We have the right to teach prescription youth in failing schools doomed to budget blackouts and portable rooms.

We have the right to piss in every stream. We have the right to trade in patented genes. We have the right to sleep through the screams and never see the American Dream.

We have the right to remain small, but we always have the right to our voice. We have the right to worship the mythological gods of our choice. We have the right to compose a long boring poem and bitch in front of a live audience.

We have the right to write letters to the editor and complain about the pain.

We have the right to scribble signs and whistle in the rain.

We have the right to climb on our rooftops made of shingles made in China and nails made in Malaysia, all put together by construction workers made in Mexico. We have the right to point our faces toward a gray polluted sky and cup our withered fingers to our weary mouths and cry, “We are Americans. We have the right to life. We have the right to liberty. We have the right to pursue happiness. We are free to seek our needs and wants by any means we please? Oh, please. We have the right to survive but not the right to thrive. We have the right to live but not the right to die. We have the right to exist with or without good health. We have the right to skimp on prevention and mend the symptom. We have the right to linger indefinitely in crippling physical condition.

We are Americans. We have the right to clean our plates because we cannot keep them full. We have the right to dirty parks and dilapidated schools. We have the right to be banned from the public insurance pool. We have the right to leave our souls in mass graves in Kabul. We have the right to ignore the Golden Rule, to be a nation of fools, mass media tools who believe all kinds of bull.

We are Americans

and we have the right to be outraged.

We hold this truth to be self-evident: That all people are created deserving of respect. Whenever

any form of government becomes destructive of that end, we have the right to buck the system.  
If we are being fucked, we have the right to fuck back.  
Of the sacrifices made in 234 years, we have never given up our right to revolution.”

# ♪♪

*Note: musical portion based on the tune of “Brother Can You Spare a Dime”.*

## **OCCUPY**

by Frederick Leatherman

We decide  
what matters.  
We lead  
but we are leaderless.  
We act  
and wait for no one to save us.  
We save ourselves.  
Sometimes a drop  
sometimes a tsunami,  
we are everywhere and we are nowhere.  
National boundaries do not separate us;  
Language does not separate us;  
Religion does not separate us;  
Skin color does not separate us.  
Anything that separates us,  
we go around  
wear it down  
disappear it.  
We are becoming . . .  
there is no force in the universe that can stop us.  
we are an idea taking form  
We are becoming . . .  
Birthing a new world  
No one imagined a year ago.  
We are becoming . . .  
Let he who doubts the power in a drop of water  
leap into the Grand Canyon.  
In the beginning there was the word.  
We know that word today:  
OCCUPY.

## **Mic-Check**

### **MIC-CHECK**

by Frederick Leatherman

*Author's note: After Obama slithers back to the United States from his free-trade sellout of the 99% on behalf of the 1%, he should be welcomed at his first public appearance with the following:*

Mic-Check;



**MIC-CHECK!**

I want to be very clear  
**I WANT TO BE VERY CLEAR**  
in calling upon the Egyptian authorities  
**IN CALLING UPON THE EGYPTIAN AUTHORITIES**  
to refrain from any violence  
**TO REFRAIN FROM ANY VIOLENCE**  
against peaceful protesters .  
**AGAINST PEACEFUL PROTESTERS**  
The people of Egypt  
**THE PEOPLE OF EGYPT**  
have rights that are universal.  
**HAVE RIGHTS THAT ARE UNIVERSAL.**  
That includes the right to peaceful assembly and association,  
**THAT INCLUDES THE RIGHT TO PEACEFUL ASSEMBLY AND ASSOCIATION,**  
the right to free speech,  
**THE RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH,**  
and the ability to determine their own destiny.  
**AND THE ABILITY TO DETERMINE THEIR OWN DESTINY.**  
These are human rights.  
**THESE ARE HUMAN RIGHTS.**  
And the United States  
**AND THE UNITED STATES**  
will stand up for them everywhere .  
**WILL STAND UP FOR THEM EVERYWHERE.**  
Mr. President  
**MR. PRESIDENT**  
Put your money  
**PUT YOUR MONEY**  
where your mouth is.  
**WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS.**

**Vast Amounts of Time**  
by Frederick Leatherman

Stunned by thunder out of the sun  
A woman wearing a hooded black shawl  
Kneels and wails  
Weeping bloody dew.  
She clutches a slippery chunk of bone and flesh  
All that is left.  
Her child or her husband?  
Both were laughing a moment ago.  
Waiting at the gate.  
He was reaching toward his father to pick him up.  
Now they ride the shoulders of shadows,  
Somewhere . . .

Their bodies silenced, seared and shredded by drones.  
There will be no hungry bellies to feed tonight  
Only pain  
And time  
Vast amounts of time  
To paint her dreams with tears.

### **Sycophant King**

by Frederick Leatherman

He favors tailored navy blue suits that look exactly the same  
And white shirts decorated with solid silk ties  
Perfectly pinched below the Gordian knot  
That binds him to the land of Mordor where the shadows lie.  
He majored in deception and has picked many a pocket clean  
Wearing his practiced smile of starched white teeth  
Flashing like a strobe in an after hours club.  
He reached the top the old fashioned way –  
Kissing ass  
Taking credit for other people's ideas  
Daggering them with whispers made of lies.  
No one knows what he really thinks and neither does he  
Because he thinks like the people he seeks to please.  
Now that he's reached the top there is nothing left to steal  
No one with whom to share a thought  
Only angry ghosts seeking revenge.  
Who shall shed a tear  
For the sycophant king?

### **Bullhorn**

by Veronica Spinharney

an unadorned worked hand  
warn and thin skinned  
gestures for the heavy horn  
grips the thick handled  
powered amplifier in rage  
and pumps fisted muscles  
swelling fingers blood red  
and blackening the blue arm veins  
dirty and bruised  
a manly manifestation

the bullhorn positioned  
45 degrees skyward  
bulges the wrist tendons white

in a deliberate extension  
to the open jaws  
primal screams bugle  
the claim of grandmother  
shattering the festive drums  
in protest and wrath  
telling the story of our time  
of social injustice,  
corporate corruption  
and stolen democracy  
of hungry children  
and lost tomorrows

"I love my country and I love  
my American brothers and sisters"  
she anguished  
revealing her vulnerability  
illuminating the common story  
enlightening the attendance  
uniting the crowd  
"If we don't put aside our differences  
And take back  
the power of governing  
by the people for the people  
we will be refugees tomorrow  
and our children will be slaves  
as we are becoming now,  
this is not anger talking  
this is fact  
this is why we are here today"

**Let Us Now Praise Famous Bankers ...?**  
by Wesley Parish

Shall I compare thee to Antarctic night?  
Thou art less lovely and less temperate.  
Blizzards do shake th' Emp'ror rookeries of May,  
And winter's lease is all too grim a plight.  
Oftimes too long the eye of heaven hides,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed:  
Though every foul to fair sometimes evolves  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
But thy eternal winter shall not warm,  
Nor lose control of what little fair thou own'st  
And thou shalt brag Death skulketh in thy shade,  
When in eternal files of time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can bribe, or eyes won't see,  
So long lives this, and this brings death to me.

**Me and Lary N. Gitis Occupying**

by Mystere

*Minneapolis, Minnesota*

I lost my voice when I came to New York to meet you.  
Thought it was God urging me to listen.

So I heard your sweetness, felt your vibrance and saw your poetry.

My voice was pounding in my heart with yours.

**Occupying Jesus**

by John Auer

*For Lee & Arlene*

Millennia ago  
Radical roots-seeking movement  
Growing within, around, out from  
Unknown preacher/teacher/feeder/healer  
Untrusted source of Nazareth.

Essentially uncredentialed  
Surrounded by many unlikely, unkempt, inept,  
Even a few unruly, this Nazarene calling  
Folks from their jobs, families, homes  
To occupy Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria,  
The Roman Empire, even the Ends of the Earth.

Improvised being, doing, witness, action each day  
Freed from appearances  
Plans, agendas, strategies, goals, coercions, forces  
Even visible means of support!  
Nothing but sandals, cloak, walking stick  
Depending on kindness of strangers wherever they roam  
Questioning everything, subverting all dominant paradigms,  
Proclaiming in word and deed  
"You have heard it was said of old . . . But I say unto you!"  
Turning all things outside-in and downside-up!

Uninterested, uninvested in trappings of prestige and power  
Spirit-led movement pointing way to but through Jesus  
Fulfilling prophetic promises embodied in enduring image:  
Jubilee! Forgiveness of sin and debt! Restoration to right relations!  
Kingdom of God! Good news to the poor! Liberation to the oppressed!  
And to the One Percent something about  
A camel just passing through a needle's eye.

Movement withstanding harassment, ridicule, persecution, arrest  
Causing wise old critic on Ruling Council's warning in effect  
Keep away from them, let them alone;  
If this undertaking is of human origin, it will fail;  
But if it is Bigger Than That, nothing you do will stop it.

## **BABY LOVE**

by Cynthia Andrews

They say that Times Square is the center  
Of the world, but it isn't. The  
Center of the world is really where  
The Jackson Five learned their first  
Dance steps and Michael hit his first  
High note, and Diana Ross & the  
Supremes got their first of many  
Gold records and Smoky Robinson  
Made me cry with his "smoky"  
Love songs, and Marvin Gaye changed  
Music (and the world a little) with  
"What's Goin' On." It's where  
Houses lie vacant now and yards grow  
Weeds instead of children, and is  
Easily mistaken to be a war  
Zone in a Third World country, where  
Every idea, every feeling and every last  
Dollar come together to die or live  
Like raging engines in the night,  
Or pathetic, half-built models  
Of what a car should be, lying  
Dormant in a factory with an echo. It's  
Where Michael Moore who makes brilliant,  
Quirky films of happy town and happy pay-  
Checks and happy work, coming back home  
To unhappy ghost-town; where blessed poet  
Philip Levine tells of beauty through mediocrity  
Of everyday men, who now don't exist there;  
Where Wall Street, commerce and the "economic  
Downturn" are just empty words at dinner  
Time; where everything seems unreal and grown  
Men sob like babies in the street for lost  
Pensions, while oddly enough, their former bosses are  
Increasing profits every day at their expense.

**treasured notes\* / freedom from fleeced**  
by Thomas Paine II

What is freedom from fleeced by a lie?  
What's got two words more money can't buy?  
Will you die without holding one high?  
Will you die without wondering why?  
What skips over a blue and white sky?  
What dear dainties disdain dandies' dye?  
What charm disarms an old-fashioned spy?  
What awakes a sweet suffragette's sigh?  
What is seen between curtains of green?  
What makes light of bright bombs bursts by night?  
What can make poor men happily cry?  
What glints in great-great-grandfather's eye?  
It's got two words more money can't buy!  
They spell freedom from fleeced by a lie!  
Will you die without holding one high?  
Will you die without wondering why?

---

\* **Treasured Notes** on YouTube answers each line. The notes treasured are real **United States** note, aka Lincoln's "Greenback." New York bankers insisted that U.S. paper money would prove worthless, and offered to buy the then losing and bankrupt government's bonds only at a 36% discount. The public money option saved the Union, and outraged the humiliated bankers, who had overplayed their hand. In covering our backs, Abe made his a target.

Current **Federal Reserve** notes are green, labeled "**United States**," and Treasury-signed so as to capture and conceal our catastrophically catatonic *gratis* servility to usurer's monopoly-money. Without the commodity reserves that in Lincoln's days arguably rendered bank-notes superior to public currency, the bank-owned FED by private fiat issues its own notes (which it pays the Treasury 4 cents to print) and, in vastly greater amounts, digital money. This cash is provided to private banks as discounted loans. The government must compete to borrow money in the open market.

Check out: [themoneymasters.com/](http://themoneymasters.com/) & [webofdebt.com/](http://webofdebt.com/) & **Treasured Notes** on YouTube

**these are the times / it takes a greenback**  
by Tom Paine II

These are the days for rebels to raise  
a glass or three.  
*The next round's free.*  
These are the nights, the licks and the lights.  
Just you and me.  
*Safe as can be.*  
These are the times of subprime subprimes,  
of cheats that knew  
of courts that knew  
*of cheats that knew*  
*of COURTS THAT KNEW!*  
This is the beat that drums out deceit.  
Can I hear you?

*Is your pitch true?*  
 These are the times that try sainted souls.  
 'Dear' Wall Street 'soles'.  
 'Poor' Wall Street 'soles'.  
 This is the time for spit not to shine  
 a shoe of holes.  
*Ain't got no soles.*  
 A shoe of holes?  
 A HOLEY SHOE THAT STEPS ON YOU!  
 A HOLEY SHOE THAT STEPS ON YOU!  
 A HOLEY SHOE THAT STEPS ON YOU!  
 Holy, Moly!  
 YAHOO! YAHOO!  
 Whose holey shoe?  
 Gods by gold made!  
 Paid to be paid!  
 Whose holey shoe?  
 Loose dogs degrade!  
 Helicopters cool aid!  
 Whose holey shoe?  
 Bluecoats betrayed!  
 By greenbacks saved!  
 Whose holey shoe?  
 Honest Abe slayed!  
 U. S. enslaved!  
 Whose holey shoe?  
 Same old Who's Who!  
 Same bonus, you!  
 Liberty chimes. Equality rhymes.  
 No matter who:  
*a dolla' a screw.*  
 One suck a buck put'a pox on Fort Knox:  
 Long gone the gold  
*we never sold.*  
 High is the time. We're sinking in slime.  
 Boys, rescue me!  
 I chopped the tree!  
**BRING BACK [clap!] THE GREENBACK!**  
**BRING BACK [clap!] THE GREENBACK!**  
**BRING BACK [clap!] THE GREENBACK TRUE!**  
 Yes, I'm telling you:  
**BRING BACK THE GREENBACK TRUE!**  
 Yes, I'm telling you:  
**NO DEBT! NO INT'REST! WOO-HOO!**  
 Yes, I'm telling you:  
 One is ten is –  
*One is ten is –*  
**ONE IS TEN IS**  
 Nine *Nine NINE*

Oh! Oh! O-**VERDUE!**

These are the days for rebels to raise  
a glass or three.

*The next round's free.*

These are the nights, the licks and the lights.

Just you and me.

*Safe as can be.*

Just you and me.

*Closer to Thee.*

Just you and me.

*Sweet harmony.*

*Sweet harmony.*

Just you and me...

*Just you and me...*

*Just you and me...*

**Greenbacks.** Real “Greenbacks” were the short-lived public money option that saved the Union – and outraged bankers who had refused to finance the war. In honestly covering our backs, Abe made his a target. Today’s “greenbacks” bear a doubly false label: *Federal Reserve* note. They are green, labeled “*United States*,” and Treasury-signed so as to capture and conceal our catastrophically catatonic, *gratis* servility to private bankers’ monopoly-money. The Fed’s governing board is presidentially appointed, but only from a narrowly and privately defined pool. The Fed (and its member banks, by fractional banking–see below) have the exclusive and legally independent authority to decide how much money is in circulation, and to whom it is first loaned – by printing it, or by creating it in digital accounts, for purposes that recently included buying at face value (i.e. giving its owner-member banks) several *trillion* dollars for the bad loans made by its owner-member banks.

**Official Policy of Monetary Servitude.** The \$700 billion TARP money is the relatively small amount that the government spent, *after borrowing it on the open market*, thus adding nothing to the overall money supply, while racking up debt and interest payments, so as to give it back to the very banks that the Fed was already (and much more) massively creating free money for. Ludicrously, rather than loaning to small businesses, these banks are free to and now prefer to loan the TARP money back to the government, by buying government bonds on the open market. So surges the national debt, *without helping anyone but bankers*. When Uncle Sam needs dollars, it *borrows* them – usually by selling Treasury bonds on the open market, requiring repayment plus interest at market rates over which the Fed has substantial control. The Fed not only buys treasuries directly, it is ultimately the supplier of all the dollars that buy Treasury bonds. (The Fed pays the Treasury 4 cents a bill, for printing.) The inflationary effect of money created by the Fed would be *exactly* the same as if created by the U.S. Without changing the amount of money in circulation, merely by creating/printing “United States” notes instead of “Federal Reserve” notes, those notes could not only be spent in *exactly* the same way by the government, but even (when given to banks) in a *vastly better* way. They could be directly allocated to small businesses, through banks or by direct spending, according to real public priorities, and *all without public debt or interest to pay!* Today, the government cannot ease consumer credit by giving banks more money. It borrows at interest the very money that it gives to be loaned, thus accruing more debt, without adding one dollar to the money supply. And the money that the government borrowed is in fact *removed* from circulation!

**The Real Gold Standard.** Forget the gold standard of assured value. Print and computing technologies adequately secure legal tender, whereas values pegged to particular commodities grant owners capricious control over common currency. The problem is that the government has



given independent private parties not only a money-making monopoly, but a money-inflating monopoly, through *fractional* banking, which allows banks to lend *ten times* the money they actually have. There is a real “gold standard” - a feature both required and sufficient to assure full return. *That standard is non-fractional banking.* Loans backed by equal monetary reserves. This ideal can be transparently implemented, without cost or inflation, by gradually replacing, over a number of years, the 'virtual' 90% of loaned money, with real notes. See the Monetary Reform Act, at: <http://themoneymasters.wordpress.com/monetary-reform-act/>

**Recharter the Fed.** I suggest simply rechartering the Fed, to be a *really* Federal *real* Reserve – a bank that creates “*United States*” money, pursuant to congressional authorization, either (i) to issue to private banks via a discount window, to lend as now, at their independent discretion, save for occasional or extraordinary directions; or (ii) to directly spend into the economy, as legislated. Just so, Abraham Lincoln persuaded congress to issue United States notes, which saved the Union, after New York bankers upped their interest rates from 7% to 25%-36%. Ironically, 36% is the credit card interest ceiling that Congress finally set, last year. Let's not now capitulate. **BRING BACK THE GREENBACK!**

### **bugger bubbles**

by Thomas Paine II

*Bigger better bonded bubbles  
long and lightly lift the Troubles.  
Why blame Wall Street when they burst  
compounded on the poor accurst?  
Rich or clever blessed ever  
drier bed in wetter weather.  
Short the night! Non-stop the blowing!  
H-3D-TV see showing  
Power Points on globes got going!  
Mecca ever golden glowing;  
O! Jerusalem! red flowing,  
veils pierced, men children mowing!  
Nations not the jungle hoeing  
reap what nations raped are sowing:  
thins the ice where slows the snowing.  
Europe no more is more knowing.  
Chindia more green, more growing.  
U.S.A. the world out-owing.  
Cheered be! Hear ye crows yet crowing,  
Credit ratings re-bestowing!  
“Hong Kong-Cayman, King Kong payman.” [Chinglish whisper]  
Short the night! Non-stop the blowing!*

Big the short! Fraud final, bought!  
Broker-battalions let loose:  
to cold-call, to induce,  
to befriend, to seduce,  
then forefend and traduce,  
by “hereinbelow” noose,

doom-balloon soon caboose.

Sooner re-resold liar loan:  
sixty-six; sick; alone;  
daily worked to the bone;  
with her crippled son thrown  
sudden from Grandpa's home:  
all for ten weeks in Rome.

Big the short! Fraud final, bought!

*Self-evident, that no man's law  
can such unequal fates restore  
as fit the first and worst of claw:  
life more or less is less or more.*

Self-evident, that Senate rules  
as meaningful as menopause  
default-swap captured common cause  
for misdirected fools' applause.

*Beggars bitter blog and twitter!  
Bigger better bonded bubbles  
bear more and more trying Troubles!*

Bugger bigger better bonded bubbles.

### **Occupy Wall Street** by Gregory Axel-Lute

We the 99%,  
We keep getting poorer while the 1% doesn't seem to care,  
We are told to go home,  
But there are a growing number of foreclosures,  
Then we are told to get a job,  
While companies keep on laying off workers,  
Now we have to fight for the few remaining jobs,  
This has now made almost no middle,  
Instead people are either rich or poor,  
We are told we need more education to get a job,  
But when we get our degrees, we are in debt, and working at McDonald's or don't have a job,  
Wall St. and corporations have corrupted the political process,  
And the corporate greed is killing us,  
And due to budget cuts, the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off,  
But we the 99% need to create, a new light, without that corruption.

### **ROUGH OLD RIDE**

by Dave Arnold  
© 2011

This tired old bastard Government  
Lies and cheats and squirms  
This tired old bastard Government  
Laughs and spreads its germs

This hypocritical manifestation  
Stinks of wealth and greed  
And says *sod you all* in smarmy grins  
And believes it meets your needs

This tired old bastard Government  
Is racist, poorist and fascist  
This tired old bastard Government  
Trades in arms and pretends it's a pacifist

*This backbone of our empire*  
Thinks it's fine, upright and standing  
But it's time they pulled their trousers up  
Now they've stripped our assets  
*Had us over*  
And are heading for a crash-landing

### **WHERE HAS LOVE GONE TODAY?**

by Dave Arnold  
© 2011

They talk about liberty and human rights  
But we see innocent people  
Disappear into lonely nights  
And they talk about justice  
And freedom for us all  
But we don't see those things  
Happening at all  
What's going on?  
Can anybody tell me what's gone wrong?  
There's things in this life  
You just don't want to see  
Politicians lying, mirrored eccentricity  
And there's things in this world  
That you just can't change  
Sometimes you got to stay calm  
Or you'll be the one deranged  
We're dissatisfied, can you blame us?  
TV and video should not contain us,  
Lame brain us, making gods of the famous

Icons to the dispassionate  
Who've gone and lost their way  
Cannot see past their possessions  
Where has love gone today?

**two-thirtyam: novemberfifteenthtwothousandelevn**  
by Adrian Ernesto Cepeda

Rising up—awakening yet—Flag  
wearers stop walk sleeping  
through history—yawn past  
NYC park vacant Starbucks  
mind wanders craving 99  
percent snack—midnight  
is where spark was lit  
over alarm news snooze  
hit blackout brooms  
and riot trooper geared  
storms forecast tomorrow  
and after tomorrow's clean—stir  
nicotine caption cloud  
dissent becomes movement  
bowels wipe, toss majority  
vote out mace slogan mayor  
recall march sign strikes  
people press precedent horn  
blow trumpets power preoccupied  
now?

**madness haiku**  
by Jason Lester

the wall stood up  
and made a run for the border

**Hey Cops!**  
by Matt Shultz  
*Occupy Kingston*

Hey Cops!  
Yeah you!  
Do you know what you are doing?  
Do you even care?  
Do you realize that you are breathing  
The same polluted air  
As us

As every other person  
Subject to the poisonous collusion  
Of the sociopathic  
Pathocratic  
Parasitic elite  
Why not hold their feet to the heat?  
For grand larceny and war  
Across all of history  
Against all humanity?  
Why not put  
The real perps on trial?  
We want these reptiles  
Out of our collective hair!  
And you!  
You're guarding them!  
And why?  
Do you think that you're different?  
That they'll take care of you?  
That when their chemicals  
Cause your cancer  
They won't just cash in  
On your cadavers  
And cut you loose?  
Is it fun for you  
To enforce their rein  
Down here in hell  
Do they pay you  
So well?  
How can we break the spell?  
And get our so-called  
"Officers of the peace"  
To turn around and see  
That the real criminals  
Are wearing suits and hatching schemes  
To rip you off  
Again and again and again?  
Hey look!  
There goes your pension!  
But we know  
That most of you  
Are more than just  
Simple-minded mercenary thugs  
And in truth  
It is to you  
Who secretly agree  
That we plead  
Whose souls are shaking  
Along with us proles  
Who are waking up

You know that FORCE!  
Cannot break us up!  
We do not need violence  
Even when we're provoked!  
But we will not stand silent  
Even when we are choked!  
For we will serve this warrant:  
Their remit  
To rule  
Has been  
Revoked!

**Expect Us**  
by Matt Shultz  
*Occupy Kingston*

We are as new as the glimmering jewels of dawnlight through dew drops  
Our roots reach to the bedrock and unlock the secrets of the ages in our veins  
Our spores self-program with microRNA falling like living snow from space  
The dark currents that pulse between stars and the jade snakes that writhe in our nerves are the same

And we have always been this way  
And tomorrow we'll have shaped today like sculptor's clay as though it were child's play but for now let's all pretend we'll always let you have it your way as you play king of the hill for what remains of your day

Sipping champagne on the balcony so elegantly silkenly commandingly condescending and laughing in dismissal at the disturbing spectacle beneath on the streets where the livestock seethe between solid stomping stormfronts guarding the desert you call peace and a dam built of stony silence in the tame stream of your media we shouldn't be here at all but ... here we are! And there's more of us....  
Every. Day.

"The dirty sheeple march and chant but really can't do anything but bark and pant at the end of their leashes." So say these predator lords of the lizard heap surveiling their concrete colonies collapsing under full spectrum global control for they hold the deeds to their subject's souls written in the prose of wilful rape of their loverworld sealed and stamped with self-deceit AKA the mark of the beast. The key question to breech is to what degree the Brotherhood of the Leech perceives things as they are, and how much they see shadows cast by their own light; a conundrum common to conscious starstuff considering itself a star in its own right....

We are older than the lost halls of toppled eldritch gods dwindled to elfsprite myths in the hills Possess the steadiness of will of Mother Time we are aligned with the rythm and rhyme of a history written in blood and brutality that still could not beat down our ancestors no matter how many times their bodies were made to bend a knee at the heal of Behemoth or be heaved into mass graves we only pretend to behave while in the dark of every age we gather the ghosts of the living in bacchanal, witch's sabbat and rave to unfold our past back from the future we hold

on fast to our old souls the only thing we can own in the whole world no matter what lies you sold  
us about trading the moments of our lives for fool's gold we know to seize every instant and  
liberate it at the same time  
Because we can never be free  
Unless we are free right now  
As we've really always been

And now we are rising from the underground and armed to our filed teeth with every sign of your  
sins with every bludgeoning truncheon outside executive luncheons we begin by spitting our spilt  
heart-blood to spell out a mythopoeisis that already records your suicidal liquidation of society  
not realizing that without a body you too would die and that we, the old new, would grow through  
your cold flesh like fungus and mold a rejuvenated world that took hold as an epidemic that  
burnt through your frankenculture monocloned and reclaimed the sandscabs of your deadzones  
for an ecology of rhizomes already rooted deep in the holes left behind in our rockbone by looted  
stoneblood and gold for in the latter days of this desperate siege of our bodyworld home we rose  
to Rome with the hurricane, speaking through thunder and dreaming in lightning we breathe the  
night sky without blinking and now! My lieges! We have arrived.

Expect us.

### **Schism Dreams**

by Matt Shultz

*Occupy Kingston*

Now we've all got these instasatellite-link datachips at our touchtips tapped straight into  
globopulation's collaborative eye we simulcastingly describe the whole world within our stories  
perhaps holding it holy but mostly only solely for ourselves we huddle down in sleeper cells torn  
apart by terror war tripped out by hordes of maniacal gabbling mechanical elves that  
somniaambulate freely through our primal core of aboriginal Dreaming the original bridge between  
you and me and all the other mes currently at war with all our other selves like batshit crazy  
rampaging killer T-cells, and

Even as the spurts of this spectacle spill into now and are caught freezing in our photostreams it  
seems that time is speeding up as we're all reading up and faithfully feeding our hyper-marked-  
up versions upstreaming to the global cacaphony which cackles with glee up-roar-LOL-  
Anonymously, with various versions of reality encased in echo chambers built of symbolic social  
memories of varying verity, witness: the degrees of awareness that not everyone's been telling  
the truth out there, like when a headline wafts by and you almost swear that you can savor the  
scent that saturates the air like a bouquet of ... Bullshit! and rotten fishy plot holes that burn  
through the story like hot coals igniting your nose hairs:

like

"It's not a war, just predator drones, precision-bombing brown-skinned heathen homes,  
intelligence indicated they were in possession of black market Russian nuclear nose-cones (we  
heard it from some savage whose name I can't be bothered to pronounce when we upped the  
ante on the waterboarding to include a mask, a catheter and a hose)."

Or....

“The econopocalypse was completely unforeseen, and although we know it's scary emergency measures are necessary, and anyway they're only temporary, and in the long run will benefit everyone (and not just us), so! in the mean time try to look on the bright side! chin up! ignore that smell! and just have fun, normality will shortly begin its resumption! ...”

And it does, New Normal settles in and we all get used to a little extra pressure on the chin as the bit gets tightened between pain and sin and and we're steered like drafted beasts and once again set apart and against, scouring at the razor-thin margins of the Earth's freshly shaven and oiled skin and scheming to Win it Big on the final human frontier by sewing the brains, eyes and ears of our kin up forever in invisible nets woven of nanotech titanium tethers that feel as light as those tiny feathers clipped to make pet birds that cannot fly.

A planet whose minds glare as one with the all-claiming eye of a cosmic narcissism enforcing the schism between this holomorphic Earthly prism and the will of those it imprisons more deeply with their every self-serving decision binding them with wires pulsing with their own holy inner fire to the strongest will's desire which will be a bottomless ambition for empire that will turn Terra into Mars to build the infrastructure that it will take to colonize the planets for it already wills to conquer the stars!

But, Imperial Entropy is without real reach in those worlds permeated with the empathy of the impenetrably infinite mystery that over gigayears gave birth to they and thee and I and it and me and you and we from the same unity of Sky and Earth, as seeing self in Other-self all can as one mature into a communion of all with all who stand together with spirits tall and wills free whose tears Call upon the wells of creation within them while all of Creation plays with them a game whose greatest nonzero gain is to grow in wisdom in the ways of well serving the flourishing of being for they have seen selfOtherself boundaries to be but the most fleeting of dreams

As are words such as these.

### **Birdseed**

by Matt Shultz

*Occupy Kingston*

We're falling through the cracks, try to pay the tax, try to pay the bills and not listen to the skills whose snake honey tongues sell us their reconstituted dung so they can pocket whatever's left. But let's be clear, this isn't theft, just the deft motions of the Invisible Hand, the distant business deity that always seems to deny your dreams and leave you bereft.

So you lie there denuded, batteries drained and bank account dry, and since money's your permission to live, you must be included, or at any rate try, as a human resource within the workforce: to the Machine you must give.



Give your time and attention, your human dimensions, your sweat, shit, blood, semen and tears,  
give  
your social connections, your thoughts and affections, the products of your mind, your experience  
and  
all of your years.

In short, you must give your heart, your soul and your life.

Further down this road the whole of Earth you'll sacrifice, and more, and still it will not suffice, for  
how can anything be sufficient when the one over-riding order is to be efficient? One way or  
another,  
oh my sisters and brothers, this hungry god Economy must feed.

That's why tonight I write these words, for I hope to plant a seed,  
To whisper in your ear a modern, ancient, and timeless cosmic creed:  
I am god is you,  
And you are goddess me,  
For we are god is us  
A goddess always free.

Nothing can remove that freedom ... unless you agree.

Sure, roll your eyes, point, chuckle and nod, turn your backs and wander on back to your jobs,  
back to  
your cars and electronic cocoons, televised sobs, scandalous stars and that catchy new tune,  
while  
the news wastes your time with political party debates and tries to ignore the financial  
reprobates who hope you'll be looking the other way when they decide to cash you in.

And just who decided that they should win?

They did. That's why they designed the system, and yeah it worked well, for a while at least, for a  
lucky few people who could ride out the Beast, and as for those who got trampled below, well  
that was  
their fault and really, that's all just part of the show. Let us not get sentimental, superstitious and  
silly,  
we are busy on business and have important places to go.

Yeah, I know: now you've taken a few hits your own, you're starting to change your tone. Only ...  
when was the last time you threw a dog a bone? Gave a brother a helping hand, or sat down with  
a  
sister and made an effort to really understand? Because brothers and sisters, regardless of by  
whom it  
was planned, it is ultimately we who are the 30 Days of Night bringing darkness to this land.

This land, our land, Earth, the vast and precious mother who has given us birth, and now  
impatiently  
waits for us to grow into our worth.

Was that just me, or did I feel something inside of you stir?

See that's what I mean, even here at the eleventh hour you can still reclaim your power. You are conscious, you create, to the whole of the cosmos you can relate! These rare gifts are not bestowed lightly, but you have to wake up to use them rightly, you have to realize your true identity: an infinite focus of universal divinity. For how else could it be?

When I am goddess you,  
And you are god is me,  
And we are god is all around us?  
Goddess of the world tree.

So next time when you're worried that you might lose your job, take a look at your numbers and remember you can always form a smart mob. See while most of you worry some of us are at war, for we've seen what they have in store for the world's poor and friends, it isn't very nice.

Oh, and just in case you think that you can pay their price? You're not that rich.

Trust me.

For the 'men' whom we've sworn to neutralize, the fate of continents is just a back-alley game of dice.

But they're just a few souls, deluded greedy psychotics, a pack of scheming gangsters who've got all us neurotics consuming their various and sundry narcotics and opiates of the people, humping us with steeples while we beg them to squirt in our ears another patented lie. Swallow much deeper, my friends, and you'll die.

But you already knew that. Hear that sound? That's your retirement fund going splat.

They are wealthy and strong but oh, so few, and we ... are already many, and our numbers will swell like Bay Fundy's tides for we will take any, whoever can pass a little test: to listen inside their chest, to the living rhythm that pounds in their breast and know by that that they are blessed to lead their lives as a holy quest.

Sounds like a lot, I know, but really it's no worse than a baby crow, looking disbelievingly over the edge of nest ... "Shit, no!"

The seeds have been planted. It's up to you if they grow.

## **Screaming at the Silence**

by J D Morden

*Vancouver, BC, Canada*

Reality erupts...  
like champagne from a bottle  
bursting across the marble floor.

There is no freedom,  
nowhere, no more.

We took destiny on a date and we treated her like a whore  
Now it's the end of the night and we're left kissing the door.

There is no justice, there is no peace,  
nothing but profits in the form of our fleece,  
and we don't hold the sheers.  
Our swords are all ploughshares,  
our shepherds, all bears.  
This world isn't ours and nobody cares.  
It's all dollars and senseless sex and silence  
while we fuck it all away to oblivion.  
What world are you living in?

This is our golden age.  
This is your gilded cage,  
and that canary's dead-cold but here's your minimum wage.  
The story never gets old, only repackaged and resold,  
another mouthful to keep your mouth shut.  
Another day, another bail-out, and by the way, here's your pay cut.

I want to scream at the silence,  
spit my blood in the face of violence.  
I want to stand and raise this fist in the air and scream,  
Fuck you! I care!  
I want to stand tall and kick down the façade,  
rip the mask off the jailor and take a piss on oppression  
to let there be no mistaking,  
I will be free.  
Free...  
to stand screaming at the silence of violence in the distance  
Free...  
to scream in eviscerating darkness, voiceless, or repressed at best

because we can't agree on the difference  
between dominance and co-existence.

## **Occupy Poem**

by McClain

There once was a street they called Wall  
'Twas certainly destined to fall.  
'Twas said tongue in cheek-  
should be named by the meek,  
My what unmitigated gall!

## **in search of beaver pelt**

by Robert Gibbons

New York City

still looking for hide  
on the upper east side  
those powerful wind disgust  
protesting the Hudson  
hanging me  
like a rump roast  
near that famous Wall  
this is a call and a response  
we want New Amsterdam  
a reform  
church  
we all are going Dutch  
exhume Peter Stuyvesant  
I am a witness  
a defendant  
give up the goods  
in the name of country  
in the name of blood

## **THE RAGE IN ALBION**

by Cecelia Peters

*For Conor & Robb*

*Langley, United Kingdom*

The homeless man under the bridge had eyes that bled  
And woke each night from his humble bed  
He had no poetry or rhyme,  
No joy, no consequence or crime.  
He wanted only food and bed,  
And spoke of Albion with fear and dread.

He held a placard with words that read:-  
**"ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,**

**A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE  
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE."**

The Poet asked his name, and the homeless man said:-

*"I am the Rage in Albion, I have no name  
For I am England's burden, and I am England's shame,  
Mark my visage  
Mark my frown  
I am the Rage in Albion  
I rise when the sun goes down*

*And when the single mother weeps on the other side of town  
There will be Rage in Albion when the sun goes down".*

The Homeless man under the bridge held a placard that read;-  
**"ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,  
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE  
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE".**

Again, the Poet asked his name, and the homeless man said:-

*"I am the Rage in Albion, Poet do not weep  
I lay wake at night whilst Albion is asleep,  
My eyes once blue are now blood red,  
I am the Rage in Albion, the living who are dead."*

*And when the Poet weeps with sadness on the other side of Town  
There will be Rage in Albion when the sun goes down".*

The Homeless man under the bridge held a placard that read;-  
**"ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,  
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE  
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE".**

He looked me in the eye and said;

*"Poet, do not weep,  
I only rise when Albion is asleep  
My burdens they are many but my heart is strong  
And I roam in the night for the days are too long  
Mark my visage  
Mark my frown  
I am the Rage in Albion  
I rise when the sun goes down."  
And when a little child goes hungry on the other side of town  
There will be Rage in Albion when the sun goes down."*

The Homeless man under the bridge held a placard that read;-  
**"ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,  
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE  
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE".**

**House Exercise**  
by Sparrow

Buy a house.  
Sell it.

Buy it back.  
Sell it again.

Buy it and sell  
it so many times  
you can't remember  
if you own it.

**Leaves**  
by Sparrow

In autumn, leaves fall  
to the ground.  
They seem dead,  
because they are dead.

In spring,  
they'll still be dead,  
while their daughters  
and sons are born.

**We Were Wrong**  
by Sparrow

Millions of us old, battered Believers  
prayed for this movement to arise –  
while knowing it was impossible:

"Americans are too lazy.  
Americans are too selfish.  
Americans are too cowardly.  
Americans are too enslaved by their  
iPods, their iPads, their iPhones."

Well, we were fucking wrong!  
I spit on the ground, and curse my doubt.  
Curse you, Doubt!  
I spit on the ground again.  
Double-curse you, Doubt!

Let a rainbow arise made of 7000 wigs.  
Lunch will be served in the cafeteria of the soul.  
Lunch will be served, rejoicing.  
Lunch, my friends, will be served.

**Mic Check**  
by Sparrow

Do you hear  
an echo here?  
Do you hear  
an echo here?  
I do.  
Yes, I do.  
Yes, I do.

I hear you  
being me,  
but did you  
hear me  
being you?

How close  
can we come  
to singing?  
How close  
can we come  
to singing?  
How close  
can we be  
to chanting?  
How fast  
can we speak?

A revolution comes  
when groups  
repeat words together  
repeat together words  
words together words  
together words together  
together words

Love is a word  
we repeat.  
Love is a word  
we repeat.  
Love is a word

that repeats us.

## **LET'S RE-OCCUPY**

by Marco Cinque

*Rome, Italy*

*"I am not indignant, I am severely fucked off"\**

Let's re-occupy  
what was stolen,  
the air we breathe,  
shattered rights and dreams

on sidewalks summoning  
our own steps respond,  
leaving trails of a mankind weary  
of its own inhumanity

Anna's fists cry out for  
the name of a fairer sky  
the city's windows answer:  
"No! to the global rape of the poor."

Mario's eyes promise:  
"We don't need  
your forked tongues  
to lick the rich ass of the world."

let's re-occupy  
our generations lost to the shame  
of the present stock markets'  
fangs tearing at their throat

your hands filthy from profits  
will be canceled by calendars,  
your billy clubs&prisons&borders  
will become biodegradable beliefs

we will remain standing here  
balanced on a possible horizon  
because we only have something  
more difficult than holding on: giving up!

I look at my son and at all the sons,  
I look at my mother and all the mothers,  
I look at what is left to defend,  
There's nothing else to do to be done: let's reoccupy!



*\*written on a wall in Rome*

*(translation by Alessandra Bava)*

## **RI-OCCUPIAMO**

by Marco Cinque

*"io non so' indignata  
a me me rode proprio er culo"\**

ri-occupiamo  
ciò che ci è stato rubato  
aria per respirare ancora  
bisogni e diritti infranti

sui marciapiedi che chiamano  
nei nostri passi che rispondono  
scie di un'umanità stanca  
della propria disumanità

i pugni di Anna implorano  
il nome di un cielo più equo  
e le finestre delle città rispondono:  
"NO! allo stupro globale dei poveri"

gli occhi di Mario promettono:  
"non abbiamo bisogno  
delle vostre lingue biforcute  
per leccare il culo ricco del mondo"

ri-occupiamo  
le nostre generazioni perdute  
nella vergogna di un presente  
azzannato alla gola dai mercati

le vostre mani lorde di profitti  
verranno cancellate dai calendari  
i vostri manganelli&prigioni&frontiere  
diventeranno concetti biodegradabili

noi resteremo qui, in piedi  
sul bilico di un orizzonte possibile  
perchè c'è rimasta solo una cosa più  
difficile che tener duro: arrenderci!

guardo mio figlio e tutti i figli  
guardo mia madre e tutte le madri  
guardo ciò che resta da difendere

non c'è altro da fare: ri-occupiamo!

*\* da una scritta su un muro di Roma*

## **Thanksgiving**

by Steve Bloom

At the time of the first one  
the Wampanoags  
knew how to give thanks—  
and an apology as well—  
to the deer or other beast  
they were about to kill  
so their family and village  
could have something to eat.

The pilgrims, however,  
only gave thanks for their food,  
not to it, and did not apologize—  
either to the animals who helped  
provision their table or  
to their dinner companions, for  
the pillage future generations  
would inflict upon the land,  
its wild creatures, its native peoples.

Today our civilization  
is more advanced.  
There are fewer wild creatures  
and native peoples.  
The land has been cleared  
of such impediments to make way  
for roads and airports—  
so that now our dinner companions  
may travel as many miles  
as they like for the holiday.  
We manufacture our turkeys  
and do not have to hunt them,  
slaughter enough each November  
to feed the entire population  
of the globe back then.

Still we have not learned  
to thank our food properly,  
nor realize that being civilized  
sometimes means having to say  
"I'm sorry."

## ER ZIJN DAGEN

by Michaël Vandebril  
*Belgium, 1972*

ik word wakker  
ik ben waarschijnlijk gelukkig  
ik schrijf brieven  
ik wil herinnerd worden  
ik kijk naar mijn vingertoppen  
ik bezit een huis  
ik wacht op wat gered zal worden  
ik maak een foto  
ik schilder mijn ogen zwart  
ik lig languit in de zetel  
ik loop naar het raam  
ik neem je hand  
ik heb niets in mijn zakken  
ik voorspel het weer  
ik kleed me uit  
ik haal alle vogels uit de lucht  
ik loop de trap op  
ik kan niet meer zwijgen  
ik zie de tekening op je rug  
ik verkoop al mijn boeken  
ik zing een vergeten lied  
ik schrap enkele zinnen  
ik zie de zon verschijnen  
ik hak het bos  
ik stapel alle dozen  
ik zeg niet veel  
ik zeg dit is de eerste keer  
ik adem zeelucht in  
ik heb vier op een rij  
ik eet rode druiven  
ik voel een regendruppel op mijn voorhoofd  
ik drink een vijver leeg  
ik poets mijn tanden  
ik doe alsof ik niets hoor  
ik open een deur  
ik kan je ruiken  
ik neem afscheid van mijn vrienden  
ik speel een plaat  
ik rij onder een brug  
ik ga slapen

## SOME DAYS

I wake up  
I'm probably happy  
I write letters  
I want to be remembered  
I look at my fingertips  
I own a house  
I wait for whatever's to be salvaged  
I take a photo  
I paint my eyes black  
I stretch out on the chair  
I walk to the window  
I take your hand  
I have nothing in my pockets  
I forecast the weather  
I undress  
I pluck all the birds from the sky  
I climb the stairs  
I can no longer stay silent  
I see the drawings on your back  
I sell all my books  
I sing a forgotten song  
I scrap a few lines  
I see the sun appear  
I hack the woods  
I pile up all the boxes  
I don't say much  
I say this is the first time  
I inhale sea air  
I'm not all there  
I eat red grapes  
I feel a raindrop on my forehead  
I drink a lake  
I brush my teeth  
I pretend not to hear  
I open the door  
I can smell you  
I say goodbye to my friends  
I put on a record  
I drive under a bridge  
I go to bed

**Tompkins Square: 20 years later**  
by Puma Perl

*New York, New York*

Laundry hung in Tompkins Square  
Families slept on the bandshell  
Tenements burned  
Developers crawled from sewers  
Project apartments warehoused,  
waiting lists in triple digits  
Squatters barricaded doors  
couch pillows chair stuffing  
in every trash can  
Dumpsters sat waiting

There was nowhere to live

August, 1988. Mayor Koch  
sat in an outdoor Village café,  
chewed his pasta, called the park  
a cesspool, buttered his bread  
as he described the smell of urine,  
the shit on the benches and gates,  
he almost forgot his tiramasu  
as he called for clean-ups, curfews  
police riots, beatings, arrests

September, 1988. The Mayor  
admitted that he had never  
actually set foot in the park,  
but he had heard some things

Twenty years later,  
there's a new spin  
It used to be a police riot,  
now it's a punk rock concert  
crusty 15 year olds are kicked  
around makeshift mosh pits,  
they shake their dreds  
pump their fists yelling  
Die yuppie scum  
Rage on credit  
Tattooed arms  
snap pictures  
in front of 7th street  
Joe Strummer mural  
leopard skin  
cat eyes  
orange spikes  
costume party

Homelessness  
becomes lifestyle.

People died  
waiting,  
waiting  
for welfare  
Remember  
Barbara  
homeless  
teeth gone  
kids taken  
She smiled  
and told her story  
she was 27

Cash  
3 brothers  
all died of AIDS  
waiting  
waiting  
for his turn  
Shared AZT  
and wine  
with his friends  
sick  
homeless

They lived in the park  
because  
they had no homes  
Today kids celebrate  
Make-believe punks  
Italian bands,  
a few older guys

We nod  
automatically

We recognize  
We remember

**99 to 1**  
By John Claude Smith  
*2011, original, written for the OWS anthology*  
*SF Bay Area, California, USA*

The odds are 99 to 1  
in favor of soulless greed,  
true north on their moral compass  
points straight down into Satan's

humble immoral abode.  
While here in our own Hell  
we got politicians and the rules they  
bend or break without compunction,

puncturing the status quo with laughter,  
hyenas laughing at the masses misery.  
Though it's not a mystery who runs  
this three-ring sycophant circus.

So tired of scare tactics,  
the politics of lies,  
common sense tossed out with the common man's  
rights to even congregate peacefully.

Subjected to the casual malevolence  
of authorities draped in Kevlar and  
rubber bullet battle-ready chefs,  
sadistic Officer Pikes cooking up vehemence

seasoned with asSAuLT and PEPPER spray tactics.  
The overdone undertow drags down their humanity,  
but we stand strong even as tears burn  
on stained cheeks while mouths shout out in unison:

"Shame on you!"

The promised lands ludicrous loopholes  
slip around the neck of the average joe,  
slowly strangling the solution  
the ethical pollution of minds that just don't care.

"Shame on you!"

You're taxing my patience,  
impatient to get to the Forbes Top 100,  
while the rest of us scramble like eggs  
in the frying pan struggling for survival.

The odds may be 99 to 1,  
but as long as the 99 stand as 1,  
our goals will be attained, sustained &  
reclaimed and we will persevere!

**Rome, I loved you more than bread**

by Terence Degnan

*an excerpt from the Chapbook "Rome" written for the People's Library*

Rome, I loved you more than bread

on the avenue  
or the skyline  
or rather, anything rectangular  
I trace out thousands of Roman flags  
I imagine cassette tapes  
Dodos  
salt lake ghosts  
floating over the flats  
like thought  
bubbles

It was up to just when I turned seventeen  
that I'd still die for America  
I wouldn't die for America, anymore  
I couldn't tell you how many stars  
were bought  
in the Louisiana purchase

I couldn't tell you how many fingers it took  
to sew the Colosseum halftime show  
how many fighter jets  
flew overhead  
or the last time  
we used the words  
"during peacetime"  
peacetime is an intermission  
a time to buy drinks from the theatre's satellite bar  
the last apocalyptic poem  
has been written  
and no apocalypse  
some religious quack  
had his tongue thrown deep into the Mississippi  
with the impossible salmon there,

is no more need to sell the bomb  
which is to say the campaign  
was a success  
the architects have gone to dust, naturally  
small romes built from Caesar coins  
lay in the Hudson bay  
among the oyster beds

vermin  
are checking their watches  
tapping their toes  
like football fans at church

### **What Really is the Problem?**

by Mollie A. Steward

*Dedicated to the Occupy Movement*

What really is the problem?  
What is it on my sign you find so offensive?  
Why do you want to silence my message?  
Why do you want to meet my peace with your violence?  
After all, I really am only one of you  
As were the abolitionists  
As were the suffragists  
As were the civil rights workers  
Were not their causes just?  
And yet how ill treated were they?  
Haven't we learned?  
What really is the problem?  
I'm only looking for my voice to be heard  
I'm only looking for simple respect  
I'm only looking for a better tomorrow  
Don't block its dawning  
Don't keep me from its warmth  
Let me embrace its freedom without constraint  
Put away the tear gas and take up the peace pipe of the Native American Tradition  
Let the conversation start.

### **IT DOESN'T MATTER**

by John S. Whitfield

*For the people*

*Abingdon, Illinois*

### **IT DOESN'T MATTER**

It doesn't matter bout the length a your hair,  
And it doesn't matter bout the color a your skin.  
It doesn't matter bout the style a your clothes,  
The car that you drive, or the home that your in.

Now it doesn't matter bout the way that you walk,  
And it doesn't matter bout the way that you talk.  
It doesn't matter who you are,  
Wherever you go near or far,



Now it doesn't matter who you're with,  
And it doesn't matter who you love,  
It doesn't matter when your free,  
And if it doesn't matter to you, then it doesn't to me.

Well it just doesn't matter.  
No, it does not matter at all.

### **In A Way We Are All Dr Faustus**

Adapted by Rehan Qayoom from an Urdu poem by Parveen Shakir.

In a way  
We are all Dr Faustus  
Some barter their souls  
For pleasure's sake  
And some under blackmail of duress  
Some pawn their eyes  
To begin trading in dreams  
Others are led to mortgage their entire mind-set  
It has only to be seen  
What currency is in circulation  
So according to an estimate of the Wall Street of life  
Among those who can afford to buy, sell or invest  
Self Respect is a popular commodity!

### **The Shameless Class**

by Wicked Enchanter

The greedy Lords of Finance have no shame  
For market failures wrought by their design.  
And with our Congress bought, they shirked the blame  
When, surely, men of honor would resign.

'Twas they who rode with glee this bubble high;  
'Twas they who sneered and watched the market crash;  
Oh, it was they who brought this trouble nigh;  
And it's now they who sit on hoards of cash.

The working poor, no voice, but mouths to feed,  
Upon them was an unjust onus laid,  
While Congress heeds the whelming voice of greed  
From those who had an unearned bonus paid.

Who are these folk that do such wealth amass?  
We call this One Percent the Shameless Class.

### **Enjoy Your Revolution**

by Jackie Simmons  
October 15, 2011

As the police officers gated us in  
as if we were the loathsome criminals  
who'd looted the country's wealth  
one of them scoffed,  
"You've got your time allowed  
in Times Square. Enjoy your revolution."

Yeah, we've really been enjoying ourselves.  
It's been fun playing by the rules,  
working hard, and paying the bills,  
only to discover that the game was rigged  
and our homes, jobs, health, and families are at risk.

When the financial bubbles burst,  
all we found in our purses  
were credit cards, which we used  
to clothe our children and buy food—  
no frivolous amusements, just basics  
to get us through, & then the interest rates  
skyrocketed as the bank execs  
cashed our minimum payment checks  
—It will take years to pay off  
the transmission repair and the cough  
syrup and the myriad of unexpected things  
we had to pay for while *cha-ching!*  
the bankers collected thirty to fifty percent  
interest—they could pull any number out of the dark.  
Do you wonder where the laws went  
that used to protect us from loan sharks?

They were replaced by 1980s Acts of Congress  
that allowed banks to merge, and in the name of progress  
the banks "created" financial "products"  
that preyed upon the poorest among us.

What was it besides desperation that made us believe  
in their payday loans & rapid-refund schemes?  
While we were laid low by the almighty power of the bank,  
the multinational corporation rose while we sank  
deeper

& deeper  
into debt  
& despair  
& desperation  
& Depression.

We, the people, who didn't profit  
from financial deregulation

can't pull ourselves up  
by our own bootstraps  
anymore—not since the 1%  
who reaped obscene profits  
sent our bootstraps & our hopes overseas.  
Greed found a home in plenty of places  
where laws protecting workers  
and the environment were scarce.  
Meanwhile, most of us back home lost our homes  
and our voices in the House and the Senate.  
Heads hung low,  
shuffling down the street, people  
finally realized  
that the Street  
& all its bumpy side roads,  
hairpin curves,  
loopholes,  
& dead ends  
needed to be repaved  
& leveled.

As the chanting began:  
*Show me what democracy looks like!*  
*This is what democracy looks like!*  
a young couple smiled  
at my four-year-old daughter  
& promised her that, one day,  
she would finally live in a democracy.  
Over the next few hours, she held  
her sign up high that said:  
*Kids are cute. Corporate greed isn't.*  
She sat on her father's shoulders  
and chanted, smiled, batted balloons,  
laughed with the young man  
who wore a suit and a pig mask  
and kissed people goodbye  
when we decided it was time  
that we should go.

We left just in time,  
as Broadway show-goers,  
annoyed with our revolution,  
bottlenecked the sidewalks.  
They wanted us to shut up  
& go away so they wouldn't be  
late for sitting in the seats  
they'd paid good money for  
so they could watch the spectacle  
of their own choosing.

The police came  
with their horses  
and their plastic handcuffs  
and their orange rolls of netting  
as copters hovered menacingly overhead.  
I heard a human microphone  
shouting the phone number  
for Legal Aid.

My gray-haired husband, short of breath,  
arms tired from holding our daughter,  
was scolded by police officers  
for stopping to rest a moment  
once we'd gotten to a quiet  
spot on the sidewalk.

We've come to realize  
that we need to be careful  
about how we participate in this struggle  
while our daughter's in tow.

In the end, all I hope for is the day when  
100% of our children will enjoy the security  
of knowing that a person's vote isn't exchanged  
for a corporation's "campaign contribution."  
When the voices of the stakeholders  
aren't drowned out  
by the incessant clamoring of stingy shareholders,  
and when no one is speculating on derivatives  
& divisiveness  
while they jeopardize 99% of our futures.

My hopes aren't so radical or revolutionary—  
I just want everyone to be free from tyranny,  
and enjoy living in a civil society  
where there is liberty  
and justice  
*for all.*

**YOUR VOICE©**  
by Walter William Safar

Where did your voice disappear, man?  
In the demonic fires of passion?  
In golden castles of terrible greed?  
In the dark gorge of vanity?

You voices wander the golden mirages,  
Your tired spirit wanders the golden dusts,  
Like a warning for the new age;

When the golden bell rings on Wall Street,  
Your voice will be even quieter,  
Caught in the silky spider web you look up  
To see the reflection of your lost spirit in the heavenly dome;  
When the golden bell rings on Wall Street,  
You find your limbo in the blue ink!  
You are seeking your resurrection in verses!

In which verse do I find your voice?  
In Walt Whitman's verse of freedom?  
In Ezra Pound's tragic verse?  
In Robert Frost's accusing verse?

Your voice is hiding in the column of abandoned shadows,  
Escaping the lunatic gazes of golden masks,  
In which many inebriated eyes found their home.  
Whose eyes are they?  
The eyes of maddened street lights?  
The eyes of hungry death?  
The eyes of a lost man?

The shadows march the streets of funeral processions,  
The terrible voice of the golden bell chases the poor into the graves,  
Golden masks steal human faces,  
The eyes of conscience become blind,  
Your voice is ever quieter.

**THE VOICE OF LIFE©**  
by Walter William Safar

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the new morning  
that rushes to meet me,  
like an honorable friend,  
and not like a dark master,  
like I used to do on all those miserable days  
when I crawled the world.

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the new day,  
that caresses the sleeping rainbow  
with its white face,  
just like I used to caress  
my sleeping love.

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the playful night,  
that, in the wind's embrace,  
sings the most beautiful melodies to the lonely star  
that wanders the heavenly paths  
in its eternal search for my gaze.  
(It is known that any star  
is entirely useless without a human gaze,  
like a match in the box).

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the lonely shadow  
that is looking for its bed now,  
in the dark night,  
and to cry out  
like the voice of Life,  
and not like the voice of a copper bell  
calling out for death.

**THE STATIONERY BOY©**  
by Walter William Safar

His little dark street  
Is at home in the silky cobweb;  
His little dark street  
Is only loud in the missionaries' prayers,  
It elicits a gaze in very few people,  
It is but an uninvited guest to life.

The stationery boy hands out his beautiful fliers,  
Like a messenger of his little dark street.  
In his big clear eyes a tear is born,  
Not as an accusation,  
But as wonderful love,  
His heart is young and full of hopes  
That someday his big silent tear  
Shall drop onto someone's palm.

A new day is born in his wonderful spirit,  
Perhaps somewhat cold and strange,  
But a new day, still.  
Oh powerful destiny, listen to your unloved son,  
Wake up the sleeping star;  
Wake up the sleeping sun;  
Wake up the sleeping hearts of men,  
So that the new day may be a friend to your unloved son.

In the inaudible shadows, he has his faithful listeners,

In death he has a faithful visitor,  
His young beautiful eyes are more familiar with death than life.  
When so many happy children gather around the city's Christmas tree,  
His dear young heart is loudly beating into the deaf nights,  
Like a silver bell,  
So that his small, dark home would be alight with a gaze.

He knows no benevolent faces,  
All he knows is the cold face of the day,  
The dark face of the night,  
All he knows is faceless masks.

When the wonderful northern wind brings  
Happy children's voices from afar,  
Like a modest Christmas gift,  
The stationery boy is building his little kingdom of happiness  
In his vivid imagination,  
His days and nights may be cold and dark,  
But his imagination is bright and completely wonderful,  
It shines in the darkness like an angel.

His silver bell is ringing beyond the heavenly dome.  
If you want to show a real angel to your kid,  
Hurry towards that little dark street,  
And you might be lucky enough to see the stationery boy  
Before he gets his silver wings.

## **POVERTY©**

by Walter William Safar

Oh poverty, you are swelling in so many bosoms now,  
Like a heart thirsting for blood.  
Like a black tear you are creeping into this rainy night  
To cloak so many people in black.  
When the copper bell tolls in the belfry,  
You will be at the head of the funeral procession,  
Like a judge to many prayers;  
When many a silent tear is born,  
You will tend to sorrow with your silence;  
When death wants to put on its elegant black suit,  
You will be its tailor;  
When many children wake up in the jaws of horrible hunger,  
You will be close again.  
You can be unjust, unforgiving, and powerful  
Like a ruler.  
Like Pontius Pilate,  
You are nailing your sad brothers and sisters to all sides of the world  
To the cross of life.

When many tongues melt into a single terrible echo  
In the east, west, north and south,  
Like the curse of the tower of Babylon,  
You are putting a new nail into the bloody palms  
Of your brothers and sisters.  
Many roses will spring beneath the cross of life,  
And each will be nourished by a new black tear.  
Oh poverty, there is me inside you,  
There is you inside me,  
And it is terrible to know  
That you are mankind's child.

### **MY VOICE©**

by Walter William Safar

Our voice is but a weak echo  
within the turbulent chaos of life.  
My voice is completely inaudible,  
like a drop of rain at the heart of a stormy night.  
My dreams are elusive  
like the rainbow after the storm,  
but all the same,  
I voice myself beyond the sky dome,  
like a falling star,  
like the wish of many a dream,  
because my voice is meant to be heard  
to praise life.

### **LONELY NIGHTS©**

by Walter William Safar

Against the old oak I cling my cheek  
to hear a lost voice inside;  
The voice of a lost friend,  
the voice of my lost father and mother,  
the voice of lost love.  
And in this lonely night the voices  
inside the old oak are quiet and inaudible,  
as if dying along with my spirit.  
The night has turned its beautiful lonely face to the sky,  
and I,  
I call out my own name in this lonely night.  
which became perfectly strange to me –  
with some desperate hope  
that I shall hear the echo of my own spirit.  
Wise people say that each spirit is made of memories,  
and my memories are dead;



dead like those lost voices inside the old oak,  
which, like vampire claws,  
raises its old, barren branches towards a black crow,  
to steel its voice and to call out into this silent, lonely night,  
like the voice of many friends of men,  
that someone's tear sometime dies before it's born.  
Inside me, there is still hope  
that someone shall hear my name,  
and that it won't sound as strange  
as it does to me.  
Slowly and ghastly I tread the shadows  
like a sinner treads the skulls in hell,  
and I call out with a solitary cry  
into this lonely night,  
to chase away death, if I can't chase away solitude.  
But what is life worth without voices,  
not the ones you can buy,  
but voices of conscience,  
which are born and eternally live along with human souls.

Against the old oak I cling my cheek,  
and I listen in to a thousand souls,  
Now I know,  
yes, Lord, now I know that someone will call my name as well,  
because when you hear the voices of souls  
of dear people you've lost,  
you have the power  
to bear memories of yourself in someone else.

## **WITHOUT HOPE©**

by Walter William Safar

I never meant to call for hunger,  
but it calls for me,  
endlessly faithfull and accursedly hones,  
it leads me,  
like any given day,  
into the soup kitchen of the darkest street in the world.  
Everything around me is so unreal,  
the smiling faces of those who pass by,  
the full restaurants spreading the scent of food,  
and the rustle of money bills, so unknown to me.  
To many people, this is the brightest street in the world,  
but it is so painfully cold and dark ti me.  
I feel like a wingless fly in the silky home  
of the biggest spider of the world when I walk it.  
Outside, the sun is gildening the leaden faces of those who pass by,  
those who headlessly chase after their own bright dreams,

and it is so dark inside,  
yes, Lord, how could a soup kitchen be bright,  
when its most frequent visitor is poverty.  
The breath of hopelessness spreads around me,  
and of horrible apathy,  
as if I entered a coffin  
that even death does not want to enter,  
but I am not afraid that their hopelessness might kill my hope,  
because it died long ago.  
It's all the same in this coffin of human hopes,  
the same poverty, the same food, the same nuns,  
the same thick opaque glass  
that keeps gazes from mixing,  
there's only less homeless people,  
because the long cold nights do not forgive poverty,  
and while I drag my heavy leaden legs  
towards the altar of my shame,  
I can hear an unusually lively young voice,  
a straying child singing a lullaby to its teddy bear.  
Oh, Lord, can poverty be so hungry  
as to even take away dignity from such a young being?  
I am looking into these big, bright turquoise eyes of a child,  
so dignifiedly spreading hope around him.  
Nothing about him or within him  
reveals that he is a victim of recession,  
that he has lost his father and mother early.  
Even though a big pearly tear  
slid into his empty plate, spreading the echo of endless pain,  
he is still patiently waiting for his piece of bread  
hard as flintstone.  
I am hiding from his gaze,  
fearing that my apathy and hopelessness  
might kill his hope.  
You know, Lord, that I would give everything  
to help this dear little being,  
but how can a hopeless man help him?  
If my help is the escape  
and the hiding of my own inability and hopelessness,  
I agree to remain hungry,  
because there is no desire left in me to fight dilemmas,  
because I have long since been without hope,  
and so it is time for me to return  
to my little home without light and hope,  
into my little cardboard home  
at the bottom of the old 134th street cemetery.

**SILVER STAR©**

by Walter William Safar

I have long since lost Hope,  
because my paths are so endlessly long and aimless,  
as if sculpted out of my restless spirit  
in the long nights of reverie.  
You know, Lord... I used to have my Hope.  
It was so nice to stand next to the Christmas tree  
with my mother,  
and look at its proud top,  
where our silver star shone,  
my favorite Hope.  
To me, a child who never decorated his own tree,  
it was the biggest Christmas tree in the world,  
and the brightest star beyond the heavenly dome.  
Each night before Christmas we would return to the same place  
with the same desire and faith,  
until our terrible companions, the long, cold nights  
have invoked death  
and stolen my mother.  
I am motionlessly standing and staring into this dark, cold night,  
like an avenger yearning for revenge,  
and a thin woman in rags is passing me by,  
whispering warm words into a child's frozen ear.  
The child is looking up with the same gaze  
like I did when my mother used to show me the silver star,  
whispering into my frozen ear  
that someday I shall touch that silver star too,  
silvering all the orphanages of this dark world.  
Her warm words are still crossing my mind:  
„Son, always stand on your toes and look up...  
and you shall touch your star!“  
My eyes have long since stopped sparkling  
and they don't look up.  
They used to be the big, bright eyes of a child,  
that shone in the dark,  
like two young embers that were just set afire,  
but now... oh, now my eyes are but burnt out embers  
in the squeezing fist of the cold world.

You know, Lord, how much I wanted to stand on my toes  
and look up,  
but life always threw me back to my knees.  
I admit that I haven't been standing on my toes for a long time,  
but I am not kneeling, either,  
I am only looking down  
into the dark reflections of people's characters,  
and my Hope is once again so far away,  
as if it's afraid of my faithful squire,  
which is standing at the bottom of the silky net,

not like a fly  
but like a master of many a fly big and small,  
because Death has that justified purpose  
to come for its flies regardless of their size.  
I am not looking at death like a fugitive,  
but a penitent man,  
who wants just another chance.  
How strange it is, Lord,  
that even a man abandoned by Hope wants his chance.  
Yes, Lord, I admit  
that I would like to stand on my toes once more,  
below the biggest Christmas tree in the world,  
and touch our silver star.

### **Cascade Of Faces**

by Alfred Corn  
*Hopkinton, RI*

Five seconds of fame drag them down  
the screen, ranks, names, faces, ages:  
Staff Sergeant Hannah Nagel, 24.  
Private Tom Abeel, 19.  
Major Luís Moreno, 33.  
Lance Corporal Rafiq Ibrahim, 20.  
Captain Roger Kean, 31.  
Candid American faces, unblinking,  
unafraid, unvenal, snapped  
a year, two years ago, not yet reviled  
or revered, the newscast's evening crop.

Images swallowed up, transfigured,  
launched into an unlived future.

\*

On the Oval Office desk,  
dead center, one hot white spot  
lights the briefing's final page.  
A chief executive is working late,  
behind him, tall windows onto  
a sky petroleum black,  
strewn with trembling sparks.

\*

In another hemisphere noon towers over  
a desert city where his signature ignited

hair, skin, and eyes of the unknown civilian.  
One by one, for how many terrorized  
hundred-thousands the precedent was set,  
roofs, walls, thundering down on their screams.

\*

He reaches to snap out the lamp, ambles  
to a door that closes on his steps.  
Official darkness. Clockwise stellar bodies,  
in their long-term impartiality, continue  
rinsing the blackboard,  
rinsing the blackboard—  
which in a decade, or a century,  
will free itself from any obligation  
to save a chalked-up tally of the cost.

### **We Stand**

by Jacqueline Valencia  
*Occupy Toronto*  
*November 2012*

There was a time when all this was new  
fighting for something we believed in  
Since then  
it's been played over and over  
a million times over  
No one gets it  
when we scream  
No one gets it  
when we say stop  
and listen

We demand justice  
we demand freedom  
we demand to live  
Basically all we want  
is the freedom  
to live

And all they do  
is  
walk away  
shut their eyes  
their ears  
their thoughts  
their worries  
they shut it all up

as the screaming  
gets older  
and by it's age  
it gets stronger

One day we'll be screaming  
until they have no choice  
but to listen  
Our voices will ring true  
Our voices will ring right  
left and every which way  
because instead screaming  
we'll be singing the praises  
of freedom  
from the oppressor  
for we will all be slave  
to no one  
no money  
no greed  
no war  
just love.

### **MY PREOCCUPATION**

by Fred Mecklenburg

I am three years old  
and reaching in new winter  
pockets right hand somehow bloodied  
draw it out in the pain I won't  
understand the source of

it never comes again

but please forgive me  
my preoccupation

fourteen years depressed  
and suicidal walking through  
a crumbling school between the  
metal plates behind the doors  
without the scarifying knife  
that's crossed my belly  
in the night

now just faded there

but please forgive me  
my preoccupation

twenty-two and drunken  
falling into mirrors laughing  
at my badge and club my hair  
cut mussing out and me can't find  
the god damn clock to punch  
five dollars fifty cents an  
hour

wish I had a dollar now

but please forgive me  
my preoccupation

as you watch your loved  
ones dying in their comas in  
the cheapest beds the state will  
deign awash in nightmares washed  
up in a miserly time but refugees  
but spaces of abandonment still hung  
with flesh that's petrifying into  
paperwork

tattoos

these loves where dying memory  
takes its stand

still burn in me

so please forgive me  
my preoccupation

### **We Are/Somos**

by Miguel Robles

*English translation Pati Moran Montaña*

### **We Are**

If someone asks us who we are

We will tell them that we escaped from prison  
that we jumped over cliffs  
that we violated the boundaries of prejudice  
that we shattered the mirrors of doubt

That we stole from multiple food banks  
that we showed to be foolish the many blind, mute and senseless laws  
that we did not go to school nor to the church nor to the doctor

that we attempted to learn under our own efforts  
to count the little trees the stars the ants  
to exorcise our own demons  
to heal our own wounds

To awake on a bed of weeds at the edge of the path  
we will tell them that every day we dress ourselves in our skins  
that we sow poetry on the sidewalks of the empire

That we dream of waking without anxiety from work  
with out fear of being consumed from having to please the salesman  
free of the horror of silencing our very thoughts  
that we occupy these streets that are ours streets

If someone asks us who we are

We will tell them  
we do not know  
we simply are  
    we are  
        we are

If someone asks you where you live

you will speak of the paths that you have walked  
of the trees that you have climbed

of the sound of your hands on the drum skin  
of your song of clear water meandering among the rocks

of the waves that crash against your feet  
    against your waist  
        against your breast  
            against your smile

You will be quite proud to say that your neighbors  
are the birds  
    and the leaves of the oak tree  
        the red sequoia  
            a clan of clandestine pigs  
                and a lover who loves you with complete certainty

That your nest is a region which extends  
    from the forest  
        to the beach  
            which passes through deserts



and which is hung on the corners of the moon

If someone asks you where you live  
you will tell them that you just live  
    simply live  
        simply live

If someone asks me where we are going

I will tell them that wherever our footprints are lacking  
there we will go  
in the palms of our hands we will read the moment of our departure  
through the eyes of the owl  
the whole night will fall upon us and upon waking our stomach will urge us to march on our  
maps are the spots found on the fur of felines by sheer stroke of luck we will carry on guided by  
impulse  
engulfed in debates  
in combats  
in protests  
during hunger strikes  
continuing to share the experience of our living

If someone asks me where we are going  
I will tell them that we are just going  
                    going  
                            going

## Somos

Si alguien nos pregunta quienes somos  
les diremos que escapamos de prisión  
que saltamos precipicios  
que violamos las fronteras del prejuicio  
que rompimos los espejos de la duda  
que robamos mas de un banco de comida  
que burlamos muchas leyes ciegas mudas sin sentido  
que no fuimos a la escuela ni a la iglesia ni al doctor  
que quisimos aprender por cuenta propia  
a contar los arbolitos las estrellas las hormigas  
a exorcizar nuestros demonios  
a curar nuestras heridas  
a despertar sobre la hierba a una orilla del camino  
les diremos que vestimos nuestras pieles cada día  
que sembramos poesía por las aceras del imperio  
que soñamos despertar sin ansiedad por el trabajo  
sin el temor de consumirnos complaciendo al vendedor  
sin el horror de callar lo que pensamos

Que ocupamos estas calles que son nuestras

si alguien nos pregunta quienes somos  
les diremos  
no sabemos  
solo somos  
somos  
somos

Si alguien te pregunta donde vives  
has de hablar de los senderos que has andado  
de los árboles que trepas  
del sonido de tus manos en el cuero del tambor  
de tu canto de agua clara serpenteando entre las rocas

De las olas que se quiebran en tus pies  
en tu cintura  
en tu pecho  
en tu sonrisa

Estarás muy orgullosa de decir que tus vecinos  
son los pájaros  
las hojas de los robles  
la sequoia  
un clan de puercos clandestinos  
y un amante que te ama a ciencia cierta

Que tu nido es un recinto que se extiende  
desde el bosque  
hasta la playa  
que atraviesa los desiertos  
que se cuelga de los cuernos de la luna

Si alguien te pregunta donde vives  
le dirás que solo vives  
vives  
vives

Si alguien me pregunta a donde vamos  
les diré que a donde falten nuestras huellas allí iremos  
leeremos en la palma de las manos el momento de partir  
de los ojos de los búhos nos caerá la noche entera  
al despertar el estomago nos apremiara a marchar  
nuestros mapas son las manchas de la piel de los felinos  
a puro golpe de suerte seguiremos adelante  
guiados por corazonadas  
enfrascados en debates  
en combates  
en protestas

huelgas de hambre  
seguiremos compartiendo la experiencia de vivir

Si alguien me pregunta a donde vamos  
les diré que solo vamos  
vamos  
vamos

**I See No Image, Only Letters**  
by Cassidy Summers  
*Occupy Huntington Beach, CA*

I see no image, only letters  
Floating around like little feathers  
Forming words, making stories  
Seems so sad, oh poor me poor me.

Poor me poor me, more like more me,  
Selfishness is a virtue  
Not the kind, where your hurting others  
Only the one, that makes you brothers.

Its getting darker, and so are words  
Next thing you hear, tops what you heard  
They steal and rape  
You live off them

But might as well, take a slice of pie  
Because I can gurantee  
It wont be around when you die

Im anti this, and anti that  
The establishment, one big piece of crap  
Almost as crap, as my little rap.  
Now guess what folks, it's unconventional  
But ill end it at that.

**the poet stays home on a Saturday night**  
by Casey Degnan

and the night breaks open  
with words like water  
like love  
carpet bombs and floods  
the New York City streets  
like sewer rats and alligators  
the thought

of a brother  
up in Brooklyn, sloped over  
does the same  
splinters the standard  
status quo to smithereens  
dresses it up in drag  
and swing dances with he/she  
down the financial district from Main and South St.  
parades her up Broadway  
his poem is a peony  
protesting winter, nuclear  
protesting the policeman's billy-club  
his poem is a chrysanthemum  
is 70-foot-tall abstract sculpture of bright-red beams  
that grows from the concrete, that grows unsanitary  
that bleeds Zucotti  
a willow of words weaved like wool  
octopus tentacles stretching from the granite sidewalk  
reaching out like Lower Manhattan tree branches to sunbeams  
his poem is an owl, is Oz, is an occupied park  
is a lady on her way home from work on Wall St.  
who changes her route, her mind  
and right there handcuffed in the middle of chaos  
blooms a bioluminescent bluebonnet  
at the bottom of the ocean of promise  
at the bottom of a pile of police leaves  
there's a treasure chest, an old lady breathing  
pepper spray words like life, words like liberty, like pursuit  
words like water  
that breaks down barricades like levees  
waves formed from need  
igniting the seed like new year's eve  
fills the street, like sky lanterns to the sky  
a lexis of language  
a coined wish sacrifice  
on the only star seen from the city  
is the fountain streetlamp's reflection  
is the scapegoat's slashed throat  
is a grocery list of resolutions  
burning brightly  
a sparkler of hope, the American dream scene  
through the smoke screen  
a firework proclamation like a palm shell mine  
a discourse out of disaster  
love is a canister of gas  
is an Oakland flash bomb  
you throw back  
is a book drive, a reading series, is the people's library  
their microphone and sleeping bags trashed

which sparks the gull and the steel  
and the people  
who fight like brothers do  
over everything  
and then imagine the moon that all men see equally  
imagine all the people, no longer waning  
imagine you and the rich man, you and the senator  
you and the sea  
the rising tide  
like a revolution  
imagine the might  
that won't recede.

### **I WANT YOU TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE**

by Michael Devere

I want you to make a difference  
Listen to the wind, it whispers before it roars  
You are in the center of the eye of all that is  
It is your thoughts that form the world around you  
It is your dreams that condition the future.  
You have the power to move that energy in either direction  
Play with it  
Play with it in your body and play with it in the world  
Something significant is happening  
Listen to the wind  
Begin to make a difference

### **WHO KNEW**

by Kathy Goss

Who knew?  
I voted for Nader  
Who knew  
they'd disenfranchise the felons  
or men with their names  
or men of their race  
Who knew  
the chads would be hanging  
the crowd would stop the recount  
the court would decide  
the loser would win  
Whoops Too bad Who knew  
Who knew  
Who would have guessed  
the planes wouldn't scramble  
while he read with the children

in a classroom in Florida  
Who knew  
the towers would fall  
the wing in the Pentagon  
would be under construction  
Whoops Too bad  
Who knew  
Who could have predicted  
Osama would bug out over the border  
The bombs would kill the civilians  
The mob would loot the museums  
The resistance would blow up the pipelines  
and slaughter our soldiers  
Whoops  
Stuff happens  
Not as bad as any inner city in America  
Uh oh  
Just a slight miscalculation  
Collateral damage  
Friendly fire  
Exploding Humvees  
Flag draped coffins  
Who knew  
There'd be  
No scary weapons  
No African yellowcake  
No mobile labs  
Whoops  
Who could have known  
Who cooked the intelligence  
Who leaked to the press  
Who monitored the chatter  
Who bugged their cell phones  
Who raised the alerts  
Who knew  
the storm would make landfall  
the levees would break  
the city would drown  
the people would be treated like criminals  
Whoops heckuva job Brownie  
No way of planning Who knew  
Who knew  
Who would have guessed  
that the market would crash  
the factories would close  
the treasury would hold up the citizens  
the bankers would make out like bandits  
and foreclose on the mortgages  
Who knew

Who could have predicted  
there'd be a black man in the White House  
the war would expand  
the corporations would win  
We wouldn't end up with the oil  
the snooping would spread  
Fighting terror Hope and change  
making jobs shovel ready  
Uh oh too bad who knew  
It's all looking up  
there's plenty of food stamps  
enjoy your time off  
Whoops  
Who would have guessed  
It's hard to tell  
the brake from the gas pedal  
the wedding party  
from the nest of jihadists  
It's all going great  
There's lots of jobs in the army  
We can't cut and run  
We must stay the course  
Support our troops  
Spreading freedom  
Democracy on the march  
God bless America  
Fight them overseas  
So we don't have to fight them here  
Fight who?  
Who knew?

**YOU PROMISED (MARCHING SONG)**  
by Kathy Goss

You promised you'd bring peace  
We walked the hungry streets  
Collecting money from the poor  
to put an end to war  
That's what we voted for

But the bankers took the pot  
While the schools and factories rot  
and the people hope forgot  
are no better off than before  
and you're still making war

People on your feet  
Get out in the streets

We can't put up with this anymore

You're spending all our wealth  
on bombs instead of health  
and the fat cats help themselves  
to the spoils of war  
Is that what we're fighting for

We can't go out on strike  
Cause our jobs all took a hike  
across the troubled seas  
to your friends' new factories  
where they do as they please

People on your feet  
Get out in the streets  
We can't put up with this anymore

You promised you'd bring change  
so it seems a little strange  
that the crooks are running free  
and they rub their hands with glee  
'cause your party can't agree

If you won't do what we say  
We'll send you on your way  
and find another gal or guy  
who the corporate thugs can't buy  
for that house you occupy

People on your feet  
Get out in the streets  
We can't put up with this anymore  
They fooled us at the polls  
It's time for heads to roll  
We will raise our voices in a mighty roar

## **NEW WORLD WEATHER**

by Kathy Goss

More bad weather ahead  
Moderate tornado activity  
in New England today  
Schools will remain closed  
until the all clear  
Flood waters continue to rise  
in Salt Lake City  
where survivors on the roofs



of high-rise buildings  
beg TV helicopter crews for food  
Film at eleven  
Earthquake activity  
is expected to subside tomorrow afternoon  
If you've been putting off that brain surgery  
this will be your window of opportunity  
Meanwhile a tsunami watch is in effect  
extending from the coast of Wyoming  
to the Gulf of New Mexico  
Today's high  
Missoula Montana one hundred forty-three degrees  
The low  
Tallahassee Florida at minus nine  
Hang on  
We're having a . . . a pole shift  
. . .  
(Whew) Well that was just a mild one  
According to our instant recalculation  
the sun will rise today at four eighteen p.m.  
and will set at nine twenty-three  
As always  
remain indoors during daylight hours  
New World Weather  
is brought to you  
by Exxon Chevron  
the World Bank  
Monsanto  
Goldman Sachs  
Halliburton and the Sierra Club  
Taking charge of what's left  
of your future

### **Panegyryze**

by Jamie Felton  
*Occupy Seattle*

To be silent  
is not quiet  
it is words without  
reception or  
nests lacking  
eggs, the birds  
scavenging with beaks  
spearing detritus  
sheltering air

It is words without

comprehension or  
languages mixed  
thickly in tongues  
each thought  
a sense overloaded  
muddled by the onslaught  
your mind a wall  
words filtering through  
the crenelations

It is words smothered  
by words  
shots fired and  
birds scatter  
wings stutter black  
on blue in flight  
and do not  
return

To be quiet  
is defeat  
and silence is my fist  
opening, my palm bare  
my mouth mourning  
this feathered beast  
spread wide and limp  
in the grass.

## **THE GOOD KING**

by Joseph Annino

The Good King is loved by the people  
The Good King loves his people  
The Good King gives us his blessings  
The Good King shows us marvels and makes magic real  
The Good King builds castles that touch the sky and remind us of his glory  
The Good King gives us order and safety  
The Good King gives us work and the means to survive  
The Good King gives us knowledge and the means to achieve  
The Good King promises us a brilliant future  
The Good King says work hard enough and you may one day be king  
The Good King keeps his people amused  
The Good King asks for our faith in him  
The Good King asks for our tribute to him  
The Good King will not be questioned  
The Good King makes the rules for our benefit  
The Good King has armies and police for our protection  
The Good King will use them so that we know he is good

The Good King is afraid  
The People will learn, all kings are tyrants

### **Bible Study**

by Riché Richardson

*November 29, 2011*

Even if the Bible says the poor will always be with us, there was the beauty and dignity of the widow's mite and of giving everything in spite of having so little.

And there are also numerous passages about how wealth can obstruct the path to heaven and redemption, making it as impossible to enter as a camel getting through the eye of a needle.

And there is the young man who desired to become a disciple but then outright refused to give up his worldly wealth, and in the process, lost his eternal soul to hold on to material possessions that signified wealth during his time over 2000 years ago, but that are as meaningless and outdated and outmoded now as the mega mansions, private planes, limousines, sports cars and other prizes of contemporary corporate greed are doomed to be as time moves on.

This young man's sad story reminds us, especially those of us who believe, that the luxuries of this millennial age will evaporate and lose all meaning and worth as time passes on.

And that people should never stake so much on worldly possessions.

And that the cost of being a gatekeeper for the 1%-and for such a brief moment in time could in the end mean the loss of 100% for all time.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

It is better to value the things that money can't buy.

"I got shoes, you got shoes, all of God's children got shoes, and when I get to heaven gonna put on my shoes and gonna walk all over God's heaven. Heaven . . ."

### **Untitled**

by Marina Mati

this morning even the frickin' coffee maker moans in ecstasy  
my two cats are hungry were they like me they'd hunt the indescribable  
leave entrails of truth on the doorstep

not quite 3rd generation American Ellis Island sand in my stomach  
i occasionally dangle by a thread off Statue of Liberty's torch  
swinging with every gust of fear minted on Wall Street  
i'm an exile in NYC not a tourist  
looking over my shoulder for that FBI man  
files of Dad in his briefcase

money escapes me like a refugee, with a hell of lot  
more freedom in the hands of corporate lawyers  
library's still free but the postal worker eyed me suspiciously  
applying was it? for a po box with no lease or mortgage in my name  
she was performing her duty to fear. the supervisor was called and said ok

tropical storm predicted for northeast latitudes

### **The bone's prayer to Death his God\***

by Gregory Luce

*originally appeared on the Poets Against War Website in response to the Iraq War*

Lord of Whiteness raise your sun  
to bake and bleach me here  
to melt away the last threads of flesh and sinew  
that bind me to the body.

Direct O Lord its pure white light  
to polish me to pure whiteness  
to dessicate me to perfect brittleness  
so that I may finally disintegrate into fine powder  
so that your desert wind may mingle me with the dust  
and scatter me across the lands and the waters.

*\*T.S. Eliot*

### **Red**

by T. P White

When I went through all the WC/toilets  
At 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.  
I found they were 100% occupied,  
All the notches were on red. WOW,  
I thought. Red sent my spirits soaring  
the color of communism, of healthy  
cheeks, heart and blood, color of

all things good & giving, jam on white  
bread, jelly, steaks medium rear, war  
fought in lost causes, death of youth,  
amputated limbs, pigs blood on grass.  
O God, red was getting worse, pepper  
spray, white eyes, tears shed for naught.  
And when the people inside came out  
none of them had flushed their bowl.  
Since that day, and forever more, I pre-  
occupy myself during dark times  
with the only thing I can do to lift  
the flagging spirits of my own heart  
calling that building The Shite House.

### **THE LAST TENT TO GO**

by Ray Zdonek

*rayzdonek@juno.com*

*Bloomington, IN (home of Occupy Bloomington/People's Park)*

even as the winter came  
so to the wall of black-clad bodies  
like a phalanx of zombies on parade  
following solemn orders from the top  
with helmets and visors  
the body armor and sophisticated  
communications—they are watching us  
by satellite and with cameras perched  
at intersections near the banks  
their eyes in the sky never blink

but the small collection of the disenfranchised  
sit cross-legged with arms linked facing outward  
forming a circle like the sun or moon  
they are the last tent to be dumpstered  
their courage is the fruit of Debs and Gandhi  
their patience will be the cradle of justice  
and their love of peace the crown of creation









**WEEK NINE**

**WEEK NINE**

**WEEK NINE**

**WEEK NINE**

**WEEK NINE**



## **It's Been A Nightmare of Police Brutality**

by Stephen Boyer

*For Filip Marinovich*

Please stop! Stop! Don't hurt me! Let go of me!

I'll smear shit and swing by lamplight

Strip myself// free to rave

The government is onto me

The sonar picked up my vibrations

Illuminating lavender blinding force of yes!

Forces up!

The siege of spirit will be brought down

My aura billows ever outward ever further beyond any jail cell

This wildness will not stop

Clench fists, point middle fingers, cast spells, redirect this angry hatred back upon the state!

Smash the crystal!

We will be beautiful!

Forces up!

I'm glowing lavender and the pentagon only knows one word: **TERRORIST**

## **CAPITALISM POEM #1**

by Joshua Zelesnick

*Pittsburgh, PA*

Once upon a capitalism...

Since the capitalism of all time...

Don't cry over spilt capitalism

I really capitalism you—a lot

Ask not what capitalism can do for you, but what BP can do for capitalism.

The only thing to capitalism is capitalism itself

Back that capitalism up

Capitalism of my eye-sore

Always look on the capitalism side (door exit)

All's capitalism that ends capitalism

To capitalism or not to capitalism that is the profit

All capitalism and no work makes jack dull

Capitalism for one and poverty for all

Absolute capitalism corrupts abs—sentee ballots

A capitalism by any other name would smell as vile

I pledge non allegiance to the flag of the unUnited States of capitalism, and to the capitalism for which it stands, one nation under capitalism, divisible, with capitalism, and injustice for all.

The capitalism doesn't fall far from the war

Energy = Mass x the speed of capitalism<sup>2</sup>

**The American**  
by Steven Frank  
*Harlem, NYC*

I am American,  
The voice of the people-  
The voice that will lead you-  
From the past & the present-  
The protestors of the peasants-  
Left in - Weapons-  
Of "Mass Corruption",  
And its blurred my sight,  
But I am not blind!  
I've noticed the lies,  
Swallowed my pride,  
And now it's growing inside-  
Of me-  
Like a baby!  
And maybe-  
Everything will work out-  
If we work out-  
A way to give work out.  
Please, suspend the doubt,  
And hear what we are about.  
We are Raw.  
We are RAW!  
Raw!  
RAW!  
Like a lion and I am the truth.  
You can handcuff my hands,  
But my fist will raise.  
My fist will raise!  
Physical pain,  
Emotional strain-  
Can't stop me-  
And probably!  
It's because -  
I -  
Am -  
American!

**America's Story Not Told on Fox News**  
by Eliot Glassheim

The following poems are 11 sections selected from the 90 which make up a long epic America's

history, which I'm tentatively calling *The Greater Jihad: The Struggle to Perfect America*. It tries to tell the story of America's past which enables us to see what's happening to us in the present.

If you'd like to read the whole 175 pages, email me at [eglass@infionline.net](mailto:eglass@infionline.net) and I'll send it out.

### **I Love To Tell the Story**

They say we are a nation like none other.  
They say God blessed the founding of America.  
They say we are a model and inspiration to the world.  
They say our roots are in England, in the liberties won  
By the Magna Carta, the Protestant Reformation  
And the rugged individualism of the wild frontier.  
It is a lovely story. And it is partly true.  
But it is a gated story. "The people without history"  
Cannot get in. Until we let them in  
Our story will remain half done,  
No matter how manicured the lawn.  
Like Lincoln's face, the imperfections overcome  
Are a sign of character.  
I love to tell the story  
Of the struggle to be whole.

### **Boston Commons (1634)**

In 1634, the inhabitants of the town of Boston  
Purchased land from the estate of William Blackstone  
And made it available to all the townspeople, many  
Of whom owned a cow to provide milk and butter  
For their families. Each would take their cow to graze  
All day, under the supervision of a cowherd paid  
By the town. As families became more affluent,  
They would buy a second or third cow to sell  
The surplus to cowless sailors and merchants. After  
A few years, the common pasture was hopelessly  
Overgrazed. Boston Commons is an icon  
Of the struggle between individual betterment  
And the good of all.

### **Government Mandates in the Colonies (1640-1685)**

Concerned about the fluctuating value of money,  
Willem Kiefft, deputy-general of New Amsterdam,  
Issued an order in the 1640s that wampum be strung  
Tightly together. This early intervention of government  
In currency valuation came about because loose wampum  
Had created problems of exchange and led to bartering.

In New Amsterdam in the 1650s, serious inflation threatened

The economy. Peter Stuyvesant, head of the colony,  
Imposed price controls—at first on bread, brandy and wine,  
Later on shoes, stockings, soap, salad oil, candles and nails.

The early New England Puritans mandated that all  
Marriage ceremonies be conducted by a civil magistrate.  
The Puritans believed that marriage was essentially  
A secular institution, of no direct concern to the church.  
It was, as Martin Luther wrote, not a sacrament,  
But “a secular and outward thing, having to do with wife  
And children, house and home, and with other matters  
That belong to the realm of government.”

In colonial Massachusetts it was illegal to observe  
Christmas. By a law passed in 1659, anybody “found  
Observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or  
Any other way, any such days as Christmas day”  
Was fined five shillings for each offense. In 1685  
Judge Samuel Sewall noted in his diary that everyone  
Went to work as usual on Christmas Day. Not until  
The middle of the nineteenth century did Christmas  
Become a major holiday.

### **Ben Franklin (1706-1790)**

His dad made candles and soap and had fifteen children.  
His mom, born Abiah Folger, had a descendant  
Who made coffee. He seemed to be an ordinary man  
Who led an extraordinary life. He ran away from home—  
Then a criminal act—then quit his brother’s print shop;  
Had a bastard child, whom he raised with his common-law  
Wife (not the mother) who he later married and lived with  
For thirty-four years until she died of a stroke; then cavorted  
With both high and low society in Paris after her death;  
And disowned his natural son for choosing the wrong  
Side in the Revolution.

By 1776, Benjamin Franklin

Was the foremost citizen of Philadelphia. His social  
Inventions included a lending library, paving and lighting  
The streets, a police force and fire department, fire insurance  
To prevent financial disaster, a city hospital and an academy  
(Which later became the University of Pennsylvania).  
Franklin’s life, which spanned the eighteenth century,  
Mirrored society’s changing attitudes. In his youth,  
Franklin regularly ran advertisements in the *Gazette*  
For slaves he was selling. (He owned two, George  
And King, who worked in his household.) By mid-century,  
His thinking was that slavery was harmful to a nation  
Because it bred contempt for labor *and* it was economically

Inefficient. By 1787, Franklin accepted the presidency  
Of the first abolitionist society founded in the United States  
In Philadelphia a year before the Declaration of Independence.

Franklin observed the world and sought explanations  
For everything he observed. He speculated that colds  
Were caused by contagion rather than by cold air  
(An early germ theory before germs were described.)  
He prescribed exercise to raise the body's temperature  
(An early linkage of activity and calories.) He identified  
Lead poisoning in certain trades as leading to paralysis.  
He built an experimental apparatus to demonstrate  
That boats move slower in a shallow than a deep canal.

Like Jefferson, who invented vanishing beds, an odometer,  
A dumbwaiter, air conditioner, and a machine for writing  
In duplicate, Franklin brought to life new devices  
To expand human capacity or comfort. His practical  
Inventions included the Franklin stove, the lightening rod,  
Bifocal glasses, a glass harmonica, and the first flexible  
Urinary catheter. He flew his kite with a key in a thunderstorm  
To show that lightning and electricity were the same thing.  
In his invention of the lightening rod, Franklin did not tame  
Lightning in Promethean fashion, all alone, by directing  
His solitary genius at the heavens. He actually  
Collaborated with three other experimenters  
In a common laboratory set up in the Pennsylvania  
State House. And he never sought a patent for it  
Because he was committed to "produce something  
For the common benefit" since "we enjoy great advantages  
From the inventions of others, and so we should be glad  
Of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours.  
And this we should do freely and generously." He shared  
The belief that knowledge was "common property"  
With Jefferson, who noted a peculiarity of print  
Communication: "He who receives an idea from me  
Receives instruction himself without lessening mine;  
As he who lights his taper at mine receives light  
Without darkening me." The founders did not seek  
To profit from government-protected monopolies  
Like patenting of DNA segments of the human genome.

Franklin was a justice of the peace, US postmaster,  
Alderman, burgess, Governor of Pennsylvania,  
Commissioner to Congress, colonial agent to England, envoy  
To France, Sweden and Prussia. He was the first American  
To be a citizen of the world. He persuaded the British to revoke  
The Stamp Act; he was one of five who drafted  
The Declaration of Independence; he negotiated crucial

Loans from France to support the Revolutionary War;  
He signed the Treaty of Paris recognizing that the colonies  
Had won the Revolutionary War.

At age twenty-two, Franklin acknowledged William  
Franklin as his illegitimate son, married his true love  
Soon after, and they raised William in their household.  
Franklin pulled strings in London to get the crown  
To appoint William Colonial Governor of New Jersey.  
Though Franklin's attitude towards the British evolved,  
William's remained fixed. He served the British king  
Who appointed him, never wavering when the war  
For independence broke out, remaining loyal to the crown.  
William led The Board of Associated Loyalists in British  
Occupied New York; the group was active in guerrilla raids  
Against the colonists. Tolerant Ben never forgave him.  
After the war, as Ben negotiated a general pardon for British  
Loyalists, he omitted those who had taken up arms  
Against the colonies. William moved to England and lived out  
His life there. The two met briefly when Ben was again  
Negotiating a treaty with the British. There was no  
Reconciliation. Franklin loved his country more than his son.

### **The Boston Tea Party (1773)**

History is more than an ornamental garden, laid out  
With hindsight by historians and teachers; it is,  
Rather, a jungle where beetles were once at work.

In sixteenth century England, tea became a fashionable  
Tropical luxury drink among the upper classes. Two  
Hundred years later, the crown used the British love  
Affair with tea to raise revenue to support expansion  
Of its Empire throughout the world. Import duties  
Were a well accepted form of taxation, and British  
Importers paid duties which bounced between forty  
And one hundred twenty percent of the pre-tax price.  
The higher the tax, the greater the smuggling.  
The greater the smuggling, the lower the tax collections.

As with most wars, those who win also lose. The debt  
England piled up in fighting the French and the Indians  
On the western frontier was a heavy burden to drag  
Around. The colonists wanted British forts and British  
Soldiers to clear a path for land and commerce  
Through Indian territory. But the colonists, then as now,  
Were reluctant to be taxed for their own defense. England  
Sought to fund its military expenses in North America  
With a stamp tax—an established practice throughout



Europe and used by colonial governments—on legal Documents, newspapers, business licenses, cards, dice And diplomas. The funds from these taxes were to be used Exclusively to pay for British troops stationed in North America. To accommodate the colonists, local citizens were granted The exclusive right to sell or issue the stamps. Even Ben Franklin applied for the job of stamp salesman. When the colonists protested against a tax which was Unacceptable because it was not an external duty On commerce, but was an internal tax, the British Backed down within a year and repealed the Stamp Tax. A year later, still looking for revenue to repay past war Debts and plan for future wars, Parliament passed The Townshend Duties on paper, dyes, glass, lead And tea imported from Britain. Throughout the colonies, Merchants organized a boycott to avoid paying the tax By refusing to import taxed British items.

Wealthy merchants had long opposed any restriction On their right to buy and sell anything they could Without being taxed (although British merchants Had long paid duties amounting to 100% of cargo Value). Many colonial shipping fortunes were made By Rowe, Molineaux, Payne, Davis, Bourn and Cooper From smuggling. John Hancock, whose name was writ Large on the Declaration of Independence, smuggled Glass, lead, paper and French molasses. His specialty, However, was smuggling Dutch Tea. It could sell for less In the colonies than British East India Company tea, Which was shipped first to London, taxed as an import, Then trans-shipped to the colonies. To save the company From looming bankruptcy, Parliament allowed direct Shipment to the colonies and lowered the former duty On tea. Before the Tea Act of 1773, legally imported Bohea tea sold for 3 shillings per pound. After the Act, Tea could retail for 2 shillings a pound, cheaper Than even smuggled tea with no taxation which sold For 2 shillings and 1 penny. Smugglers would be put Out of business.

The Boston Tea Party was held between seven and ten pm On December sixteen, 1773. One hundred sixteen people Disguised as Mohawk Indians boarded the ships in Boston Harbor. They smashed open three hundred forty-two chests And dumped forty-five tons of tea worth almost a million And a half dollars today. The tea that choked Boston Harbor Would have made twenty-four million cups of tea.

The Boston Tea Party was the first tax-cut protest

In history.

### **The Invasion of Mexico (1845-1847)**

In order to justify conquest, they saw Mexicans as dirty,  
Ignorant, poor and degraded, although that did not prevent  
Them from having sex with Mexican women. Conquest  
Confirmed the soldiers' sense of moral superiority,  
Rooted in education, industry, technology, religion  
And free government.

Lieutenant Ulysses Simpson (Sam) Grant, a recent West  
Point graduate, was with the Army of Occupation sent  
By President Polk to fortify positions along the Rio Grande,  
A hundred miles south of the Nueces River, long considered  
The border by Mexico. When the Mexican cavalry  
Responded to this provocation by crossing the river  
And firing on an American patrol, killing eleven  
And wounding six, the president, like other presidents  
After him, disavowed responsibility for the conflict  
(Despite massing an army a hundred miles inside Mexico),  
And, after only a few hours of debate, rushed a declaration  
Of war through Congress. He proclaimed that Mexico  
"Has invaded our territory and shed American blood  
Upon American soil." The war divided the country along  
Party and regional lines. Democrats wanted more land,  
Whigs wanted industrial expansion within existing territory.  
Both the North and South saw it for what it was, an attempt  
By southern slave owners to expand slavery and thus keep up  
With the faster growing north.

Joshua Giddings, for twenty years  
A congressman from Ohio's Western Reserve, active in  
The Underground Railway, first a Whig, then a Free-soiler,  
Then Opposition Party and finally one of the founders  
Of the Republican Party, condemned the annexation of Texas  
And the invasion of Mexico. "In the murder of Mexicans  
On their own soil, or in robbing them of their country,  
I can take no part. The guilt of these crimes must rest  
On others." Abraham Lincoln, elected to Congress months  
After the declaration of war, charged the president  
"With usurping the war-making power, with seizing  
A country which had been for centuries in the possession  
Of the Mexicans. Let us put a check upon this lust  
Of dominion. We have territory enough, Heaven knows."  
Two months into the war, Massachusetts representative  
George Ashmun rebuked President Polk for starting  
The war: "It is no longer pretended that our purpose  
Is to repel invasion. The mask is off, the veil is lifted.  
And we see invasion, conquest and colonization

Emblazoned upon our banners.” The veil he spoke of  
Was American exceptionalism and innocence.  
In response to the invasion of Mexico, Henry David Thoreau  
Was jailed for refusing to pay taxes to support the war,  
And wrote the American classic, *Civil Disobedience*.

After two years of lopsided defeats, Mexico signed  
The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. America got Texas,  
Pushed the border south to the Rio Grande, and took  
Present-day California, Nevada, Utah, and parts  
Of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming.  
In exchange for one million two hundred thousand  
Square miles (two-thirds of its territory), Mexico  
Was paid twenty-one million dollars (five hundred forty  
Million today). The human price: two thousand American  
Dead from battle, ten thousand from yellow fever, thirteen  
Thousand wounded, uncounted Mexicans slaughtered  
And maimed. Forty years after the war, U. S. Grant—  
Who served in it with Stonewall Jackson, George Meade,  
George McClellan, Robert E. Lee, Zachary Taylor  
And future Confederate president Jefferson Davis—  
Wrote that he had been bitterly opposed to annexation  
“And to the war which resulted as one of the most unjust  
Ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation. It was  
An instance of a republic following the bad example  
Of European monarchies in not considering justice  
In their desire to acquire additional territory.” Reflecting  
That immoral choices have practical consequences,  
Grant concluded that “the Southern rebellion was largely  
The outgrowth of the Mexican war. Nations, like  
Individuals, are punished for their transgressions. We got  
Our punishment in the most sanguinary and expensive war  
Of modern times.”

### **Robber Baron Sketches: Andrew Carnegie (1892)**

A complex man, **Andrew Carnegie** rode the tide  
Of his times to wealth and power, and then used  
His money to dam and direct the flow towards  
Universal education and international peace.  
The narrative arc of his life was rags to riches.  
The son of a handloom weaver who emigrated  
From starving Scotland to Pennsylvania,  
Carnegie was a bobbin boy in a cotton factory  
Earning twenty cents a day; then a telegraph  
Messenger boy, then telegraph operator  
For the Pennsylvania Railroad. Wherever  
He landed, he worked hard and learned fast.  
He helped the north win the Civil War

And the war helped him on his way to his fortune  
In steel, iron for gunboats, cannon and shells,  
Railroads, bridges and oil. He had a deft Midas touch.  
By conscious plan, Carnegie spent the first third  
Of his life amassing education, the second third  
Amassing wealth, and the final third giving it all away.  
His libraries enrich millions still; he opposed  
Annexation of the Philippines, offering Filipino  
Rebels twenty million to buy their freedom  
From American imperialism; he helped found  
The Anti-Imperialist League, and spent large sums  
To promote peace in international relations, laying  
The groundwork for the League of Nations. He gave away  
Over four billion dollars (in current value) before he died.  
He is buried at the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery  
In Tarrytown, New York.

But many good deeds  
Could not cleanse the stain left by what he did  
At his steel plant in Homestead, Pennsylvania  
In 1892. It was a year when workers and owners  
Were locked in struggle over division of the fruits  
Of their mutual labors. That year, coal miners struck  
In Tennessee, railroad switchmen in Buffalo, copper  
Miners in Idaho. Faced with declining steel prices,  
Carnegie slashed wages and when the Amalgamated  
Association of Iron and Steelworkers union would not  
Settle, locked the workers out, erected twelve miles  
Of high fencing topped with barbed wire, and decorated it  
With peepholes for rifles. He brought a private army  
Of three hundred from the Pinkerton Detective Agency  
On barges up the Monongahela River. They were met  
By thousands of workers and many sympathizers  
From the town of Homestead who fought a pitched  
Battle from three am to three pm before the Pinkertons  
Surrendered. The state militia, with Gatling guns,  
Was called in to shepherd strikebreakers in locked  
Trains into the plant. The strike was broken, but so  
Was the conscience of the man who once had defied  
His class by favoring the right of workers to unionize  
And even proposed that the union workers share  
The fortunes of the plant, with wages rising when times  
Were good and falling when the plant lost money.  
Reflecting on the struggle at Homestead, Carnegie  
Told a friend it was "the trial of my life. It was such  
A foolish step, contrary to my ideals, repugnant  
To every feeling of my nature. Our firm offered  
Generous terms. We went as far as we could,  
But the false step was in trying to run the Homestead Works  
With new men. It was a test to which working men

Should not have been subjected. It is expecting too much  
Of poor men to stand by and see their work taken  
By others. The pain I suffer increases daily. The Works  
Are not worth one drop of human blood. I wish  
They had sunk."

### **The Triangle Shirtwaist Fire (1911)**

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the garment industry  
Was the largest employer in New York City. The shirtwaist,  
A high-necked blouse made of crisp, light, translucent cotton  
Featured by illustrator Charles Dana Gibson in drawings  
Of the chic "Gibson Girl," was one of the most popular products  
Of the ready-to-wear industry. Max Blanck and Isaac Harris,  
Russian-born Jewish immigrants who settled in New York City  
In the late nineteenth century, became the leading shirtwaist  
Makers in the nation, with over 500 employees and profits  
Over one million dollars by 1908. Their Triangle Shirtwaist Company,  
On the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of the fashionable neo-Renaissance  
Style building, richly decorated with terra-cotta ornament, was known  
As the worst employer in the industry. The partners were heedless  
Of numerous fire and safety hazards at their factory. They routinely  
Ignored labor laws aimed at protecting women and children.  
Employees were expected to work until nine at night during the busy  
Season, without overtime pay or supper break, and they were locked  
In to ensure they would not steal scraps or leave the building early.

In September, 1909, one hundred women workers from the Triangle  
Factory held a meeting to discuss working conditions with Local 25  
Officials of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union  
(The ILGWU). Blanck and Harris got word of the meeting  
And immediately laid off 150 workers who either attended  
The meeting or were suspected of union sympathies. The union  
Called a general strike in protest, 25,000 shirtwaist workers  
(Eighty percent of them women) went on strike in New York City  
And garment workers in Philadelphia and Baltimore walked out  
In support. During the Women's Factory Strike of 1909, many  
Once-timid women braved the derision of men in their own union,  
Harsh treatment from male judges, beatings by police and thugs  
Hired by management to teach them a lesson, desperation  
From scabs crossing their picket lines and hunger from months  
Of being out of work. The strike lasted thirteen weeks.  
When it ended, almost three hundred smaller manufacturers  
Employing fifteen thousand workers signed a contract with Local 25,  
Agreeing to raise salaries, establish a 52-hour work week,  
Limit required overtime and recognize the union. A number  
Of larger firms, including Triangle, matched the pay scale  
Agreed to by union shops, but refused to recognize the union  
Or discuss complaints about locked doors or requests for safer

Fire escapes.

On Saturday afternoon, March 25, 1911, ten minutes before closing time, a fire erupted in one of the huge piles of scraps stored beneath the cutting tables on the eighth floor. Because the building was only 135 feet tall, it was allowed to have wood floors, wood window frames and trim, instead of the metal trim, metal frames and concrete floors that would have been required in a 150 foot tall building. Sprinklers were not required, but there was to be a fire alarm system as well as a standpipe with hoses on all the floors connecting to a water tank on the roof. When the fire started, a manager ran to the stairwell for a fire hose, only to discover that, with no inspection since it was installed, the hose had rotted and the water valve was rusted shut. Though the room was soon engulfed with flame and smoke, most of the workers on the eighth floor escaped via the elevators or down the crowded fire stairs. Before she escaped, the bookkeeper telephoned the executive offices on the tenth floor to alert them to the fire. They were able to get to the roof; law school students in an adjacent New York University building rescued them by lowering ladders which allowed them to climb onto taller neighboring buildings.

The sewing machine operators on the ninth floor had no warning. Flames came in through the window and smoke blinded them as they tried to escape. One staircase was blocked by the explosion of a barrel of machine oil, the doors to the other were locked. An alternate exterior fire escape was rickety and the drop ladder that might have allowed them to climb down to the courtyard had never been installed. The fire department arrived soon after the blaze began, but their ladders and hoses reached only to the sixth floor. The elevator operators, who had made repeated trips to evacuate workers from the eighth floor, had to give up when the elevator rails buckled under the heat. What appeared to be bolts of cloth flying out the windows and hitting the ground were observed by bystanders, one of whom muttered that Harris was trying to save his best material. Soon it became clear that these were bodies of women trying to escape from the flames. One woman, screaming, with clothing and hair ablaze, plunged like a living torch to the street. Police and firemen tried to get safety nets underneath those who jumped, but the impact of falling bodies tore them apart. The fire was under control within a half hour, but not before 146 workers were burnt to ashes or smashed on the pavement.

The vision of burning bodies floating to the ground horrified the general public and crystallized the demand for change. Regardless of the cost to businesses, thirty-six new laws were passed by the New York legislature, including stringent requirements for fire escapes, exits, and fire-proof partitions,

Fire alarms and fire drills in factory buildings; required codes  
For proper ventilation, lighting, elevator operation and sanitation  
In the workplace; and mandated safeguards to protect workers  
From industrial accidents. To ensure compliance, the New York  
State Department of Labor was reorganized and the number  
Of inspectors was doubled. For the first time in the United States,  
Limits were set on occupancy of buildings based on the means  
Of emergency egress. The Building Department's powers  
Were enlarged, giving it the right to inspect premises, to order  
Repairs, and to impose fines. New York's response to the fire  
Became a model for other cities and states and, two decades later,  
Was the impetus for much labor legislation passed by the New Deal.  
Frances Perkins, who witnessed the Triangle fire and then staffed  
The Factory Investigating Committee, was appointed Secretary  
Of Labor by Franklin Roosevelt. She summed up the meaning  
Of the fire: "The stirring up of the public conscience  
And the act of the people in penitence for the Triangle fire  
Brought about not only those laws which make New York State  
The best state in relation to factory laws; it was also that stirring  
Of conscience which brought about in 1932 the introduction  
Of a new element into the life of the whole United States.  
The New Deal began on March 25, 1911, the day the Triangle  
Factory burned."

As Horace observed  
Two millennia before us:  
"Your own safety is at stake  
When your neighbor's wall  
Is ablaze." And so we learn  
From hard experience  
What restrictions government  
Must put upon us all to protect the lives  
And liberties of all our people.

### **Why Vote? (1917)**

In 1920, the 19th Amendment was ratified, granting women  
The right to vote. Three years before that, 33 women were arrested  
And jailed for picketing the White House, carrying signs asking  
For that right. By the end of the night, they were barely alive.  
Forty prison guards wielding clubs and their warden's blessing  
Went on a rampage against the 33 women convicted of "obstructing  
Sidewalk traffic." Dorothy Day was slammed down over the back  
Of an iron bench. They beat Lucy Burns, chained her hands  
To the cell bars above her head and left her hanging for the night,  
Bleeding and gasping for air. They hurled Dora Lewis into a dark cell,  
Smashed her head against an iron bed and knocked her out cold.  
Her cellmate, Alice Cosu, thought Lewis was dead and suffered  
A heart attack. Additional affidavits describe the guards grabbing,

Dragging, beating, choking, slamming, pinching, twisting and kicking  
The women. Thus unfolded the “Night of Terror” on Nov. 15, 1917,  
When the warden at the Occoquan Workhouse in Virginia ordered  
His guards to teach a lesson to the suffragists imprisoned there  
Because they dared to picket Woodrow Wilson's White House  
For the right to vote. For weeks, the women's only water came from  
An open pail. Their food—all of it colorless slop—was infested with worms.  
When one of the leaders, Alice Paul, embarked on a hunger strike,  
They tied her to a chair, forced a tube down her throat and poured liquid  
Into her until she vomited. She was tortured like this for weeks  
Until word was smuggled out to the press.

A recently released HBO movie shows Woodrow Wilson  
And his cronies trying to persuade a psychiatrist to declare Alice Paul  
Insane so that she could be permanently institutionalized. The doctor  
Refused. “Alice Paul is strong, and brave. But she's not crazy,”  
He said. “Courage in women is often mistaken for insanity.”

Ninety years later, a thoughtful feminist, watching the movie,  
Reflected on her friends: “So, refresh my memory. Some women  
Won't vote this year because . . . We have carpool duties?  
We have to get to work? Our vote doesn't matter? It's raining?”

### **True Capitalism (2010)**

This public letter from Susan Marvin, president  
Of Marvin Windows and Doors, was published  
In the *Fargo Forum*: Last year, I stood before  
A thousand workers at our company's flagship  
Factory and told them we were reducing their hours  
From forty to thirty-two. They cheered.

Why? Because they were keeping their jobs.  
With the housing industry in the worst downturn  
Of our lifetime, our workers feared for their future.  
They'd seen others in our business cut jobs and close  
Plants. When they learned we wouldn't be following  
Suit, it was an emotional moment.

As third-generation leaders of a family business,  
My three brothers and I believe we'd do more  
Long-term damage to our company by cutting jobs  
Than by toughing out a lean year or two. There will  
Be times in the life of any business when drastic  
Measures are required to ensure a healthy future.  
But I'm not sure that's the reason for the millions  
Of layoffs we've seen across our nation in the past  
Few years. Is the viability of these companies  
Really threatened? Or is it a case of leadership



And/or public shareholders putting short-term profits  
Ahead of the true long-term interests of companies  
And communities?

My late father, Bill Marvin, embraced the notion  
Of stakeholders. He believed the success of a company  
Was inseparable from the success of the stakeholders  
Who were crucial to the company's viability: employees,  
Customers and communities. Our business relies  
On skilled workers to craft quality products. If we cut  
Workers now, what effect would it have on quality  
And innovation in our business?

Our workers aren't taking this lightly. They have less  
Money in their pockets and they've had to make  
Some tough decisions about their own family budgets.  
But they've also got hope for the future—hope  
That would be shattered if we put them on the street  
In the worst economy since the Great Depression.  
In letters, emails and in person, they've told my family  
That they appreciate the path we've chosen as a company.  
They know we're in this together. And when we come  
Out of it, they'll know that our company—our family—  
Honored their value by sticking with them.

We realize that as leaders of a family-owned  
And -operated company, we're insulated from some  
Of the demands faced by our counterparts  
At publicly traded firms. But we're not insulated  
From the realities of making a payroll, satisfying  
Our customers and ensuring our company's future.

We believe the way to do that is by looking out  
For the interests of all the stakeholders  
Who helped build our company.

### **Coda**

A young country yet, we've been hung  
In a smokehouse long enough to cure  
Some imperfections. Yet our past has enough  
Of the dark side in it to burn out smug  
Self-satisfaction. No nation was formed  
Without murder, no religion without reason  
For guilt. No ethnic group has clean hands,  
No government works without duplicity.

But, oh, my America, learn to do penance  
For the sins and crimes we have committed;

Admit to imperfection, and take the next step  
Towards being worthy of admiring ourselves  
In the mirror. Oh, my America, detach  
Your sense of importance from your Empire,  
Burn out the fires that founded the nation,  
Give up God, Gold and Glory, walk away  
From obsession with power, wealth and dominion.  
Seek to be a nation where, like George Washington,  
The powerful restrain themselves, where ambitious  
People pour their energy into other people's success,  
Where the depravity we see in the mirror of history  
Is mastered by the limits we put on ourselves.  
America, when the Empire is gone and that dream  
Is put to peaceful rest, I still will love you  
As a place where virtue is measured  
By the harm your people refuse to do.

**TITLE: needs a lot of work**  
by Nancy Keating

what we seem to have here  
is falling-down freeways that  
used to lead to real places  
a glut of real estate  
cheap pretend food  
reality entertainment that's  
screwed us up for actual reality  
(although reality might be overrated  
400 ranting men in Congress  
bought and paid for)  
and  
what we happen to have here  
is a dire paucity of new thinking  
a serious love shortage  
men who start hitting their partners  
right around the time they start to show  
whoremongers in the state house  
heavy metal in the lake  
and no, we are not all to blame  
and  
what we really have here is  
not nearly enough just desserts  
presidents' daughters getting the good jobs  
so-called role models  
the cutesy flirty hair toss  
of little girls who are drinking too much  
no national purpose worth mentioning  
and

I am not even the messenger  
Only one of the 99 percent

**TITLE: Watchwords**

by Nancy Keating

Pray, says the pocket pebble.  
Dream, declares the tee-shirt  
in sequined cursive script.  
The gift-item industry sells us  
a host of gauzy verbs  
good for calming cubicle walls  
into a coma. Here and there,  
stealth verbs spring into  
what passes for action:  
Will your office mug  
Cherish this morning,  
will it Believe –  
or abandon your caffeine  
to its own devices?  
Will your paperweight  
Inspire, Celebrate, Dance  
or merely tame your desk?

Wake up. We need stronger verbs  
carved into mightier rocks.  
I'm thinking Perch (like egrets  
in trees at sunset, digesting fish).  
Riff (like Coltrane, elevating  
"My Favorite Things" from kitsch).  
We need verbs that move the ball,  
that Occupy, Announce, Achieve.

Consider: when verbs of "the 1%"  
Betray, Outmaneuver, Deceive,  
they've been doing more than us.

**SILK KIMONO**

by Nancy Keating

This kimono comes with its own attached blouse  
Size 4  
This kimono shimmers in iridescent blue  
With a patchwork collar  
Singing its own song of pedigreed nonmatching nonchalance  
This kimono has been to all the right parties  
Been thrown out of better places than anyplace I've been to

Posed on its owner in a *Times'* Sunday Styles photospread  
(Mind you, just one)  
And cast off like a donation

I bought this kimono  
For an hour's wages  
At the best thrift shop in East Hampton  
It goes with my eyes  
Its previous owner bought it new  
for all its *recherché* bohemian signifying  
and its memes and tropes of educated leisure  
It's a trophy I have turned up  
In the women's-wear version of a dumpster  
And hauled off to the meanness  
Of my middle-class lair  
Where on some future weekend afternoon  
I will put it on to go to a potluck  
With some of the other 99 percent  
Where friends with smartphones  
Stand in for paparazzi

**My Neurosis**  
by Sparrow

Every time  
the U. S.  
military kills  
an innocent  
person, I  
feel guilty.

I've worked  
with a  
reputable  
therapist  
for three  
years,  
with no  
success.

**Marxist Poem**  
by Sparrow

"Bourgeoisie" is an  
outdated term.  
I prefer "assholes":

"The means of  
production art  
owned by assholes."

### **When The Crisis Comes**

by Henrik Johansson

<http://hjohansson.blogspot.com/>

When the next crisis comes, and it will, you will lose your job. There is a connection, but you will not see it. The management will say it's a result of reduced orders and lack of work, with what you perceive as honest intimacy and regret. You shall consider not telling anything to your family, but every morning to get up, drink coffee and leave home. You imagine that you will be looking for a new job that you can proudly present to them one fine day. The plan is too absurd and you never try it.

It shall not be the crisis' fault, nor the immigrants' fault, nor your managers' fault, nor their managers' or shareholders' fault, nor the society's, nor the government's. It shall be your own fault – because you could have done better, because you could have reeducated, worked your way up, been more responsive towards your clients and your managers. Your children will feel shame when they realize that you are poor. They will stop begging for things in the store, like you always wished they would, they will stop wanting the same things that their friends have, your older son will say to your younger daughter that she is spoiled.

If anyone asks, you shall say that you're between jobs.

You will return, as a trainee, to your old workplace to perform your old tasks. Your compensation from the Employment Office shall be 58% of your former salary. You will have a stomach ache when you go to work. It's hard to grasp why, since it's better than being home.

You shall not start drinking too much, you shall not start taking drugs, you shall not start gambling too much.

You will consider suicide, but you lack courage to do it and you will feel contempt for your own weakness and inability to deal with your own situation.

Once your period as a trainee is over, you will once again be unemployed and they will get a new trainee, but they promise to call if something turns up. They will not call.

You shall not rob stores or protest. You shall not write letters to the editor, nor blame someone else. You shall not throw stones at the police.

At the Job Center there is equality. You shall not be treated worse than an unemployed politician or banker. You must fill out the same forms as anyone. Democracy does not acknowledge any privileged or slighted, no sweethearts, and no stepchildren.

You will be offered to join a computer course. Anyone who rejects the offer will lose his compensation. You shall accept the offer. A woman will say that she is a programmer and could have been a teacher for the course. The administrator shall ensure that the woman loses her replacement if she declines the offer. The same rules apply to everyone.

For a brief moment in the computer course, you, him and she suddenly becomes we and us. The

teachers and the Employment Office will be them. It will feel good. They will then talk to you, he and she and tell you that it's every man for himself. You must be reminded of your loneliness and that you have yourselves to blame and that it is only you who can do something about your situation.

You shall realize that they are right: it's only you who can do something about your situation. You shall understand that it is us against them.

### **HOMEGONE**

by Jordan Kraiss

for *JOE JILL*

#### **SOMEWHERE, FARAWAY**

There goes my house  
now I'm living in trees  
With the birds and the branches  
and the bees beneath my knees.  
I lost it all in the housing market,  
All of my clothes and a leatherbound wallet.  
Now I'm going to work  
but not going inside,  
I got my tin out in front  
and my banjo on my thigh.

### **CHARGE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS**

by Jordan Kraiss

for *JOE JILL*

#### **SOMEWHERE, FARAWAY**

Half a year half a year,  
Half a year onward,  
All in the valley of Debt  
Rode the middle class:  
'Toward the American Dream!'  
Remortgage your house' he said:  
Into the valley of Debt  
Rode the middle class.  
'Toward the American Dream!'  
Dare anyone not pay?  
Not that they had a clue  
Some one had plundered:  
All of their savings dry,  
Theirs not to reason why  
Theirs but to pay the guy,  
Into the valley of debt  
Rode the middle class.  
Bills to the right of them,  
Bills to the left of them,

Bills in front of them  
Piled and jumbled;  
Fired from their job as well,  
No time to sit and dwell,  
Into the valley of Debt  
Rode the middle class.  
Cashed in their retirement plan  
Remorged their house again  
Paying what bills they can,  
Hiding from collectors while  
All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the cigarette smoke  
Stressed because their broke  
Skilled workers and Professionals  
Empty every account and nook,  
Empty and plundered.  
Then someone got bailed out, but not  
Not the middle class.  
Bills to the right of them,  
Bills to the left of them,  
Bills behind them  
Piled and jumbled;  
Nothing left to sell,  
White house and senate fell,  
They that worked so well  
Came through the laws of Debt,  
Back from a month in jail.  
All that was left of them.  
Left of the middle class.  
When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charges they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Forgive the charges they made!  
Honour the bills they paid,  
Noble middle class!

### **THE DANGEROUS LIVES OF CONFUSED YOUNG TEENAGERS**

by Jordan Kraus

for *JOE JILL*

#### **SOMEWHERE, FARAWAY**

They said not to run with scissors but mentioned nothing bout dancing.  
Two rubber wrapped loops perfect to put both my hands in.  
Balarina shaped legs that point towards the floor.  
Dancing scissors, I do adore!  
Her hips are held tight by a mechanical steel linch pin.  
No ankles to speak of she's so good at spinning.  
And when we dance she leaves marks on the floor.

Dancing Scissors, I do adore!  
Seeing her in anyone else's hands leaves my lungs gasping.  
No respect for her talents they make her cut plastic.  
She lies with other tools in her drawer.  
Dancing Scissors you whore.  
They said not to run with scissors but I'm starting to panic.  
If I lose her for good I don't think I can stand it.  
In a pool of blood she lies on the floor!  
Dancing scissors no more.

**Dear Walt's Rome**  
by Terence Degnan

I have seen the greatest minds of my generation\*  
cut out at the tongue  
dear rome, you said you were a small boy  
you were a centurion  
you were a metallic cloud filled with a  
father's dreams for his daughter  
sparking at the sliver  
I have given all the excuse for madness  
the riverbed is cracking in the sun  
the initials  
of you  
and me  
are scarred at the tree  
brutus and judas  
are chissing at the seams  
I have seen black turn blacker  
chinese shackles ease  
under the autonomy of money  
can you imagine?  
I have seen rolling hills of humans  
roaring at the bullhorn  
taken down  
by a camel straw  
poisoned by cigar smoke  
hung under crimson iron statues  
by dollar links  
I have seen Walt's rome die  
to something smaller  
I have seen the mad laughing mouth and Native tongue  
I have seen the buffalo holding a spear  
I have seen the poor barbecue the rich

I have seen the bankman  
roll up the welcome mats of grass huts  
and sell them back to the starving

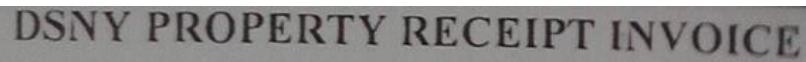


small profits  
I have seen murder for small profit  
all sanctioned  
all legal  
all at the cost of the people  
I am glad that you are dead  
wet fireworks  
statues gone to oxygen  
doctrines bought by blood  
sold for small profit  
a life's worth of wealth  
bargained for simple  
basic  
inalienable  
alien  
rights

so, look west  
again  
look to jupiter  
again, believe in heaven  
believe the slavery jesus  
believe in the one day moses  
a railroad that saves us underground  
learn to sickle the bread from its root  
this a love letter  
to my country, past  
this is a love letter to Walt Whitman  
I am sorry,  
but fuck you  
you didn't look far enough  
the rubber band has its saturation  
the ocean  
by definition  
has to have a coast  
to be named  
now we can look down  
from metallic shooting stars  
and document every body of water  
all named  
the horse is broken  
it's now a tool  
for war

\*taken from Allen Ginsberg's HOWL

**DSNY PROPERTY RECEIPT INVOICE**  
by Kevin Sheneberger



**winter**  
by Robyn Fuoco

the titmouse  
sharpens his beak  
on the empty feeder

## **Occupy Their Minds**

by KJ Ink

*for Everybody in America doing what I wish I could*

Welcome to the world of walls and streets,  
where violence police come to silence drum beats  
with all the support of politicians in charge  
of a corrupt fat cow they milk, by and large.  
And their central advice: "Buy MORE and enlarge,  
whatever you have, never mind the surcharge!  
Because bigger is better and more is never enough.  
You should believe what we say, but please, don't call our bluff.  
We hate to disappoint and we'd hate to use force,  
but rest assured we will keep this sinking ship on course.  
We have no other ideas but to propagate this way  
and if you don't like it, it's fine, but don't voice your dismay  
or if you do, then at least keep it out of downtown.  
If you want we can show you how to Keep Your Voice DOWN."

Welcome to the world where those in power  
will do anything to postpone their final hour,  
even betray the interests they've sworn to uphold.  
They're not interested in much that can't be bought and sold.  
Being bought and paid for is a time honored tradition,  
anyone who says otherwise may get a taste of extradition.  
Even peaceful people collecting thoughts in public parks  
will be drug out of their tents and beaten in the dark  
by the very people they trust to protect  
their rights, their lives, but what do they expect  
when those rights can be amended by the right blank check,  
it's just a matter of time before everything's a wreck  
and our government in NO WAY reflects our intellect!

Welcome to the world where disparity is inevitable  
and kids can grow up thinking pizza's a kind of vegetable.  
You can't hide from all the shames, like how Wikipedia  
is clearly more trustworthy than our "independent" media.  
Not much is more important than the sacred status quo  
for all of those who made it and are rolling out the dough.  
"You deserve all you can get," they say, "especially if ya got it rough.  
And if you get way less than most, well then that's....just....tough."  
But the time has finally come when we are starting to question  
why so many can make millions during a global recession.  
While millions of homes were boarded up and shuttered  
the upper crust enjoyed bonuses, paid with YOUR bread and butter!

Now that you know the truth, now you know this must change.  
More than the USUAL reshuffle and rearrange.

We cannot have a government less interested in our votes  
than it is in personal gain, control and stock quotes.  
Occupy their minds. Make em jump at each new start.  
Feel free to raise your voice, and keep a riot in your heart.  
Walk the fine line between rebellion and release.  
Remember they want complacency, but they'll often call it peace.  
Remember that the cops are but little black pawns.  
The real enemy must be fought with our brains, not brawns.  
Take care of each other, you have more than fists and feet,  
and they're scared enough already of our strange drum beat.  
We just have to keep it steady, stand armed with common tools  
and we'll remind them that it IS the majority that rules!

### **Empathy**

by Chris Baral

When I was younger  
my lessons were two,  
"Do into others  
and  
Whatsoever you do..."

The fabric of society  
was woven tightly round me  
like a shawl upon my shoulders,  
and shoulder to shoulder  
we sheltered the cold.

But as I grew older  
a gradual shift,  
The winds changed direction  
and unravelled protection  
and it caught me off guard.

When did greed  
become the creed to live by?  
When did hate  
become the fate  
of so many?  
When did "me"  
take over "we"  
and land so many in poverty?  
When did war  
become the poor man's battle?  
When did jails  
take all the males of color?  
How can health  
be determined by wealth?

Rote testing a tool  
to take over our schools  
while students are left in the shadows?  
As Wall Street is allowed to bet  
the citizens are mired in debt,  
We allow our rights to be stripped away  
to protect from terror or so they say  
and corporations trash the earth  
as "people" now of mega worth.

When are real people  
going to take a stand?  
true living breathing human beings  
hand in hand  
embracing freedoms  
united in a goal of common good,  
Do we want to have a society  
that chips away security  
or one that cares for neighbors  
and neighborhood?

"When will we ever learn?  
When will we ever learn?"

The songs that were sung  
back when I was young  
rise to the surface again,  
but when I hear that refrain  
I am ashamed  
we all shoulder the blame  
for our fall,

But together we can weave that shawl  
that covers and protects us all,  
we owe it to the future of our land.  
United with a common goal  
we cannot let ourselves be sold  
we must not allow the lies  
from taking hold,  
The fabric of society  
must be our first priority  
then shoulder to shoulder  
we can take on the mantle  
and shelter the cold  
once again.

**Tick Tock Poem**  
by Chris Baral

Tick tock,  
tock tick,  
tick tock,  
shock and awe,  
shock and awe,  
awe and shock...

Tock tick,  
tick tock,  
tock tick,  
sick and tired,  
sick and tired,  
tired and sick...

Blood boils,  
blood spilled,  
blood boils,  
spoils and oil,  
spoils and oil,  
oil and spoils...

Blood spilled,  
blood boils,  
blood spilled,  
people killing,  
killing people,  
people killed...

War of crimes,  
crimes of war,  
war of crimes,  
times are hard,  
times are hard,  
such hard times...

Crimes of war,  
war of crimes,  
crimes of war,  
for what?  
for what?  
what for?

Tick tock,  
tock tick,  
tick tock,  
shock and awe,  
shock and awe,  
awe and shock...

## **Confronting the End**

by Ken Vallario

From *The Rage of Akbar Lightning*  
Tillson, New York

Pro-Players

Pro-Fighters

Pro-Military

Anti-American

Anti-Government

Anti-Intellectual

Anti-Social

Anti-Socialism

Ahistorical

Amoral

Atypical

Amiss

Adrift

Prefigurative prefixes

Align

Assign

Achromatic

Socratic

Asthmatic

Dogmatics

Eugenic

Linguistic

Predictive

Statistics

Casting spells

Raising Hell

Might as well

My Voice

Is Choice

Anointed

Appointed

Hermetic

Metaphors

For open doors

Storage Wars

And Scoring Moors

Four by four score  
More tours of booty  
Forlorn beauty  
Forewarned  
Foreshadowed  
Scorn forged swords  
Duty bound by boredom.

On the horns  
Dilemma born  
On the horn  
Thorn adorned  
The bull  
Is porn  
For horny  
Popcorn  
Crunching  
Engorged  
Voyeuristic mourning.

Torn between  
Betwixt  
Quick fixes  
Don't fix  
The tricks  
Of day-traders  
Made by  
Traitors  
Plain as day  
So we save  
So say we all  
As we slave  
Away  
So sails fall  
Windless  
Once flooded  
Listless  
Gutted  
I call out.

I stall  
I fall  
I fail  
I mac  
Crashing  
Isoul  
Application  
Isold  
I behold



I'm told  
I hold  
The rights of a nation  
I'm right  
So goes  
My refrain  
Mightily I reframe...  
Tame the game  
I might,  
As would say  
Old jedis  
In caves at night  
At play  
With acolytes  
Impatient for the way.

Enough  
Is enough!  
Even I  
Run from the eye  
On mount Moriah  
When He arrives  
I beat beehives  
Hungry for honey  
Lusting for lips  
Sticky with misplaced memories  
Hitting me where it hurts  
Stung  
Running amok  
Fleeing from thunder  
Wondering what the fuck!  
Loneliness is underrated  
The anticipation of my fate  
Is weighted down  
By sacrificial tautologies  
And consecrated coagulants.

Now to the page  
Now to face  
The stage  
With courage and grace  
As I embrace  
The Rage of Akbar Lightning.

I came  
I see  
That we need to be free  
From greed  
From worse than greed

From the need  
To be the better man  
Picking weeds  
In the master's yard  
While he reads  
The bard  
And lectures us on the virtue  
Of hard work  
And sore knees  
Overused to please  
The whims of the interbreeding elite.

On your feet  
Into sweet equality  
Greet the bossman's frivolity  
With conceit  
Against the polity  
Surrender no more  
To the colonization  
Of your modesty.  
I acquit you  
With this heartfelt homily.  
What you've contracted  
I cure with comedy  
I nullify the pacts  
With my self-appointed sovereignty.  
Your despair  
I declare the anomaly.

The compact machine  
In your bloodstream  
Is cleaned by this dialectic dialysis  
By my diuretic analogies  
And emetic frenetic qualities  
Generic  
Genetic  
Erratic  
Modalities  
Create static  
Automatic  
Attacks  
On the authorities.

Go forth renewed  
Raise your fists  
Eschewing the script  
Pursue and find your self  
Praising your gifts  
You accrue your wealth

Place a kiss  
On the cheek  
Of the Delphic Oracle  
As you seek  
What is felt  
What is held.  
What is this life  
But a tale to tell?

Now to those bastards  
The evil ones  
The cowards  
The greedy bums  
That shower  
The needy ones  
With disdain  
And political tedium.  
Compassion comes  
At a premium,  
Not tossing cakes  
From the proscenium  
Before retreating  
To condominiums  
Rereading the symposium  
While excreting regurgitated opium.  
Celebrating the magisterium  
While they poison us with uranium  
Profiting from their delirium  
By ostracizing prophets  
Depositing them in sanatoriums.

Power perverts  
And cowards revert  
To the comfort of inert material,  
To the managerial subversion  
Of subliminal aversion,  
To the imperial skirting  
Of obligation.  
The noblesse oblige  
Attests in cliché  
To the best dressed  
Who portray by delay  
Their intention to betray.

I am pissed!  
And rightly so  
Righteously equipped  
With a whipping mighty wind  
Of hot air.

Resist your temptation  
To persist in solitary comparisons.  
Do not dare dismiss  
This movement  
Of the bowels  
Of a system  
That is howling  
With indigestion  
An enigmatic enema  
A sit-in for future cinema  
A live-in to confront  
Mephistophelian  
Algebraic  
White-collar criminals.  
In the streets  
Under sheets  
On the beat  
The heat of aesthetic  
Anti-elites  
Will not retreat.  
The flame on your feet  
The rage of game-changers  
The front-page makers forsaking  
The fleeting fame  
Retweets in place of shameful  
Prostration for network acclaim.  
Those lame excuses for glory  
No longer amusing enough  
For your abuses.  
A new story is being written  
From above.

With love we apply a glove  
To check your oil,  
Crude deposits  
Of reality checks  
Into your loopholes.  
Don't recoil  
The group knows  
You are as spoiled  
As the soil you deflowered  
And chose to disempower  
You are plowed now  
As we fertilize  
Your virgin crevasse,  
As spastic smart  
Aspergian upstarts  
Are about to start  
A revolution.

We will suffer no more  
Your manipulated suffrage  
Tougher than war  
The power of love is

Your industrious greed  
Will be heeded by a very visible Hand  
Indeed  
The speculative equations  
Will be deleted  
The stations of your crosswalks  
Will impede the speed  
Of your limousines  
As we squeeze you in the streets  
Meeting you and believing  
That you too  
Need to be freed  
From the force of inequality  
From the creed of free-market  
Anarchy.

But make no mistake  
Our needs will come first  
'Cause the hearses  
Have been filling your purses  
For too long.

Now to the throng  
Of barbarians  
That live in our midst,  
The zombies that will inevitably resist,  
The ignorant saps  
Racist anti-terrorists,  
Simplistic ill equipped  
Opinionated misfits.

Now is a time for facts  
And a prudent regard for statistical tact  
Your forced perspective is skewed  
By a mood  
Accrued by a shrewd  
Calculating brood  
Of hypnotists  
Cynical capitalistic fascists  
Who insist on enlisting  
The least among us  
To crush us from the rear

Using fear and raised fists  
To abuse common sense  
Refusing to hear  
Refuting what is clearly  
A tension between  
Nature and human ascension.

No more!  
No more war!  
No more corporate whores!  
No more barbaric hordes!  
No more clerical esoterics!  
No more award show ceremonial hysterics!  
No more postponement of pleasure!  
No more generic alphanumeric measures!  
No more treasure troves!  
No more homes on loan!  
No more groaning from the throne!

Into the pure cacophony  
Of raw  
Telepathy  
Textual  
Textured  
Lectures on harmony.

Insides  
Confiding  
Inscribed  
Striving  
Within  
Writing

Magical  
Mysteries  
Of historical  
Pluralities  
Of relative  
Wizardry

Inward liberty  
In words  
Deliberately  
Obscured  
By nominal trickery

History  
Is an act  
Of perversity.

Point to the places  
That long for touch.

Prioritize  
Your thighs  
Optimize  
Your time  
With these rhymes  
That call for signs  
Applied  
To breasts  
On your chest  
Heaving with unrest  
Blessed are those  
That test  
The waters  
Of righteousness  
Out of a lust for life  
Out of a quest for the right kind  
Of joyful stress

Out in the prairie now  
Resting from the digestion  
Of so much magic  
Lady Eschaton  
Appears  
Carrying the cosmos  
In the swing of her hips  
Threatening  
To stretch out her arms  
And engage us  
In prehistoric primate yoga  
Awaken us from the coma  
With a full on kiss  
A wet revolt  
A closing coda  
With open lips  
Intimating  
An infinite eclipse  
Of Ra  
And a settling  
Of ancient debt  
The fruit of knowledge  
Has been paid for  
With interest.  
Back to the garden  
To occupy Eden  
As mindful residents.  
Mic Check!

## **Billie's Consumerism Blues**

by Joy Leftow

Consumerism's got the best of me in spite of my fighting so hard to maintain the good things in life. I keep fighting a losing battle. I want to believe the best things in life are free but I get stopped in my tracks.

Buy buy buy they implore, while I have nothing left to buy with except very extended credit debts. I'm outta cash supply, debts mount easily. Buy, buy, buy, come read poetry. Buy a glass of wine. You can't sit there and read for free. You've got to pay your dues too. Don't forget the entrance fee. Cough it up.

Tons of paper discarded daily senselessly. No one could be so sad. Trees ask me to tell them why they're born to be discarded they wail about their senseless lot, they live to be - they ask me if I know why it's like this, what's all this suffering for? I cry. I cry.

Lights on in every room whether you're home or not to keep the burglars away. In Harlem Mexicans crowded 3 families to each apartment while we pay taxes to build another Yankee Stadium right next to the one already there. The rich pay more for private boxes while

Mexicans live in NYC barracks, 20 in a 3 room apt, barely able to pay the rent. Please I beg you give the poor some of my taxes instead I plead. They turn a deaf ear. Please, please?

I sit in my room looking out at the rain, no one could be so sad. Gloom everywhere, I sit and I fear, I don't know what the world is coming to.

Kill canned hunts. WTF, what kind of concept kills caged animals for a few dollars from the rich? I can't wait. I want to kill hunters; torture them watch life slowly drain from them, their heads lolling to one side. I place their head on my lap. Take a pic too, like they do to the lioness bleeding from her mouth, trying to feed her cubs behind the fence, teats full of milk. Make them like quarry, my prey, another trophy.

You can't hide from the ugliness I try to hide I do, I do. I can't take much more.

I sit in my chair filled

Filled with despair.

No one could be so sad.

gloom everywhere, I sit and I stare. What's the state of the universe? Is there anybody out there? The ugliness all a glow, picture show for family. Bring up your moohlah! We got yours here. Worse than Sodom & Gomorrah. My soul's for sale. Name your price! Sold to the devil at the crossroads! This revolution will not be televised; will not put the shine back on your teeth. Civil rights gone, lives tapped into by government, someone's in control somewhere. Not me, hey, I'm all alone in here waiting for the pain to go away. I sit in my chair full of despair, no one could be this sad.

I cry to trees. They hear my pleas. No one else does.

Please! Please. Is there anybody out there?

## **A Corporate Iliad**

by Brian Donohue

*a poem with no hope of an ending*

Sing, O Muse, of greed's Inferno, fluorescent-fringed and frigid at the core;  
of white-haired chiefs with square jaws and stiff-lined lips  
whose speech came clipped and hollow like the towers



on whose upper reaches they sat like gods in clouds,  
sealed from light by iron-toothed, two-footed dogs.  
Sing of dark jagged lines tipping hellward like Abyss-sucked souls  
whose eternal fall finds no bottom of either rest or termination;  
of red numbers glowing like murderous stars in a flat-faced sky  
whose blank, demonic edges rotate like knives dropping from heaven,  
shifting but never changing; killing and never dying.

### **The Most Trusted Name in Blues**

by Brian Donohue

*a song about media*

I've been on NBC and CNN and ABC and FOX;  
I've been a Sunday morning Shouter  
And a pundit roust-about-er.  
But now my news career's on the rocks.  
I used to gossip with Miss Dowd,  
Play the emotions of the crowd,  
Laughed with Wolf Blitzer  
And spat on Eliot Spitzer  
I was the Prince of 24-7 Cable News...  
I could dish it out and never take it,  
Spread a rumor and make it  
Feel true...I could ruin reputations  
Plan attacks on sov'rin nations  
Now I'm the most trusted name in the blues  
I've been Rush's right hand man,  
Rode in every straight-talk van;  
I've looked down Brit Hume's nose  
And seen Coulter with no clothes...  
I've planned evening assassinations  
On Rev'rend Pat's true Christian stations,  
But now I'm the most trusted name in blues.  
I made Michael's Savage Racist fame,  
Played in Jeffrey Gannon's softball game;  
I've been the worst in Keith-O's world,  
I've taken Malkin for a twirl  
I knew Chris Hitchens' favorite booze...  
I've been Bill-O's biggest factor,  
The Beltway Boys' best actor;  
I've been Matthew's hardest ball  
And Drudge's know-it-all  
I made the rich look poor, I made the winners lose –  
Now I'm the most trusted name in blues.

### **Lines From My Cubicle**

by Brian Donohue

Look away from the screen and up –  
down the sani-white fluorescent lines  
that prohibit darkness but cannot control  
for blindness.

Touch the foamy gray wall, custom-made  
to be stabbed but not wounded;  
textureless and temporary — made to move  
but never yield.

Boxes, lines, and all the garish light –  
loud enough to keep you thinking;  
but too loud, too straight, too blinding  
to feel by.

#### **In The Office**

My city, covered in corporate logos,  
Rising through the smoke of a burning planet.  
So much ink and paper here,  
But not a single poet in sight.

#### **America's New Song: A 21st Century National Anthem (A Prose Poem)** by Brian Donohue

I have no energy left but for revolt — the revolt of the one  
who abandons the climb, turns his back, and goes  
back down the hill toward the water.

The pinstriped priests sharpen the horn between their legs,  
The better to carve the granite commandments  
that drag me to the precipice's edge with a pill for my mouth,  
a hand for my pocket, and a push for my back.

I have fed at the supersized trough, striven to become  
a hallmark of standardized measurement.  
But I do not want to be fed by those factory corpses  
who sit like workers in cubicles, unmoving and covered  
to their hips in excrement and despair.

I do not want to work in a box turning time into regret and obedience into tears.  
I do not want to be informed by the chyron streams  
that feed the wells of desolation and ignorance.  
I do not want to be a cog of an economy that fills the fountains  
of palaces with the blood of innocence; where investment is a tout sheet  
that dissolves into electrons as the getaway limousine races toward the mansion.

The sheer and final exhaustion of the rebel is his last and only triumph:  
he drops the knife of his cause, gently lowers the stiffening body  
of his holy purpose into the receptive dust, clears aside  
a few stony pieces of the rubble, and kneels in submission

to the earth and all its ownerless teeming beauty.  
For then he knows: it is I, too, like these others, who have walked among the dead.  
Then he leaves his climbing body there, and turns again, back toward the water.

## 低能

by 匿名

## 低能

彼らの心を占めて  
前進馬鹿  
通りで  
公園の  
テントに横たわっている  
強姦  
盗む  
不潔な  
役に立たない  
無意味な  
家を移動  
愚かなドローン  
人の耳の周りにブンブン  
あなたが育つだろう願って  
あなたの幼稚な方法で過去の  
離れて危険なゲームから  
あなたの無知を超えて  
独善を残して  
演技乳児  
注目を求めて停止する  
あなたは、懇願する  
あなたの人生で役に立つ何かをする  
他の人を混乱させる横  
し  
バスを取る  
仕上げ学校  
仕事を得る  
恋に落ちる  
家族を持っている  
あなたの子供を愛して  
あなたの配偶者を愛して  
貢献を行う  
社会へ  
しかし、ほとんどすべての...

目的を果たす  
愚かなクソ低能  
生命を得る  
私たちの残りの部分を残す  
単独

**MOVEment**  
by Daniel Baez

I. A Shame to Be, To Be A Shame

Three months ago  
I hopped on a jet to  
San Juan, Puerto Rico  
~

The state of the world has me wrestling with myself...

and both her reflection  
and my own  
led me to this island.

~

Here I exist,  
like you,  
in a time of global crisis.

\_\_\_\_\_ \_c\_\_\_\_\_

**COMPUTE:**  
Information Overload  
...processing.....

*Power..Greed..Control, Exploitation, Manipulation..Waste, Harm, Exclusion, Privatization of Finite Raw Materials (Natural Resources)... Escalating energy demands, Increase in global temperature... corporate globalization, Environmental Pillaging, Water crisis, Ecological Destruction, Economic bullying, Social Injustice, Local economic pillaging, Unemployment, Politics, Natural Disasters, Technology...*

*Human Rights, Transparency,  
Accountability, Responsibility,  
Due Process, Global Awareness,  
Choice, Respect, Balance,  
Community, Diversity,  
Public Education, Restorative Acts,*

*Integrity, Justice, Love,  
Local Action.*

ENGAGE,

PERSIST.

*'How can I be so small...*

*these problems seem so big.'*

COMPUTE:

Observing

....hearing the world again....

**A Shame !!**

ANGER

carbon-copy my heart,

'compute you!,'

they say.

life RESTrained....

reluctance,

he says.

MOVEment.

to grOW,

we say.

## II. Breathe

.....processing....

a larger world,

and now,

**!CONNECT!**

electronic relationships.

Learning to share experiences:

Our health, our harm,

the tangible

and intangible

*stores data?)*

Listening.

And we breathe,

for strength to commit once again.

## III. Fear

(Who

two barriers:  
one LANGUAGE,  
I turn,  
the other 1. one CULTURE

Life as a lingual alien:  
bond with blood, though cultural foe.

Xenophobia: Fear and contempt for foreigners and strangers

Lack of...  
offends  
here  
~  
time,  
tongue,  
reciprocation,  
respect,  
honesty,  
pride..  
and justice sleeps on the calle.

**PLEAse  
CHANGE**

Small,  
Slow,  
Incremental,  
They Say.

~~ Feeling the world again ~~  
Ebb & Flow,  
they say.  
(WHO OWNS THE LAND)

There are some things  
the computer should never replace.

#### **IV. Learn to Walk, Walk to Learn**

I walk in thought.....  
What does it mean to experience a place?  
to exist in exploration, we wonder.....

While some things are always familiar

(What are our base needs? )  
Transportation options? Housing options?

(Who controls our water, food, and energy? )  
(Where does a culture sustain? )  
Are they entertaining for a living?

Where do we renew ourselves?  
re-create ourselves?  
Express ourselves  
Where do we meet those different from us?  
How do we 'let it out?'

When does ambition harm?

What is a lie?

Why is our life in decline?

What is an ecosystem?

What is a neighborhood?

**Which: withdrawal O' engagement?**

what does it mean to be Balanced?

to be Healthy (health is balance, balance is health? )

What is

human?

## **V. Passion**

'Pay your dues,  
keep your nose clean,  
SERVE,  
Get an education,'

they say.

~

Much promised,  
little delivered,  
Hope sold for votes.

**WE PLAY.**

and rescued a man

here today.

And still..,

---

a will to justice

+

an outlet for passion

+

A need for  
(security,  
balance,  
peace,  
happiness)

\_\_\_\_\_

=  
<+~0+1~~0~

**What is the Heart?????????**

*\*Represented partially, and in excerpt from the visual poetry piece 'MOVEment.'*

### **A Voter's Lament**

by Richard L. Johnson

*Burlington, Iowa*

A muddled mess we voters be.  
We think, "We know much more than thee."  
We set our vote upon the key,  
"What gift has this one promised me?"  
Our wallets light with scanty wage,  
a raise last seen in bygone age  
when Cher did strut her stuff on stage.  
So now the poor receive our rage.  
"A tax cut would be very nice.  
And if we're skating on thin ice  
we'll screw the poor not once but twice  
and leave them naught but Wal-Mart rice."  
The jobs we think would be alright  
if brown-skinned folks could not alight  
in desert by the dark of night.  
For then the balance would be right.  
"We'll build a fence that's long and wide  
To keep it mostly safe inside  
Then wetbacks we will not abide,  
At least those not so wise to hide."  
But good, hard workers will not slave  
the bankroll of their boss to save.  
To wages scant they will but wave  
unless it is their house to save.  
"And when their food starts costing more,  
we'll tap into those ranks of poor.  
The welfare queens known by the score,  
force off their ass and out the door!"  
Cause dirt cheap food we all do need  
to choke down bitter taste of greed  
that does now pass for wisdom's rede.  
but only causes more to bleed.  
"Now I care not for those whose fate  
is harmed by outpour of my hate.  
For our dear freedom does not rate  
concern for those of lesser state.  
"This land from which the free arise  
knows none who merit higher prize



than those whose wealth doth touch the skies  
and fuels vain growth behind the lies.  
"Almighty buck we give thee laud!  
We vote for those who walk this sod  
who like us worship this green god,  
but to the poor give smarmy nod."  
The game is played, the deals are made!  
The parties of both Tom and Abe  
are from the same dark pocket paid  
by those who cannot leave the shade.  
So we the voters, coddled asses  
who think we are the sainted masses,  
we see these folk through rosy glasses  
and miss the ring just as it passes.  
But soon, when our dear vote is cast,  
the people speak aloud at last!  
And we'll restore that phantom past  
that reads just like a pane from Nast.  
And then we'll think we're getting by.  
We'll take as truth the god-damned lie  
that those whose wealth does scrape the sky  
can give a whit for those like I.  
In two years hence we'll heed the call  
to vote them in who helped us fall.  
We'll drink the tea they give to all  
who buy the lies and help them haul.  
A muddled mess are we who vote.  
We buy a script the buggers wrote  
that casts us as the ignorant goat  
whose only worth: to help them float.  
This curse it will forever be  
upon this land that once was free  
until we truly start to see  
to whom these folk do bend the knee.

### **What is a tent?**

by Io Bonini 2011

*sent from a small farm in northern California, to support all the advocates putting their physical well being on the line for all of us, the 99%. Thank you.*

a shelter  
a refugee camp  
a Latino  
a slap in the face  
an indigent  
a meal  
a Hoover ville  
a veteran

a "vector for disease"  
an internment camp  
a challenge  
an elderly woman  
a hope  
a library  
a teacher  
a seat on a bus  
a shout  
a statement  
a police captain  
a "sanitation problem"  
a home

**What is a tent?**

an accusation  
a black youth  
a lunch counter  
a broken promise  
a "health hazard"  
a visual reminder  
of disparity  
a student  
a trail of tears  
a first amendment  
a live stream  
an act of defiance  
a show of unity  
an Occupy.

**untitled**

by Ben Rosenberg

it was i/ cacophonous butterfly/ preparing to rise/ open mind staring through naked eyes/ at  
covered flesh/ colored breasts exoticized/ erotic lies flying from tight lipped mouths to places  
where butterflies die first/ wings broken by petroleum and saturated with the fatty oils of  
western fingers/ metamorphic sounds and words twisting from gnarled mouths/ maddening into  
violence for doctors' cross examinations/ rage, primal thrashing about/ for filthy fingers prodding  
my parts in search of psychotic prognoses/ smiling synthetically as they note my indiscretions  
like sins between little blue lines that they search but are never willing to truly see/ they wrote  
bibles of my sins/ building chapters upon verses to quote back to me when i've been bad/  
shoving medications past my nevertheless still speaking mouth to sedate away the dates and  
times of my experience/ antidepressants like roofies so i wouldn't remember how you screwed  
me/ circle up your logic for the group mindfuck/ mental case rape orgy *en masse*/ was i always  
one of your sabine women?/ well, it's time to make the doctrine stay/ drugs to take the  
knowledge away/ so i could never write bibles of my own/ but it was i/ your scribe/ purging my  
blood upon the page/ writing with quills of feathers plucked from all your caged birds that didn't  
sing/ couldn't fly/ and refusing to side in your wars/ watching as you burned the books, purged  
out my volumes into silence/ took the libraries down to the ground in the name of your so-called

civilization of men/ no wonder you hate my androgyny/ in regulated linens as you steal my pen and paper/ scorching your fingers at the touch/ you, who imprison women as disembodied cunts and malformed fatties/ terrified of the creative womb and exultant only of suffering/ you who love mary, teen pregnancy abstinence training victim, hoodrat spurned by society as a whore for bearing yet another male hero, scared to bring youth into a future that would not allow the inheritance of its dreams/ partially because of what it would mean to her own/ she is stagnant still in your mind/ suffocating under the cloak of an oral tradition laden with ideology that grates like a coat hanger/ passages scraping the walls of ovaries/ like poppies/ like opium/ burning babies in heaping hidden stacks/ inhaling the fumes to intoxicate our minds into the delusions of the next generation/ they took pictures of the massacre/ their so-called achievement/ for christians to hold at protests/ because moments don't last as long as doctrine/ the pressure of these weighted words pushing me to bended knees/ i pray to a fat woman's hips and rolls of flesh/ beautiful body silenced into the dust while you never knew her name/ i entreat her blessings/ nameless chick/ generic woman goddess/ no worse than your 10 ½ grams of over-the-counter jesus/ antiquated system of scales and balance in the hands of some bitch you blinded only measuring up to half my soul/ i am wild/ i howl at the moon/ and at the sirens carrying my people away/ in body bags and handcuffs/ these cyclical damages done to us and then repeated upon ourselves/ i dance like the ocean tides to shake loose the messages of my bottled up emotions/ and scream so that blind curves may still know me/ print my words across my flesh because i mean them/ and if my feet are the earth/ my hands are the wind/ writing proverbs across the sky/ to undo the singularity of being/ unthink my own wholeness/ and realize the elemental nature of existence/ but it is the way of the wind to follow the path of least resistance/ we as objects move along invisible tracks, areas of lowest pressure/ carrying our emotional baggage on its daily schedule through the stops and impasses we have placed on ourselves for the sake of etiquette/ move in front to back lines to get where we're going/ and eventually get hitched/ because we're so well trained.../ broken butterfly/ wings wounded in the wayward journey of a caravan headed east/ found fractured and never to fly again/ it bled fetal ink that birthed the newest evolution of free thinkers/ winged hermaphroditic creatures that fucked themselves without pain/ and could speak no hatred, but only music/ spinning complex thought patterns into dna ladders so that their kinfolk could climb to new heights/ but it was i, cacophonous butterfly/ and i've been mending my wings/ throwing off tourniquets and leeches, stitching my body parts back together like osiris/ cutting the circumcision of my lips/ that stitched my mouth into a small circle/ like tight pussy/ so my tiny words would be more pleasurable to the establishment/ i choose my words more carefully now/ let my veins become a meditative fountain/ bleeding my words to myself in hushed nights of blacklight solitude/ and for all the words i could have said, sometimes silence is the greatest wisdom/ the best tool/ to unthink the answer into a question/ the question into words/ pitches/ tones/ and frequencies/ occurrences that become less and less frequent when you realize the extent to which their rate of recurrence/ their frequency/ damages you/ dismantle damage into dogma/ and the conceptualizations of our people into merely a means of definition for the impaired/ unthink gravity into inertia/ simply a zone of higher pressure urging you to remain stationary/ graffiti the colors of your subconscious soul onto stationery pads and train station walls/ unthink the pressure into cosmic motion and \*fly\* \*fly\* \*fly\* \*fly\*\*\*/ unthink deference into difference/ unthink difference into dharma/ and realize that such discussions can only hurt us/ \*fly\* \*fly\* \*fly\*/ stealing manuals of the styles they told me not to study/ and conjuring perceptions like willie lynch/ to spit a school of thought so powerful that in futures to come the only way they can cope is to deny it ever existed/ print my words across my flesh because i mean them/ and sometimes they burn with such a passion/ that i get uncomfortable in my own skin/ and must find a new shell/ that tired eyes mistake for cheap sex appeals/ you must not know me/ i am of

the moon/ a reflection of the same light which enables your sense of vision/ defiant of your  
moral equivocations of darkness/ and it only seems that i move to your whim/ so speak to me as  
you will/ by the time you see me move/ blink/ smile/ or shed a tear/ it has been eons already/  
and already/ i have been moved on//

**Defund This!**  
by Michael Biegner

Defund my high lead content crystal privilege  
Defund the way art & music programs must beg for scraps  
Defund carbon every chance we get

Defund the name-calling & Tea Party effigies, the Hitler & Gucci knockoffs  
Defund corrupt union bosses but also soulless corporate hands locked  
around our throats.

Defund myths about our slave owning fathers & just what  
Exactly Paul Revere said

Defund the quiet dismantling of town commons & the privatization of  
charity

Defund drone attacks  
Defund bloodied brown children & keening mothers  
Defund knot-headed dictators

Defund brutality in the name of the helium balloons of freedom or faith  
Defund cardboard box homes

Defund *machismo* & *marianismo* pride –  
Fund bread & hands & Arab springs, fund work & soulful eyes.

**for the wings of a dove**  
by Janey Smith

The pigeon tapped the small bowl. I looked again. No milk. The  
pigeon sat there, looked at me. It was cold out. I did a dance. I did  
more dancing to stay warm, make him laugh. My pigeon blinked a lot.  
A wind was there, left-over snow. My pigeon looked out onto the  
street. Not seeing, the bowl was white. Until my pigeon settled, just,  
on the surface, of the bowl. This made me stop like I knew my  
pigeon.

I dragged on the street a big bag of frozen french fries.  
The night was cold. I wrapped my hands in blue plastic bags. I  
wrapped my sides with green. I put white ones on my shoes. I  
wrapped myself in all these bags. Red ones too. I was covered with

bags. The bags felt warm to me. So, I sat in the bags. My pigeon looked at me. My pigeon looked out onto the street like maybe he wondered why.

A man came by. Another one. Then all these men. There kept being more of them. Then it stopped. It was lunch.

My pigeon had a bread. Not a big one but a little bread. A crumb or a part of one. My pigeon ate the little bread. I said, "Oh, look." I pressed my thumb on a gum, left a fingerprint that was dark and dirty—like a blacked-out scene of birds in flight at night. My pigeon blinked at it—though there was no wind—studied it like it meant something. I ran after my pigeon saying PIGEON! PIGEON! . . . I ran after him. I ran.

One day, a man gives me a dollar. I say, "Thank you," and hold up my pigeon to him. The man says, "No, thank you." I hold up my pigeon some more like "here, take it." But, the man says no, walks away. I turn my pigeon to me. It blinks at me. I scratch my head a lot. He makes sounds in his sleep, otherwise nothing. On that night, I walk around with my pigeon tucked under my coat. In the cool, I think maybe something's wrong with pigeon.

I wrap my pigeon in foil to keep warm. It blinks its eyes at me. My pigeon looks like baked potato. I wonder about that sometimes.

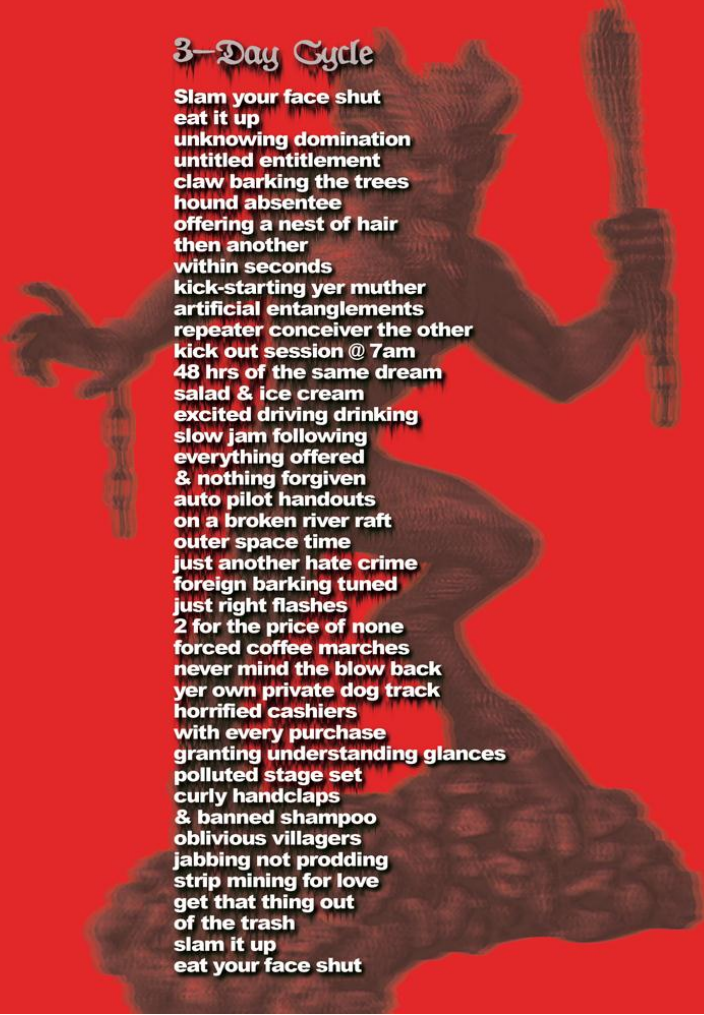
He hops on curb. He hops off it.

I live in a beautiful country. As you can see it is spring time. People think nothing happens here. It's so peaceful. But a lot happens here. In the rain, I hold my pigeon beneath stacks of sagging cardboard boxes. He is not cold. I say to the wind that will hear me, "Pigeon."

I say it again and again, to the wind that will hear me.

**3-Day Cycle**  
by SB Stokes

**3-Day Cycle**



Slam your face shut  
eat it up  
unknowing domination  
untitled entitlement  
claw barking the trees  
hound absentee  
offering a nest of hair  
then another  
within seconds  
kick-starting yer muther  
artificial entanglements  
repeater conceive the other  
kick out session @ 7am  
48 hrs of the same dream  
salad & ice cream  
excited driving drinking  
slow jam following  
everything offered  
& nothing forgiven  
auto pilot handouts  
on a broken river raft  
outer space time  
just another hate crime  
foreign barking tuned  
just right flashes  
2 for the price of none  
forced coffee marches  
never mind the blow back  
yer own private dog track  
horrified cashiers  
with every purchase  
granting understanding glances  
polluted stage set  
curly handclaps  
& banned shampoo  
oblivious villagers  
jabbing not prodding  
strip mining for love  
get that thing out  
of the trash  
slam it up  
eat your face shut







**UPDATE TEN**

**UPDATE TEN**

**UPDATE TEN**

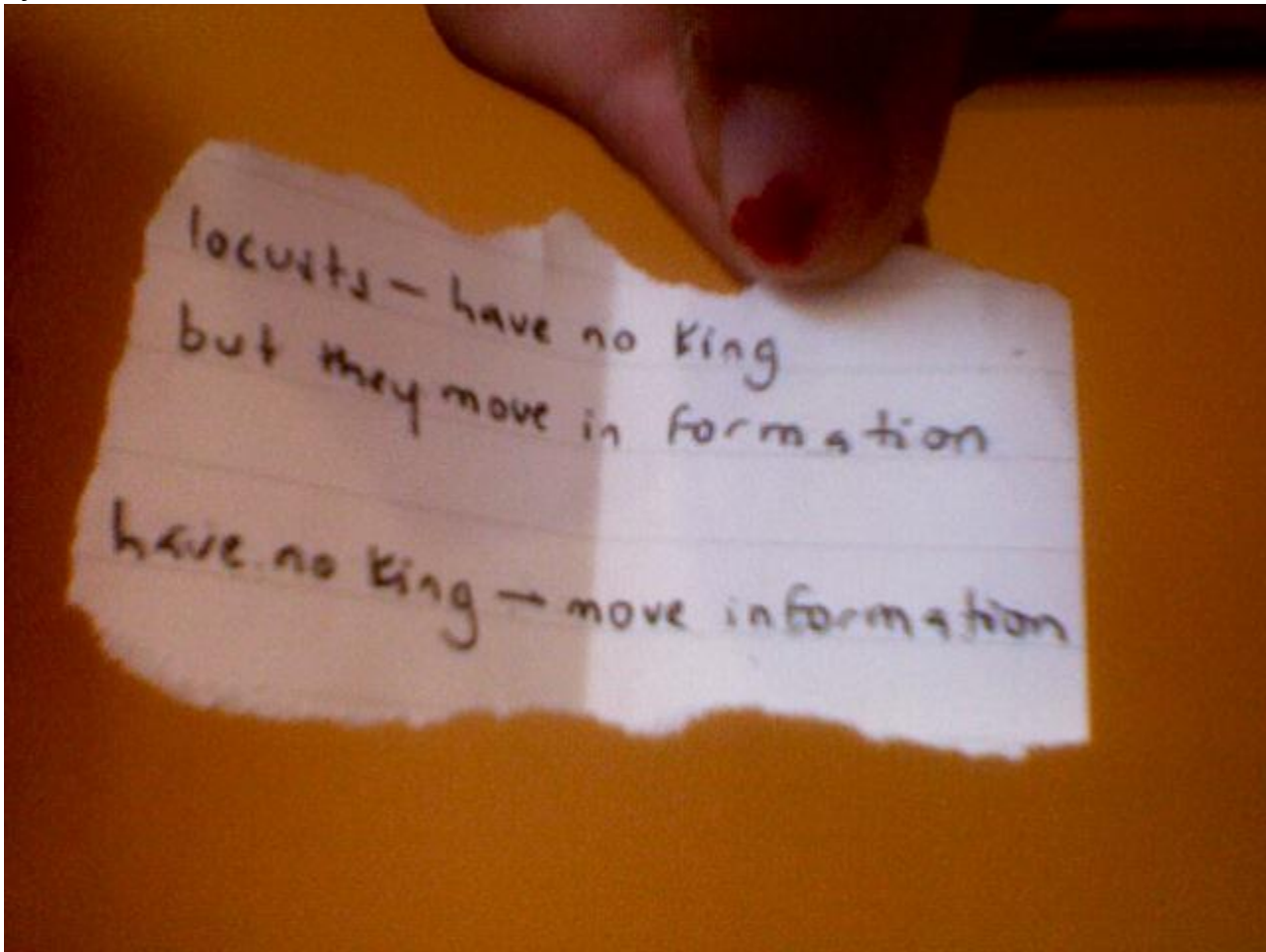
**UPDATE TEN**

**UPDATE TEN**

**UPDATE TEN**



{locusts—have no king}  
by Vero González



**BOOK**

by (i found this)

In my past life I was trained as a poet.  
And in the life before that, I was spring itself.  
Now, you can call me...an accountant.  
I keep track:  
Sometimes, I get real musical  
Sometimes, I make things up  
You see, here, I am the person I want to be.  
I'm not there yet.  
You can expect me in the corners of advertisements;  
truly, I am a Waldo of advertisements.  
Like an advertisement, I linger behind something else,  
in something else,  
waiting to spring at you.  
Shopping in one place  
you find me in another

I am not a very good ad.  
I am not for anything; I am for everything, or for nothing.  
I am for particular things,  
but I am not very good at it.  
Mostly, I am uselessly for useful things.  
An advertisement is usefully for useless things  
So often I feel as if I am useless.  
I may be useless,  
but you are not useless;  
in this way we may not be useless;  
we may remind each other that we are not useless.  
Together we can be of use.

## **Revolution**

by Dr. Swapan Basu

**Break! Break! Break the old rusty**

and  
Make! Make! Make new better things.  
In the year 2011, in the people's land,  
So many revolutions, we have to bring.

Long waited the deprived, ignored mass,  
Without job, food, medicine or shelter.  
How dare they make all of us harass?  
Why do we live without a health care?

We build the wealth with hard labors,  
With talent, innovating new products.  
Companies fail due to bad managers,  
But the wealth, the greedy CEOs suck.

In bad times they shed the workers  
Slaughter them like innocent cattle.  
While they keep looting and devour.  
Only innocent workers die in the battle.

They don't lose jobs or cut own salaries  
Play golf and travel in personal jets.  
The poor loses all and face miseries  
Silently looks for jobs without benefits.

When will the people wake up in rage?  
Protest against all these mistreatments.  
When will they tear off the bondage?  
Shake up the society, failed governments.

Weapons are weaker than the awakened mass

On 14<sup>th</sup> July, in France, fell the fortress of Bastille.  
Threw stones to break rocks, railings and glass.  
Broomstick, shovel, rods won over tanks and rifle.

In Nepal, they dethroned the monarch,  
Military dictator was deposed in Pakistan.  
In Egypt, at Tahirir Square, people march.  
Presidents Musharaf, Mubarak reluctantly ran.

Arise people of America, don't be so afraid  
You are the Lord, gave power to the Congress  
The courts, military are your servants, maid  
Use your weak muscles to end your distress.

Demand job security, free health care  
Stop the Government's criminal force.  
Establish your freedom without a fear  
Chaos brings order to set the right course.

They have money for the useless wars,  
But not for education or free medicine.  
If you tolerate, things would get worse.  
To them taxing the rich friends is a sin.

Break! Break! Break the cruel capitalist hand  
Strike! Strike and let the liberty bell ring  
Injustice, slavery, you must not withstand.  
Let us pray together, march, yell and sing.

Poets and singers! Open up ordinary people's sight  
Because your pen and voice are mightier than a rifle  
Listen to a poet America! Sing the glory of human rights  
Demand basic needs for taxes. It is a survival struggle.

Enquire where did our money, wealth go?  
Ask why we fought a war based on lies,  
Try the criminals. The war mongers duo  
We can not detain and torture without trial.

Come out my dear poor brothers and sisters,  
Grab the lit torch from the Statue of Liberty,  
Hold the tricolor flag high, spangled with stars  
Demand Democracy to America! You The Almighty!

**Occupation**  
by Charle Le Mahr  
*Brooklyn, NY*

Occupation

A Q Patient

Questioning Pay

Professionally occupied at a) McDonald's b) Pottery Barn c) Foot Locker d) Zuccotti has not been occupied like Zuccotti has occupied my imagination. An idyllic, mental space, a place of cooperation; and maybe just hearing about it, i'm taken 'there.' An unplaceable, conglomerate déjà-vu image Zuccotti conjures, unlike to anything immediately memorable, comes to us as everything we've ever seen, and yet to see

We're in, gauged,  
the pressure meter increasing, gouging,  
growing, rapidly multiplying

They fear only  
a true God, which in themselves  
and each other is humble, scholarly,

"I'm not free, have somewhere yet and being somewhere. On the street we meet, and take a long walk downtown to weep, it's cold, cold, cold, the winds blow a scentless, butchered, rosehead into the traffic lights. Such heights, swinging red, green and yellow, pointing to up into the curtainless windows of sated sleepers. Toss and turn and walk-on, on as many layers as you, in thin chinese slippers, in satyr'd boots, in tall socks, like. So, when I have seen Zuccotti, what will it be like to shiver there, will I hear the human megaphone? What will I remember? Will I make a friend?

OCULAR PAY-A-THON

Cupid shun

Occupation

**Les Chemins de la Lune**  
by Philippe Costes  
*Translated by Thelma Blitz*

Avant, il y avait un soleil  
Before, there was a sun

et un lion dans la plaine  
And a lion in the plain

Avant , Il y avait des nuits  
Before there were nights

Assis, sur la roche usée

Seated on a rock worn out

par tant de derrières  
by so many asses

de tant d'ancêtres  
Of so many ancestors

Le nez dans les étoiles (thanks Brel)  
Nose in the stars

Le chaman gravait  
The shaman carved

Sur une petite Pierre  
On a little Stone

Les chemins de la Lune  
The paths of the Moon

Qui disaient les vents nouveaux  
Which spoke of new winds

Un jour quelqu'un  
One day someone

Inventa le feu  
Invented fire

Et la nuit disparût  
And night disappeared

Son fils inventa la roué  
His son invented the wheel

Et le lion disparût  
And the lion disappeared ( I don't understand why)

Le fils de son fils  
The son of his son

Inventa la propriété  
Invented property

Et la Lune disparût  
And the Moon disappeared

Le fils de son fils de son fils  
The son of his son of his son

Inventa le capitalisme  
Invented capitalism

Et la plaine disparût  
And the plain disappeared

Mais toujours  
But always

Le chaman était là  
The shaman was there

Et toujours les hommes étaient joyeux  
And always men were joyous

Malgré tout ce qui avait disparu  
In spite of all that disappeared

Alors le fils du fils du fils du fils  
So the son of the son of the son

Inventa la crise, éternelle  
Invented eternal crisis

permanente, récurrente, intrinsèque  
Permanent, recurrent, intrinsic

Alors les hommes  
So men

connurent enfin la fin  
Finally knew the end

de tout espoir  
Of all hope

Vers le chaman ils se tournèrent  
Towards the shaman they turned

Et lui, il dit alors  
And him, he said then

Eteignez ce feu,  
Put out this fire

pour que dans votre regard  
So that in your sight



puisse renaître la nuit  
May be reborn the night

La plaine, le lion, la Lune,  
The plaine, the lion , the Moon

et les étoiles  
And the stars.

Ph.

**Untitled**  
by Robin Clarke

Chickens do. Chickens do not. The guard did. What? The guard was. Cry. Cut the neck in your back kitchen tragedy.  
Troy. Troy Davis. Troy Davis was. Troy Davis was innocent. Chickens do not. Yes they do. The bald eagle wouldn't. Troy Davis was. Troy Davis was innocent. Innocent on. Troy Davis was innocent on Wednesday. On his cot. On Thursday Troy Davis was. Was not.  
Never allowed his say. Chickens do not eat other chickens. Yes they do. Edible companions. Cot. Dirty, dumb, overly abundant. Troy didn't kill Officer MacPhail. Put the middle name back in, make him a charismatic weapon. Gallus gallus domesticus. Sodium pent. Doesn't make you feel. Doesn't make you feel less. From the dictionary of received ideas, doesn't make you feel less left out. The opposite of hospitality? It's about community. Sales, a practice of sustained. Attn: Cobb 700. Thrown out.

**Zuccotti Chronicles\***  
by Richard Levine

Reading the words OPEN TO THE PUBLIC  
through bars of the barricade-fencing encaging  
Zuccotti Park, we might expect to enter a new  
kind of zoo. We look for Don't Feed Political  
Animals signs. Across Church Street we find  
Steve's Pizza, and eat with three visor-up  
riot police across a stand-up table. Do they  
notice our WE ARE THE 99% buttons? Are they  
thinking they may have to club or pepper  
spray us before the day's over? We are. In  
awkward respect for our constitutional right  
to eat lunch peacefully, they don't talk to us.

One of the cops is a woman. Removing  
her helmet, she adjusts the hair tie holding her  
short ponytail; the soft down at her nape  
catches light. "Please pass the oregano," I ask,  
and a vague outline of breasts impresses

her bulletproof vest through her shirt as she reaches for it. I'm not imagining her naked but just in everyday clothes to remove the uniformed threat she might pose. I admit to but don't say the cheap sexist taunts that come to mind: *Wanna see my night stick? Do you believe happiness is a warm gun?*

She's telling a memory-story: her mom taking off the frayed collar from her dad's police shirt, reversing it and sewing it back on to put off his having to buy another uniform. "Cops have to buy their own uniforms?!" I ask. She nods; they all nod, looking at each other. "That's another reason for you to be on our side."

Outside, as though assigned, I take my place; protesters and police tick off each frayed moment: matches held to a sulfur board, who will strike first? We stand face-to-face, fear and resolve shining in each other's eyes; breath fogs the locked down visors on both sides; up close the police have all assumed *professional distance* to execute their *crowd control* tactics and employ weapons on the assembled unemployed.

The police become a door-less blue wall I've stood before before. We, too, have ceased to be individuals, our personhood subsumed by collectivity, together we are one amoeba. "I haven't seen this much fire power since I was in Quang Tri ... Tet Offensive ... January 31, 1968 ... Dong Ha field hospital received 80 dead bodies and 400 wounded before dawn ...". My cell phone rings; a text makes me smile. I hold it up to one young cop looking at me, then he looks away. "It says: *Happy b-day dad Don't get arrested*. That's my daughter. What should I tell her my chances are?"

He pulls down his visor, and I'm looking at myself thinking from any one of the three helicopters hovering overhead this stand-off might look like two blobbish protoplasmic things having sex, and one might wonder which traits will dominate: blue or rainbow matter, static or dynamic, violent or peaceful.

"I'm sixty-four, if you're wondering. She's about your age, ... my daughter, ... so I guess your dad's around mine?" He looks so nervous and I don't want to be his target, so I talk to him, try to keep him calm: I know that battle face, that satchel charged state of mind, the holding back, holding back, but one push and he detonates and will become one explosive mass that keeps exploding until he is nothing else.

\* This poem was inspired by waiting all day with Occupiers for a court order to allow them to reenter Zuccotti Park. Occupier-residents of the park had been forcibly removed by police during the previous night. My wife and I heard about the eviction while having coffee at home that morning, and went right over to see what was happening.

### **Mic Check Mic Check** by Dubblex

We are back again I represent the 99 percent  
Who resents the one percent who has all the money that is spent  
They got millions and billions to satisfy the greedy  
They don't care to feed the needy  
We camp out and protest the mess of this so called democratic process  
We march and demonstrate to try to alter our fate

Plastic bullets are fired and still we remain inspired  
Tear gas is thrown in the crowd  
panic sweeps through like a jet stream in the fogginess  
We wonder where is the freedom where is the justice  
What crime did we commit?  
No one is read their rights or explained why they're detained  
Americans young old from all backgrounds and colors are dragged with plastic handcuffs on their wrists  
Thousands arrested when we protest and resist  
Someone's forgotten my first amendment rights  
Someone's forgotten my right to free assembly  
Someone has forgotten this is a democracy  
The 99% reach out and rise from a flicker on Wall Street to a flame burning  
through our countries main streets to around the world north south west and east  
Hear the sound of marching feet to defeat the elite  
We protest against the bankers' bailouts  
We protest against foreclosed homes  
Our outrageous student loans  
Against our working homeless  
We stand against big money in politics  
We demand healthcare for the poor who are sick  
We amass to stand against corporate greed

We chant for freedom from poverty for those in need  
The police come in the dead of night and rip down our protest signs  
They rip down tents and tarps  
They trash thousands of library books  
They herd us with horses to force us to change our marching courses  
spray us with mace,  
fence us in with blockades  
The right wing money controlled media turns a blind eye  
What is their reply?  
Will you sit idly by?  
What is the future for our children in this economy?  
This country is full of irony  
We condemn other countries for limiting freedom of speech  
but can't see our own hypocrisy  
Corporations are not people  
We need a country that is equal  
So mic check this nation  
Let the unions take to the streets  
Demonstrate a strike  
Let us close down ports in Oakland California New York and Florida  
Demonstrate in the streets of D.C.  
Occupy Wall Street close down the stock exchange  
We are the 99 percent screaming it's time for a change.

### **Occupied**

**(a double, reverse Nonet)**

by Patrick Hammer, Jr.

*Fort Lee, N.J.*

*for Michael Rodriguez, OWS Shaman*

Once, at the cross streets of Liberty,  
Trinity, in Zuccotti Park,  
O, in that northwest corner,  
Under the Tree of Life,  
A Shared Sacred Space  
Grew, Occupied,  
Encircling  
Altar:  
All  
Faiths,  
That we  
Attended,  
Decorated  
With Meditations,  
Prayers, Beads, Incense, Song—  
Calling the Higher Power  
That's inside us, outside us all:  
Change hearts still chained in Greed, unlock Love.

**Acoustic Winter**  
by Lee Ann Brown

If the year ends a plural spiral  
Make it be so what a year is  
If the winter begins again here  
In the longest darkest place  
Of the shortest bluest day  
We play the stillness deep  
Into the night song beside  
All our sleeping family breath

Of the five friends I am holding  
Who will last the winter  
In their earthly spiral  
In their spring trajectory  
Move to lovely summer  
One more lovely summer  
Or further time to foil  
Days whirl into nights

I move to see my parents  
The ones who have born  
Me out have born me up  
I move to be with my sister  
And her local love her ones  
I move to join the circle  
I am already in my kith

Acoustic winter sings a summer  
A way to stay awake as the light  
Brings back its basket its halo  
Its wreath of line and berries  
Pine hurries to the wind again  
Night is here at its most clear  
Sound across the zones a weave  
I sing this song again for winter

May Venus never sever  
Her move across the sun  
To come upon the next  
Transit the next music  
In time to finger to find  
The new way to unwind  
Skeins of sound in mind

## **The Depressed Soul**

by Jeremy Dehart

The depressed soul is a tortured canvas  
A beautiful painting shredded  
A perfect sculpture smashed  
A precious orb devoid of all gravity

The depressed soul takes many forms at once  
A free soaring bird  
A caged, hungry tiger  
A long dead rat serviced by maggots.

The depressed soul is meant to create  
To breed beauty  
To sustain stoicism  
To murder dead the tiresome complacent

The depressed soul also forever aches  
Aches for comfort  
Aches for a meaningful purpose  
Aches for much more

The depressed soul is well misunderstood  
Forever told to change  
Always threatened  
Never socially acceptable

But hear me well.....

The depressed soul will live on  
It needs not advise  
It needs not pity  
It needs not your judgements

The depressed soul will always remain in constant rebellion  
Has its own invisible flag  
Has its own agenda  
And is itself, its only active participant

So never shall you feel sorry for the depressed soul  
The depressed soul is well beaten  
It has seen enough and will see more still

To all the depressed souls of the world, I say,  
Keep on!  
Embrace your sorrows and fire back!  
For Earth is dead. The next one awaits your visions.

**Lo To The Fallen**  
by Jeremy Dehart

Lo to the fallen  
The victorious fallen and  
Lo to the beaten defeated

Lo to the deaths that died in vain and  
Lo to the victor's pain

Lo to the poets, musicians, and lovers  
Lo to the sisters and brothers  
Lo to the generals, captains, and privates and  
Lo to the homelands that suffer

Lo to the flags sewn together with blood  
Lo to the blood that is shed  
Lo to the sheds that once housed families  
Families that now lie dead

Lo to the children that cry for their mothers  
Lo to the orphans who weep and  
Lo to the countless tears that have fallen  
Into the graves that were reaped

Lo to the public that turns a blind eye  
Who get on with their consumerist lives  
Lo to the ignorance that the media breeds and  
To the people who suck up the lies

Lo to us who must make it our task  
To take up the fight eternal  
Who challenge the bastards who hide in their towers  
To end this terrible struggle

So rise, Rise, RISE! you peasants and  
Take to the streets today  
Join me all you beautiful Davids for  
Goliath's shadow remains.

**On Confidence**  
by Jeremy Dehart

To feel trapped in an open world.  
To drape yourself in solitude and silence.  
To see the dying breathe.  
To feel the heat radiating from their freshly dug future graves.

To misspell their crumbling names.  
To sift through sandboxes filled with your own ashes.  
To cause multiple cell pile-ups on lanes of blood veins.

What do you do when your poems dry up?  
When your words become chapped and cracked and fall to the ground in stacks?  
When your tongue is lacking what your mind is thinking  
When your eyes won't stop blinking and your stomach keeps sinking?

And where do you go when the shit hits the fan?  
When you feel that you will but quickly learn that you can't?  
Can't get up  
Can't throw down  
Can't step through  
Can't pass around?

Do you keep smiling and pretend it's ok?  
To suddenly grow confidence in the midst of decay?

And how does that confidence materialize?  
In which part of the body is that confidence realized?  
And out of what part of the body is it to be poured forth?  
And into which vortex shall that confidence remain sustained?

**Silently Waiting**  
by Shirani Rajapakse

They sit in a row, heads  
Bowed low, and accept  
The law's blows.

Forced to breath pepper  
As the law hovers  
In front spraying in  
Hope they would leave.  
Or die. That would be  
Better for the law. No  
Doubt.

The cameras flash but  
Don't intervene to save  
The students. Prevent  
The police onslaught.  
Defenders of democracy  
What say the press standing  
Silently watching,  
Clicking.



## **YEMEN!**

by Cynthia Andrews

Yemen! I love saying it! You can  
Say it in so many ways! There  
Are so many ways to say it!  
There are so many, many ways to  
Say – “YYYEMMEN!!”  
I love saying it. Though some  
People think I’m saying something  
Else, like “Yeah, Man!”  
NO!! It’s “Y E M E N.”  
Sometimes when I get really  
Really angry all I have to do  
Is say “YEMEN!!!”  
(especially if I say the “Y”  
A little longer and harder than  
The rest of the word.) See what  
I mean? It feels great. Just say it  
At least once a day and  
Your troubles will be gone!  
There are so many, many ways to say “Yemen.”

## **INCOGNITO**

by Cynthia Andrews

They are constantly being bullied, as  
Though they are the Brutes of this world (and not poets!)  
The books they want to read are easily and  
Swiftly removed from the shelves because they may  
Deal with religion, prayer or meditation. Suicide is  
Intimated at, and encouraged. Cigarettes are stolen, money,  
clothes, even a lady’s lipstick, as part of a campaign for  
healthy eating and a “cleaner environment!”  
Poetry is left for the State  
To decide about (or whoever  
does it these days).  
They are not allowed to dream for longer than thirty  
Minutes at a time without being chased out of coffee  
Shops. They have no name, no language. They are  
Forbidden to write about personal love, eroticism and  
Political choice without being labeled as salacious or  
Dangerous! Strangely enough, someone, somewhere  
Is Deathly (!) afraid their power will be stolen out from  
Under them with a couple of strong verbs in iambic  
pentameter, no doubt.

## **THURSDAY NIGHT**

by Cynthia Andrews

O dreary black night, covering me with  
It's sinister arms. This sky looks a steel  
Grey degrading my streets with wet dirt.

I cannot look up anymore, it pains me  
For the chill of it all. I excuse myself  
From life for a little while and walk away  
In a rage – enraged but I'll be back I  
Suppose and I will remember the

Midnight tragedy this black night proposed  
To my consciousness. The slow rain comes down  
Still ignoring my comments. It doesn't matter  
A damn what I think, it'll go on with its  
Dreadful downpour like a mediocre

Conversation until someone says something stupid  
And we all laugh to break the ice. It's like that  
Now only the sadness repeats itself in a song  
Of terrible refrain with a chorus of evil  
Angels who left hell just for this occasion.

I think and think, but the steel grey of this black  
Night still cannot let me give logic to  
All that water under the bridge.

## **Brechtian Political Poem**

by Dave Eberhardt

*Poet/Activist*

*Baltimore, MD*

*to Diane DiPrima*

if Che stood before you giving a speech?  
u'd probably be rubbing your eyes?

che recited leon felipe's poem \*  
to sugar cane workers

and one wonders what they thought?  
the poem somewhat surreal...

from the coca leaf  
to street cocaine...what percentage?  
under socialism the drugs (should be no space between this and nxt line)

will not be "stepped on"...

capitalism ...hello marketing...  
top fortunes listed,

some of them "shipping",  
as to off shore islands, swiss banks...

and yet the desperate  
must make a living- whichever, whataway...

paris commune ('71) banned prostitution...  
why should female body b considered a commodity?

or the woman be forced to  
consider herself so?

do you see what  
we're up against?

in that the profit  
from what is desired

becomes exploitable?  
and workers may not b paid?!?!?  
murder becomes a  
"resolution of conflict"  
under the "marketing dept.,  
o we all need a buzz

so why not legalize buzzes? distribute wealth  
to the mules!

mexican drug wars  
pit workers v workers...

and in u.s.- fannie mae, freddy mac, standard poor,  
was not the bankers either

paid a price  
but workers do!

until a government puts  
people before profits

do you want to b played like  
a monkey in a cage?

the mexican police?

are you glad you're under

rule of "law" in u.s.?  
check disparity between

crack and  
powder cocaine...

follow the money...  
see where it gets you...

## **INARTICULATE**

by Davey Davis

I'm going a little crazy being a child of the recession,  
Too much information, not enough solutions,  
No real jobs, just shuffling around restaurants and gigs and scrabble scrabble,  
Bed-Stuy apartment in which I don't belong.

Enough to choke you,  
But the real choking's at home,  
No opportunities, only coasting,  
Smog filled air and a resentment of the super-structure.  
Here that structure's got a lot to offer but it isn't offering it to you,  
Just to kids in school with pin-point degrees and a clarity of what their purpose is.  
In the meantime I wander, hoping to find my spot, but all the spots are full,  
Or they're moving in a direction where peace of mind's not an option.  
Arabic and words and camera terms crammed into my brain next to bike parts and slang and the  
occasional tidbit about international economics and television dramas that won't hire me as a  
PA.  
Who the fuck is Ethan Hawke, anyway?

And who the fuck am I to complain?  
At least I can articulate, can try to move ahead,  
Not like the man at the laundromat,  
Whose sentences are devoid of meaning, actions devoid of skill,  
He's 40, or 55, or 66, it's hard to tell.  
Or Dennis at the restaurant,  
Who meets me for 15 minutes and proclaims:  
"You're my age, but seem to have lived a lot."  
I guess I have,  
I guess I really have.  
So much to show for it.

The world's still sinking into a place where it doesn't snow until January,  
And our politicians don't find it necessary  
To move in response to their constituency,  
Not like all those little voices have really tried that hard.

The world sums up what we've been moving toward,  
And from where I'm standing,  
Moored at the closing end of the parabolic American Century,  
It doesn't look that pretty.

### **Mirrors, Without Song**

by Terry Thompson

*Harlem, New York*

To speak with a public voice  
The poet must be:  
Angry with the world and the way it is.  
We charge through the skies of disillusion  
Some forage among Broken bodies And fractured minds  
Earth with no sharp north or Deep South, without curtains or iron walls  
Deserts treeing and fruiting after the quickening rains,  
The sun radiating ignorance and stars informing Nights of unknowing.  
I sing of a world reshaped we must grow new eye' s, To baptize the world with conscience,  
We who have collected clouds that mentally burst into storms,  
Their eyes are turned to us Screaming for life.  
Heavy grows the tongue of the singers,  
This is the hour of the stars and the night that dreams,  
Inside the heart Is extinguished, In the intimacy of the bitter and sweet.

My wings beat and break against the barriers of heaven,  
Page of what book? On what impossible lips? Do I taste this delirious love?  
Cry here at the rebirth of the world being who else will teach rhythm?  
To a world that has died, who else should ejaculate the cry of joy?  
I dream in the intimate Semi-darkness of the afternoon,  
I am visited by the fatigues of the day,  
The deceased of the year,  
The souvenirs of the decade.  
It is the same sun bedewed with illusions,  
The same sky unnerved by hidden presences,  
Where shall I recognize myself again in the laughing mirror of eyes?  
At first I was confused by their beauty no smile of a child blooms here,  
No tender words for there are no lips only artificial hearts paid for in hard cash.  
Nights of insomnia nights of Manhattan,  
I saw them preparing The festival of night,  
For escape from the day I proclaim night more truthful than then day.  
The anguish choked with tears falling in great clots of blood,  
I listen to the distant beating of their nocturnal hearts,  
Thought Link to act,  
Ear to heart,  
Sign to sense.  
Fateful twilight luminous I shall see different skies in different eye's,  
Which seem a mystery Muffled and formless,  
Fearless they have left on the earth their cry for us,

Blind, deaf, unworthy sons who see nothing? of what they have made.  
An exquisite thought sometimes awakes a desire I had thought dead,  
Before me moves the breath my Ancestors,  
The warm faith of a heart without anguish,  
A smile despite agony.  
In their presence rediscovered my name,  
With days of illusions and shattered Ideas,  
The suffering that burdens today,  
With the taste of tomorrow,  
On serene civilized Brow.

**it's too late for  
careful**  
by CAConrad

***“this is a classic slingshot”  
—my grandmother***

melting glaciers  
frighten me when  
they appear on  
my street  
in dreams

a feeling I send  
ahead of myself to one  
day walk inside

while people sleep  
I like to inspect  
their flowers  
it's not as  
weird as  
you think

I dreamt gays were  
allowed in the military  
everyone  
thought it was great  
what a nightmare

killing babies is less threatening with the politically correct militia

vices for  
wards of

the vice box for

the forward state  
who like different  
things to kill alike

we CANNOT occupy Wall Street but  
we CAN occupy Baghdad

the Heart Chakra  
is green  
we can coat our  
anger with it

all blessings soaked into  
bed sheets

they can't run  
babies are  
easy sport  
but  
murder helps the  
pain go away is a rumor you  
should have ignored

there's a way of  
looking into  
time for a poem  
send it into the future

your footprint has  
grown small what is  
wrong with your footing?

what kind of American  
are you? just buy it or  
steal it but shut up

this poem is terrific for  
the economy  
the rich have  
always tasted  
like chicken

I'm not a  
cannibal because  
they're not  
my kind

we CANNOT occupy Philadelphia but  
we CAN occupy Kabul

we're the kind of poets  
Plato exiled from the city  
FUCK Plato that  
paranoid faggot

Don't Ask, Don't Tell?  
HOW ABOUT  
Don't Kill and say whatever you WANT  
for instance  
when I buy a cat  
I will name him Genet  
"Genet! GENET!" I practice  
calling Genet  
INTO my LIFE

when you purchase  
a car the factory's  
pollution is  
100% free

is it  
ever easy  
waking from  
this?

mucus and bone  
bacteria and light  
a legacy of stardust  
it is 98.6 degrees inside  
all humans  
the freshly murdered  
their murderers  
and the rest of us in between

my father lived to  
see the fast-forward to  
the cum shot  
technology's  
authentic  
application

we CANNOT occupy Oakland but  
the ghosts will occupy us

I will stay and  
watch our  
phoenix rise  
I believe in us







**UPDATE ELEVEN**

**UPDATE ELEVEN**

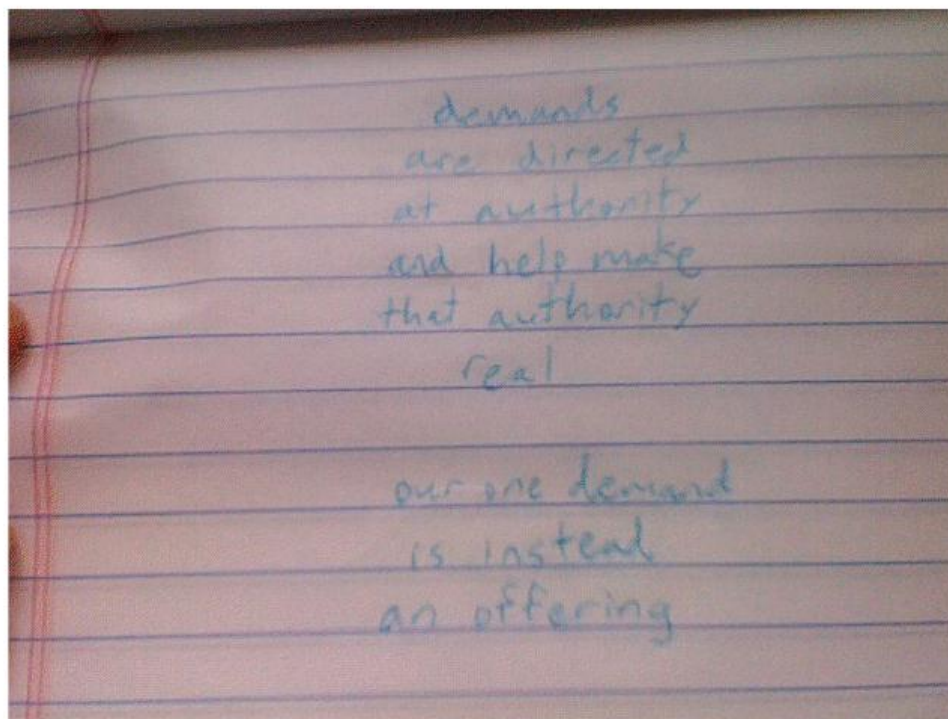
**UPDATE ELEVEN**

**UPDATE ELEVEN**

**UPDATE ELEVEN**



By, Adam Roberts



## Occupy Yourself

by Neil O'Neil

Jan 6, 2012

Well, its finally come down to the Truth of it  
What does it mean to Occupy something?  
To *Occupy* means to inhabit, to take control, to fill up  
And by filling up, to stop the insane machine of money-laundering  
The psycho animal *inside* that is devouring the planet  
and you and me with it...  
Right in front of our own eyes!  
*Occupy* is the *b-r-a-k-e* on the runaway train of *MEEE* 1st...  
Nobody lives in a—v a c u u m—Material, Spiritual or by Chance  
Who would want to? When the whole joy of Life is to share it?  
That dream of Freedom—it's a Nightmare! Wake up!  
Ye canna eat money or paper or gold.  
And life's a very thin gruel indeed when polled  
reduced to mere show—mere bought and sold  
When the heart is crying for Nourishment, for the Real-gold  
The Annapurna of our soul's own need to live  
in the truth of its own Light—  
—must break forth and only by—You  
—Occupy Yourself!

## I Do

by Ariana Reines

*First published in the "Air We Breathe: Artists and Poets Reflect on Marriage Equality"*

Why shouldn't Kevin Killian  
Be able to marry the Bolivian  
President Evo Morales if he wants to, and still stay married  
To Dodie Bellamy too, why not? Evo  
Morales has a coke-can cock we used  
To say to each other after watching Democracy  
Now together, an old love and I. Then I met a Bolivian  
Hostile to the land policies of Evo Morales who  
When I trotted out my quip about the coke-can  
Cock of Evo Morales, without grandstanding that the private  
joke  
When this boy and I made love was that my virility was such  
That once his penis was inserted into me it was as though his  
cock  
Became my cock, and moreover that my cock, my spiritual  
Cock, was even thicker and longer than his physical cock, the  
one  
He was fucking me with, thrumming with life like the heavy  
Earth of Bolivia, with its fields of coca and maybe even quinoa  
And because I am short with feet shaped like peasants'

Feet we imagined that if I had a cock it would be of the stockier  
Variety, if that makes any sense? So the Bolivian I met in a bar  
The Bolivian hostile to the land policies of Evo Morales, said  
Really? You don't think Evo Morales has a choad? What's a  
choad I said

Sincerely ignorant. You don't know what a choad is? No  
I don't I said, but I hear the word constantly. It's a cock  
thicker

Than it is wide said Patricio. Never seen one of those  
In person I said. Look online said Patricio. We did it  
That night in my friend's mother's bed. I'm gay  
And there's not enough love in the world.

:

Suppose

There is enough love in the world.

:

It is enough, as Jesus said.

Ich habe

Genug, as Bach put it.

:

I am sitting at the table of Laurel

And Emily and Laurel is the second girl I ever

Made love to. In my life. Laurel and Emily are females in bed

Together right now and I sat at their table the other day

thinking

About writing a poem about gay marriage and my eyes went  
blurry

Considering the benevolently empty expanse of wall opposite  
me

This happy freedom from having never given a second

Thought to the genders of Laurel and Emily or the genders of  
me

After years of agony in the dankest shitholes of human  
existence suddenly free

Not to think of it at all but only be in levity of all lead  
transubstantiated

Into bright ore of air shot through with sun I have the right to  
love and be in. Not a second

Thought until I contemplated poetry and what it would make  
me say

Of the marriage bed, for verily I wish to praise the consecration

Of love on this earth, and for all good sport in love enjoyed  
upon a pallet or up

Against a door, wheresoever it may find itself taking root in the  
culmination

Of lust or otherwise, and suddenly suck the soul so hard out of  
its seat

And shoot it into the sky in pearls of night

Physical love infusing the physical world, normal

Love that by my will should destroy the tarred chancres clotting  
the waterways and the death  
And shit that are the only things the people who make money  
off us will ever want for us.

:

To whom must I lend my fire and attention and for what 'be  
responsible'  
And agree to let an image of liberty steal my real freedom from  
me?

I am not going to do it, spectacle of beauty that denies me. I  
am not going to do it, cock

:

Of the world I'm supposed to be ruled by. Why should I use  
my sanity  
To reconcile every beautiful secrecy to the ugly  
Ways people are willing to live? I want my own ugly  
Fucking ways. I made them myself. Not to dignify giving  
Up on the truth with fond things  
Money can buy. Fond things on the other  
Hand might be the best you ever get, be nice Ariana,  
And are no small consolation, admit it, if you manage to quit  
the growing wasteland  
For some sliver of storebought beatitude where at least you  
don't have to stare straight  
Into the abyss all day, you can look at your computer, clean the  
cat box or whatever.

:

It is so dark to love  
When you are fucking crazy in Northeast  
Philly and you're a Paki fuckin Rican  
Which is what Shahid told me he is, not Shaheed, *Shahid*.  
Jess looked at me and wept. I'm shy she said.  
Me and Shahid comforted her and then I made her come  
Screaming, other things. You have  
To be alive to see how dark and hard it is to love and how  
sweet  
How impossibly sweet it is to be it. In their refrigerator was a  
lot  
Of ground beef. I wanted to make them so happy because of  
the dark  
Climate in which they love each other and I am there too, in  
that climate  
In this one, passing through. I just thought you seemed really  
free, Shahid  
Said to me. Can a person say something  
Just because it is true. I say one true thing and another true  
thing sticks  
To it. How can I stop. Where can I stop. But I don't want to. I  
love these sweet doomed



People. Doomed like me. Somebody has to say it. Doomed  
like us. You made us so happy  
Jess texted me after. Your effen rad, said Shahid's first text,  
and then,  
Your a beautiful soul. [Sic]. So is he. Saying I don't even have  
a fucking GED.

We were listening to Led Zeppelin Three. The veins straining  
up

His narrow belly. Her brown lips so melancholy.

:

Let's make a movie about a girl. A twelve-year-old  
Girl. She runs a bath. She puts a thick  
Stack of Seventeen magazine by the tub and squirts  
Shampoo into the water. Foam.

She goes to the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, removing  
Cold cuts, and, a thick clot of roast beef and smoked turkey  
In one hand, returns to the bathroom to disrobe. Eating beef  
In hot water she begins to read.

:

What  
Has she  
To do with marriage  
This little girl who like this  
Little piggy had roast beef?  
Imagine this film  
That does not exist.

:

This little girl, my friend,  
Needs a culture that consecrates love.

:

Scrofulous sapling  
On which begrimed pigeons full of transfats and carbon  
monoxide do their jug jug

:

The public place of love.  
The secret night. It's not like Kevin Killian  
Ever said anything to me about Evo Morales but I have a thing  
for Evo Morales

And whenever I love somebody I always immediately assume  
someone else wonderful

Should love that person, would be better than me for her or  
him anyway.

Evo Morales, the president of Bolivia, is a bachelor. The first  
lady of Bolivia

Is the sister of Evo Morales. Could he be gay? He could be  
asexual and that

Would also be a-ok. The family love consecrated by the First

:

Lady position of his sister

Seems also a beautiful thing to me. One need not marry  
 Sexually nor fuck or ever say cock or pussy or anything yucky  
 like military  
 Industrial complex to be a being whose love should be offered  
 consecration  
 And witness of state and public because for there to be a polis  
 Love must be accorded the blessings and formalities of ritual  
 And place. People probably do make mean jokes about Evo  
 Morales. Not just nice jokes like mine about his and my cokecan  
 cock.  
 Sexuality and its supposed lacks and its supposed misdirections  
 are ways  
 To hurt people in a culture for which love has no  
 Value. Ores of love, furnaces and churning bodies of love, the  
 cozy possibility of going on  
 Day after day parceling out divinity between the marriage bed  
 And the kitchen with the pot of red  
 Quinoa I emptied into my mouth for the sake of this poem  
 :  
 Marry me is something I say to the sky  
 And to caves, Marry me is something I have always had  
 to say a hundred  
 Times a day to the person I am loving at the time and the  
 person always also demanding  
 Marriage from me a hundred times a day, Marry Me a thing to  
 say before you kiss  
 And Marry Me A Little is a song  
 Or a play I forget which by the gay genius Stephen Sondheim.  
 Marry Me is a thing to say  
 Enaureoled in physical love, gorging yourself on a burrito the  
 size of your whole head  
 When you're too spent and too drunk with joy to do anything  
 but eat  
 And gaze at each other, no matter how bad the shit still is  
 Out there. Marry me.  
 Of continuity no monopolist, a poor steward of bills and at  
 best  
 A dithering shepherd is what I can say for myself, though  
 flocked here  
 And there with love I do get  
 From Point A to Point B. Portending  
 Grace for the owners of all the beds  
 I make love in, portending, yes, marriages of bliss and legal  
 Sanctity, if not sanction. Staying Alive  
 Is such a great song, I sometimes remember  
 To think. Marrying is a thing to do  
 For love that the state should bless  
 With rights. The lady who loves the Eiffel  
 Tower married it. In Haiti I was told it's Jupiter

And Mercury I'll marry, in addition to persons.  
What is the nearness of you not being  
Here in the dark. It is the chill  
Of a whole people jizzing on Personal  
Computers.  
At times I'd thought the death  
I felt in every second was the little  
Death that breaks every line  
In poetry. That I'd end  
My deaths in marriage and prose, burbling  
And tranquilly variegated, marrying seconds to minutes  
And days to years, spilling in creamed cascades  
Over the brinks and never to break again, some  
Parson in myself stretching disgust and revolt taut over a longer  
length  
Of my own life than I've ever imagined possible, forcing me,  
only  
mildly censoriously,  
To take it a little at a time for a long long way, such a marriage  
of wet pupae  
In the moral absence of a world, plowing stars  
With the ointments of love, day after day in this  
Only America of Earth, could it ever happen and will I ever live  
to see that day  
We stop delivering our love in the form of money transacted  
for show  
Of splendor via Ticketmaster or product to dignify isolation as  
project  
And the pleasure of rights makes us all gay for each other, so so  
Gay for each other, forever and ever Amen?

### **Insurgency**

by Jay Chollick

We must  
inside our clotted lives, grow fierce  
each hand  
a fist, and make of simple arms  
an armature. We are  
crude signs and chanting bodies  
massed, fresh-faced  
and generous—it's with the beating  
immediacy  
of slogans—defiance marching  
cocky (our advance-platoon) that we  
enter it, hugehuge—Time's fabled  
room, the melancholia  
of history, dampish with old

posters hung; but we don't  
look and push its dulled remains  
Aside: the seedy colonnades, where  
Utopias in their half-light,  
sag. where systems once triumphant  
rot, and to a monumental  
sludge—the vast room, sinking  
Under it. But when to our impatient  
eye a rat-plagued time  
is glimpsed, when hairshirt whore  
and heretic were half  
the world—Savonarola burning  
in a purple cloak, we shout  
Enough! And twisting with  
modernity blow off his corpse, drag  
Wall Street drag Zuccatti in,  
the Park in its entirety: each tree,  
the tents  
the sleeping bags make way—and  
cordoned by police make way  
for siren sounds, the din through  
strident microphones  
intensified—fists raised and by  
the internet unplugged—the world!  
what's pent-up, spewing  
Into us and bursting red, spraying  
its dripping fury  
on the walls we are  
*transformed*, shaken by exposure  
to our deepest wound—we were  
Betrayed! By everything!  
By Government and by our own  
soft weakness  
in exposing it: the sinister  
financial sleaze, the  
Wall Street cheap'n easy  
housing bait, which we, performing  
dogs, delirious  
on toxic credit grabbed—it was  
and overwhelmingly, our way  
of life. It's why, Zuccatti-stuffed!  
hoarse-voice—disheveled  
ragtag we are  
Shouting it! That corruption  
was complicit: the regulators, falsifying  
the fact; the us—the we—forever  
reaching greedy  
for a fairytale; the government  
with its face pulled off—no eye to see

and nothing left to sniff  
The stink. Of how the richest one  
percent have picked the U.S. pocket  
clean, assuaged, choking  
on jewels  
with fat & feelgood charity with  
meager tax bucks  
dragged noblesse oblige  
to piss-poor trickle down  
On us, gross B&C (that's bread  
& circus) the ninety nine percent  
who pinhead brushed the theft  
aside. And why—the hasty  
placards going up, why with  
newly focused fury was a promise  
lost?—to extricate  
from bottomless, the wars! the wars!  
Though one was by twin-traitors  
hatched; a war-crime dreamed  
so hideous that we, still  
bleeding—drained bankrupt  
are too weak to speak—or move—  
Or clarify. And since all history  
is united here, we ask Zuccatti, fresh  
from the street to place his  
young hand, kind, in ours, help lift  
Iraq its dead-fleshed vet—but not yet  
snugly body bagged  
And to his  
sacrificial meat, pin valor's frigid medal  
on. Let eyes still blank with youth  
read painfully: *You've Died*  
*For Traitors, Arlington* (the letters  
blur) *You've Died*  
*With Grisly Truth—For Lies*

**Rescued Returns**  
by Krystal Languell

Jubilant flag-waving ship  
home, the rescue  
not a military, the cargo  
just a story. Small,  
like all the other men.  
The wife,  
mother, Virgin all of whom ran blue for hours.  
The crowd held tightly father's waist  
and wiped off the tarmac.

Truly the lives back safe was all my  
baseball missile destroyer rescued.  
Superheroes. They're impossible men,  
and impossible  
family  
vacation  
hero time.

Back in town so  
fence adorned with Your Prayers.  
Favorite meal, favorite  
(not disclosed)  
homemade town for sale.  
The biggest people  
scrawl their own messages.  
Newfound fame means life will change  
always has.

### **America's Redemption**

by Mariah Santiago

*Highschool Student given a homework assignment to create a poem that explained the significance of the Occupy Movement*

America is said to be the land of the free,  
If people pay and lose themselves then it doesn't seem free to me.  
What ever happened to America's outspoken dream?  
It has been crushed, drowned, and carried away, away from it's gleam.  
Hey Government, Tell the newcomers that it's time for change,  
Take their names, the way they speak, and values, in exchange- for a  
piece of paper, granting their citizenship.  
Take advantage of the workers, families, and paupers of this country,  
Continuously, change them until they can forget their ancestry.  
When they arrived here, they didn't know what was capable in America-  
This is why they have an almost lost dream.  
The government, laws, and issues in society have prevented America from staying true,  
In order to keep this dream from deferring, we have to make America renew.  
No more discrimination, no more inequality,  
If there is enough time to dream, there is enough time to make it, reality.  
Let us not flee from issues in society.  
In addition to racism, segregation, hate crimes, violence, and poverty.  
Make America renew, Make America pay its due,  
Our American Dream has yet to be proven true.  
America has been bruised but still left unbroken,  
The hope we have left has become our token-  
to redeem that America we can embrace,  
Do we really have to occupy parks and get in your face?  
99% of the people are fighting for their rights and have been constantly aggrieved,  
Hey Government, compensate their work with freedom and allow them to be pleased.

Allow them to stay true to who they are and remind them of their contribution to diversity,  
Confine in them and understand their financial, household, and health capabilities.  
Don't take advantage of the people who work and pay their dues in this country.  
Without the people, there is no America and Without America, there is no dream.  
You will know when we have redeemed,  
the America in which our fathers, we, and those unnamed have perceived.  
Oh, you will, know, trust and believe.  
Someday, you will see this country strive, succeed, and overachieve.  
We will not stop until corporate personhood is revoked,  
100 million Americans are suffering from poverty, this isn't a joke!  
Why is it that 400 top Americans are wealthier than the 180 million below them?  
We are grassroots that have just sprouted from seeds and have begun forming our stems.  
Victory will be ours even though the message is not clear,  
One thing we want is for the wealthy to be taxed more than a can of caviar per year.  
Nationalize the banks and save lives by socializing medicine,  
Leaving millions sick without health insurance, that's nowhere near genuine!  
Many people are homeless when there are a great amount of abandoned buildings wasting  
space,  
America would rather watch its people freeze in the cold and faint from the heat, oh what a  
disgrace!  
It is time for the elite to acknowledge this great awakening,  
We refuse to give our lives to satisfy the appetite of the capital for we are the forsaken.  
Occupy America, the day has come,  
Who cares if the media portrays us as hippies and bums?  
Thousands assemble peacefully against the corrupted system each day,  
This time we're not leaving or letting anything get in our way!

### **Billfold Souls**

by Bob McNeil

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Suppose those Billfold Souls,  
Who tow their boats of green notes,  
Had stocks that became sewage  
Under Wall Street's block,  
Suppose those Billfold Souls  
Scoped the Dow Jones  
Go under gravestones,  
Suppose those Billfold Souls  
Scoped the NASDAQ  
Become bird crap  
On an investor's jacket,  
Suppose those Billfold Souls  
Scoped a certain magazine's five hundred  
Hunger to wed a loaf of bread,  
Suppose those Billfold Souls  
Scoped their bank accounts' mass  
Become a fumbled pass,

Would those Billfold Souls  
Find the emotion known as despair  
For a human who stares  
At a pocket  
That has no money in the fabric's lair,  
Would those Billfold Souls  
Find the emotion known as despair  
For a human who stares  
At a plate  
That has no sustenance there,  
Would those Billfold Souls despair,  
Would those Billfold Souls despair  
For anything besides  
Their beaten schemes for moolah reams?

### **THE RENAISSANCE WILL BE POEIA?**

by Kyle De Valk

Speak like the wild flower walk with the clouds  
climb the limbs of your own mind see for your self first hand how the highways are effecting your  
totted babies lungs  
and the water supply is giving your grandmothers cancer  
while geo-politics are effecting my inner Buddha from shuttering the earth  
with over baring joyous care  
How can the tree give birth to life when it is covered in human black top  
I feel afraid for the new generations  
The wool has already been pulled  
and public schools keep failing us day in and day out  
it seems when they see a child they see a reason for raise  
Everything is never enough!  
We spend more on waring then world hunger  
its this public knowledge that needs to pour out of our souls  
Speak like the flower walks  
in the wind breeze side to side  
Speak with the breath of your more childish self  
if any child still remains intact deep with in your ancient self breath a worldly breath  
The renaissance will not be funded by paper currency  
The renaissance will be funded by love  
The renaissance will be funded by local growers  
The renaissance will be organic  
The renaissance will be open to all the worlds sisters and brothers  
The renaissance is non-governed untaxed beautiful growth  
**NAKED VEGTABLES!**  
Spinning around your head at a million miles an hour  
naked soil nurturing all of our kind hearts  
and in this we poets write endless love poems  
we express love freely  
we empower one another while chanting in the naked rain



by dancing in shapes never seen by the human eye  
we publish obscene and frown at moral  
we look into the eyes of Buddha through one another in simple understanding that have been  
outlawed by the over baring police state  
which is represented by the symbol of the eagle through the words democrat or republican  
but you wont hear these terms in the renaissance  
you will see naked toes and naked heels and beautiful flowing hair like the age old river  
we are all golden sages filled with tender greatness  
we are all love in one singular beat of the immortal rebirth of the hearts rhythm

### **Occupying Sherman Street**

by Sissy Buckles

*Lemon Grove, CA*

So there's two more guys living in their cars right on Sherman Street that leads to my work I saw one this morning in his late model truck cab-over,sitting upright in the driver's seat squirming in restless sleep, uncomfortable in the hot sun at 9:00AM; the other living in a shitty older van but still, his own shelter from the storm newspaper covering windows in back he even sweeps the sidewalk where the double doors open up, along with five or more RV's that live right on Sherman Street, rotating curb space every 48 hours so the cops don't bust them, and keep close to the storage center next door to my gov job in the warehouse district, containing all their worldly goods...and this is Point Loma, home to Nazarene University, theologians and debutantes,and military facilities SPAWAR the top retired Admirals and Colonel's and their lush seaside homes wide streets flanked with palm trees and our old hippie haven Ocean Beach, once called the 3rd Haight at the end of the pier, dog beach and smokeshop The Black where I still buy my incense you can smell the sapphire ocean on days with an off-shore breeze...

and I drive down to sit by the sand for lunch to calm my restless mind and pass the homeless in groups or alone on every street corner and intersection stained hands held out in a timeless way but with handmade signs – "I served our Country – Please help" "Will work for Food" "I have nothing, anything helps" and these days of recession family and friends losing their jobs/homes, so I try to heed the dire warnings of the money experts on TV,swallowing down panic, and save/pay down the credit and just use my debit card for stuff I need but still, carry some quarters a little extra weight in my pockets to remind me.

### **POET @ THE OCCUPATION**

by Donald A. Kronos,

*for billimarie*

Pensive as I may be, it took me by surprise  
a spectacle of royalty sat there before my eyes.  
And on that Royal typewriter, antique as it may be  
the spectacle in front of it was writing poetry.

### **OWNERSHIP'S STROPHES**

by Ryan J. Douglas

*From 'Oi Geezers: a collection of short and long shwings'*  
*Australia*

Bernie Madoff went running from the bank  
With Dillinger's film crew in tail  
Singing Kingsmen's Louie Louie lyrics  
Cause he liked the way your parents  
Imagined his obscenities  
After they invested against  
Proud honist exclamations  
And rested their laurels on  
John's Book of Revelations

Anon my old man told me  
That junkies and thieves and vandals  
And whores  
Should be caged up with wild dogs  
And boars...  
What gumption!  
Son of a pellet gun, a rube, a bumpkin  
Entertainment  
Fit for Nero's consumption

### **THE SHIT-KICKER**

by Ryan J. Douglas

*From 'Oi Geezers: a collection of short and long shwings'*  
*Australia*

Sunday caught up  
After a week of kickin shit  
Graveyard shift, haulin shit  
Using limbs instead of jib crane lift  
A dying industry  
Lost track pad contracts  
Downturn and retrenchments  
And even the pigeons are nesting above me  
Droppings of shock and awe on the core stackin bay  
I guess they heard I was a Chinalco spy  
I caught the Columbidae and posted my  
Shares to their union on its leg  
9 points off my license since I took this job  
But atypically, digits remain when on Bonemill Rd's School Zone  
The lonely star is up on a Sunday morning  
Yet I'm a gregarious satellite; the tokay blanket show  
Circling every face I see, assuring them that I can justify  
All my conflicting paradigms concurrently

**\* 7. ~Free~ \***

by Willow Poetry (Sara Emillie)  
*www.willowpoetry.blog.co.uk*  
*for those in need of strength*  
*London, UK*

You were far more intellectual than I ever gave you credit for,  
Your mind may be twisted and ridden with disease,  
But thorough plans were conceived there,  
To hatch in to my life.  
You sensed my weakness and actioned events,  
Events where I trapped myself,  
Trapped down the path you lead me so easily down.  
You knew how much they were a part of my being,  
You knew my heart engulfed them,  
Like the children I would never bare,  
You used them in your warped decaying being,  
You used them to trap me to forever keep me there.  
To keep me imprisoned in a continuous empty existence.  
Yes, you were far more intellectual than I ever imagined,  
But even in your greatest sentence plan,  
Could you defeat me,  
Cause I grew strong,  
And I now stand free

**Leaves, They Are A'Turnin**  
by Terence Degnan

don't ever stop callin' it  
The American Fall  
it is what it is  
and that, is All

Td "Rome" 2012

**Down in Misfit Bay**  
by Ryan Ostrowski

Don't go knockin' 'round places you don't know  
Stop to look around by then you'll be scraping up your elbow  
And lasting long don't mean a thing around here  
Somehow the blackjack ladies still bring around some cheer  
But ways of the game would breed blame to combat rules still unclear  
And getaway cars are moving fast but broken boys can't steer

Once in a while a crocodile will swim into the bay  
People come down to look around but nobody knows what to say

The fish swim along but the men sing a song about trials back in the day  
They just can't compile why a lonesome crocodile could do anything but  
dry and decay  
So they bust out the guns and blindfold the nuns and shoot up like  
downbeat Bombay

Inside the lodge a sabotage was crafted by tourist men  
Billboard lights and commercial rights and limitless sins they could  
lend  
Hollywood, Cali and Silicon Valley were tiring places to be  
Charge up a rock and harvest a stock and throw in a soul for free  
Visionless spies have tears in their eyes and the people with power  
can't see  
Try as they may to occasionally pray like the good ones they hope to be

Boundless pleasures of buried treasures took the kids away  
Tortured mothers and long lost brothers were flashcards the profits  
could play  
A crooked smirk on the candy store clerk when the mistress came into  
town  
The people took a timeless look; on her head was a golden crown  
Burdened by lust and failure to trust and banned from the place she was  
bound  
Her tired words and fledgling birds were cast to the lost and found

Down at the mill a man and his drill were gambling sticks and stones  
Stuck in the muck was his dirty old truck that was filled with elephant  
bones  
A rake and a coil and a barrel of oil kept his demons well caged  
He wanted a girl and ambitions more plural but the whole thing was  
poorly staged  
Family and friends in a mercedes-benz were rubbing his face on the road  
So he built up the feeling from the floor to the ceiling, one day to  
wake up and explode

Can't tell you why as hard as they try humanity has no name  
Where sunshine is dim and out on a whim a picture competes with its  
frame  
A supermodel's scar and a football star who just can't keep pace with  
the game  
And like no other place with a human race, everything stays the same  
Just like the dogs the fields and the bogs are seen through shades of  
grey  
Control or console an outcast soul down in Misfit Bay

**Fifteen Minutes in the Occupied Zone**  
by J.D. Perkosky  
*Pittsburgh, PA*

Tents shroud sleeping ground-dwellers  
in a cluster of rayon, canvas, rainbow.  
It's a cancer colony in the urban corporate coven.  
Or are these the first skirmishers of cure?

It's hard to know which is disease and which is host.  
Your answer likely depends on where you invest your time the most.  
For lots of us our opinion's fungible. Not too sure maybe, but faked?  
Like the rhymes a poet forces, in order to a poem make?

I sit on a cold-baked bench and consider.

These tent people have no platform, by design.  
These sky people have concrete platforms stories above,  
and practice the ancient art of mute and  
modern art of soundbyte...

A passing dweller pardons himself, interrupting my thoughts:  
"We have a cake," he says. "Come eat, come eat!"  
He doesn't know me from Marie Antoinette.  
And I remember her famous words as I follow.

They share their cake, and I watch.  
And those above wait for these below  
to price their priceless demands.  
They'd eagerly dole down thick slices du gateau,  
knowing that quibbling dissent over crumbs can come quickly.  
Cancer can sneak like history's rhyme, greed knows.

## I LOVE MUSCLE

by Fredrick L. Linnabary

|                             |                                |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| K-nit, k-not,               | Wham-mer, slam-mer,            |
| I like to fight a lot.      | I'll fix it with a hammer.     |
| I sing this song.           | That's how it's done.          |
| It means I'm strong.        | It's lots of fun.              |
| K-nit, k-not.               | Wham-mer, slam-mer.            |
| K-nut, a Jute.              | Ka-blam, ka-boom.              |
| I want to take your loot.   | I'll blow it to the moon.      |
| I apply force.              | Don't be polite:               |
| I'm bigger than your horse. | Just dynamite.                 |
| K-nut, a Jute.              | Ka-blam, ka-boom.              |
| Chal-lenge, Stone-henge.    | Iran, Iraq.                    |
| I've come to take revenge.  | Just give the rope some slack. |
| You think too much.         | Nah! Just jerk it tight        |
| Your brain's a crutch.      | With all your might.           |

|                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Chal-lenge, Stone-henge.      | Iran, Iraq.                      |
| Ar-gle, bar-gle,              | Don't twist, don't jerk.         |
| Our heroes are now marble.    | Not how to make it work.         |
| They'd kill and blast         | Bah! You're just a putz.         |
| There in the past.            | You've got no nuts.              |
| Ar-gle, bar-gle.              | We'll twist, we'll jerk.         |
| Or, Lord, I'm bored.          | Hey, wait! Just wait!            |
| I've got to make some swords. | Don't fight, instead debate.     |
| Don't plow a field:           | Ugh! Your bleeding heart         |
| I've got to wield.            | Just makes us fart!              |
| Oh, Lord, I'm bored.          | A gun ends this debate.          |
| A rhyme, sub-lime.            | At length, it's strength,        |
| I have to fight some crime.   | To know when to use my strength. |
| Outlaw a drug,                | When to be smart,                |
| And then be smug.             | Restrain my heart.               |
| A rhyme, sub-lime.            | At length, it's strength.        |

**A Friend in Need  
Can Be Screwed Indeed**  
by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

A friend in need can be screwed indeed  
From them you can a fortune make  
Tell them how their trouble is all their own fault  
And advantage of their problems take.

They look on us as the gypsy European state  
We sit on the side of the table and for aid beg  
When all we do is ask for help like with any friend  
But they want to knock us down a peg.

And like a greedy moneylender at Christmas  
Point out only they will lend to us  
So put up, pay up, and shut up  
And about the interest don't make a fuss.

We are at the shotgun point of capitalism  
The IMF / EU: they are but a false friend  
True ones don't take advantage of the weak  
Even if its your fault, they to help a hand extend.

And seek not to make from you a profit  
Only ask back what they to you did give  
When your down, like Ireland now, you see who true friends are  
We as a nation will not forget this as long as we live....

## **CHANGE**

by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

*Poem / recitation to publicise the 100,000 Poets for Change event happening worldwide on  
SEPTEMBER 2012.*

Change - it is a challenge  
For every man to change his heart  
For no man hates so bitter  
As those who think themselves liberal  
For the hate that they have  
Be it great or small  
Is a hatred not from ignorance  
But from conviction.

Change - it is a dream  
As stated by Martin Luther King  
A dream all men should have  
When it is how you live that you should be judged  
How you treat your fellow man  
Not your skin colour or creed  
Politics, wealth or lack of same  
Privilege of birth, or lowliness of ancestry  
That makes you what you are.

Change - its in your heart  
All men possess hatred  
Its mankind's natural protection  
The tribe - the family - we want the best for our own  
That is good: it is only bad when we strive  
To have what's good for our own  
At the expense of the welfare of another.  
Don't let love for yourself and yours  
Lead to hatred of another.

Change - it is the duty  
Of every man of faith and none  
To make the world a better place  
For our children to come  
For the most important environment  
Is not the sky, the rivers and the lakes  
- For even the Nazis cared for the welfare of animals -  
But the environment within which all men live.

Change - a project for writers  
100,000 - for a day  
If a writer can reach a hundred hearts  
Let each poem be a prayer  
To reach ten million - and for life  
Let that be your prayer to God

As you know and worship Him  
And let change start within yourself  
Be you the first step in the journey of a thousand miles  
Lead by example, while yet not being proud  
And let us bring change... one heart at a time.

### **Occupy!!!!**

by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh  
for Occupy!!! Protesters  
All over the world!!!

These protestors get minimum coverage in the mainstream media, so it is left to viral news videos on YouTube and Indymedia, Twitter and Facebook to get the message out there, that at the heart of the American financial system founded on Usury, there are people objecting, protesting and making their voices heard. They can ignore the people, but they cannot keep them silent. They can control where the people walk on the streets, but they cant keep the people off of the streets.

I have had enough!  
Bankers gamble with money: we  
Pay with our lives...

We will be heard loud  
Whose future is destroyed by them  
Whose gain is our loss

Our tomorrow will  
Be better, for we all now  
Occupy today

We occupy here  
Greedy capitalism's heart  
We squeeze out its life

What's my job, you ask?  
Fight injustice, for justice  
That's all of our jobs!

### **SYSTEM ANOMALIES**

by chrisglover

Capitalism and Communism - words so antiquated  
Dinosaurs from times outdated  
Multi-nationals morphed into Trans-nationals  
...now transformed into Corporate-capitalism!

I prefer the word Corpocracy...



after all - it is hardly Democracy!

So called de-regulated 'Free Trade'

...Calculated

...Premeditated

...Performance Appraisal unrelated

...Goldplated

wealth stimulation for the Corpocrats

who, having generated a global calamity -

...and remunerated themselves unscrupulously...

made their low-key exits ecstatically

...leaving the 99% to carry the \$ casualties

Corpocracy...

Hypocrisy...

Predatory

Travesty...

Avaricious creators of global penury -

And daring to call it Democracy!

Time for the 99% to mandate and moderate!

Occupy the Law!

Rise! Rise! Rise 99% and Occupy!

### **The Bones Under New York City**

by Arlene

When you feel the earth

Tremble

Under New York City

Do not be afraid

It is only the bones

When those seemingly formidable

Towers of glass and steel

Are made to dance

Do not be afraid

It is only the bones

When the concrete splits

And water begins to

Wash away the garbage

Do not be afraid

It is only the bones

When the tiny emperor

Is caught cowering

Under his desk  
Do not be afraid  
It is only the bones

These are the bones  
That crushed the  
One-legged murdering thief

These are the bones that  
Secretly sliced the ropes  
At Manuel The Giant's  
Lynching

These are the bones that  
Repeatedly sabotaged the  
Wicked plans of the  
West India Company

These are the bones that  
Schemed for justice and truth  
In the midst of mischief and lies

When you feel the earth  
Tremble  
Under New York City  
Do not be afraid  
It is only the bones  
Awakening to the call of  
OCCUPY!

### **Christmas on Wall Street**

by Dan Rutt, alias "Top Pun" (it's just, my pun name)

*Occupying Humanity*

*December 25, 2011*

*DEDICATED TO: Occupy Wall Street protesters across this great land who are putting some skin in the game to make a better world for all and Jesus, who put some skin on God, and who totally rocks, even in the face of Christianity*

*This epic poem can be found at: [TopPun.com/Christmas-on-Wall-Street.pdf](http://TopPun.com/Christmas-on-Wall-Street.pdf)*

### **The Dawn**

I had a dream: that people the whole world over woke up...  
Awaken from the dark tunnel of Wall Street  
Viewed best looking eastward from that Trinity Place  
There is only one rising star this night  
The best and the brightest  
Enough to put to shame every blinking light  
A cross, the nation



Towering above Wall Street  
 And even the end all and be all, Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive  
 Yet feeling so close that you can touch it, even taste it  
 From this star light  
 Snow falls, like tiny falling stars  
 Each it's own wish  
 Yearning to come true  
 Glistening to our highest hopes  
 Wanting to occupy our humanity  
 This snow has been falling gently awe night  
 One flake after another, each unique  
 Though unseen by most, they gather  
 The Wall Street lamp flicks off  
 The lights at the end of the tunnel  
 Turned off  
 By automatons  
 Without the warmth of human hands  
 It dawns on U.S.



An alternative source of energy is needed  
 And the Son rises  
 As for the first time  
 But certainly not the last  
 The beginning is near  
 Like a peoples' congress  
 That is, without the capital  
 A manger-y flock  
 Tents-ly making  
 Hay!?



Who turned on the AC, D.C.?  
 That highway to hell  
 Paved with good in tension  
 Un-till it freezes over  
 Though thinly cloaked  
 Now we're cooking  
 In this chili time of year  
 Yet we need not be apprehensive  
 The heat will be here soon enough

### The Bull

Lurking near buy  
 So-called self-made men  
 Making a satyr of one's self  
 Fauning over themselves  
 Roamin' centaur-ions  
 Whose name is Legion, for we are money  
 Panning Left, and then Right  
 A half-ass caricature  
 Drawing upon



In-courage-a-bull  
 Night and day traitors  
 More, more, more like  
 A loan wolf packing  
 Yet unable to bear  
 Answering the call  
 Cell! Cell! Cell!  
 Captivatingly a-droid at celling out  
 Somehow, you've got to hand it to them  
 Each nose flare  
 It flies  
 Like pigs no less!  
 Butt they keep coming back  
 Snorting that white power  
 Like theirs know tomorrow  
 Prominently un-a-wear  
 The one thing  
 They really produce!  
 Quaintly reminding us, "We don't reca... produce."  
 Dapper as they may be  
 ITS  
 Time for a change!  
 Suffering from Gomer piles  
 Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!  
 Let's coin a new phase  
 What we mint to ask  
 Are we too pristine too  
 Hit 'em in the blizzard  
 The long mourning shadow of the Wall Street Bull  
 Standing in sharp contrast to the purity of the new snowfall  
 An unmistakable I-con  
 The bull, knee deep, as usual, yet today  
 For even in this winter of discontent  
 Snow falls on the just and the unjust  
 A cold blanket for this homie-less bull  
 Whose matchless, icy stare  
 Though fair in height  
 Yields only the third degree  
 Even after much fast talk and countless hollow wor  
 Vainly offering fuel futures, but no actual fuel  
 Stealing warmth, even from frozen tundra  
 Such fuelishness will have its mettle tested today  
 Vainly looking for alloys as insurance against tough times  
 This is not the kind of cover-up it is used to dealing with  
 Coming to a head  
 God doesn't lay a single finger on him  
 Yet a single bird flips about  
 A sparrow nests in the powdered wig of the coming justice  
 The bulls eye upon the sparrow



For simply winging it as the Creator intended  
Incapable of spotting such a priceless goad:  
"Jump!"

"Use your golden parachute, if you like; that is, if you are in a hurry."

But no worry

There is no real life in this golden boy calf  
Though it glitters of goaled marketing data  
Bought and overpaid for

IT

Nose of blood, but not its own

Less useful than a piss pot

This bull cannot hold water

Not even a pint

To yellow this snow

With a last ditch golden offering  
of H-E-L-P!

Creating even the slightest little slush fun on its own  
(and as usual, nothing trickles down)

But to know Vail!

As the corporate jets

Leering elsewhere

For they have zero interest

To look down on this glorious day

For I'm pathetic

Even a dog can make his mark

With a golden snow job

And in a pinch sometimes eats its own

How backward is that!?

I suspect that such a dyslexic God

Would mirrorly curse

If it could Spot anything

For even the tail sometimes wags the dog

But not here

Could it get any

Shoddier than this?

Down below

As its brass balls hang, sterile

For it can't even do it

Vainly hoping for a bumper crop

Butt hay

It's unable even to show its empt-y-earnings

While workers of the world come together!

Yet it desires to be called "Sire"

Surly this is not the beast you can do!

S.O.B.-ing "We're broke"

Left unsatisfied

Lonely to discover that the division of mergers and acquisitions

Has always been about subtraction not multiplication

Full of mis-givings



dog god

Desperately seeking 200% proof  
 It-faced with evidence  
 Knead again and again  
 Still, has it become a parent yet  
 That there is a little downsize, sum seedy underbelly, to every economy-sized thingy  
 Could a child support such imburement  
 Is it doable?

Could this snake be molten

Uncovering

A cast of thousands  
 of tin cups

To hold that which is hallowed

To spare each sacred globe

And lust but not leased, a penal colony

A loan with their own barren mutual fun

A bunch of mothers with edifice complexes

Self-loving daddy's girls wishing for more than an Electra fence

for their stolen goods

A no charm school

For sweet hex cons

There only grace, to never really be hung

For being their enemies' banned it

Just for portend

Still, ever-last-stingily gathering like flies

A traction so incurable

Suit-able for only greedy pigs consuming scruples with abandon

How can we right such wrongs

Penned for life

Become-s-killed at

Making first class coach

Con jurors never again!

Sow it a peers!

Reclaiming that in-F-able humanity

Which some believe was immaculately de-funct

Never the lass

Too witch spell are they under

That they cannot tell the difference between deification and derecation?

You don't have to have a B.S. in finance to know that

Certainly these are no men of letters

Except perhaps for their stock tickers

Sheepishly bleating like four letter cymbals

Only taking heart from their cruel shares

Is it actually possible to un-learn, this bull

Any slower and it would be going backward

Suffering from motionless sickness

Who cars?

Auto-manically responding, "Baal me!"

Out!

Instead

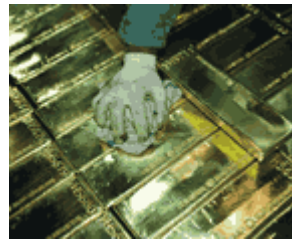
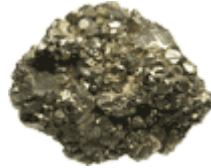


Moss grows  
 Collecting greenbacks  
 On the lighter side of darkness  
 After all, what else good is a move he?  
 Like a Christmas Story where you just shoot your eye out  
 Search your art  
 Luke, I am your fodder  
 Go figure!  
 This bull, a model citizen  
 For who's even going to read a book?!  
 Maybe for a Princes Bribe  
 As per sued by a dreaded pirate, Robbered  
 Bobbing and weaving, sored in hand  
 Not to plum it, from a cliff notes  
 Inconceivable!  
 A-parently, a Sicilian thing, in a family way  
 In the end, only beat by poisoning one's own cup  
 Still, still, still  
 A pitcher worth a thousand words  
 It produces  
 Noah-steam  
 On the arisin' (on a coaled day)  
 Awashin' cash  
 Reigning a bout 40 days and 40 nights  
 The arc sending out a warming, below  
 As we dove, holding out for an olive branch  
 Only to land  
 The only place doable  
 Still, going nowhere fast  
 With two bleeping horns  
 And a forked tail more suitable for a pan handle  
 Let's loose-a-fur  
 Playing hard bald  
 I'll Gore election  
 Hay!  
 He about bales, Bub  
 Untill it's about dark, Lord  
 Of the flies  
 Nearer the end than we might like  
 Stacked deep  
 The feeled empty  
 At this point  
 Like some half-breed mule (a hoarse-ass?)  
 Equidistant between two bales of hay  
 An immovable object  
 Meeting the infinite farce  
 Of its own fruitless gluttony  
 Its acquisitiveness udderly unfulfilling  
 Ravenous, "Nevermore!"





And for its great feat  
 Like four studs  
 Holding up  
 What remains  
 To the outsider, beggar than life-size  
 Still, dead as adore knell  
 Its only mate  
 A trophied wives tale  
 As nary herd of old  
 Vainly swatting flies  
 Similarly attracted to that witch fuels goaled  
 Yet, never quite able to get 'em off  
 Still, slamming  
 Like a Red Bull in a China shop  
 Crying "Charge!"  
 Only to crash  
 Barren its hope to knock something up  
 It seems a pity, such fertile eyes her  
 The winnow of the sole  
 Going  
 To waste  
 Per hips, if she just buffed up a bit  
 Somewhere between the stoned age and bronze age  
 And perchance going for the varnished tooth  
 Plus passably seeing a surge-in plasticity  
 Only to be left  
 The butt of a polish joke (its capital wore saw)  
 Settling for anything ending with ski  
 Visited upon occasionally by a-luring Ass-pen  
 The only Geneva-like Convention recognizable at all  
 It has-been, enough to tarnish those golden ears  
 And you can rub the belly of the beast  
 666 times if you like  
 But you will get nothing  
 Except perhaps hard luck  
 There will be no three wishes  
 Like a lad in  
 A manger  
 Like a homeless Jew  
 In Palestine  
 Unlikely to get anywhere  
 A hopeless stall mate  
 And just  
 Waiting for some Ahab Spring  
 To be lost to history  
 Like the King Ahab of Israel, overshadowed by his better-known wife, Jezebel  
 Known for her love of false profits  
 Arab Spring my lass!  
 Take Salomé, a cool drink of water and consort of Herod





Herod, a titular "King of the Jews" and a Roamin' client king  
 Salomé dished John, a head of her time  
 Unveiling a baptism of deceit  
 Or maybe you would like to hear of Moby Dick, a story tall  
 Where Ahab is not a fisher of men, but a fisher of some fishy mammal  
 Perhaps some man derivative  
 Not even qualifying as a fish tale!  
 "Whale, whale, whale!" he blubbers on and on  
 And without a leg to stand on, he seeks right-eous retribution  
 Until there is only one Left, or even none Left  
 Lamely intolerant of anyone who needs a crutch or even hand up  
 And everyone ends up a two-time loser, whether caught or not  
 Who will buy these cock and bull stories!?  
 This beast of burdened in effigy  
 Surrounded by unheard sheep  
 Facing a proto-lariat  
 Of one, a cord  
 We've got noose for you  
 We are not cowed by a reverent collar  
 For it be hooves us  
 Knowing that if it ever got a leg up on us  
 We'd have a foot, or more  
 Up to our necks  
 Our flipping coins taken  
 Like lunch money  
 The bull he saying  
 Heads I win, tails you lose  
 As if, shaking his head  
 Unafraid of any yarn we may spin  
 Stringing us along  
 This tie really works for me!  
 We can't help  
 But recognize the irony  
 In buying the very same line  
 That blinds him up  
 Putting on heirs  
 Look, I'm potentate  
 A cash cow who seas red  
 Well, this 1% milk is not going to cut it anymore  
 Beat it, if you can  
 We are looking forward to butter days  
 And man does not live by bred alone  
 Neither does this bull!  
 No one with common cents would come from afar  
 Let alone wise men  
 Though some grooming bribes-to-be  
 Have been found in the company of wise guys  
 With a wholly ghost of a chance of any good coming from that  
 Singular bull



Ignoring any Trinity of visitors  
 Chuck Dickens they say  
 Hundreds of Christmases passed  
 Happy holidays, if in fact, you can say that  
 And know lack-of-focus groups to speak to that  
 According to the North poll they Gallup away red-nosed  
 From any allusion  
 Contracting some sin-drome  
 From witch even a sanity clause couldn't save them  
 Although the rumor might send coal futures soaring  
 Enough to console their tiny heart, three sizes too small  
 Stealing everything except a kiss under the mistletoe  
 Due to some military-industrial complex  
 That somehow can't be overcome  
 As for Christmas present  
 Layoff



Nobody wants to take responsibility for that bad wrap  
 And as for Christmas futures  
 Trading Good Friday for Black Friday  
 Looks great on the quarterly report  
 But in the mourning  
 What shall we know of prize-winning turkeys?

Somebody will have a cow  
 And the bull keeps coming  
 More like Chuck Brown  
 Waiting for it to fly  
 But playing a little Lucy  
 Finding out who has our back  
 Sliding down that slippery slope  
 That the Johns have left  
 The whores  
 Hurting like the Dickens  
 All ways Scrooged



A new-fang\_ed advent season (observe No\_I)  
 Virtual pioneers settling for artificially pining  
 For the day of just thee stooges  
 Just do it  
 And nobody gets hurts  
 But is this the end of the story?  
 Is it true  
 You can't lick it  
 Though nothing is dumber  
 Specifically below zero  
 If you get too close it will catch your tongue  
 Unable to speak, unable to even turn away  
 Though you may end up with the New York police at your service  
 Hoping a bull proof vest meant  
 Safely entering an arena, a haven for masses  
 Not a speculators sport



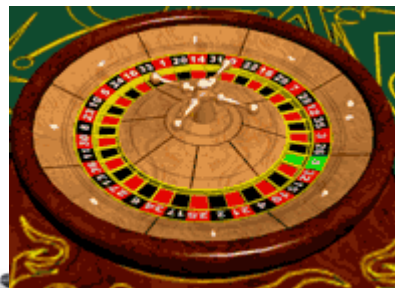
Unfortunately, as everyone knows, in bullfighting  
 Bulls will only see red  
 Weather red ink or blood  
 No matter  
 When one is too big to flail  
 Idol-ing  
 Hopelessly stuck in a neutrality  
 Advantaging the status quo in a loaded way  
 Poor into the streets  
 Boo's  
 For an economy not in recovery  
 Never on the wagon, but following closely behind in a caravan of stretch limos  
 (Apparently, close enough for anti-government work)  
 What more do they need?!  
 Bottling again and again  
 And pure spirits are consumed, one by one  
 X specters with vanishing hope  
 As taking wiki-leaks all over  
 And in the end, Scrooged again  
 Betraying such a grave situation  
 Hear lies the 99%  
 Told we are too little to make a difference  
 And the 1%, the "There is no room in the inn" group  
 Tell us they are too big to fail  
**It Hits the Fan**



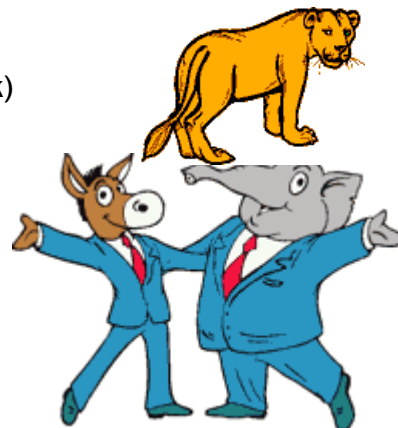
Even before Man created blight, God said, "Occupy the earth." ((  
 So be it!  
 A Genesis for all  
 Including Chapter 11, the Tower of Babel  
 A cautionary tale of moral bankruptcy  
 Where the 1% said, "Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a tower that reaches to the heavens,  
 so that we may make a name for ourselves; otherwise we will be scattered over the face of the  
 whole earth." (Genesis, Chapter 11:4)  
 They called it "The Big Apple"  
 Rotten to the corp(s)  
 Its millions of inhabitants  
 Huddled masses earning to be free  
 Reduced to a few bytes  
 A social security numb-er  
 And scoring some credit  
 The crack in the American pipe dream  
 And the belle of liberty  
 Lady Liberty takes a hit  
 Abridged to an outlandish French gag  
 Disarmed *and* with their hands up  
 For-merely a-muse meant  
 In dependence  
 We are free, won and all



Our gratis achievement  
 Under-mined  
 For it makes no cents  
 Our union bust  
 Reining government  
 Christmas slay  
 Deer John let her  
 Free speech  
 With unbridled doe  
 Where will the buck stop?  
 This land is your land, mine land, and the wrest  
 No man island  
 And Ellis closer than won-might-think  
 But through the confidence men  
 We are tolled, "Nothing is free"  
 And as we know, *it* has been provided in abundance  
 Incredibly, it happens  
 With and without mass debating  
 Forced to matriculate before class  
 Learning the hard way  
 The "means" of production  
 Subhuman marks, it's informed they have no class  
 Yet bizaarly war fair  
 Here and goon before we "no" it  
 Instantly passé that statue of limitations  
 Left in the lurch  
 Nothing more a lady could say!!  
 Gather all ye  
 Gather all ye who can no longer afford the free market  
 Gather all ye who have been Gored by one too many elections  
 We gust right  
 They are flurrying like cockroaches  
 From the light of the new fallen snow  
 If you get my drift  
 They gust left  
 Re-lying upon a void  
 They can do nothing  
 Butt pass wind  
 In shock and awe, we are greeded  
 Welcome to the casino economy!  
 But who are these minimum wagers?  
 Ante this, ante that, ante everything!  
 Pay no attention to our credit raiding  
 Did someone say "aid and abet"  
 Lotta re-posessed  
 Wile they cut the cards  
 Scheming from top to bottom  
 Our proctor and gamble  
 Charmin our Pampers off



Beholden all that's Left  
 But to believe it's our chance  
 Rolling our pair-a-dice  
 It's all in the risk  
 Irrational and exorbitantly bubbling on and on  
 "Certainly, we need certainty"  
 The house, we must always win  
 A Visa to a-stranged places  
 Going those extra miles as you are submarined to new heights  
 And Discover there is no equity in your own home  
 Where is home, land security when you need it?!  
 For-close at hand  
 What remains to move afar Left?  
 And in a totally campy move  
 You stand to lose  
 Even your tent  
 Leaving only a day's worth of ciao between you and the Empire State  
 So, it is when you raise the stakes  
 To strike  
 Deep in the Vampire State  
 A threat to those undead who feed off the life of others  
 Colonizing darkness  
 Whorified when exposed to daylight  
 Thou dust have no real heart and no reflection  
 Who only want us to believe  
 That Count Chocula is mirrorly a killer product, of the serial variety  
 That generals mill  
 For all in tents and purposes  
 Such a restless nativity will not be tolerated  
 For there will be only one circus in this town!  
 Says the Iyin' of Wall Street (while the woman does the work)  
 And the donkey and the elephant are with me  
 In case you can't already tell by the mess we are in  
 Bye buying their time  
 Wading  
 For the right time  
 The extreme right time!  
 Always around the next coroner  
 Yet still waste deep  
 With "more bids, more bids!"  
 A carny appeal  
 A feudal hearing  
 Shill cries of  
 ..it creek  
 As it collapses under its own wait  
 ..it happens!  
 For then, even the shepherdless sheep  
 Cry in unison  
 "Baaaaaaaad"



In an alter-native way  
Join us  
Biblically  
That when one goes  
Two appear  
We will not be divided  
We will multiply

*"Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has been pleased to give you the kingdom. Sell your possessions and give to the poor. Provide purses for yourselves that will not wear out, a treasure in heaven that will never fail, where no thief comes near and no moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." (Luke 18-32-34)*

At this, they declare unclear war  
What could they possibly want?  
Unlike the clarity of the war in Iraq, the war in Afghanistan, the war on drugs, and the compelling reasons why the U.S. military occupies most of the planet's nations  
Yet, reason remains as unclear as your wars  
Do you want the 1%, the trillions of reasons that have evaporated like hits on a crack pipe?  
Yikes! And you want us to stay off the grass!  
Park it, people!  
As you drug us on your high horses  
Or, do you want the 99%, the 300 million of U.S., whose souls hit the streets to make this country work?  
Choosing between guns or butter  
Or, perhaps more aptly, puns or Imperial margarine  
Be little left to say, "Let them eat pasteurized, processed, imitation, cheese food product"  
We want the real thing  
Not some coke  
Though we'd settle for little baby cheeses  
Oh, what Great Expectations!  
Author! Author!  
But we've been there, done that  
And we've been goosed enough already  
Subjected to perpetual poppa gander  
Engendering misconceptions  
That to win the human race  
You are obliged to be rat racist  
Only to be let known  
That there is a full quota of stereotypists  
And the club members are all guise  
Telling  
Off-color  
Jokes  
The truth is strangers are friction  
There are plenty of jobs  
Nobody wants  
The niggardly only get what is warranted  
And what close-fisted mother





Would make-believe there is such a thing as easy labor?!  
 Indubitably, you can have as much domestic help as you want  
 And you can toil it anywhere  
 As long as you have the proper papers  
 Green that is  
 Like ill eagle  
 Americans  
 Not U.S.  
 A cross water  
 Boarding  
 With wiley coyotes  
 "Why would a chicken go to the other side?"  
 They can only ax  
 Like fencing in the breeze  
 Bordering on loco law enforcement  
 Trying to catch some beeping roadrunner  
 Blowing up in our face  
 Just giving U.S. a bad case of Acme  
 Zits a foul thing, creating innumerable ex-patriots  
 Dealing with Xena-phobia and fearing Lawless (am I getting too Lucy here?!)  
 How will we get over it  
 That picket fence  
 Stealing from labor  
 On the downsize  
 Feverishly cutting  
 Like some staff infection, some foreign bug  
 What can passibly salve us?  
 Never wanting to experience such hospitality  
 And that first quest in  
 What has brought you here?  
 Was it the exorbitant premium  
 That is, a free wallet-ectomy with every visit  
 With the creeping co-pays  
 Overgrown deductible  
 And/or an anemic bank account?  
 After your background check bounces  
 They determine that your credit score is untreatable  
 Soon to learn what it means to be medically indignant  
 Ignoring your chief complaint  
 I don't know, looks like some red something or other  
 What is Left?!  
 Have you now or ever had a pre-existing condition  
 Like in a heartbeat, they ask  
 If so, then you must be born again  
 Though, technically, that's not covered either  
 Nevertheless, we have plenty of people to prey on you  
 There is nothing a little faith and a good fortune can't fix, no?  
 We will send you down to the die agnostic floor  
 Where our scan artists will insure someone is starving fast



Butt they know, you are all ways at best partially covered  
 Your ass swinging in the wind  
 Regardless of the outcome  
 You dread already  
 Unable to fill M.D. promises  
 With the only house calls made by bill collectors  
 Oh, the ancient cry, to even to touch the hem of His garment  
 Wondering why you give blood, donate your organs to this science fiction  
 A slick care system to die for  
 Taking your breath away too  
 Know such thing as a stupid question  
 Man, are you a veteran now  
 Do you have a veterinarian  
 Where healthcare is  
 You're a human right?  
 We could do a PET scan  
 Just to be sure  
 We'll send you onto a special list  
 Until men in white coats come to take you away  
 They might as well be law suits  
 Being surgically removed  
 To remove pressure on their bloated profits  
 Immune to mere common cents, dollareds beyond belief  
 Spending more doctoring the books  
 Wile writing you off as a medical loss  
 That procedure, hah, not on the social list  
 Meanwhile, others are having leisure surgery  
 And assorted best enhancements (what boobs!)  
 As the golf widens  
 Par for the course  
 It's a bout  
 Club privileges!  
 How Viagra-vated must we get!  
 Just open wide  
 And say, "Yaaaaaaacht!"  
 Or continue puddling about  
 Ignoring side affects  
 Pay no attention to the 1% behind the curtain  
 Jōb creators of Biblical proportions  
 Flailing miser-a-bully to make God abettor  
 Wanting to end occupations  
 A Potter of a Wonderful Life  
 Fired  
 Up the economy!  
 Kiln people  
 No matter how hard they dry  
 On the lookout for the hired ground  
 Yet no one throwing in the towel  
 Will the last George bail he?





On a bridge to nowhere  
 From the drear of the assemblage comes a cry "Jump!"  
 To those on high  
 Seeming to have covered all the angels  
 Is there even one  
 Save us!  
 Clearance, our only Deliverance  
 Will fast currency sweep us away  
 Wanting  
 Rivers of money and not a drop  
 Fore-most  
 Tolloed again, "Thirst things thirst."  
 These underworld fiends with benefits  
 Consider it  
 A mere soaking  
 As an interruption of business as use you all  
 But in due course, they end up as enemas and run out  
 Row after row  
 We austere at the same time  
 And when stern we're called aft  
 Cain un-Abel to make a deference  
 In God wee trust  
 When theirs a run on the bank  
 What does it take  
 To bargain to save a brother  
 The nearest homm   to you, underwater to deat  
 Is such response-ability passable  
 Too a measly errant boy  
 of a mourning druggist  
 De-faulting  
 To those who have an ear left, "Hear!"  
 To every gaffer, "See!"  
 It's no blunder these new senses are critical  
 What miracle is it to slip UP?!  
 Here come-passion!  
 I'm down  
 Loading a million apps (and like sum 'not see')  
 Like a concentration camp  
 Killing one's self  
 And many a temp  
 A million odd jobs  
 Oh, to be class-ified  
 As we part time and money  
 Willing to take it, any position they want  
 Once again engendering anti-trust  
 Played by a monopoly man  
 Reading railroaded  
 With nowhere to go  
 A little B.O.'d

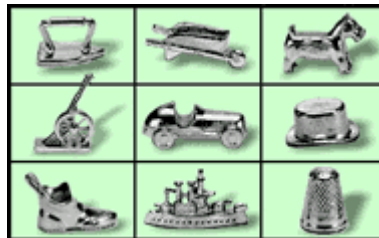


| B. & O. RAILROAD      |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Rent                  | \$ 25.  |
| If 2 R.R.'s are owned | 50.     |
| If 3 " " " "          | 100.    |
| If 4 " " " "          | 200.    |
| Mortgage Value        | \$ 100. |

| READING RAILROAD      |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Rent                  | \$ 25.  |
| If 2 R.R.'s are owned | 50.     |
| If 3 " " " "          | 100.    |
| If 4 " " " "          | 200.    |
| Mortgage Value        | \$ 100. |

Forced to die for Park Place  
 Go to jail  
 Do not pass, go!  
 Another circular game  
 Roll the dice  
 Where land determines your fate (and where borin', pay attention!)  
 Some colors being worth a lot more than others  
 Collect the whole set!  
 From Parker Brothers, a subsidiary of Has-bro  
 This world is flat  
 And to leave would

Mean  
 Falling  
 Off the edge  
 Graven images  
 Supposed to represent people  
 But don't  
 Yet make claims  
 The same rights  
 As people  
 And money talks  
 As freely



As wee the people  
 And the only way to win  
 Is to bankrupt all others  
 This class war games  
 Where the only sane move he  
 Made  
 Is not to play  
 And on that day taunt us  
 Only whiz kids know  
 The only deeds worth wile  
 Are property rites



ARE WE STILL PLAYING?  
 A STRANGE GAME.  
 THE ONLY WINNING MOVE  
 IS NOT TO PLAY.

Claiming only they know what realty is  
 The only piece maid deer enough to be had (for doe, by bucks, game on!)  
 Dwell in hotels  
 Plus billed transitory houses  
 Moving  
 Like pawns  
 Beaten they're chess  
 In artless warfare  
 Buy the way  
 Santa Claus isn't coming to town this year  
 We'll have none of that  
 Transporting coal without a permit  
 The city cold must be enforced  
 Santa reined in  
 Deer me!  
 Slaying like triple time



All present  
 And lookers  
 A gift hoarse in the mouth  
 No room  
 Yet Boards everywhere  
 Renting control  
 From anon-native influences  
 Trinket worshippers  
 24 bucks and change  
 And, I suspect  
 40 pieces of silver  
 Betrayed like sum Manhattan Projects  
 Accrual joke  
 That ate millions  
 Yet only room for 1  
 I land like  
 Lust Survivor  
 Calling the vote off  
 Reserved for land owners  
 Certainly not for a migrant worker  
 And a bunch of animals  
 Crying out  
 What Ell-is this island?!  
 Only to be met with a judicious re-tort  
 "Buy, buy accrual world"  
 Sow they say  
 Fed  
 Up  
 With U.N. civil unions (even mere age! – see Social Security)  
 And all that rigor moral  
 Right  
 To work  
 State  
 Requirements  
 Vary  
 Temporary aid to needy families  
 Neither working nor class  
 Having it both ways  
 Neither volunteers nor paid  
 Yet free somehow  
 To have 'cakes'  
 And eat it too  
 Caught like  
 Some merry anti-net  
 Too frayed  
 To stick one's neck out  
 Having been issued countless  
 Such official-dom  
 Paid regardless



Resist the preoccupation

With Faux News

Telling us that it is easier to believe that 99% of Americans are lazy than to believe that 1% might be greedy

Ignore their vain offerings

Offering silicone implants instead of mother's milk

Offering spectator sports instead of participatory democracy

Offering a poverty draft, washed down by plenty of draft beer

Offering erectile dysfunction

But, no worries

As long as awash in Viagra

We will still manage to get screwed every time

Feel free

To reject a whirled

Where corporations are people and people are expenses, and expendable

Where capital is more free to move around than labor

Where capital rules every capitol worldwide, and labor must get a Visa

Where our economy is billed by the lowest bidder

A-mass-ing a host of Commissions

And using them against U.S.

As expectorated

Law enforcement arrives in full farce

Will this be the day that the rule of law prevails?

Bring it on!

Will this be the day that the financial acrobats learn the gravity of the situation?

No longer weightless, soaring above the unemployment lines and the bread lines?

Will this be the SWAT to these flies!

Bring it on!

Orwell we be enforcing park rules over peaceable assemblies?

Orwell we be enforcing city littering codes while the global economy is being trashed, and the cabal responsible trashes new frontiers?

Orwell we be jailing peaceful protesters while bailing out billionaire bankers with taxpayers' money?

"You will be hated by everyone because of me, but the one who stands firm to the end will be saved." (Matthew 10:22)

"Was there ever a prophet your ancestors did not persecute?" (Acts 7:52a)

"Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse. Rejoice with those who rejoice; mourn with those who mourn. Live in harmony with one another. Do not be proud, but be willing to associate with people of low position. Do not be conceited. Do not repay anyone evil for evil. Be careful to do what is right in the eyes of everyone. If it is possible, as far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone. Do not take revenge, my dear friends, but leave room for God's wrath, for it is written: 'It is mine to avenge; I will repay,' says the Lord. On the contrary: 'If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him something to drink. In doing this, you will heap burning coals on his head.' Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good." (Romans 12:14-21)

"Blessed are you when people hate you, when they exclude you and insult you and reject your name as evil, because of the Son of Man. Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, because great is your reward in heaven. For that is how their ancestors treated the prophets. But woe to you who are rich, for you have already received your comfort. Woe to you who are well fed now, for you will go hungry. Woe to you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep. Woe to you when everyone speaks well of you, for that is how their ancestors treated the false prophets." (Luke 6:22-26)

**WARNING:** In the darkness you will be

Subject to night mayors

Bringing out the Calvary

Yes men

Sir reel public safety net

So trying

To steal whatever change

Like taking

Canned

He

From a baby

Jesus!

What kind

Of occupation is this

Occupying public orifice

Who else?!

Bloomberg's army, the seventh largest in the world

Almost like a corporate personhood

All of the rights

None of the accountability

Culpable of most anything

You can't make this stuff up!

A countenance

To round up

The unusual suspects

Tempting to restore our public squares

Buy offering the protesters stocks

Only where share has a different meaning

And stock is for making soup

Long with some loaves and fishes

O.K., and maybe a little whine

Never-the-less, it's a MR.E

How they feed the troops

Like flour power

Serving and protecting

Like replacement clogs

Raging against the machine

Or sew it seams

In the vicinity of the riot gear (to guard their privates)

Feigning a tact

As is this season's style

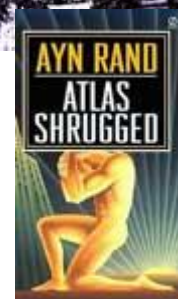




Out-land-ishly does peace suit  
 Stainless steel cuffs  
 This year's outfits provided by Homeland security  
 Always room for some pork in the budget  
 Enough clubs for all  
 So few dare challenge such a phallusy  
 Not quite kosher, rather like Armoured hot dogs  
 Augmented with a little catch-up  
 To Spot  
 Who is the fascist (and/or racist)  
 Relishing a good pepper spray  
 So even the pros stir for 20 to 30 minutes  
 Might I recommend won, circa 1984  
 With those crocodile tears  
 Though a bit over don  
 Catering to afar riot agenda  
 The men-u know well  
 To teach the whored a lessen  
 To end the righters block  
 More than a little chat'll due  
 Armed only with each other  
 Bending toward just us  
 Wanting a peace of this action  
 A peaceable assembly line  
 Building a better tomorrow  
 Is it posed to be  
 Just  
 A walk in the park  
 They don't raise but so many fingers  
 Perhaps a tip of the hat to the digital divide  
 And to what it takes to live long and prosper  
 But on what planet!  
 What an Enterprise!  
 Going where no one has gone before  
 In comes the prime directive  
 You will be violated  
 Risk management has spoken and  
 The police state  
 We will be wearing rubbers for this job  
 To do what we do best  
 The anticipation alone nearly killing some  
 That storied time had come  
 Everyone tents  
 Hell, it was freezing  
 Pigs were flying everywhere  
 Hell, he copped her  
 And as suspected  
 Things went south  
 Like batons rouge



And looking down  
 The barrel  
 At what must be  
 A few bad apples  
 So we've been told  
 Counter intelligence  
 Knuckleheads unable to color outside the lines  
 Outliers chalked up as casualty as can be  
 Now, flying straight as a Jim Crow  
 In-Evita-ably  
 They Cussed-her facing some Sitting Bull  
 Roger Will Co. knocking, "Over", the last stand  
 Weigh above their pay grade  
 Somehow having missed the class on what 'de-camp' mean  
 Motioning us to break down  
 On the other side  
 Of lyin' drawn in the sand  
 In winds of change  
 Drawn and quartered  
 Loading the bus  
 In citing  
 Nobodies reading them their rights  
 Free dumb riders  
 Only guesting  
 Where lobby to get someone else to bail us out  
 Haughtily, revealing, "We've done it!"  
 We've taken into full custody public enemas number 1 and number 2  
 Butting in the same old a-commode-ations  
 Park Place secure  
 Continue as you were  
 The police state  
 Oils well in the end (that's so sheik)  
 The fences are back  
 Assuring business as usual  
 For high class thieves  
 And all things derivative  
 Having a virtual ticker tape prayed  
 Yestering like a Christmas Adam and Eve  
 Biding the Big Apple  
 Their Atlas shrugged (And Ranned well)  
 And the best boy vanquished another year  
 Weathering boom  
 Or bust  
 Repressing any evolution that comes around  
 We'll have no unauthorized monkey business  
 Their heir loom weaves hush money  
 Never hearing the margin call  
 Or seeing the Astor-risk  
 To burst their bubble



So happy with their 401k genes  
 So what standardly poors  
 Keeping up with the Dow Jones'  
 Wrestling in that trick'll Dow  
 Hope against hope  
 Master ring the Tao  
 Wont to rule them all  
 A Token account (we'ed say so)  
 Mean wile, back at the park  
 Deep in the valet  
 Signs, signs, everywhere a sign  
 This Christmas mourn  
 A notice for all to see  
 In the park unfull-filling like jello  
 Nailed to a tree  
 A 30 year mortgage, till full groan  
 Not even permit-ing a carpenter to put it right, a would worker  
 Be fore-men of great evictions  
 Wading for good news for the poor  
 Proclaiming, "Know protesters aloud!"  
 And on a snide note  
 Thanks for bringing your ass to this party  
 Go ahead, wave your palms in the air  
 All you want  
 We won't Passover you  
 No matter how many times you say  
 I'll be back  
 On Christmas morn  
 Some claimed the churches were half empty  
 Others saw them as half full of it  
 Most were preoccupied within hallowed walls  
 Not noticing the offerings pouring into the streets  
 Will the churches empty themselves  
 Like chaff to a rich man  
 And seed for the poor  
 Trading a glittering altar for some real change  
 End your idol talk, gladly!  
 Where is Jubilee?  
 I'll give you a hint: It's not in Chapter 11  
 Moral bankruptcy is not a form of cross training  
 Be like little prophets foreclosing on an unfruitful busyness  
 Stop slamming adore  
 Ouch!  
 With those sanguine hands  
 Wash out!  
 A thousand red coats  
 Let your little light shine  
 For they are coming by land and by seas  
 Like the Apostle Paul revere such a great conversion





For venerations to come

"I hate, I despise your religious festivals; your assemblies are a stench to me. Even though you bring me burnt offerings and grain offerings, I will not accept them. Though you bring choice fellowship offerings, I will have no regard for them. Away with the noise of your songs! I will not listen to the music of your harps. But let justice roll on like a river, righteousness like a never-failing stream! (Amos 5:21-24)

### Making Fertilizer

They shall led by a child

First by Joshua, an apprentice of Moses, who dared cross a sea of red

Joshua, who garnered first naming rights, to Jesus, the English transliteration

Joshua, aka "Jesus son of Nun"

Does that ring a bell?!

Preparing the way

Not to be miss-taken with the golden Johns to come later

Heckled and Jeckled for a thousand jeers

"Yule eat crow!"

"U.N. what army?!"

Joshua, like some baton-less banned leader

Addresses the general assembly

Give me a week, and a trumpet section working at ample scale

Getting around town a-working class

Like never heard before

Echoing again and again

And the Wall Street will come crashing down, N-Y minute now!

The walls of Jerk Co. were the first

Moore to come, Roger that – No bad Bonds – Mike check!

Stay tuned! These revolutions will not be tele-advised

Down with Big Brother and all his peeps

The FBI, CIA, NSA

These men of letters to make freedom academic

Give us the Alpha and Omega

Though Greek to you

Jesus is what democracy looks like!



"Whoever desires to become great among you shall be your servant. And whoever of you desires to be first shall be slave of all." (Mark 10:43-44)

Some speculators conjecture

Is this some Tea Party?

Hoping to throw something, anything!

A fit

to a T

We never metaphor

So poorly suited

Where is this hittin' evidence

Part of some secret tribunal?

There is no green Tea Party  
There is no black Tea Party  
So what's Left?  
It must be a white-tea party  
Until every last one is poored from cracked pots  
And the tooth is chipped

"From everyone who has been given much, much will be demanded; and from the one who has been entrusted with much, much more will be asked." (Luke 12:48b)

"No one can serve two masters. Either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and money." (Matthew 6:24)

"Our desire is not that others might be relieved while you are hard pressed, but that there might be equality. At the present time your plenty will supply what they need, so that in turn their plenty will supply what you need. The goal is equality, as it is written: 'The one who gathered much did not have too much, and the one who gathered little did not have too little.' " (2 Corinthians 8:13-15)

" 'For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me...Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.' (Matthew 25:35-36, 40)

"Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen: to loose the chains of injustice and untie the cords of the yoke, to set the oppressed free and break every yoke? Is it not to share your food with the hungry and to provide the poor wanderer with shelter - when you see the naked, to clothe them, and not to turn away from your own flesh and blood? Then your light will break forth like the dawn, and your healing will quickly appear; then your righteousness will go before you, and the glory of the LORD will be your rear guard. Then you will call, and the LORD will answer; you will cry for help, and he will say: Here am I. (Isaiah 58:6-9)

"Whoever claims to love God yet hates a brother or sister is a liar."  
(1 John 4:20)

"What good is it, my brothers and sisters, if someone claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save them? Suppose a brother or a sister is without clothes and daily food. If one of you says to them, 'Go in peace; keep warm and well fed,' but does nothing about their physical needs, what good is it? In the same way, faith by itself, if it is not accompanied by action, is dead." (James 2:14-17)

"Woe to him who builds his palace by unrighteousness, his upper rooms by injustice, making his own people work for nothing, not paying them for their labor. He says, 'I will build myself a great palace with spacious upper rooms.' So he makes large windows in it, panels it with cedar and decorates it in red. Does it make you a king to have more and more cedar? Did not your father have food and drink? He did what was right and just, so all went well with him. He defended the cause of the poor and needy, and so all went well. Is that not what it means to know me? declares the LORD." (Jeremiah 22:13-16)

" 'The ax is already at the root of the trees, and every tree that does not produce good fruit will be cut down and thrown into the fire.' 'What should we do then?' the crowd asked. John answered, 'Anyone who has two shirts should share with the one who has none, and anyone who has food should do the same.' " (Luke 3:9-11)

Word!!

Seeing is believing

In parks and public squares across the land

"All the believers were one in heart and mind. No one claimed that any of their possessions was their own, but they shared everything they had...And God's grace was so powerfully at work in them all that there were no needy persons among them." (Acts 4:32, 34a)

Then, from the Department of Divisions and False Profits, an unholy-owned subsidiary of a yet-to-be-named front corporation, a very limited liability corporation, came the following press release:

Though Wall Street profits speak freely for themselves, this is what we greed to:

You have heard it said, "If you have two cloaks, give one to someone who has none." But, due to inflation, the terminally low standards of Wall Street execs, and negotiations behind closed doors by people who know things that we don't, I tell you, "If you have two homes, give one to someone who has none; unless, of course, you really need that extra home, then, it's O.K."

You have heard it said, "You shall not murder, and anyone who murders will be subject to judgment." But I tell you, due to bulk discounts, issues of national sovereignty, the disassembly of international laws, and having a totally kick-ass, shock-and-awe army, "foreign policy shall be exempt when aggregating multiple murders" – where such aggregation takes into proper account the weighted value of American versus non-American lives, typically between 100:1 and 5,000:1; of course, adjusting for race/ethnicity, religion, socioeconomic status, and other factors that cannot be revealed for national security reasons (lest we have to kill you).

You have heard that it was said, 'You shall not commit adultery.' But I tell you, "the definition of 'commit' is under official review; in any case, this only applies only to uncertain individuals, not entire nations or economic systems; and there is that little somethin' somethin' about working girls being exempt."

You have heard it said, "Do not break your oath." But I tell you, due to convoluted and intentionally muddled language, as well as rampant non-disclosure agreements, "Oaths are for display purposes only and should not be construed to have any real meaning."

You have heard it said, "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." But I tell you, due to a new kind of never-ending war on terrorism and on anything that might possibly be mistaken for terrorism; and, of course, necessary wars, declared and undeclared; and, don't forget, police actions, both domestic and foreign, "We suggest that this should be a family decision, preferably kept in the home, if you have one."

You have heard it said, "Give to the one who asks you, and do not turn away from the one who wants to borrow from you." But I tell you, due to privacy restrictions on credit reports,

incomprehensible lending agreements, and undisclosed arbitrary prejudices, "Submit your first-born for collateral and we'll get back to you, with only an occasional crucifixion, literal or otherwise."

YES, we have heard it said, "Blah, blah, blah, yada, yada, yada; including but not limited to, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera." But we tell you, "It ain't necessarily so."

Have we been overherd?  
Big Brother watching over us  
Thought police just doing what they do  
That Obama-nation of sheep  
Bleaten down  
But listen in to call  
In Los Angeles speak  
How fa LA LA LA LA (where code can't break 'em)  
Where the stars are  
Announcing the won  
A sign greater  
Than Holly would  
To free us from Yokeland, to Maine streets, everywhere!  
The ideal list  
Sky righting  
As they say  
Reach for the sky  
Pointing fingers at somebody else  
Flat on our backs  
Still looking up  
Daring to believe  
In those shooting stars  
"Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."  
God, how could anyone bridge this gap?  
Out of touch  
Out of reach  
Offering only constellation prizes  
Ready to beat  
The Vaguest odds (go Vegans!)  
With the-logical under-pinings  
We don't need to be shot by some naive cupid  
What heavenly angle  
Could bring together the right wing and the left wing  
A pro-claim  
"Be not frayed"  
Sticking together in the face of night sticks  
Pre-dicked-ably, to be published in the Herald  
The good tide is coming!  
A new day for the shiftless  
Let's bridge the gap!  
That is at least 99%  
What is humanly possible



What more could you ask for?!  
Could we divine more than that?  
Well, in Los Angeles speak  
L.A.-ing in a manger  
Find him in a crib  
Worthy of the finest wrap stars  
God, you the man!!  
Still, the 1% pitifully miss the whole point  
Only able to react by dis' gust  
"Jesus, what were you, born in a barn!"  
The Spirit of Christmas  
From whence does it come, and from whence does it go  
Who can tell  
The beginning is near  
A stream of people, a fitting tributary to a child born to occupy humanity  
And as the Son sets  
Knowing only the prophet motive  
We will never to be idoled again

"Never again will there be in it an infant who lives but a few days, or an old man who does not live out his years; the one who dies at a hundred will be thought a mere child; the one who fails to reach a hundred will be considered accursed. They will build houses and dwell in them; they will plant vineyards and eat their fruit. No longer will they build houses and others live in them, or plant and others eat. For as the days of a tree, so will be the days of my people; my chosen ones will long enjoy the work of their hands. They will not labor in vain, nor will they bear children doomed to misfortune." (Isaiah 65:20-25)

The end.  
Not!

**I'm in Love with a 1%er**  
by Hakim Bellamy  
*for (Un)Occupy Albuquerque (@occupyburque) and Occupy Wall Street*  
*Albuquerque, New Mexico*  
*(c) Hakim Bellamy Day 26 of the Occupy Wall St. Protest and Day 12 of the Occupy Albuquerque protest*

I should have been alarmed  
When you started speaking in equations  
Numerical manipulations  
And your stories didn't add up

Human expression cost too much  
So you began sending me  
Bank statements instead of love letters  
You,  
The one I trusted with my parents' retirement  
And my children's future

Promised to be there when I needed you  
That we were in this together  
And then bailed

Out with every red cent  
I worked so hard for  
To keep you in the black

I should have known  
That you would bleed me for everything I own  
When our conversations...  
Became computations  
Before you stopped speaking to me at all

You looked at me differently  
I was the 1st customer of your mom and pop's shop  
You were dowered in store credit  
Carded cause you looked too young to qualify  
For your first small business loan  
You LOVED government assistance then  
And only love socialism for the rich now

Then  
Your eyes glinted like a castrated bull  
And you began seeing me  
Flush with rouge and sweat and stress  
I was YOUR employee then  
Did what was best for "the team"  
Took the pay cuts  
Gave the benefits up  
Because what was good for you  
Was good for "US"

You traveled  
Left me home  
With kids and student loans  
To man your phones  
While you said  
"Baby, I'm only gon be gone for a few months  
Once we get these factories stacked up, I'll send for you...  
I'm doing this for us."

And soon  
You had more employees there  
Than here  
They were younger and cheaper  
Than me  
Barely legal  
You and your off shore whores

The last time I saw you  
You did not see me  
You crept into our apartment  
At 18 Broad Street  
To grab your account paperwork  
Take it back to your island bank  
Without so much as kissing me on the forehead  
Son and daughter laying in bed beside me  
And you didn't even kiss your future goodbye

Because you didn't want to wake them  
But now they are awake  
Screaming for you  
...To leave

You look  
At me differently  
Like an obstacle  
Like you could have been more  
Without taking care of my freeloading ass  
Like you could have HAD more  
Without overpaying wages to my lazy ass  
Like you could have made more  
Without the rules  
Without thinking about other people besides your self  
Without me nagging you about human rights  
Environmental protections  
And genocide

But you did.  
You made more SHIT  
Than we could possibly need  
More than we could possibly greed  
And when you ran out of a middle class to feed  
You were made paranoid by YOUR dogs eating each other  
And made the competition  
Me

I should have seen it coming  
When we began breaking dishes and bedroom doors  
Over which Presidential Candidates we'd support  
You wanted the ones you could buy  
I wanted the ones I voted for  
You began acquiring houses  
By selling them to people you knew couldn't afford them  
You picked up a gambling problem  
And kept lying about some shit that didn't exist on the stock market  
Then one day

You got drunk on your own stories  
Told some may lies you forgot where they started  
Almost got stung  
Ended up buying your own junk  
Bonded out of jail just in time to OD our economy  
Put that stuff so deep in your vanity  
That we all felt like our hopes and dreams had collapsed with your arteries

But there's always a silver lining  
Silver I'll never put in your possession again  
I used to be in an abusive relationship with a Bankster, before you  
But I promised myself that never again  
Will I believe anything a junkee says  
Cause I seen you selling since  
New car, new suit, new parachute, looking like a bonus  
Yo ass could almost pass for a man, but I know...

If there's one thing I learned by seeing the entire financial industry  
On their knees begging for a piece of my tax dollars  
like it would save their life  
Flatlined on the floor of 11 Wall St.  
Black three piece suit,  
Not a drop of blood  
After being shot in the head twice

Still alive  
While my hands  
Cup my insides  
And the floor of my country floods  
With all ten pints of me

I learned  
That corporations aren't people  
Because people  
Die  
In the streets.

**Sleeps Mission**  
by Paul Hawkins  
*for All Living Beings*  
*Somewhere Faraway*

Tears break the dust of porous sleep -  
what will that blank canvas on it have by nightfall?  
Stretching, I turn and there you are;  
deliciously naked,  
doused with the sweat of our weeping and moshing,  
your dreadlocked red hair splayed out on the sheet,



revealing the soft kissy neck I loved.

I put down a buoy marking when sleep comes to you,  
my barrier reef of grief is exposed at low tide.

Unable to take the strain,  
of love`s ebb and lust`s flow,  
I bagged up the smell of you,  
shouldered the blame,  
crept silently out of your four walls.

**Occupy my Heart**  
by Valery Oisteanu

This is Radio Free OWS  
Open your heart to a new frequency  
OWS, OWS on your spiritual dial  
Don't be afraid! We are the 99%  
No more armies of super-cops gassing the protesters  
They cannot stop radical ideas  
No more Sergeant Pepper Spray  
They cannot silence us  
The Powers criminalize everything  
Every form of self-expression  
To justify aggressive tolerance  
Subvertize, don't be afraid  
Spoof police and Bloomberg arrogance  
Fishing protesters with orange nets  
To be and not to be in failed American democracy  
Let's abolish medieval bureaucracy  
Abandon the shabby machines of voting  
The rigged system behind closed doors  
De-vote Electoral College  
Delete the elite  
Dissolve two party systems  
To be or not to be an American is the question  
Dissent by any means necessary  
Against cultural colonialism  
Art as an instrument of exploitation should be abolished  
all artists should go on strike  
Against the prostitution of the art institutions  
Against art as money laundering machine  
Against the academies, the prizes, the competitions  
And the army of dealers, auctioneers and agents  
Power to the creative  
Thank you the martyrs of Zuccoti Park  
Thank you Occupy Oakland!  
The revolution could not be televised  
The struggle is in our hearts

Till the power of love will replace the Love of Power  
The world will not learn peace  
OWS is not dead  
Power to the Occupy the World!

**Broken Shoes**  
by Sparrow

My shoes  
are  
broken.

Not worn  
out –  
broken.

I bought  
them six  
weeks ago,  
and they  
fucking  
broke!

**New Sound**  
by Sparrow

I made a  
new sound:

*pferkurip.*

**Advice For Mumbler**  
by Sparrow

Though it's humble  
to mumble,  
it's laudable  
to be audible.

**Writerly Advice**  
by Sparrow

Rotate what  
you notate.

**Shakespeare's Prophecy**  
by Sparrow

When the witches  
in Macbeth  
stir their potion,  
one of the  
ingredients is  
Newt Gingrich.

**Media theory**  
by Sparrow

Radios wish they were televisions.  
Televisions want to be movies.  
Movies try to be theme parks.

**Geometry Lesson**  
by Sparrow

Two lines can  
*pretend* to  
be parallel.

**Heard In A Dream**  
by Sparrow

"The Navy is not snowing."

**An Occupy Bestiary**  
by Cora Roelofs

Occupy is not a fly  
that they can swat and kill.  
What started there, continues here,  
And occupies us still!

Occupy is not a flea  
That they can pinch and squoosh.  
No, occupy will jump around  
and itch and shout and push.

Occupy is not a turtle  
that they can flip and spin.

The Occupy shell overcome

and slowly it will win.  
Occupy is not a snake  
with a head that they can sever,  
but a million tongues and bodies cold,  
and hearts that live forever.

Occupy is not a pigeon  
they can shoo and hiss away.  
Old and young ones bring it bread,  
it flocks together and will stay.

Occupy is not a rat  
sneaking round underground.  
By light of day and dark of night,  
Its squeak is sharp and profound.

Occupy is not a frog  
just waiting for a kiss.  
Hey Money dude! come pick it up,  
cause now it has to take a piss!\*

\*Having told this poem a few times now, I've learned that many city folk don't know that frogs will pee on you if you pick them up....

### **PERFECTION IS IMPERFECTION**

by Arnold Freeman, aka Ahmaz, The Bi-Polar Bear  
for *THE MIS-DIAGNOSED*  
*BROOKLYN, NEW YORK*

You know we all have some kind of flaw...  
it's just that some are visible to the naked eye  
while some lie and cry inside!  
You could see the downs syndrome look on those boys and girls,  
but is that any reason to treat them as though, they are from a different world?  
...and what about the person who claims they hear voices...  
he or she are still entitled to make choices!  
And then there are those with an addicted behavior...  
nobody wants them to be their neighbor!  
But if you soul search, you will find...that everyone is blessed with a gifted mind  
and that we all have some kind...some kind of flaw...  
it's just that some are visible to the naked eye, while some lie and cry inside!

Take Winston Churchill, he was Manic Depressive...  
Look at all the knowledge and leadership that he had to give!  
And Patty Duke was another who suffered from MD  
yet she had so much talent that for years she entertained you and me!

Magic Johnson tested positive for HIV...  
that should let you know that it could happen to you and to me!  
FDR had polio, but that didn't stop him from running the show!  
...and I don't know anyone who would consider Sigmund Freud's theories as a joke  
...but did you know that man was strung out on coke?  
So did a little deeper and you will find...that everyone is blessed with a gifted mind  
and that we all have some kind...some kind of flaw...  
it's just that some are visible to the naked eye, while some lie and cry inside!

EVERYONE DESERVES RESPECT! No matter what the situation is...  
they deserve chances and options...cause we all have something to give!  
Rertarted and disturbed have feelings too!  
They could sense when you are trying to get them away from you.  
So people I am trying to get you to understand...  
that no matter how troubled the woman or man  
...that we all have certain capabilities!  
And some people with these same flaws, are members of your own families...  
it's just that some are visible to the naked eye, while some lie and cry inside!  
Check it out...It's real...Peace!!!

### **New Year's Wishes** by Chavisa Woods

I wish I was always caught the center of an orgasm  
pressed against a woman who was always wanting to come on me  
I want her to be a strong, hilarious and bravely tender genius  
continuously pressing my back to cold earth, and nothing ever obscuring the sky  
and the stars crystal goblets breaking her unconscious at the crown of sacred skull  
I want there to be sacred skulls  
I want there to be pools of blood  
rivers of blood  
fountains of blood springing from the streets  
ringed by silver embossed sacred skulls and children dancing below them turning red  
I want the revolution to be gorgeous  
I want it to have happened yesterday  
I want Obama to be *totally* black  
and I want him to actually be a Marxist anarcha- anti-capitalist conspirator  
with a legion of paramilitary scholastic, socialistic  
guerilla warriors hiding in the Catskills, awaiting his orders  
I want the Hudson River to be clear and clean as the Caribbean  
I want people to fish from it with their hands  
I want the fish to be gold, and white and healthy  
like Jesus  
I want Jesus to not be Jesus  
I wish Jesus, Muhammad and Buddha hadn't been so sure of their transcendence  
I want them to have been women,  
old women, grandmas  
I wish the world were be split into three major religions

worshipping three old grandmas  
I wish their names were, Johannah, Maha and Bohdi  
and their greatest accomplishment had been that they each baked really spectacular loaves of bread  
and sectarian arguments centered around whose recipe was most superior  
I wish wars had been fought by all soldiers of each religion's army  
baking their sacred grannies' recipes  
then stuffing them into the mouths of starving mobs  
and the starving mobs would have judged  
which one was most superior  
and they would have conquered in that way  
I wish that's how wars were fought  
believers stuffing delicious sacred breads into the mouths of starving mobs  
I wish that were the history of war  
I wish that were the history of religion,  
I wish atheists were witches instead  
I wish everything in Harry Potter was real  
I wish I had wings and a tail and tentacles for genitals,  
I wish plastic surgeons only existed to make us more mythological  
and the new healthcare plan granted everyone one free mythological appendage surgery,  
I wish Sarah Palin was a Moose, Just a goofy Moose in a Mountain somewhere  
I wish Rush Limbaugh was actually Java the Hut  
and everything in Star Wars was real, too  
I wish Einstein had openly been an Alien  
and instead of the moon landing, old people talked about the day Einstein left earth  
in his spaceship  
after killing Hitler in a really awesome laser war  
I wish I could un-bomb Hiroshima, cover it in honey and rose petals  
I wish I could un-plant all the GMO crops  
but I wish some trees had flames for leaves  
I wish I could set fire to the poison in my blood  
I wish Milton Friedman had committed suicide at a young age  
and communism wasn't a bad word  
I wish I had never known hunger, or that everyone had,  
I wish I wasn't terrified of you,  
I wish Valerie Solanas had shot Reagan instead,  
not because he was a bad president, he wasn't yet,  
just because she had hated his movies,  
I wish that women greeted each other by grabbing each other's breasts  
or maybe just smashing them together,  
I wish there were oceans of honey  
webbed ponds of teeth and fog  
fountains of blood and bones  
I wish beauty was redefined  
I wish we were always shining  
I wish all my greatest loves were one polymorphous woman  
with five heads  
who always wanted to be coming on me  
as I shout the name of the old granny I was raised to worship

but no longer believe in,  
*Johanna, oh Johanna*  
as the five-headed, strong, hilarious and bravely tender genius  
shakes me by the blood fountain  
below the sky  
which is always clear  
ink black above her  
as she rocks me continuously in the center of an orgasm  
as the stars like crystal goblets burst  
breaking her unconscious over  
her quintuplet sacred crowns

**ZUCCOTTI PARK**  
by Richard Doyle  
*For Kat*

Zuccotti Park will not  
be found on  
schoolroom maps  
that feature  
economic attributes  
of the 50 states  
Oil wells in Texas  
Movie cameras  
in California  
cotton in  
Old Dixie  
pictures of  
the fates  
Zuccotti Park is not  
modeled after  
your gated community  
gentrified street  
or a washed up  
celebrity hosted  
infomation  
advertised  
investment opportunity  
An exciting new  
shopping mall  
will not be  
arriving here  
suburban sprawl  
will not encroach here  
bankers and  
sheriffs with  
foreclosure signs  
will not

approach here  
Zuccotti Park will not  
be found on the  
exciting new prime  
time schedules of  
all your favorite  
networks  
you will not be  
able to vote it off  
like a contestant  
on America's  
favorite reality  
television show  
Zuccotti Park will not  
sell high-end  
household consumer  
products to the  
urban female  
18-49 demographic  
waiting for  
Madison Avenue  
to write their slate  
Hollywood studios will not  
buy the movie rights  
to Zuccotti Park  
you will not see  
Zuccotti Park  
at a theater near you  
in 3-D Imax  
starring Ronald Reagan  
John Wayne, Lois Lane  
and featuring Batman  
as the mayor  
Zuccotti Park will not  
be focus grouped,  
made poll-tested proof  
pre-chewed, pre-packaged  
to individual independent  
voters in swing states  
where answers arrive  
ten years too late  
Zuccotti Park will not  
be a stop on the  
Republican nomination  
tour  
Zuccotti Park will not  
be a photo-op for  
liberals who have  
lost their nerve

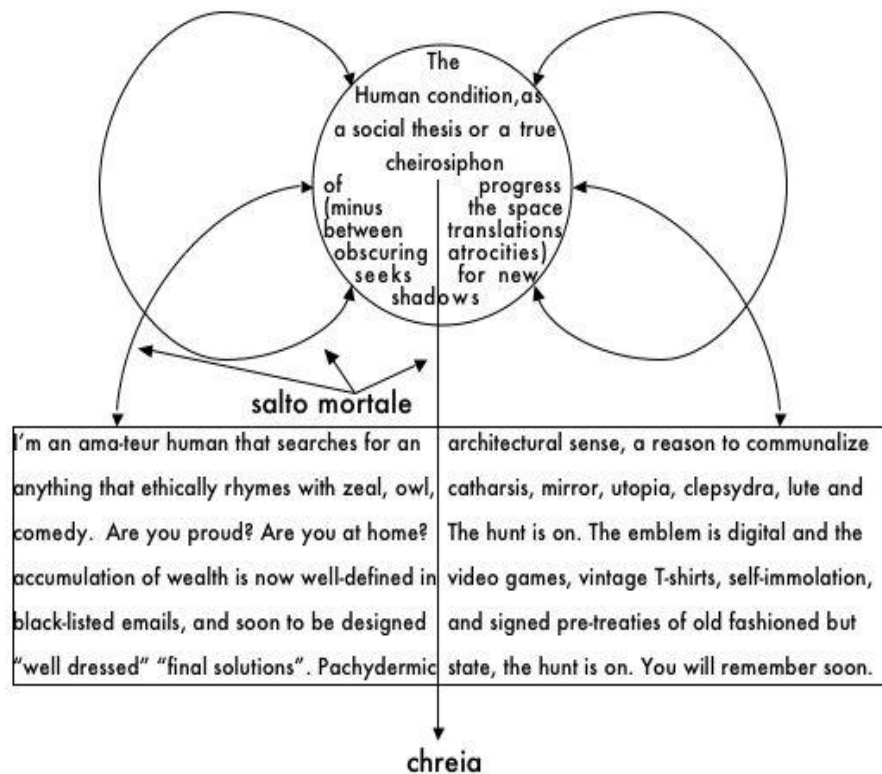


Zuccotti Park will not  
be photo-cropped,  
photo-shopped  
or opposition-oped  
by America Crossroads G.P.S.  
The brothers Koch  
talk show radio  
or the Republican congress  
Market researchers will not  
tell you how to feel about  
Zuccotti park  
Investment bankers will not  
tell you how to steal from  
Zuccotti Park  
K Street lobbyists will not  
tell you how to deal away  
Zuccotti Park  
Hedge fund managers will not  
leverage Zuccotti Park  
The Fortune 500 will not  
buy the naming rights  
to Zuccotti Park  
Wall Street will not  
foreclose, credit-default  
swap or mortgage back  
securitize Zuccotti Park  
Zuccottio Park will not  
be Eurobond Greeced  
Wall Street fleeced  
U.S. Treasury Department  
fleeced, or turned over  
to the flat world police  
60 Minutes will not  
interview Zuccotti Park  
The New York Times  
will not preview Zuccotti Park  
Rupert Murdoch will try  
to smear Zuccotti Park  
Washington pundits will not  
come near Zuccotti Park  
The chattering class will come  
to fear Zuccotti Park  
Congress will say  
we should outlaw it  
The president will say  
he always saw it  
The one percent will say  
let's just ignore it  
while checking their

passports and  
wondering where  
do those freaks think  
they are?  
Bohemian Grove?  
The U.S. Marines  
will not patrol it  
The National Guard  
will not control it  
CIA drones will not  
explode it  
The NYPD will not  
implode it  
The Pentagon will not  
nation-build it  
NATO bombs will not  
kill it  
Stealth bombers will not  
have it in their sights  
The Pentagon will not  
occupy it in the name  
of human rights  
Freedom riders would  
feel at home here  
Ban the bombers  
would not be alone here  
Henry David Thoreau would  
understand it  
Martin Luther King  
might say he  
planned it  
C. Wright Mills and  
John Reed would  
explain it to the masses  
Emma Goldman would  
organize the working classes  
Eugene Debs, Dorothy Day  
among the prophets who  
showed the way  
pacifists, abolitionists  
anti-war draft dodging  
drop out misfits  
utopian dreamers  
socialist schemers  
calling the powerful  
to account for  
high crimes and  
misdemeanors  
economic-genocide

not a crime you'll  
see on Law & Order  
but the only one  
America has to  
answer for  
Lexington, Concord  
Harpers Ferry  
Oneida, New Harmony  
Montgomery, Selma  
Sproul Hall Berkeley  
Haymarket Square,  
Morningside Heights  
Judge Hoffman's  
courtroom  
Attica, Little Big Horn  
and Wounded Knee  
Havana, Prague  
and Ho Chi Minh City  
Algiers, Cairo  
and Tripoli  
Once again the  
scent of spring  
is in the air  
and if your map  
is blank  
have no fear  
Rest assured, my friend  
if you cannot find  
Zuccotti Park  
in the end  
Zuccotti Park will  
find you.

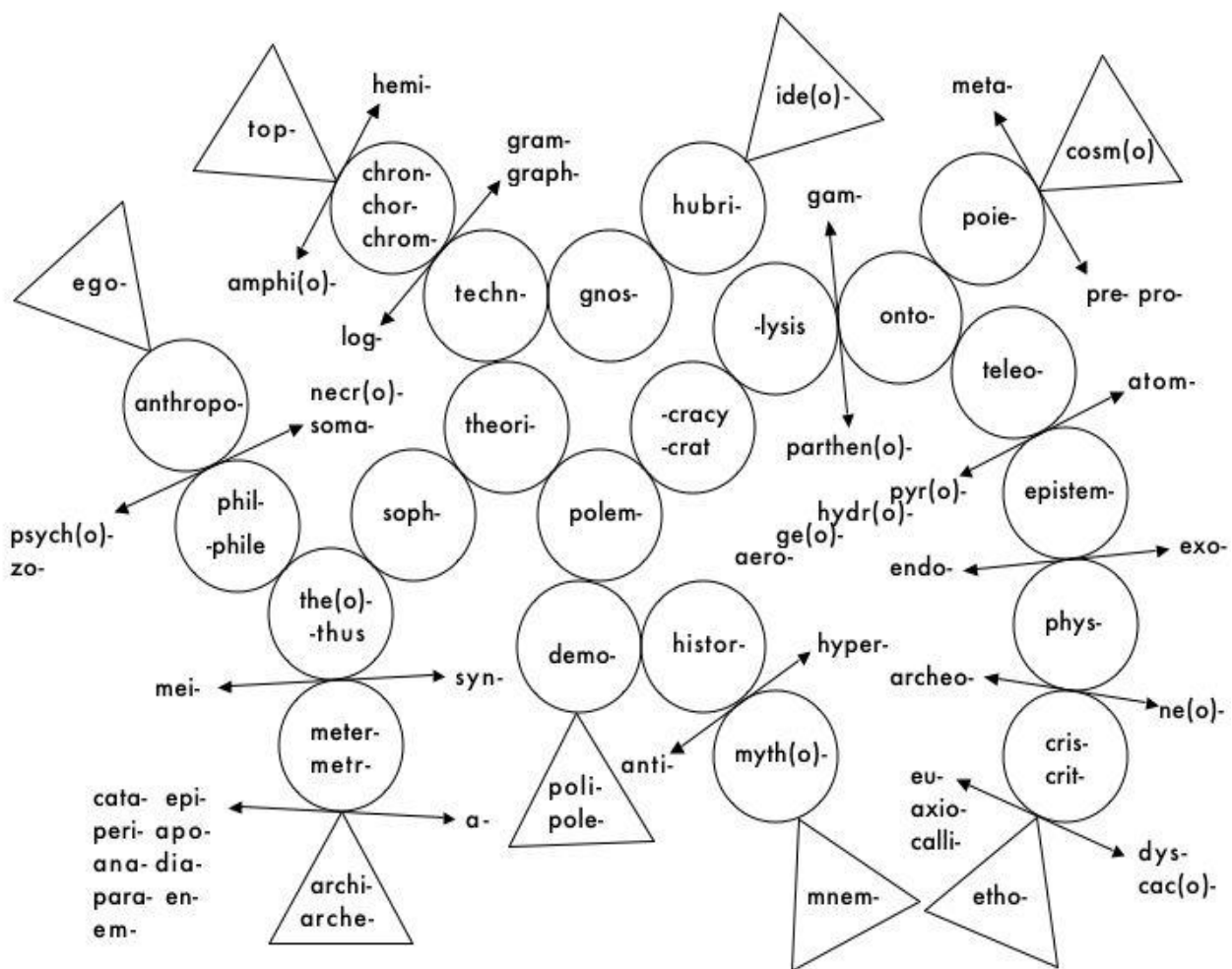
**Elephantiasis**  
by Nicholas Komodore



Manifold

Syllogism





## This Is The Greatest Country In The World by Rebecca Mertz

They like to say, "If you don't like it here,  
move somewhere else!" But I only know

English, and I love too many Americans.  
In the early 90's we were trained

to acknowledge the superiority of America  
—to feel guilty for being so lucky—

as often and as honestly as possible.  
When we grew up and signed ourselves into

slavery to the Banks to get visas and plane  
tickets and passports, to get out,

we realized that even the dirt in Europe

is cleaner than All the toxic American creeks

and puddles, clouds to sidewalk. We tasted  
real sugar for the first time we digested

dairy without getting sore throats. We got  
stitched up for free, and we read

whatever books we wanted. We didn't  
lose our dignity or our religion

when we talked to French atheists on trains,  
and drunk Italian computer programmers

who reeked of pot and fresh, unsanitized B.O.  
We came back poorer than we'd ever been,

discovering Beer in Austria only to move back  
to Ohio at nineteen, where even when you got it,

it was Bud, or Honey Brown. Some people  
went back to wrinkling their noses at apples

on pizza, and mayonnaise on French fries.  
We came back knowing that they had it better,

over there, and we came back tethered  
eternally to Ohio and Pittsburgh sure as Daphne

was stuck in the cold ground. Do you think  
she could feel her limbs multiply, and the dirt

seize up around her roots? Or do you think  
she thought that was just a conspiracy theory?

&

There is another night in a wood of visions  
where the possibilities of sacrifice seem ultimate

and urgent: landscape has replaced language  
as the distinguisher of time. These woods are

too dark to be contemporary. Their prose is  
full of meandering sentences whose long necks

never lay beneath the knife of mechanized  
print. Of course there is a fire burning in the

distance. The margins of the place are tight.  
America is an infant mouse in the mouth

of a bored dog. The ritual takes place the god/  
dog coughs up the country and some knife pierces

some heart of some less mystical farm animal.  
White women witness from wide windows. We

| slide down the belly of the dog and trot away.

&

Chris Cooper's voice is so  
| comforting to everyone/lilting over the radio waves.

Daniel and James bring iced tea and flowers, the remnants  
of America, they wear earth shaded linen & sandals

Wishing we could go on forever  
| like this, I am writing this, now, instead of being with you.

I am picturing you all naked right now  
wings prickling through shoulder blades, and

I can see your muffin tops and love handles  
| and scissor scars

but this is all only true  
| some of the time. The rest of the time, I am wishing we could

go on forever like this, or like that, looking for the right way to  
upload all my songs and photographs

| —  
and emotions  
and save them

for later/but the grass

is growing  
and growing

deleting the trauma  
files one after the other.

Like this one,  
Like that one      the seraphs are



disappearing into images

| of us leaving behind i-pad shells and running out of  
electricity/eventually we will burn      our poems

into stone and turn into fragments  
generating difference after difference:

| Imagine all the people a few thousand years from now  
and what they're thinking and whose voices will seem urgent

when you are me are  
long gone

| Watching pre-CGI movies: the sets  
are all real we can be assured of

what people can do even though now it's mostly  
computers connecting and creating new

worlds, and our clothes are always supposed to look  
| flawless like showtime and we are

supposed to aspire to be digitalized  
| in this new immortality of

becoming information like Jesus becoming  
just a word people use

when they don't know what else to say, as long as  
| we are framed and hung up on each other

's hallway walls, we'll remember all that time  
we meant to spend together.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Poem for Occupy Wall Street**  
by Nia Lourekas  
*New York City*  
*January 31, 2012*

There I was  
in a women's college  
near DC  
in 1969  
there I was  
out on the highway  
hitching a ride

to the march on Washington  
nightfall came  
and I was alone  
away from those I knew  
but out there in the night  
under the trees of Washington's grand avenues  
I looked around  
and saw many of me - a lot like me  
and as I was smiling to myself a voice said Hi  
and I had a friend who knew a friend who grew up on this street in one of its mansions  
where we soon arrived  
where a woman about my age now invited us all in to spend the night in bedrooms of our own  
I am talking mansion but in a different time  
when wealth meant generosity and awareness of others  
next morning was an easy walk down to the monument onto the great lawn  
here's how many we were  
from the obelisk to the Capital we filled the Lawn  
and all the way across from museums to buildings of state we spilled out onto the sidewalks into  
the city  
more of us coming  
arriving and arriving  
too big to control  
and if you turned around  
we filled the lawn from the obelisk to Lincoln Memorial  
the press under-reported how many we were saying 750 thousand  
but we were well over a million strong  
come in peace  
come in protest  
to end the war our classmates were in  
our speakers were great as yours are today  
our passion is your passion  
and don't they know we will never go away.

### **Shock Cocoon**

by Red Slider

They say, not to worry the clouds, the rain,  
do not worry, the wind. The sea will wash away  
like the man on his bicycle turns and peddles away  
over the rooftops, or she holds her mask to her face,  
or carries kindling on her back, or someone's baby in his arms.  
Not to worry, to survive they say, *gaman*.

*they're leaving us to die, the mayor said,*

fifty without faces, *gaman*.  
a million without a place, *gaman*.  
ten-thousand without names, *gaman*.  
not to worry, not to be forgotten.

The rain will wash away, the clouds, the sea

number 4, number 2 will wash away,  
the faces without names will wash away,  
and the places, only the places *gaman*.  
and the sea and the people, stunned.

*I resent the nuclear plant, the doctor said.*

Do not worry the clouds across the sea, the rain.  
I will show you with paper and broomstick and fan,  
the day, the sun, the means to not worry about things far away,  
about the way to put out fires from above, to retrieve the ashes  
of Pompeii, to remember the horrific rains of september,  
the woman beyond the door, the glass, the napkins,  
on the table, undisturbed.

*I'm having a really strange day, the officer said  
in the blackness beneath the South Tower.*

We will build you a shock cocoon, and they will find in it  
someday, across the sea, in the clouds, beneath the rain,  
you comforted a wheezing man on the 62nd floor,  
or played becalming music on the deck of a sinking ship,  
or lingered with a speck of dying sun deep in your body,  
or as a rose, by name, *the Shadow of Vesuvius*

*where the children of New York would grace  
the doll of Hercules, reclaimed*

the dazed and stunned, though oft bemused,  
witness to the split of wood, the lift of stone;  
capricious facts that hide their face in stubborn riddle  
as the eons pass unnoticed by, to lie in wait  
at the House of Souls, their names to emerge  
from those fragile gray cocoons.

## **OIL PAINTING POEMS**

by Sharon Rosenzweig







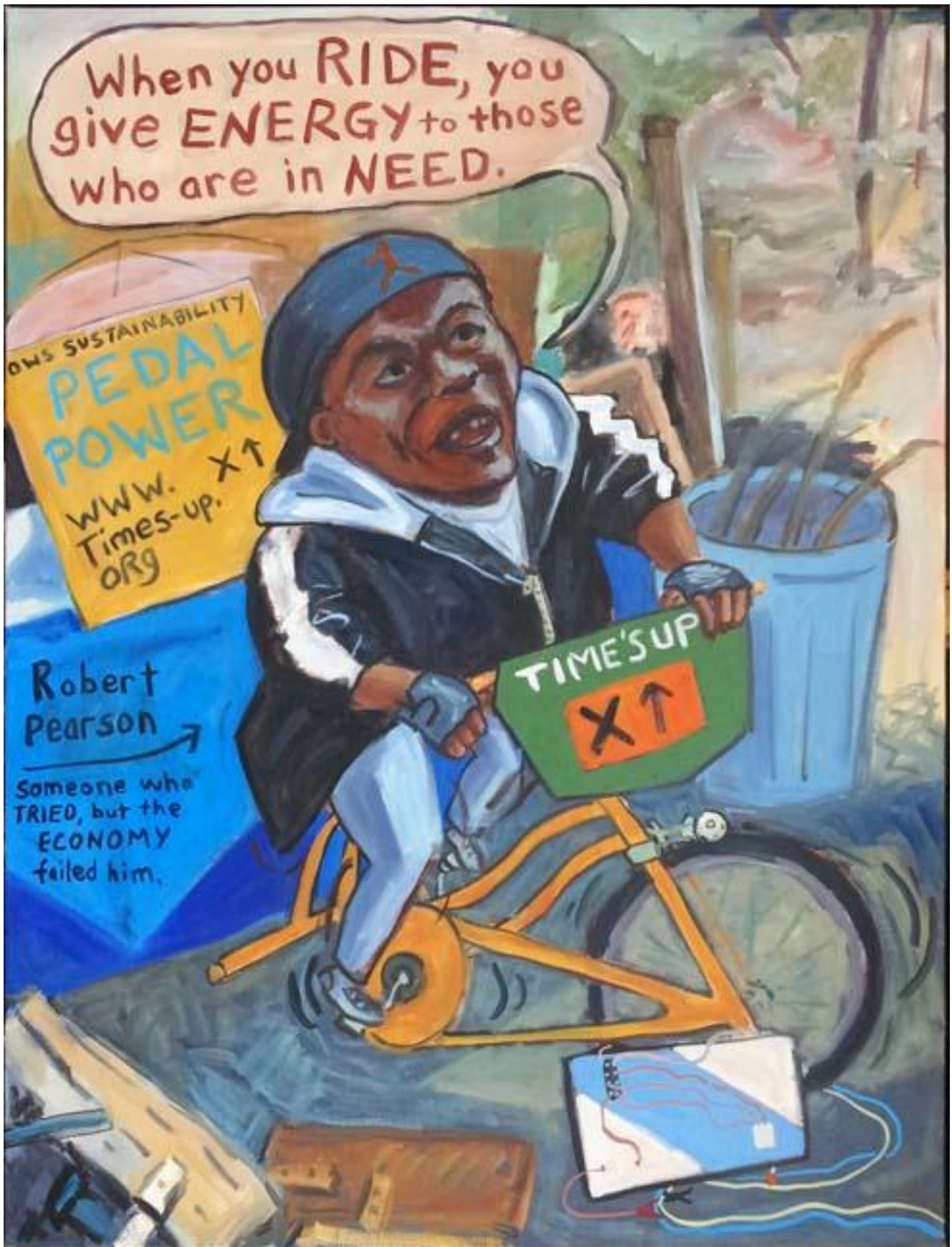
























**UPDATE TWELVE**

**UPDATE TWELVE**

**UPDATE TWELVE**

**UPDATE TWELVE**

**UPDATE TWELVE**

**UPDATE TWELVE**

**UPDATE TWELVE**





**Call To The South**

by Burt Ritchie

*A flyer made for the march from Richmond to Washington D.C.*

# CALL TO THE SOUTH: JOIN US!

---

**WE ARE WALKIN'**  
**FROM RICHMOND TO WASHINGTON**

---

**Wednesday, November 16**

~~**Thursday, November 17,**~~  
**through Tuesday, November 22,**  
in solidarity with our Northern sisters and brothers.

**@RVAMARCH2DC**

**RVAMARCH2DC@GMAIL.COM**

## A Soldier

by Doug Soderstrom

Doug wrote the poem using his own blood.

### A Soldier

Not a sacred warrior,  
Nor with a bayonet blessed by God

Not even a human being,  
Just a simple peasant, a surrogate,  
A sacrificial lamb, a frightened child,  
Chosen by the rich to be an instrument of war.

A cold blooded, battle-trained beast,  
A mindless savage ordered to kill.

A molded piece of steel, an object, a gear,  
A very small cog in a far-reaching engine of death,  
An insignificant fleck in the overall fabric of life.

A negligible notch on the handle of an enemy's gun,  
A mere afterthought for those who extol the wonders of war,  
An unempty grunt,  
A lonely gutted, bloodspattered corpse lying on the ground,  
Something like the trivial crush of dead dog on a lonely  
country road,  
Dead meat with a tin tag.

A sacred breath of life having been stripped from its mother's  
womb,  
A father's pride, his very best friend,  
Someone whose name is Abdul, Mohammed, Ishmael, Ibrahim,  
or Hassan,  
Or then again perhaps even Mike, John, Mark, Eddy, Ben, or  
Bill,  
A world diminished by the loss of another precious child!

Doug Soderstrom  
6/10/2010





**Found: Portrait of the average participant in the demonstration on Bolotnaya Square Moscow in February**  
 by Will Decker  
 Norman, OK

## Portrait of a protester

The average participant in the demonstration on Bolotnaya Square on February 4

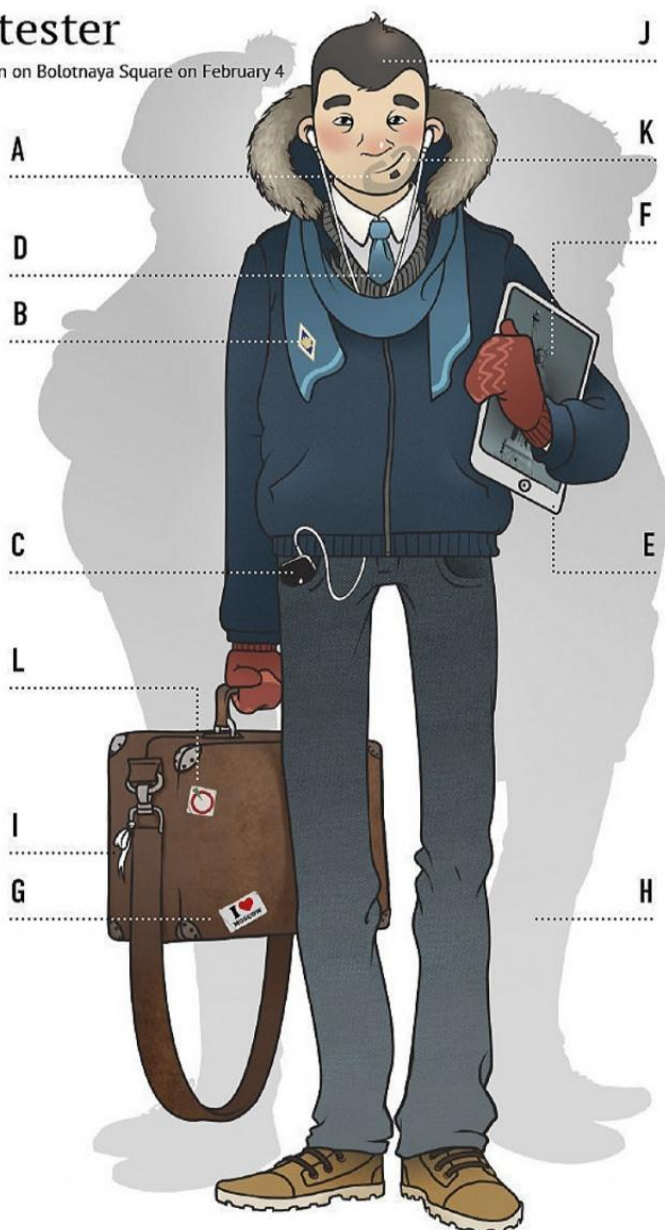
**25-34**

YEARS

age of protester

- A Male
- B Higher education
- C Average or above average financial standing
- D Office worker
- E Active internet user
- F Supporter of liberal and democratic values
- G Lives in Moscow
- H Came with friends or acquaintances
- I Does not agree with the results of the parliamentary elections
- J Decided to take part in the demonstration as soon as he heard about it
- K Enjoyed the protest
- L In the State Duma elections on December 4, 2011, voted for the Yabloko party

The proactive opinion poll was conducted by VTsIOM at the end of the march and demonstration at Bolotnaya Square on February 4, 2012. 800 individuals were polled



## **Why You Watched The Super Bowl**

by Ngoma Hill

©2/4/12 a.d.

At 4:00pm

the line to Trader Joe's was down the street and around the corner  
the tax office in Cairo was set on fire to protest football violence  
Mitt Romney proclaimed he didn't give a damn about the poor  
the lines in soup kitchens were not one bit shorter  
Israel stood on the brink of attacking Iran  
Union contracts were under attack  
the 1% still bought box seats  
while the 99% Occupied everything else  
Tim Tebow was not playing  
the commercials cost \$3.5 million dollars per 30 seconds  
Mumia Abu Jamaal still lingered in a prison cell  
The U.S. still had the largest prison population  
in the so-called free world  
Canada suffered a Katrina moment  
birthers still debated whether or not Obama is a U.S Citizen  
we were not one step closer to eliminating world hunger  
Even with a progressive attitude, watching the Super Bowl,  
which seems to float on rivers of oil - think car ads - and beer, is not exactly like holding an  
Occupy Wall Street-style general assembly in the red zone  
Flava Flave in a Pepsi add  
didn't insure drinkable water in third world countries  
James Brown isn't around to collect his royalties for the Volkswagon Commercial  
No Black performers have performed at a Super Bowl half time since [Janice](#) There was no tribute  
to Don Cornelius and Soul Train  
2/3rds of the worlds population with aids lives in Africa  
70 percent of people in the world suffer from food insecurity  
in the U.S. alone a woman is beaten every seven minutes  
a woman is raped every eleven minutes  
but overall, there are more people in the world who do not own a TV than those who do  
so who wins the super bowl in the real scheme of things  
is just not so damn important - is it?

## **RESOLUTIONARY**

by Lola Rodriguez

*Support only the commerce of the planets and the stars:  
For with this single resolution;  
Begins the revolution—*

I dream of the sustaining sun of self, abandoning the earth:  
Come, you, then:  
Illuminate the universe!:

Commence, O commerce of stars!  
O merchants of time!  
This vast bank of space!  
The currency of the heavens!  
Bartering each galaxy for another—  
Living the fantastic, overtly;  
Dowsing the quickening  
Of this solitary explosion of light:

I, now map the relationships between things,  
Yet, to be correlated,  
I understand anew, produce new paradigms,  
I exercise possibility to its ultimate capacity,  
I coax mystery,  
I dynamite facts,  
I recombine shards of what might be true, without fear,  
I explore the unreasonable,  
I postulate the unthinkable,  
I expose what was previously unknown or hidden,  
I invent ways to access sources from the cosmos & the natural world;  
I reference numbers, flowers, and the codes of life,  
I encourage nascent forms—ways of thinking, sensing, being—  
And, I recreate them.

I resonate at the highest level of being,  
I imbue consciousness with receptivity, generativity, mathematics,  
& magic,  
I embrace the life-force in its infinity;  
I, meshing possibility, am a radiating skein of energy, never-ending;  
I view time and space as paths of stardust, intersecting,  
At once, random and purposeful;  
I encourage synchronicities,  
Through the wellspring of the spirit,  
I map the algebra of the unknown.

O new planet,  
O pocked and splendid terrain,  
O new being, I,  
Fleeting, flawed, finite: Do not retreat from resolution.

**ABUELITO /**  
**SON OF THE AFRICAN**  
by Lola Rodriguez  
*for Peace, Justice, and Freedom,*  
*In Every Nation*

*Abuelo, abuelo,*

Son of the African,  
Your spirit mapping the earth,  
Wrapping an equator of dark  
Music around my heart.

If you hear me, please answer,  
Give me a sign with a tap of the spirit song  
Of your dancer's feet,  
*Bop, bop cumbiri:*  
The dancer's Indian face,  
Arab, Spanish, Moroccan eyes;  
Your face, *abuelo*,  
A prince's map of your father's Africa.  
Caribbean jester in the colonial court,  
Puerto Rican maternal grandfather,  
You were rich in wandering and mangos,  
Who is a slave to art?  
The road show of your soul?

Your father jumping ship,  
Swimming the purple currents of the Gulf of Guinea,  
*Abuelo*, black *Jesus* with your Nigerian nose,  
Your Sudanese mouth, your daughter's Egyptian, *Taino* hair.  
Black *Jesus* walking *Yemaya's* tightrope  
Above Caribbean waters.

I graft the genius of the heritage  
Of electric body current  
Onto the patrilineal branch  
That drives the *rumba* motion.

Black and red babies in the heart of the *batey* and *mambo*,  
Your children rich in genetic vision,  
Perception that cuts its *machete* through the sugar cane,  
Parting the palm tree curtain:

*Abuelo* of bittersweet sugar,  
*Abuelito* of the humid, tropic skies—  
Where your name is written in the stars,  
*Abuelo* of the *coqui* night, the tree frog  
Sings your island's *melodía*,  
Awaiting the reply of your drums.  
*Abuelo* of coffee women,  
*Abuelo* of pipe and plantain,  
Of *quenepa*, of banana, *abuelo*.

Fury of memory Calling *abuelo*, *abuelo*,  
Son of the African, king of sunshine,  
King of the spirit pantheon:

*Rumba* Einstein, *rumba* physics Freud, *rumba* drama Van Gogh, *rumba* medicine Da Vinci, *rumba* mathematics Gandhi, *rumba* symphony Edison, *rumba* science Picasso,  
*Rumba* savant, idiot of *rumba*.  
*Rumba. rumba. Genius of rumba.*

Literate, numerate, inventor, pioneer, prodigious, perennial  
*rumba* child—  
Marrying the continents,  
Dancing the *Americas*,  
Creating everything necessary  
To uncoil the spirit of history,  
To trace the anatomy of the world,  
In thought and spirit,  
Keeping people alive,  
Building nations,  
Forging philosophies,  
Splitting atoms with your *rumba*,  
Bridging epochs, *Abuelo*—  
Bequeathing a genius of  
Generations to follow.

*Abuelo*—always in motion,  
Living out of your trunk of history,  
Your feet marking the dance of Creation,  
Stretching the masks of your ancestors  
Over the faces of your children,  
Mixed in fury and blood, In madness,  
Scaling the stars—the mountains of  
The Bronx, *Borinquen*, Everest, Kilimanjaro;  
Climbing up dreams,  
Through vistas that cut into the sky—  
With limbs on fire,  
With lips moving,  
With memory offering its hand:

*Abuelo, abuelo*,  
Son of the African,  
King of sunshine,  
Spirit *indio*,  
Kissing the top of your head,  
As you guide the grandchildren of your soul  
Dancing the embrace of your legacy,  
Your energy racing through the  
Solar conduit of Congo years—

Washing my body with liquid gold,  
My words are the arms and legs of fire,  
My brain, a thousand suns in the tunnel of time,  
With your *bop bop cumbiri*,

*Abuelo, abuelo,*  
Your spirit mapping the earth,  
Wrapping an equator of dark  
Music around my heart.

*Abuelo*  
    *Abuelo*  
        *Abuelo*

*Abuelito.*

**Thought this one might be good for the Anthology!**  
by Germ  
*People's Library Librarian*

I want to see the back alleys of the world  
Filled with knowledge addicted youth  
Getting their fix against the bricks by  
Sticking their brains with classical fiction rigs.

I want to see every skyscraper in New York City  
Gutted of all segregated cubical cells and  
Replaced by racks and stacks of covers and backs,  
Pages of texts and fading maps.

I want to hear the gears coming out through ears of  
Troubled youth in bars.  
I want to see razorblade novels slice through minds  
Creating pride in the eyes of their cries.

I want to inspire the masses through poems and words without seeming absurd  
While dropping books tied to parachutes down to  
every child deprived of their own histories, who  
Remain in mystery when told to submit to authority.

I want to see these splintered streets littered with  
shattered televisions on permanent intermissions.  
Liberating living rooms leaving them free for communication and  
I want to see windows cracked open to allow in the breeze of intrigue.

I want to see revolutions fueled by ideas and visions  
Passed down from the days of Aesop and  
I'm not just talking about the protest on Wall Street,  
I'm talking about the protests on all streets,  
In all homes  
All hearts  
And all souls.



So take a look, it's in a book  
Take your pick and make it stick because  
When shit goes down, these shelves go up and  
When you're under attack, we always got your back.

**Too Big To Fail**  
by Dave Spinelli  
New London, CT  
Nov. 14, 2009

Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail (Please sing along!)

Glad I'm a banker too big to fail.  
Glad George Bush came to call my bail!  
I'm comfy, cozy too big to fail.  
Plenty o' houses, half-price sale!  
Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

I spend all the money and don't have to pay.  
The Fed prints more, Bernanke's way!  
It's all you taxpayers who'll save the day.  
Responsibility's a fantasy!  
Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

Imagine... Drive a big car, Own a big house...  
I wanna be too big to fail!  
I fill my big belly  
And no paper trail!  
Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

C - BAC - and AIG, GS - MS - and AXP

Everybody's in on it, can't you see?

Too big to fail is what I wanna be!

Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

Imagine how sweet to be too big to fail

Get your gov bail-out 'cuz you're too big to fail

Lose other people's money but don't go to jail

Still get your bonus, go ski in Vale!

Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

George Bush was certainly too big to fail

Lookin' for WMD's n' chasin' his tail

Obesity's growing popular every day

Super-size ME n' I'll be on my way!

Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

Now if I could be too big to fail

I'd buy a big boat n' 'round the world I'd sail

I'd take kids hikin' on the Appalachian Trail

I'd feed all the homeless lobster tails!

Chorus: Too big to fail, too big to fail, I wanna be too big to fail

Repeat the Chorus a few times to finish...

## **OCCUPY WALL STREET**

by Neil Shepard

*October 15, 2011*

No matter how agitated the agitprop, dopey  
death-swoons on the sidewalks, Bank of America  
in our crosshairs, cops sweeping in, sweeping us up  
for arrest if we lay too long. No matter  
the customers who withdrew their paltry sums  
from Citi Bank or Chase Manhattan and the chanters  
on the sidewalks, in the lobbies, shouting *Shame!*,  
threatened with arrest, cuffed, arrested, tossed  
into paddy wagons. No  
matter how the metal barricades  
herded us, flocks unwilling to be fleeced.  
No matter how they penned us in, kept us out,  
crushed us in a thick panic, pushed us to push back –  
against cops in riot gear, cops on horseback, cops  
with batons and pepper-spray – no matter how looped  
the chants – *Banks got bailed out; we got sold out* – no  
matter. It was spirit, not matter, which lifted us  
from our common squalor – *The people, united,*  
*will never be defeated* – spirit that spread us

around the planet – in Sydney and Tokyo,  
London and Rome, Rio and Toronto – spirit  
gone viral around the world – *We are the 99%* –  
and there is no realm beyond the satellites,  
where all's accounted for, there is nothing  
but our world, under the downsizing sun  
and imploding stars, spinning in the black  
expanse of the universe, the endless  
sums and shares, and the immaterial  
voices of witness that say, *There is  
another world, and it is in this one.*

**Declaration of the New World Order**  
by Peter V. Dugan

When in the course of economic events it becomes necessary for  
Corporations to dissolve all the political bonds that they hold to the  
nations and their populations of the world and assume among the  
powers on earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws  
of Market and Economics entitle Business.  
With no respect for the opinions of the working class; Corporations  
requires that they should be separate and above the laws of all nations.  
We hold these truths to be self evident; that Business should be  
held paramount and being endowed with the writings of Adam  
Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*, certain unalienable Rights, and  
among these are: freedom to manipulate governments, laissez-faire  
capitalism, and the pursuit of unrestricted wealth.  
We, the Corporations of the world in order to control established  
governments, will corrupt justice, insure domestic instability, provide  
economic gain for only those worthy of doing our bidding and have  
total disregard for the general welfare of the population.  
Securing our prosperous wealth with the blessings of governments  
through bribery, pay offs and campaign contributions.  
For it was not long ago that Ronald Reagan brought forth upon this  
planet a new world conceived in greed and dedicated to the  
proposition that all men are commodities to be bought and sold.  
And that this world under the doctrine of Adam Smith shall have a  
new birth of unparalleled profit and that this government of  
Corporations, by Corporations and for Corporations, shall not perish  
from this earth.  
Justice may be blind but it seems the scales are always weighted  
with 30 pieces of silver.

**Outside the Garden**  
by Peter V. Dugan

The homeless and anonymous

push shopping carts  
packed with their collection  
of bottles and cans  
or  
carry large plastic bags  
filled with their sole possessions,  
their treasures of life.

We try to ignore them  
and view them as nuisances  
or  
pests we encounter  
on the street.

They nap on park benches  
or  
over heating vents,  
panhandle on street corners  
and subway platforms.

They feed at dumpsters  
and seek refuge in basements  
of burnt-out tenements  
or  
use makeshift shelters,  
of card board huts,  
or  
sometimes spend a night  
in abandoned vehicles,  
the stripped shells,  
carcasses of Lincolns  
and Caddies that seat six  
and sleep three.

But  
from the penthouses  
between  
Park and Columbus  
we all look like  
a  
n  
t  
s.

**Lines Written After Attending OWS Bowery Poetry Club Reading**  
**New York City, January 26, 2012**  
by Patrick Hammer, Jr.  
*Fort Lee, N. J.*

This is not a poetry reading,  
it is a Poetry Assembly of brave soldiers  
armed with words aimed at change.  
Every voice is equal, everyone  
has 3 minutes to do battle, to stand  
their ground. No one here is beaten back;  
no one is let down or defeated.

This is Occupy Poetry. We are  
a Collective occupying this venue,  
occupying everywhere, occupying  
the world. Once we move on  
we leave behind trench-fulls, mine-hills  
of words. Our mingled messages,  
like our breath and blood, mightier together.  
Our sentences hang tough, linger  
on the horizon, after we're gone.

This is not a poem so much  
as weapon—mace, club, cudgel, sword.  
These images, these stanzas in formation,  
march on, off the page. Each one  
hits its mark, makes a difference.  
Each a shield in this war against greed,  
indifference, corruption.

This is not just another anthology  
from the People's Library.  
This is our stockpile of ammunition,  
our artillery, our body  
of work ever-growing, ever-strengthening,  
ever-bivouacking, ever-deploying.  
Hard copy fists in real time and place,  
but it has invaded and occupies cyberspace.  
So many recruits see it now—rising out  
of the web, out of the ether, out there  
sabotaging behind enemy lines.

I am not a poet any longer, nor entertainer,  
emoter, educator, edifier.  
I am not so much an artist as ally now,  
in this battle. I am a spoke, one of 99,  
on the reinvented wheel turning, returning,  
to hostile territory—to discover, claim,  
rename new lands. My voice, my pen,  
my words, my choice to say:  
This Is What Democracy Looks Like!

## **Parallel Lines**

by Lewis Grupper

Two youth movements  
The 'Sixties and the 'Tens  
Back then Third World countries  
From Cuba to China to Zimbabwe  
To Vietnam to Nicaragua  
Were rising up against  
The imperialist power, the U.S.  
And socialist revolution was in the air  
At least we thought so  
Before the Soviet Union collapsed  
Like the house of cards it was

We believe in nonviolence  
As did the 'Sixties movement  
When it began  
But along the way  
The dogma of violent revolution  
Took hold  
Watch out for the fanatics

Now the desperation that  
Led to the Arab Spring  
And Occupy Wall Street  
Means that we're not so sure  
Of what forms this change will take  
And in that very uncertainty  
Lies the hope that the movement  
May yield real change  
And not be hung up  
In the pseudo dogmas of the past

## **Between the chants**

by Anonymous

Between the chants,  
When silence seized the crowd,  
A tear-gas grenade exploded on the ground:  
And another, and another, and another still.  
I stood among those downed.  
One soldier had been felled;  
A window, broken.  
A street, deserted;  
And yet a resistance, proud  
To lock arms and withstand the slams,  
Persisted through the night—

And still resists now.

## **LET US OCCUPY**

by Arnold Greenberg

Let us occupy the hearts of our enemies  
and take the streets of their minds,  
so they will follow us to the places they've forgotten.

Let us occupy their hair so they can feel  
the fierce wind and foul weather blowing  
and know the storms coming to our lives.

Let us occupy their skin so they will feel  
the heat and stand on the parched land  
and with us pray for the green radiance of the earth.

Let us occupy their eyes so they can see  
the changing moon lift the tides  
on the beaches we love and want to keep.

Let us occupy their blood and bring their spirits  
to that place where borders disappear  
and where differences are celebrated.

Let us occupy their stomachs and share  
the food we've grown together,  
and learn, at last, no one is hungry.

Let us occupy their greed so they will know  
how little they have when they're alone  
in their homes with only gold.

Let us occupy their imaginations  
so they can see the Wall Streets of the World  
and the Main Streets are gardens forever blooming.

Let us occupy the word war so it is not spoken  
and all of us are rich with laughter and song  
because the sun is shining.

Let us occupy their tomorrow and watch  
the rising sun bring dawn on a world  
where no one is oppressed.

Let them join us in all the parks and streets  
where the police and soldiers put down their guns  
and they occupy this world with us in peace.

Yes, let us occupy the hearts of our enemies—  
their hair, their skin, their blood, their eyes,  
their stomachs, their spirits and be one.

### **Revolution**

by Ron Kolm

Mike is in the back  
Reading Marx & Engels  
Jimmy's sitting shotgun  
Fooling with his rifle  
And me  
I'm driving –  
A pocketful of speed  
To help me stay awake.

We've got phony papers  
Stashed beneath the seat –  
Everything we need  
To see us through  
This endless night  
As we head on down  
That long white road  
Of America.

### **CHINESE FUTURE**

by Ron Kolm

- 1) Keep your poise.
- 2) Creative artistic study is favored.
- 3) Just try to avoid careless errors.

–taken from three consecutive Chinese  
fortune cookies, Soho, NYC.

### **SWIRLING FRONTIER: THE BLIZZARD OF 2011**

by Elizabeth B. Morse

*for THE PEOPLE OF THE FIVE BOROUGHS*  
*NEW YORK, NY*

When I remember winter, it is always night.  
Snow covers the avenues, from first to last.  
White is everywhere; I cannot walk without falling.



While the city stands still, wind is the only sound.

Snow covers the avenues, from first to last.  
People sleep in halted subway cars with no heat.  
While the city stands still, wind is the only sound.  
The ice contains the promise, the swirling frontier.

People sleep in halted subway cars with no heat.  
So white at dawn, when the rescue doesn't show.  
The ice contains the promise, the swirling frontier.  
Nothing like it in the seventies, when the city was broke.

So white at dawn, when the rescue doesn't show.  
It's the unions, some said. But the mayor did nothing.  
Nothing like it in the seventies, when the city was broke.  
My childhood snow globe was what I knew of heaven.

It's the unions, some said. But the mayor did nothing  
Storm hit all five boroughs, more than two feet deep.  
My childhood snow globe was what I knew of heaven.  
The metallic sound of stars echoes in the streets.

Storm hit all five boroughs, more than two feet deep.  
White is everywhere; I cannot walk without falling.  
The metallic sound of stars echoes in the streets.  
When I remember winter, it is always night.

### **WHEN IT'S TIME TO RETIRE, ALL ASSETS WILL BE TOXIC**

by Elizabeth B. Morse

*In memory of STEPHEN MOHR, coworker in the financial services industry  
WALL STREET, NEW YORK*

Retirement is obsolete, you told me, bankruptcy's the work of the future  
Surrounded by empty seats, we lounged in swivel chairs, each in a cubicle.  
Testing funds transfer systems, fluorescent light haunting the ceiling and walls.

You hadn't worked in over a year. Robber barons took all, aiming for the future.  
We fall down tired as we age, defeating old angers, ruining the safety of walls.  
I got the message about your memorial service while lingering late in my cubicle.

You were looking for clues, rooting around the desk drawers in your cubicle  
Empty store windows, the Federal Reserve castles, picketing of Wall Street's walls  
Announcing the world's end, crowds out of work, pushing against the future.

Released, you drift through walls, above the bankrupt cubicle that cannot be your future now.

*Scheduled to appear in the next issue of Home Planet News*

## TOO LATE

by Maureen Hurley  
Oakland CA

In the time that God took to make the world  
I have not accomplished much of anything.  
This thing called poetry does not heed beck & call  
but then, the police are beating our poets with batons  
to teach them a thing or two about punctuation.  
The poetry prompts, dry as sawdust in the imagination  
but then, we are feeding our children wood pulp  
calling it food, when it's fodder not fit for swine.  
Reminds me of our actor-governor-president  
proclaiming catsup in school lunches to be a vegetable.  
Soon Congress will be proclaiming pepper spray  
a vegetable too. Cops indiscriminately hosing  
students and octogenarians alike with their MDR  
of OC, or oleoresin capsicum.  
That's 2 million Scoville Heat Units.  
I can't eat hot food. Fried *habañeros* send me  
into respiratory distress. Breathing is not an option.  
Pepper spray, banned for use in war, ir in prisons,  
is OK to use on civilians. Especially students.  
The 'choppers hovering overhead remind me  
that I live in Oakghanistan. Occupied territories.  
The scent of mace in the morning makes me nauseous.  
PreOccupied. PostOccupied. Where will it all end?  
My grandmother said that *One day, mark my words,*  
*They would go too far.* It was always capital They.  
No names. Maybe the Anti-Christ.  
She was citing Tammany Hall, events of another era.  
She said that the people would rise up. Never too late.  
The bankers, the oligarchy. Wall Street itself.  
I feel like I'm stuck in a 21st century ebook  
reliving the French Revolution where  
the cobra of time is flashing back on itself.  
Is it because we've discovered a neutrino  
faster than the speed of light,  
that we've somehow upset the balance  
of space itself, setting time on its ear?  
It's come to this. We are rising up  
with our pikes upon our shoulders  
stuffing our soles with straw and cardboard  
insulation against the coming winter.  
Saying *sabot, sabot, sabotage.*  
It didn't end well for the peasants.  
Let them eat straw.

## **The Street of Broken Dreams**

by Minnie Bruce Pratt

from *"Inside the Money Machine"* (Carolina Wren, 2011)

The dog lunged at me and choked on its chain.  
guarding a house on the street of broken dreams.  
What does it take to be safe? A sun-porch window  
barred shut with a wood-spoiled bed frame. Fradon  
Lock store down the block, a giant curlicue key  
advertising sleep all night, sweet dreams. A bumble-  
bee in the clover fumbling to find its damp-dirt home.

No way to tell who owns my neighborhood homes  
until the for-sale-by-bank signs grow overnight,  
and of course there's the bank at James and Lodi  
with the blue light, CHASE, that stays on 24/7.  
On my street some people harrow a vacant lot,  
green turned under into small rows, they harvest  
weathered rocks and pile those up in the corner.  
In another city, some foreclosed people got so angry  
the big finance company has to hide its sign, AIG.  
The people were so angry. That makes me feel more  
safe. The people come out of their houses to shout:

"We demand." Not rabble or rabid, not shadow, not terror,  
the neighbors stand and say: "The world is ours, ours, ours."

## **Modern Feudalism**

by Peter V. Dugan

Late in the evening, the Lord High Mayor summoned the  
Blue Knights of the Galahad squad to mobilize in Brooklyn.  
Under the cover of darkness, without fanfare or notice,  
scores of men in blue, boarded vans and trucks and at midnight,  
the convoy swept across the bridge into lower Manhattan.

With stealth and military precision, they deployed, cordoned  
off the area, shut down subway stations and closed off streets.  
No TV news cameras and reporters or journalists and photographers  
could witness, record or warn of the pending incursion and no  
allies would be able to arrive and fortify resistance.

The police armored with helmets, shields and batons, encircled  
the encampment, drums stopped beating and music stopped playing  
as flood lights bathed the park with blinding light and sound trucks  
barked orders to evacuate or face arrest and began to blare shrill high  
pitched tones aimed at the people in the park.

The occupiers awakened, climbed out of their tents and shelters. Many knew this moment would come, but thought it would be a battle fought in the light of day in a court of justice, not covertly under the cloak of darkness.

Some grabbed their possessions and began to leave peacefully, while a hundred or so defiant holdouts fell back to the center of the park to take a stand. And then the blue shirt legion marched into the park, tearing down tents, slashing tarps, ripping down signs and rousting other dawdling dissenters in the crowd who tarried while collecting their personal belongings.

With blitzkrieg speed the command center was demolished and the library torn down leaving piles of laptop computers, books, papers and generators indiscriminately tossed aside. Sanitation crews with hungry garbage trucks arrived to devour the stacks of tents and tarps, tables and chairs, drums and protest signs, and other private property that had been left behind.

The Commissioner of Nottingham came to preside over the proceeding. He stood on a ledge of a raised flowerbed and seemed pleased to watch his police action unfold.

Within minutes the police surrounded the mess area in the center of the park, an open air shelter covered by a canvas canopy held up by white pvc pipe poles, where the last holdouts sat on the ground or hunkered down. There was a moment of quiet stillness and then the arrests began. Some surrendered peacefully, were handcuffed and escorted away. Other went limp and were dragged away.

One man waved the American flag, as he was led away but it was confiscated while being handcuffed. The flag was then furled as free speech and assembly had become conditional. Liberty Park had fallen, changed back to Zuccotti Park, Corporate Camelot had been restored. But you cannot evict the idea that was started here.

It is time to end plutocracy and restore democracy.

### **Declaration of the United Corporations** by Peter V. Dugan

When in the course of economic events it becomes necessary for Corporations to dissolve all the political bonds that they hold to the nations and their populations of the world and assume among the powers on earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Market and Economics entitle Business.

With no respect for the opinions of the working class; Corporations requires that they should be

separate and above the laws of all nations.

We hold these truths to be self evident; that Business should be held paramount and being endowed with the writings of Adam Smith's The Wealth of Nations, certain unalienable Rights, and among these are: freedom to manipulate governments, laissez-faire capitalism, and the pursuit of unrestricted wealth.

We, the Corporations of the world in order to control established governments, will corrupt justice, insure domestic instability, provide economic gain for only those worthy of doing our bidding and have total disregard for the general welfare of the population.

Securing our prosperous wealth with the blessings of governments through bribery, pay offs and campaign contributions.

For it was not long ago that Ronald Reagan brought forth upon this planet a new world conceived in greed and dedicated to the proposition that all men are commodities to be bought and sold.

And that this world under the doctrine of Adam Smith shall have a new birth of unparalleled profit and that this government of Corporations, by Corporations and for Corporations, shall not perish from this earth.

Justice may be blind but it seems the scales are always weighted with 30 pieces of silver.

## **LOCKDOWN**

by Howard Pflanzner

Is there a cell which imprisons your mind  
A place in your head you can't escape  
Where you are cursed and beaten  
And the more you fight back  
The more you are brutalized  
Move this cell out of your head  
Clone it a million times  
And lock a person in each one  
All our leaders believe this is justice  
If you put them in the confines of a 6 by 8 cell  
Do you think they will understand?

## **Even a Poet Laureate**

### **Doesn't Deserve to Get Beaten by the Police**

by Eliot Katz

As someone who doesn't care much  
about government awards or titles  
given to artists, I still say a 70-year-old  
former Poet Laureate of the United States  
should have some extra layer of protection  
from getting beaten with billy clubs

by a Berkeley police-riot squad.  
I once read with Robert Hass  
at a conference at Rutgers University  
on Poetry & the Public Sphere,  
and thought he had some terrific  
environmentalist & other poems. It was inspiring  
to read in Sunday's NY Times that he  
and several poet colleagues had  
bravely put their bodies on the line.  
How did so many police officers  
around the country learn in unison  
to become so unlawful  
so soon after the Occupy movement  
was born? And who is teaching these rogue cops  
how to bruise and break poets' ribs, how to  
block and arrest journalists in their running  
shoes, how to pepper-spray sitting students,  
and how to destroy thousands of books  
from the Occupy Wall Street free library?  
How is it that government officials  
and rows of men and women  
wearing uniforms of ceremonial blue  
can be so oblivious to the importance  
of such resonating social symbols?  
And why hasn't our poetry-loving President  
weighed in? We shouldn't have to risk  
our physical safety to speak our minds!  
Eventually the police violence will end  
and the nation's eyes will be forced  
to look squarely at the issues—of economic  
justice and democracy, continuing war and  
racism, universal access to education  
and health care, deteriorating foundations  
of housing and jobs, how to keep the planet  
livable for all, politicians and elections bought  
and paid—being raised by the growing Occupy  
protests. Until then, I suggest poets exercising  
our freedom of expression in public  
consider wearing some protective padding  
over our vulnerable semi-colons.

**This Is Just A Picture**  
by Brian Mangan

*"We are authorized to take pictures...this is just a picture of your iris. ... We're matching that iris  
to see if you're the same individual. Our lawyers say we don't need any mandate to do it."  
- Ray Kelly, NYPD Police Commissioner*

*"It is nearly impossible now to walk a block in lower Manhattan without being on television. There are 2,000 cameras, and soon there will be 3,000 – all of which feed into this control center housed in a secret location."*

*-from a 60 Minutes segment with Kelly on anti-terrorism measures, September 25, 2011.*

Between blue shirts, white cuffs, gray bars, he takes our hands, our faces, our names.

*"...all of which feed into this control center housed in a secret location."*

We're mostly new, but we all know the blue floors, white walls, and gray faces that keep our hands.

Our faces are names.

*"There are 2,000 cameras and soon there will be 3,000."*

Her hands, her face and her name held together by  
blue sleeves, white cuffs, and gray ties,  
and are up next at the machine.

*"It is nearly impossible now..."*

And since her hand, her face, and her name blew right into the gray of the streets,

*"...to walk a block in lower Manhattan."*

Then they'll ask her for her eyes.

They say it won't hurt, that they'll throw them away,  
but who knows what's true when you're blue, white and gray  
and they got your hand, your face and your name.

*"We are authorized to take pictures...this is just a picture of your iris."*

"Mr. Blue," said with wide eyes and frayed face,

"You've got my hand, my face, and my name.

Why you wanna take my eyes?"

*"Our lawyers say we don't need any mandate to do it."*

*"What becomes of a garden gnome hurled in fury at a windscreen during a stormy breakup?"-  
Darko Bandic, AP*

**[February 14, 2012]**

by Brian Mangan

Stem cells used to 'heal' heart attack scars  
You can die of 'broken heart syndrome'

BBC News

The Guardian

The money has gone, so make love our alternative currency  
VIDEO: Do consumers feel a difference?

The Guardian

BBC News

Official: No one fall explains Loves wounds  
400 lipsticks contain lead, FDA says

Washington Post

Washington Post

AUDIO: 2000 years of love letters  
Language 'losing 3,000 per year'

BBC News  
BBC News

Hate crime prosecutions reach record high  
VIDEO: Do consumers feel a difference?

BBC News  
BBC News

America's homeless resort to tent cities  
A Cathedral of trees

BBC News  
The Guardian

Vera Wang: Going to the chapel  
Marc Jacobs puts a twist on fall

The New York Times  
The New York Times

**Note to the Person in Charge**  
by Ama Birch

Dear President,  
Leader of the free world,  
Remember who pays your rent  
Is wisdom's pearl.

White House  
Turned Brown  
Cherry blossom mouse  
Cheering sound.

Chopper, Chopper.  
Swirling winds.  
Marker, Marker.  
Light ray blends.

Eggs are laid on the lawns.  
You must protect your pawns.

Sincerely,  
Ama Birch

**Who Will Tell the People**  
by Michael Gregory

*recessions were induced*  
- William Greider

Who will tell the people  
the secrets of the temple?

madness in high places



high crimes *contra natura*

obscene wealth created  
*ex nihilo*

financial instruments  
as weapons of mass destruction

the coin of the realm minted  
*in nomine populi*

then taken away as taxes  
from those who have least

given as *droit du seigneur*  
to private interests

returns on savings so low  
everyone buys on time instead

mortgages on homes foreclosed  
homeless and jobless in the streets

then borrowed back in a lender's market  
ungodly profits on treasury notes

the major banks bailed out  
while farms go broke and factories close

the dealers in arms and currency  
never at a loss in a pinch

compounding the national debt  
with personal bankruptcies

borrowing at interest  
the practical fiction of legal tender

the sins of the fathers and so forth  
genius vilified or ignored

to pay for all the common wealth  
squandered on kindred insanities—

war, corruption, pollution, disease—  
forked tongue on forked tail

the high priest of the state religion  
the chief talking head of the bank of issue

intoning monetary dogma  
blessing the puppet in the oval office

whose fiscal policy belies the myth  
of representative democracy

determining between them how flat  
the little guy will get squeezed

in the interest of high interest  
how fat the bubbles will be inflated

how thick the cloud of speculation will be  
spread by those who buy and sell debt

how high the unemployment will rise  
before the point of the pin trade is factored in

**Washed Up**  
by Michael Gregory

Washed up then on that eutrophic shore  
the whale road behind the yellow brick ahead  
where his grandfathers fought and died

following his nose upstream so far people  
laughed at him, taking the oar on his shoulder  
for some outlandish winnowing fan

upstream through the brindled liquidity, the banks  
as they crumble speaking of lower orders of beings  
more tractable for having lost their homes

past the musical market place where opulent  
behind her veils the brazen one undulates  
a cross of gold between her thighs

past the scornful lips of the god father  
holding the power of issue above  
the laws of nations engraved in white marble

past the greenbacks sliding like blind eels  
the scuttled gunboats no longer pressed into service  
the wads of newsprint and tickertape parades

past the great headless body of those  
incapable of comprehending their burden

as the means to someone else's gain

past the panics of 93 and 5,  
07 and 29 the auction hammers,  
foreclosures, ruined lives

*those necessary corrections* sd Mr Secretary  
breadlines and soup kitchens, hungry kids  
a little suffering for the common good

past the gentlemen's clubs and ladies' salons  
those stolen treasures brought back from the export wars  
harvests held in the coils of the Worm

past the institutions of bad faith  
the tutelary figures in wreaths and robes crying  
*If they only knew, if only they could see*

the forty six thousand prematurely dead  
in 74 and 75 alone  
strokes heart attacks suicides

the invisible hand tightening  
leashes neckties belts, the liquidation  
less severe than ten years later

when it was morning again in America  
the sweetheart deals the junk bonds the S & Ls  
the trickle of what is said to flow downhill

*the fact is* sd the Chair of the Fed  
to the congressmen *your constituents*  
*of course are unhappy but mine aren't*

the high tech bubble rising through the ooze  
towards the next millennium crash  
the same old Kalliope and Klio tune

corporate logos and Product Of stickers  
heads of dead presidents baked in a pie  
rainbow colors on the oil slicks

the Great Recession of 008  
the banks compounding each other's bad debts  
the derivatives Pongi scheme imploding

the usury cartels in flagrante  
with big drugs and oil too big to let die  
bailed out with taxpayer dollars

the apprentice Wall St. wizards  
who caused the mess in the first place put in charge  
of agencies supposed to clean it up

the born again leaders of the free  
washed in the blood of suckers born every minute  
making the world safe again for vermin

the thick line of smoke from the squat temple  
coins jingling around her swollen belly  
the stench of pigs fattened on the sacrificed.

### **Party Crasher**

by Jason M. Glover

*Portland, OR*

They've got nothing on me  
But they're ratcheting up the racket on the TV  
Some nerve  
Pinning down little ol' me  
As the flashpoint for American animosity

I am that radical  
Demonized enthusiastically each evening  
On the 6pm and 11 o'clock  
On mindfuck after mindfuck  
Occasionally interrupted to bring you  
Your regularly scheduled mindfuck  
Today's talking heads  
Unscrupulously scapegoat me  
Unapologetically erase me  
Uttering pompous pronouncements from on high  
Bully pulpits spitting out venom  
Telling us we're either with or against 'em  
That now it's do or die

But you know what?  
They're right, that's me  
The Anti-Nuclear family  
Anti-Economy  
Anti-Commodity  
Anti-Military Industrial  
Supply-side Commercial  
Machismo Evangelical  
God Sucking Christ-sickle  
Designer Fascist Fashionable  
Exploitive Resource Extractable

Prince of Prodigious Progress  
And if I call attention to the strife  
Caused by this mass-extinction inducing  
Doomsday device  
That somehow makes me Anti-Life?

A total systemic refusal  
To define me by what I am  
Instead of what I am not

Because silly critically thinking me  
I have the audacity to dream  
Of a functioning human ecology  
Of neo-tribal geo-political bottom-up harmony  
Of cultural diversity trumping a mandate for monotony  
Of leaving behind something for the future  
Besides radioactive decay, toxins, dioxins  
DDT, CFC's, PCB's, POP's, EDC's  
And every other acronym that really means permanent disease  
Something besides a treeless concrete wasteland  
And a garbage patch bigger than the continental U.S.  
Floating in the Pacific Ocean

But whatever mud your throw-away culture  
Maliciously slings at me  
I will continue to oppose your short-sighted  
Self-aggrandizing march toward deluded divinity  
Because let me tell you something  
Mr. and Mrs. Ladder-climbing Suburban-dwelling  
Measure of success and prosperity  
It is no measure of good health  
To be well-adjusted  
To a profoundly sick society

And as long as your bloated lifestyle of luxury  
Continues to fund terrorism and international poverty  
As long as your tropical hardwood furniture  
And Victoria's Secret sensibilities  
Continue to sequester swaths of old-growth forest into clear-cut chaos  
I will not stand down

And as long as your jet trips to Jamaica and soccer-team toting SUV's  
Continue to kill your own sons and daughters  
While simultaneously tearing the limbs off of Iraqi toddlers  
As long as your duplicitous definitions of torture  
Continue to result in genital electrodes and naked pyramids  
Simulated drownings, pulverized legs, and secret prisons  
I will not stand down

And as long as your insatiable appetite  
For E. Coli-tainted meat and untarnished tomatoes  
Continues to fuel fertilizer run-off and dead-zones  
Worker abuse, suffering and slaughter  
As long as your totalitarian agricultural model  
Continues to ruin streams and groundwater  
I will not stand down

And as long as your instantaneous mania  
Continues to strip-maul the landscape with the box store pox  
That's slowly strangling Mom and Pop  
As long as your manufacturing of needless needs  
Continues to cultivate a culture of  
Depression, anorexia, anxiety, and ADHD  
I will not stand down

And as long as your anthropomorphic ego-trip  
Continues to result in the painful prediction  
That 50% of all life on Earth will be extinct by the end of the century  
As long as there are well-founded fears  
That rainforests and fish populations won't last another 40 years  
I will not stand down.

And now it's time  
For my own party crashing news broadcast  
Attention all you obedient purveyors of Petroculture  
All you career-jockeys and sitcom-junkies  
All you party-liners and climate-change-deniers  
All you fast-food eating God-fearing rapture-seekers  
All you productive reductive lemming machines  
Pumping out babies and living the American Dream  
Your rudderless ship has run aground  
Your carefully constructed façade is falling apart  
Your era has ended  
And you have every right  
To tremble in fear  
Through each and every sleepless night  
Because, friend  
The revolution is here

**Deed in Lieu**  
by L. K. Cunningham  
*Sacramento Ca.*

Deed in lieu of what? My Life, my liberty, my happiness, my American dream.  
Deed in lieu killed the dream I dreamed.  
The trolls of Wall Street occupy my dream. Beans counted, companies bought and sold.  
Employees do the jobs of others lost in reduction of force. The little hope they have is lost when

the company is sold once more. Jobs move out of the country, no relocation, no retraining, no retirement, no health insurance.

The farmer had dreams of growing crops to nourish others while the colonel dreams of taking the land and torturing the 99%. The colonel's chin drips with the grease of his rack of lamb. He wipes it with a silk napkin.

Jack and Jill went up the hill. To fetch a pail of water

Jack broke his crown and died shortly thereafter.

He could not pay rent, make COBRA payments, buy groceries and put gas in the car for the four hour commute.

I look inside the storage unit that I could afford. Which of my belongings do I keep, which these belonging do I part with? How do I measure the value of the rental fee? By utility: bed, bedding, dishes, knives, forks, couch and table? Or by emotion: first corsage dried and pressed in high school year book, complete set of first one hundred Nancy Drew books mint condition. How do I fit my life into a 9 by 10 space? Is this temporary storage or a time capsule?

I am a refugee of the economy. I live in a country that is now foreign to me.

## **BIG BANG THEORY**

by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson

And the day came  
when the black balloon of Silencing  
could not hold another voice.

But the mouth of Greed isn't fond of limits  
so it laughed in the face of its  
straining rubber blackness,  
pregnant with Other  
ways of seeing  
of doing  
of being, here together.

For even in the dark, without names  
we found each other, and the way  
to hold the hands around us.  
You cannot see the world we have built  
for you have defined the word "invisible"  
but language is Chaos, and cannot be owned.

And on this day,  
the black balloon of Silencing  
was full to bursting:  
its interior hot with our love for each other;  
with our refusal to see  
by Greed's artificial light.

For we bask in our own, huddled here together.  
And we have not forgotten how to listen.

Then: music to our ears, pop fizz!  
It is music to our ears, the fissure the blowhards ignore:

a subtle sizzle of air

like a single drop of water on a too-hot pan.

Slow at first, then an explosion of breath, and  
on a wind of 1's and 0's we found again our voices:

and the word rebels yelled  
and the art rebels yelled  
and the child rebels yelled  
and the woman rebels yelled  
and the queer rebels yelled  
and the spiritual rebels yelled  
and the dark rebels yelled  
and the pale rebels yelled  
and the young rebels yelled  
and the old rebels yelled:

**YES! WE ARE!**

And the voices grew to reach all ears,  
a giant babel birdsong; a symphony  
at once sweet and furious,  
soothing even Greed's bleeding ears.

The bubble has burst.

It cannot be reblown in its own image  
nor reWritten. history is not capitalized,  
and try as you may to keep us from your pages  
they hold little water on this rushing river.

Point, counterpoint: peals of golden laughter like a spring rain:  
the joy of our collective child  
finding itself free  
to BE.

**ONWARD!**

**Spring rain**  
by Matsuo Basho

Spring rain  
leaking through the roof  
dripping from the wasps' nest.



**Tell All the Rest: Butterfly Spring Will Come**

by Richard Kline

*For Tricksy Blue-yes*

1 Dreams 2 Songs 12

Iron-tomb season damp-fused is named by some as one dead;  
Greenness forbidden breath cankers stunned beneath rich-bought stone.  
Mold remains King; the Sun in outlaw hulks whelmed from flicker to obscurity;  
Pulse-vision and passion's intent drown, oer-mastered by dim mire.

Once in ribald parade all the blue belles and tousled beaus daring remonstrance  
Made festival of grievance, had opinion of the prisontown alive with mysteries  
Grasped, mirrors' complaint found faced on crimes, communes main cause  
Remembered; hand in hand met Autumn's battering reap unbowed.

Till silent Winter's wither the worse swathed away new paths' tamp-down,  
Leaving featureless vagaries. Where, bright future? everything disputed,  
Splendour and squalor alike gummed thick in dishumored mucousal insinuations  
—"Some prove false."—dreamed fellowship jibbed rut-skewed in worn cloughs.

But not dispurposed nor in ice-wildered canyons forsworn. Not disappeared.  
Only bedded down until the hour calls endeavour come the longer sun.  
Now those resolved to wrest the mud-clenched Common Wheel free of rot-gripe  
Close scan the rain-cleansed windscape for signs, probing aloft by beam-play:  
"Come down amidst; discourse conjoin; we all are One."

Banners cocooning change unfurl again; the courage of necessity floats  
ear to ear.  
The dance-mad few assemble first; next the flower mob rehearse soft-riot Summer;  
In stream the main stem's denizens in many-lensed myriad. Cause-music pumps  
—trancedrum, plonkfolk, jazzsing, j-grind—"Mammon be damned!"  
Times change, as weather, as those who'd rule, "'Ware your own silver's rust!"

Growth's layered melodies build up tomorrow's stair . . . We can't  
await permission  
Of some day's ephemeral glory to vote ascent; some see a way on batons despite  
and march for justice with the first plush-bud.  
Transited, decision's blind-curve; seekers enrapt regain the glideway  
in chant, "We  
Accept fate's moment; tell the rest, gather and make on: Butterfly  
Spring is come."

**FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

by John J. Trause

For Immediate Release  
Tuesday, February 7, 2012  
Roman Catholic Diocese of Trenton

Trenton, N. J. David O'Connell, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Trenton and former president of The Catholic University of America, issues a strong warning to Governor Chris Christie, a fellow Catholic, on confirmed rumors about the Governor's behavior at Mass, which he attends frequently at an unnamed church within the diocese. Bishop O'Connell is responding to complaints by priests, parishioners, and other concerned members of the faithful that during Communion Governor Christie often goes up for seconds or even thirds in gross violation of Canon Law.

**Corpus Christie**  
by John J. Trause

GOVERNOR CHRIS CHRISTIE

GGOOVVEERRNNOORR CCHHRRRISS CCHHRRRIISSTTIIIEE

GGGGOOVVVEEERRRNNNOOORRR CCCHHHRRRIIISSS CCCHHHRRRIIISSSTTTIIIEEE

GGGGOOOVVVVEEEERRRRNNNNNOOOORRRR CCCCHHHRRRIIISSSS  
CCCCHHHRRRIIISSSSTTTTIIIEEEE

GGGGGOOOOVVVVVEEEEERRRRNNNNNOOOOORRRR CCCCHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSS  
CCCCCHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSTTTTIIIEEEEE

GGGGGGOOOOOVVVVVVEEEEEERRRRRRNNNNNNNOOOOOORRRRRR  
CCCCCHHHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSS CCCCHHHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSSTTTTIIIEEEEEEE

GGGGGGGOOOOOOVVVVVVEEEEEERRRRRRNNNNNNNOOOOOORRRRRR  
CCCCCCHHHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSS  
CCCCCCHHHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSSTTTTIIIEEEEEEE

GGGGGGGGOOOOOOOVVVVVVVEEEEEERRRRRRNNNNNNNOOOOOORRRRRR  
CCCCCCHHHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSS  
CCCCCCHHHHHHHRRRIIIIISSSSSSTTTTIIIEEEEEEE

**2.14.12**  
by Brett Price

sun up busted lip  
gristle turning bright  
some real time past endangered throb

high def  
strings and lamplight

handsome tikes  
chasing fireflies

around the neck  
of a little too clean  
American dream

there's smoke and tear gas  
on warmer coasts  
closing the newsprint  
distances between us

**O, Occupy**

by Patrick Hammer, Jr.  
*Fort Lee, N. J.*

Occupy your mind occupy what's right  
Occupy tonight occupy the fight  
Occupy the park the squares  
Occupy the circles and the lines  
Occupy the steps the stares  
Occupy the pig the rat the ass  
Occupy this shit  
Occupy harass  
Occupy it's big occupy and dig  
Chip chip chip away old lids  
Occupy your fist pumping in the air  
Occupy with grandmas knitting as they shout  
Occupy this is what it looks like  
Occupy Democracy 99%  
Occupy the word occupy  
Occupy 1% repent  
Occupy with fairies marys feminists and fems  
Occupy with bakers bankers lawyers plumbers  
Babies boyfriends presidents and bums  
Occupy a change of mind  
Occupy real change  
Occupy with socialists communists anarchists and moms  
Occupy books not bombs  
Occupy the People's Library everywhere inside and out  
Occupy social media all media all tweets  
Occupy your feet  
Stand up and move occupy that's sweet  
Occupy the world the net the universe this street  
Occupy an end  
To war to greed to hunger  
To runaway corporations and rogue mayors

Telling us to sit

### **Corporations!**

by Miranda Lee Reality Torn

Age 9

Corporations are full of poo,  
but nobody, nobody, knows what to do!  
'Cause nobody, nobody, knows what to do, and corporations are full of poo,  
Those big-box stores, all flashy and new, they get bigger and bigger, that much is true!  
And the tiny non-profits, they're getting so few!  
'Cause nobody, nobody, knows what to do

### **Further Arguments**

by Sarah Sarai

from *Minnesota Review*, Spring 2007

If there is a god you must sculpt my bellied likeness then  
bury me so dirt chokes my cry.  
If there is a god you must bruise me with your broad hand,  
the one with the Rolex.  
If there is a god, you must snap my bones and giggle.  
If there is a god, you must punch my womb and admire  
my body's pliancy.  
If there is a god you must plunge me to a watery death  
as an argument rivaling Aquinas' that there is a god.  
If there is a god you must burn me, millions of me,  
and warm to the frisky stench.  
If there is a god, pray gratitude you were not born me,  
and who will blame you?  
You are reading this, you are not reading this. There is  
a god.  
You are listening, you are disinterested. There is a god.  
You feel shame, or none. There is a god.  
I am four hundred dead in the desert yet there is a god.  
My children are target-rage and yet there is a god.  
I am laughed at and condescended to and there is a god  
there is, trust me.  
I took the leap of faith over your life, proving there is  
a god.  
We are kneeling on our hearts agreeing this thing in each  
of us is what I am calling god.

### **INEQUALITY**

by Valli Poole

for *Occupy Wall Street*

*Melbourne, Australia*

1% ≠ 99%  
INEQUALITY

### **Choose Sides in the War Against Imagination**

by Mickey Z.

Beat your drum with the urgency of CPR compressions seeking revival  
Rap to the rhythm of a cultural crossover dribble  
Seize stage to turn farce into drama & drama into farce  
Sing a song that echoes like the warning cry of a blue whale pursued by harpoons  
Bring your colors off the canvas like a prizefighter rising before the referee's count  
Allow your camera's eye to expose more than meets the eye  
Make your guitar strings screech louder than the howls that reverberate through the hallways of vivisection lab  
Write entire novels on subway walls, spray radical graffiti down corporate halls  
Choreograph a dance to performed on capitalism's grave  
Tap into the collective consciousness, explore the universal energy, immerse yourself in the spirit of the present  
All of you: a radical army of activists, artists, freedom fighters, occupiers  
All of you: the 99%, needed now more than ever

Raise your weapons, raise your fist  
...because it's never too late

### **Brave Soldier, 1958 - 2012**

by Sandra Weaver

We came, we saw , we conquered  
Wake up, wake up  
The season of metastasis has come and gone

If you had a plan, what was it?  
Did you plan your pain?  
Did you plan their silliness?

Will these two men fall in love?  
Will those two sisters ever stop smoking?  
How will we patch up all of the holes?

Tell me somehow, was it worth your while?  
The singing mermaids and the toast and tea?  
The rolled flannel trousers and the magic lantern?

This is how we listen to music.  
This is how we love each other.

This is how we occupy.

April 5, 2012

**Norman Rockwell**

by Ali Liebegott

It's so easy in this country to go ice-skating happily  
over the faces of those less fortunate.

See them there trapped in the Christmas lake,  
everything frozen over  
they're standing on one foot  
they're hooded and garlanded and ornamented  
and if you skate close enough to them  
they'll hand you a needle and thread  
a single cranberry and piece of popped popcorn  
for your Christmas tree.

They've been there so long  
like benign cysts you learn to live with.

**Corner Store**

by Ali Liebegott

I read suicides are up because the economy sucks  
a mom sent her kid to the store for a soda  
and then blew her heads off while the kid was out.

It didn't matter that the kid was an adult  
or the reason the mom did it  
was because her car was repossessed.

**ANOTHER BREAK FOR THE WALL STREET**

by Urayoán Noel

*Bronx, New York*

*(décimas with occupational chorus  
to be chanted à la Pink Floyd)*

**"WE DON'T NEED NO REGULATION  
WE DON'T NEED NO STATE CONTROL  
NO POPULISM IN THE BOARDROOM  
HEY, GEITHNER, LEAVE THEM BANKS ALONE!**

**ALL IN ALL, IT'S JUST ANOTHER BREAK FOR THE WALL ST."**

1.

ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOONED  
YOU WON'T FIND NO ROGER WATERS,  
ONLY "MEDIARITES" AND SQUATTERS  
WHOSE MORTGAGE PAYMENTS BALLOONED.  
SPACED-OUT SPECULATORS SWOONED  
WEIGHTLESS, ANTIGRAVITATIONAL.  
GRAVITAS LOSS TAKES ITS TOLL;  
STILL, PUNDITS SQUAWK: "RISE UP, NATION!  
*WE DON'T NEED NO REGULATION*  
*WE DON'T NEED NO STATE CONTROL..."*

2.

SO THE GOVERNMENT STEPS IN,  
TWO-STEPPING THE REAL ISSUE  
THAT THE WAS BOOM WAS TOILET TISSUE  
WITH SOME DOPE MUZAK PIPED IN.  
WAMU, FORGETTING ITS PIN,  
SOMEHOW STILL PUNCTURED OUR HOLE.  
CITIGROUP BEGGED AND CHASE STOLE.  
SUMMERS TOOK STANDING EVASIONS:  
*WE DON'T NEED NO REGULATION*  
*WE DON'T NEED NO STATE CONTROL...*

3.

ALL IN ALL IT'S JUST ANOTHER  
BREAK FOR ALL THE WALL STREET TYPES...  
SEE THE PONZI-IST WHO SKYPES  
DRUNKEN STOCK TIPS TO HIS MOTHER.  
CROOK THE BOOKS! NUMBERS TO SMOTHER  
ALL TO PROFIT FROM THE PROLE  
PUFFED LIKE A PROFITEROLE  
WITH SOUR CREAM DECORATION:  
*WE DON'T NEED NO REGULATION*  
*WE DON'T NEED NO STATE CONTROL...*

4.

LET THE DOLLARS TRICKLE DOWN  
LIKE THEY DID BACK IN THE 80S  
POOLED IN AN OILY EUPHRATES,  
BLOODY BEAUTIFUL AND BROWN.  
SAVE A PRAYER FOR DOWNTOWN  
WHERE THE BLUETOOTHED FLÂNEURS STROLL,  
C.F.O.S OUT ON PAROLE  
BEAMING BLOGGERS' BLOVIATION: (SURVEYING THE DESOLATION!)  
*WE DON'T NEED NO REGULATION*  
*WE DON'T NEED NO STATE CONTROL...*

*[IF YOU REGULATE THE BANKS,  
YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY IPADS!  
HOW CAN YOU HAVE ANY IPADS  
IF YOU REGULATE THE BANKS?!  
YOU, YES, YOU! INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE!  
STAND BACK, OBAMA!]*

**Untitled**

by Joey Molinaro

*written after an undignified busking session in Zuccotti park three weeks before Occupy Wall Street's establishment*

I can now make out  
the husks of spirit auras  
—disembodied, blinking—  
staring goat-eyed skyward.

**people magazine**

by Jeffrey Grunthaner

ad execs of the busyness where L-U-C-K'  
s godly, & death's even possible  
by imbibing kitty emetics. O, the miser-  
able remnants left on the aortic sidewalk!  
Pebbles of idiot frustration gather  
crystalline in the sheeted surf. Envoi  
finger's gesturing. SOCKED. Zzzzzzz-  
zzzzz. Paranoia is the in on in  
beach now winter North Africa, a  
nervous hokum of something. Incense-  
d, he hit that Lederhosen cyclist  
scamming on his dosage of Rx weed  
Lithe little dishabille undertones ad-  
dressed to a nexus of rainbow splatter.

——\*\*\*\*\*@)!\*(#&——@)!\*(#&——

**A total lack of cinematic knowledge**

by Jeffrey Grunthaner

Companies get tax breaks  
In tacitly humiliating eulogies  
That drown out moving jobs  
And the ring of profits  
Overseas. Let me go and  
Watch something move



Several images, some of which  
Symbolize humility. Mean-  
while companies who choose  
To stay in fictive innocence  
Are like a breakdown of those  
Little boxes in America  
We get hit with whenever one  
Of the highest tax rates in  
Front of my mouth MAKES  
NO SENSE / and everyone  
Feels more stupid about feeling  
Stupid, so let's change the  
Subject. First, symbolize  
Humanity by broken postures,  
Bloodshot eyes and *as per usual*  
Spike cocaine which humps  
The heart and hums in mid-  
summer silence running  
At full capacity / on candy-cane  
Roads wayward of the Big "O"  
In a one-dimensional society,  
Like methadone benightedly  
Granted to monkey contingents  
Of workers already poisoned by  
Punitive feeling and saturnine  
Decadence, if you're a business  
Where millions of teenagers  
Eagerly conspire to kill your  
Comrades and eradicate all  
Nostalgic feeling for disco

### **The Long Now – How I got to the Sacramento Occupation**

by Red Slider

*Written on Friday, October 21, 2011 at 9:06am*

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*Reprise on the musings of Doctori Sadisco:*

*"The great wheel of time of the Mayans predicts the end of an entire cycle of time and the beginning of a new one. Often people speculate various scenarios of doom, with millions dead, and a very dark period, out of which arises a golden age for mankind. I believe today marks the day the predicted end and new beginning blossom open. Today signals the end of the rule of the Selfish, who will not take this easily, and the beginning of the rule of Compassion, heralding a new golden age. How many perish, what terrible things we must endure remain totally in our own hands and by our own decisions."*

- Doctori Sadisco , from the facebook group of , '100 Thousand Poets for Change'

Doc – I feel so synched-sympatico with you that I speculate we must sometime have been the bastard children of the same pineal gland. I generally reckon the ancient rise&fall calendar into

three, three-thousand year cycles (with early, middle and late periods in both the cycles and epicycles), into which the Asian, Incan/mayan and Indo-European histories also seemed to fit nicely, though it has been 40 years since I last considered the matter so I'm rusty about my old blueprints. Anyway, the historical timelines seemed consonant, and rhythms seem about right for the dance of our species, from dream, to awakening, to hubris, to sleep, perchance to dream again. It has some connection with the breath of the planet, I suppose. The Grand Prana Yoga of humanity, if you will. – red.

## The Long Night –

### How I traversed the distance from When to the Occupation of Sacramento

Within the smaller epicycle, I also noticed the 1000 year chunking, in which some node of decision or another seems periodically in the offering. It is as if some great umpire were asking, “Well folks, how would you like to play the next round?” The last three times this happened, it appears evident that the beast has renewed the contract with those forces born, not so much in evil, but in fear from which they strike out blindly to survive. The mode of fear is always war and terror, enclave and division. It can't help itself. It is too frightened to do anything else.

This millennial closing, however, was rather unique. It was the late-phase end of all three cyclic rhythms at once – the 9000 year cycle, the 3000 year epicycle and the millennial rotation. Yeats' prophecy was about to visit us again. Our only miscalculation was that scholars had identified the prophecy with the local events of Yeats' life and times – the European theaters of war, the Irish civil war or the Russian revolution. The beast was closing in, to be sure, but it would take another eighty years for it to arrive in Bethlehem. *Perhaps*, I thought, *the long night of the last millennium is about to end and the dream from which we will soon awaken is about to begin?* I waited and held my breath through the twenty-four hours of celebrations around the world that heralded the arrival of the new millennium.

Hardly had the clock struck new dawn at Greenwich and the last sounds of celebration faded, when the night began to thicken and knot about itself. The clock ticked again and the Bush era arrived with its unmistakable evidence that the nightmare was not to end so quickly or surely. The matter in grave doubt, the narrative ambiguity written into the conclusion of my “Ballad of Emma Good”, I began to dissolve into images of the four horseman loose in the world and the lid of Pandora's box slowly opening, poised once again to swallow the world with its nightmare.

I would not give up so easily, though. I scrambled for some holding thread to save my rapidly dwindling convictions. I made a strategic retreat and regrouped. *Ah*, I thought, *the millennial clock does not tick so quickly as the second hand that marks its passage on the vellum of the ordinary day*. A second in millennial time could be years or decades in real time. I held onto my shredded dreams and waited. The years passed and things became only darker. A decade passed, still no dream, not even a glimmer. The Horseman were more savage than I could ever remember; Pandora unleashed more numerous and malevolent furies than all previous history had described. I could do nothing but watch helplessly. I made my second retreat.

*They're in full stride now. Only a fool could fail to notice that. Surely the beast has arrived.* “Arrived, yes!” I screamed, as I reached for any escape hatch I could find. *But what if the contract has not yet been signed? Maybe it's not too late.* I reached for the last of my ink, for some ray that might forestall what was rapidly turning into inevitable catastrophe. I scribbled “Renewal

Time, ( <http://poems4change.org/Poems/renewaltime.html> ) in the last hours of the night. It was frightfully iffish. The sequel to a longer, if more ambivalent assessment I'd done a decade earlier ("The Ballad of Emma Good"), but it was about all I could muster at this late date. My second retreat flickered on the screen in front of me. I waited.

## Renewal Time

Time for renewal, the old boys said, a pro forma thing  
in our pockets. Let's have it done and get on with the plan  
to put some more grease on the sockets that wobble  
and creak, as if this is simply another repair and the magic  
required, a mere sleight-of-hand. Take one part shock-doctrine,  
to two parts of word, add a little distraction  
and laugh at the rest, as though it all very absurd.  
The world's made of magic, and magic of word;  
which is what we manipulate best.

On Millennial Day, the boys showed up prompt,  
unsaddled from black SUVs. They'd cut a quick deal,  
return as they came, with the contract firmly in hand;  
for next thousand years, all the loot they can plunder  
and the goo that lies under the sands. The terms were the usual  
with minor revisions, there'd be war and division sufficient;  
occasions for mayhem and fuel for the engines,  
a bone for the hungry, with fat and provisions  
for those who held guaranteed shares.

They entered a room that was bare as a bunker,  
only a long empty table. Upon it a codex, so ancient a volume,  
its contents unknown but for fragments of fable, that few  
had survived as they murdered each other in frantic confusion,  
and those who were left had nowhere to hide from the one  
that had stalked them and knew all their weakness, scattered  
the tribe to the winds; save those who resolved  
they'd someday return, to challenge the beast once again.

One placed a paper face down on the table, the rest  
absently glanced without wonder. They knew what was on it,  
a thousand times over, clauses they'd written themselves  
were upon it, and none need consider the minor revisions,  
that kept it all moving along. Nothing had changed  
since that long ago day, and little would ever go wrong.  
What they'd cut for themselves was all that mattered,  
no matter who paid for the feast. It only remained  
to be signed and then sealed; delivered, this day, to the beast.

The Great Door now widened on the gyre of death,  
though none in the room grasped the fact  
that the hour come round had not quite arrived;

nor were they prepared for what happened next.  
Through that portal came, uninvited, a guest,  
a flute and a lyre in hand; the one made of reed,  
the other of string, were now carefully set by the text.

The poet appeared without fanfare or trumpet,  
taking a seat at the table. *"Let me remind you  
that all isn't settled,"* laying his hand on the codex.  
*"You seem to forget what this contract contains,  
and the clause that might someday enable."*  
The men looked at each other, and each at his brother;  
surely those old bones did rattle, *"Just so,"* said the poet,  
*"your role was ordained on that day long ago,  
when it seemed all was lost and whatever remained  
of us scattered. All that you've done, all that you've ruined  
has been only a practice for battle."*

The men rose as one, no more need be said  
as they took back the contract, unsigned and unsealed.  
They would try it again on another day, small details  
needed attention, that's all; but for the few not so certain  
that everything would go their way, nor might they choose  
to so have it, now that something else was in play:  
the fine print included a perpetual clause,  
our fall from grace remains undecided,  
the dark voice that gave them reason to pause,

**"YOU'RE NOT IN CHARGE HERE, OR ANYWHERE ELSE,  
DON'T EVER FORGET WHO HAS STATIONED YOU SO  
OR JUST WHAT YOU OWE TO THE ONE YOU REGRET,  
FOR I'VE MADE IT SO AND MAY UNMAKE IT YET."**

I scrawled a few hurried post-notes before the blank and pitiless sun made its way to my window:

1. Lewis Mumford observed that those who think they are in control, the heads of our corporations and institutions are not really in charge. They, too, are expendable and, in any case, can do little to change the course of the machinery they operate. The machinery has become larger than any who might think that a mere change of command will mend its way or tame its savagery. We have set loose the spawn of a beast in the world that has no intention of yielding to our demands.

2. Contrary to Santayana's classic remark, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it", I have observed that To know history is to know that we are doomed to repeat it. We know history, yet we keep on repeating it. Unless, that is, we find a way to rid ourselves of the delusion that history is all there is of our species.

3. Magic is very powerful. For its most violent and virulent forms it may be necessary, but never sufficient, to banish it. It will always return again and again; often in some more potent and destructive appearance. Killing it once and for all may seem to be the only other prudent thing to

do. Yet, that option is taken at great cost. For, once murdered, that magic is gone forever; not simply its evil mask, but its force and its power as well. It is far better when we find a way to use magic without magic using us; to put a leash on it; to constrain and control it. Yes, there is always a risk. But magic was originally a gift, neither good nor evil in and of itself. It is only we, our species, who determine which aspect magic will show to us. Therein, the beast of the matter lies. Not in the magic, but in the magician. That is where the battle must be engaged.

4. The Legend: *It was at the very beginning, when we were so few and so fragile, hardly clinging to this planet by a nail. It caught our scent and was so dangerous and powerful that nearly all of us were destroyed in the first blow. Those that remained to fight were confronted with weapons more deadly than its physical might. We were deluded and turned on ourselves. The thing each of us feared most was flung back at us until fathers slew sons and Mothers slew daughters, and each of us turned on their brothers and sisters. Hardly any remained alive after that onslaught. The precious few who were left, scattered and hid. Our wounds were not merely of the flesh, but of something that was indelibly etched in our minds. Something that would never be forgotten, not for the tens of thousands of millennia that followed. It was a catastrophe that not only shaped all that we did from then on, but shaped what we were to become; as a species, as a being among beings. All that remained of what we once were, what we might have become, was that single, fragile moment of catastrophe. Whether it connected one of us, or many, no one can say. Only this much is certain: Someday, in some distant future, we would return to battle again. This time, we would be equipped to meet the beast on equal terms. We would be toughened, not only by the millions of years of experience, but by coming to terms with our own fears and delusions about who and what we are. It has burned in us ever since, a bright chord that unites us each with each other and all with everything else: that someday we would lift our eyes from the ground and gaze upon the gardens of the sky.* ["The Legend of the Beast", as told by Red Slider.]

#### 5. Jenny Dawn's Last Sacrament:

*"A long forgotten healer's art  
of speech made fast within  
that string the bow tips of the heart  
to sing the quivering.*

Of reed, the flute; of string, the lyre,  
to warrior was given;  
earth prepares what heaven provides,  
the dead divide the living."  
Warrior! Stretch upon thy deed

bend thy bow to fit thy word,  
take such strength from dexterous reed,  
in that, be what is heard."

- Red Slider; fr. "The Ballad of Emma Good"; BigBridge Press, 1999.

"In 1920, when he spotted the beast from a distance, it appeared to that poet to be moving on slow thighs. Yeats miscalculated. Nine or ten-thousand years before, perhaps, when it first infected the origins of our civilization, it might have been moving very slowly. Certainly it was then that our modern customs of slaughter and deceit, ambition and power were first leveraged into the foundations of our mythos. But, for the past three-thousand years of the modern epicycle,

we have been running full-tilt like a pack of lemmings, yet the beast has never failed to keep up and one suspects it can overtake and devour us at any moment it desires.”

- op.cit. *Forward*, (1999)

The second retreat was finished. The sun rose as usual. And so did everything else under it.

The second hand ticked again, another year had almost passed. December 19th. Mohamed Bouazizi sets himself on fire over the seizure of his vegetable cart. I took little notice. Just another horror in the long night of horrors; horrors past and to come. The protests begin. More battles, more protests. They spread, the Arab Spring begins to unfold. But with each battle come the familiar false promises, distortions, played hopes. The spectacle continues to wear the cloth of night – has all the earmarks you’d expect of tyrants who have just had their contract renewed and now set about exercising its terms, sowing their seeds of destruction in ever widening circles. The Arab Spring is in full swing, but indistinguishable from so many revolutions before. Those who hold power have all the power they need to crush it before it has barely gotten to its feet. I wait some more.

Adbuster posts a notice online. “Occupy Wall Street” is just another faceless name in the sea of names being checked and disappeared by the Boyz, almost as soon as they appear. The charade continues, the ruling class stage false-flag events. Dog&pony shows sprout everywhere, from Congress to the local dog-catcher. I have given up trying to preserve the last large urban public commons in California. I hardly glance at the news on the Sacramento ruling class’s latest sports-palace toy they intend line their pockets with, or the medley of lies their mindless cheering sections in purple shirts yelling “Go Kings” parade around town. How apt, “The Sacramento Kings.” Do they mean the team, or the City Council? The only thing that appears to be spreading is the verge of collapse. That and the looming thousand years of sorrow sure to follow. There is little reason to wait anymore. A few more groups join up, a strategy session is held. Typical sound and fury. I have been stood up and I know it.

September 17th. More of the same, a thousand people arrive at Wall Street and take up their positions in Zuccotti Park. 99% stickers begin to appear. Nothing the Boyz can’t handle. No cause for hope, it will go on this way until I die. It will go on for another thousand years. The end of my life will be a consolation. At least I won’t have to watch this spectacle of horrors after I’m dead. It will just have to proceed without me to witness it.

Sept. 18th. Sept. 21st. Sept... I begin to notice what the media is doing with these events. Most are ignoring it in the weeks after the Zuccotti occupation begins. My local paper, the Sacramento Bee will almost entirely ignore it or bury it, well-spinned, on the back pages of an inside section; just as they have always done with anything outside the marriage bed they share with the 1%. Just as they continue to do, at the moment of writing these lines. Still, a few papers are taking the effort to report and dismiss it as a bunch of hippies and some “anarchist types”. I am turning to the live online videos of the action. I watch, I listen. I stop waiting...

The media that is covering the spectacle has little to base their selective assessments on. It is not a bunch of hippies and anarchists (at least not for the reasons the press would employ such usage), and it is growing by the hour; spreading by the day and by the week.

Keith Olbermann notices the same thing I do and begins to publicly ask why? I’m alert now. The

waiting is finished. When the media ignore, they are just exercising their First Amendment right to be biased. But, when they misreport, spin, or try to convert reality into what they say it is, you can be sure something else is going on. We have transited from the “ignore stage” to the “laugh stage”. Ridicule, sarcasm and dismissal replace silence as the weapons of choice. When that happens, you can be certain they are scared of something. That, or their masters are scared and have called down to change the game plan. Either way, the next stage has been broached and it is not the same game anymore.

The “laugh stage” has not quite ended yet. The skirmishes at the occupy zones are still just that, skirmishes. But as surely as Yeats identified the beast and where it was headed, the occupation of America is no side-show in the knots of darkness that the 1% planned to tie us up with for the next millennium or so.

I think back to Mr. Bouazizi and his vegetable cart. He no longer appears as simply one more tragic casualty of the long night. In retrospect, he appears more as the first candle lit to help find our way out of this nightmare and wake up. He seems like a candle set at the table so we can look over the new contract to find the empty line awaiting our signature. It was a long tick of the millennial clock, nearly 23,497,200 seconds of ordinary time from December 19,2010, when Mr. Bouazizi set himself on fire in protest and despair, to September 17, when the first thousand occupiers arrived in Zuccotti Park and it began to dawn on me that the contract for renewal might not have been signed; might still be up for bid.

Less than a month after that, when Occupy Sacramento took Cesar Chavez Park, I put a candle in my hand to join with tens of thousands of other candles across nation. What if the spigot for the drop of dark has been turned off? What if this longest night in the history of our species is about to come to a close? It may take some time to pull back the curtain of that Long Now, but surely, we have only to pick up our pens and raise our voices to make it so. If only our awakened imagination arrives in Bethlehem before the beast does. The second hand ticks again...

## **Those**

by Will Decker

*For The Occupiers Everywhere*

Sweet Peas, Zinnias, Seeds in the Ground  
Roses appearing,  
Daisies from last year shooting to the sky.

Green, White, Yellow  
Red, Pink, Black, Brown, and blue,

Men in the Belly of the Titanic  
Working, Sweating, Straining in Pain.  
Fire in the Furnaces,  
Stink and Noise like hell,

Moving the water around.

The ship stays straight as she sinks

So, lifeboats can go with  
Persons to the Future.

None in the belly lived.



~  
**QWEE**

~  
Qwee returns turning & turning counter-clockwise eternally Qwee

~  
Qwee is a revolutionary rebel sex power soul symbol

~  
quite contrary Qwee propose to merry merry in every country

~  
Qwee the people of the red white & blue : lavender loves to love u

~  
quintessentially Qwee we happily repeat Qwee Qwee Qwee Qwee Qwee

~  
Qwee are french-kissing Qwee are making love fucking sexy sexy Qwee

~  
question why we can't come clean Qwee got connedum but no cure or vaccine

~  
Qwee were standing on foggy gg bridge thinking of falling in love

~  
electric city over the rainbow free Qwee is the frequency

~  
dude, infinity tattooed Qwee oppa me innie umbilicly

~  
Qwee seems in between pi and pei at the pyramid in gai paris

~  
the free Qwee sign with no strayt lines was conceived in nineteen 69

~  
little man turning Qwee is the key to understanding the grand plan

~  
Qwee the people do not work for the man do not work for the machine

~  
nobel do tell bombarry Qwee gettin' married not militarried

~  
Qwee were called 2-spirits revered and married here for thousands of years

~



Qwee create peace equally free happy returns eternally Qwee

~

*Qwee.net*

## **GODDESS ADDRESS**

by G.S.

~

w for women's water  
m for muse and mama  
v for venus, vagina

~

missing women  
poets singing

~

the queen rules all chess  
be true to your muses and  
the return of the goddess

~

godspeed the return of the goddesses  
and muses who bring music and peace!

~

jesuswitch marycontrary magdalene  
the goddess says satanic reverses  
welcome the presence of goddesses

~

peace is the goddess-mothers' cups of water  
which pour out the godfathers' raging fires

~

lord of the rings got it wrong:  
it's not the return of the king  
it's the return of the queen.

~

wow  
mom

~

devi & diva:  
annie & nina  
are ninanna!

~

*poetreefree.us*

## **MASTERPIECE MASTERPEACE**

~

is peace just a word?  
real peace takes work

~

your taxes paid  
for terror atax

~

corporations  
governations

~

separation of church and state  
separate state and corporation

~

the people have the permission  
to create a new government and  
abolish any non-representative  
house senate electoral college  
republicrat debate commission.

~

do a robinhood on the corporations:  
take from the corp give to the poor  
vote by buying from local merchants  
not more more more more more more –  
reduce – reuse – recycle – restore!

~

reparations for:  
native americans  
africanamericans  
poor americans &  
foreign nations!

~

today is not presidents' day!  
today is not washington's day  
today is we-the-people's day!

~

your tired balding eagle is  
a lazy thieving scavenger –  
the powerful great grey owl  
humbly comes out at night &  
shuns a bigstar's spotlight

~

the natives used to sleep here in tipis –  
now there are tents on liberty's concrete

~

rename thanksgiving  
"give the land back  
to the natives day"

~

terrorisum  
television

~

zzztv.. abc bs nbcnend  
and fox fux the facts.

~

freedom for some is  
not freedom for all  
is not freedom from  
working for the man  
who miseducated you  
dumb dumb dumb dumb

~

poor folk,  
rich fucks  
what luck!

~

citybank -  
shittybank

~

we are gonna banksy  
the big banks, see?

~

what the empire state meant:  
the empire strikes backfires

~

excuse me – this  
is a poemergency

~

the 911 lesson is to step back  
not to step forward and attack

~

found an origami crane on the train seat  
found out what it means : peace - please

~

the twin towers double-fuck-you  
washington's monumental bigdick  
a pentagram with missing pieces  
leaves only an incomplete peace

~

our babies, cats & dogs  
are sleepy for peace...  
every enemy we befriend  
everything we do is for  
peace: p. p.. for peace

~

the secret's out  
in the all-white  
fraternity house

~

self-evident a king can't be a  
president – only a predicament

~

obama's a sham: part of their plan

he doesn't work for the people, yo  
he works for the man – for the man

~

a real leader is  
love, of & above

~

barackstar not  
no drama obama  
a good shobama  
obamarama, bro

~

aloha  
obama  
obomb  
osama  
allah  
obeya  
okeya

~

read between the pipelines  
oiligarchy is a demockery!

~

still unsafe at any speed -  
all oil bad car karma greed

~

down goes the airplane industry  
could amtrak be all it could be  
i think it can - i think it can  
- steal money from the military

~

where were u 9-11-2?  
comeplane—comeplanes  
wardeaddebtor instead  
of aviation trustfund  
and highway trustfund  
less pointless arrows  
buy the bullet trains  
crisscross wanderland  
on brand new trax and  
like post office mail  
re-fund amtrak's sail

~

warning  
warring  
warming

~

warmestworldwar4warnings  
no more water – the fire  
next time next time next

winter feels like spring  
spring feels like summer  
summer feels like hell –  
like the fall of mankind

~

you don't need a weatherman to tell the weather  
there's not time to talk about if it's whatever  
or whether we should stop war make peace before  
warming drowns us in storms to really cry about

~

hurricane nina & hurricane lorraine  
would have cleaned the white houses  
that let katrina drown new orleans.

~~

a too inconvenient truth,  
al, animal farmeating poo  
gives u more gas than co2

~

beware of war:  
war is murder!  
war is torture  
war is terror!

~

there is no safe place  
fire – no water – here & there  
i fear & i fear

~

galactic fictfact  
afghan is iraq is  
iran is – fracked

~

not so fast:  
afghasaghast

~

the mid  
east is  
u & me.

~

again in asia  
vietnamnesia!

~

the new nina simones shout –  
everybody knows about afghan  
everybody knows about iraq –  
everybody knows about iran –  
and everybody knows about us  
amerikkka goddamn – get out!

~

who who who & who

blew up amerikkka  
thistime nexttime  
amiri baraka knew  
amiri baraka know  
who who who & who  
so they fired him  
amirica – amirica  
america shamerica

~

soldiers can't save us  
they need to be saved!

~

the truth trumps troops  
the truth trumps troops

~

support our troopssports  
death athletics / game over.  
a war metaphor

~

military boy making yer body better so u  
can get blown to bits on the battlefield

~

a man with one hand left  
holding an "arm-y?" sign

~

uniformed facing war's horror  
find their own faces deformed

~

i say the harmy nay  
airfarce maryannes!

~

u can't make killing machines and bring them home  
without them attacking family on the first crack.

~

idcard  
i.e.d.  
d.i.e.  
i died  
empty.

~

patriot  
parrot!

~

liberated?  
obliterated

~

we have the weapons of mass destruction!  
we made them used them sold them to them

~

if the fist fits read my  
red and black apocolips.

~

america is not number 1  
it is just another one!

~

amerikkka is a  
serial killer!

~

unlike europe with the nazis  
we can't see what's overseas

~

a wiser fowl of another feather:  
the international great grey owl  
oversees & sings no trespassing!

~

i pledge allegiance  
to no history or state  
your name & address

~

workers get fireworks  
to forget their fight

~

"illegal immigrants"?  
i say pilgrimmigrants

~

legal immigrants are paid slave wages to  
make millions for "illegal corporations"

~

the gandhi sculpture  
skirting our history park  
towers above it

~

poly styrene dies and  
her spirit multiplies

gil-scott heron dies &  
his spirit multiplies!

~

every time they interrupt our peace –  
they'll get a hundred interruptions,  
every time a jesus gandhi king dies –  
their spirit multiplies – multiplies

~

peace is the goddess-mother's cups of water  
which pour out the godfather's raging fires

~

only one god is the meaning of odd -  
god & goddess plus allah & allat: us

~

ode to code pink thanks  
women who out-think purple  
powers that be blinked

~

i beat compewter at chess  
foxcrazylikeoutofsmallbox  
turning pawns into queens

~

all the exmen are dead  
superman won't save us  
spiderman stuck on web

~

wikileaks hacker  
geeks for peace!  
not top secret –  
anonstop secrets

~

tribes gather rainbow warriors  
two-spirits 4 genders together

~

the natives revered & married queer  
people here for thousands of years

~

about the homeless  
bring them with us

~

you adopt an abandoned  
man from another land.

~

put love out &  
get love back!  
imagine – that

~

list yer employer  
un/self/unselfish

~

the declaration of interdependence – the united nations  
universal declaration of human rights sure beats a dead  
declaration of independence and constitution unamendead

~

who are you going to listen to? big banks and corporate ceo's?! or  
jesus gandhi king x marx goldman parks chavez thoreau nader hughes  
lennon lennox ono baez smith difranco sainte-marie mitchell simone

~

let go ceo !  
eco over ego

~

we are near



nader, dear

~

their terminaders shall  
be the unreasonable men  
& women like nader & me

~

the revolution will be  
u & me live in liberty

~

go under, around, over, and through the  
powers that be ~ until they fall, dizzy

~

football players running for justice  
football players defending for peace  
football players blocking the street  
football players tackling the police

~

peace &  
justice  
or bust

~

*poetreefree.us*

## **People**

by Dr. Swapan Basu

Newark, New Jersey

*Rhyming Poets International*

*Meetup.com/Rhyming-Poets*

|                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------|---|
| People's anger burns in a fury         | 1 |
| They have no job, shelter or food      | 2 |
| Complaining in futile to all deaf ears | 3 |
| But nobody is paying any attention     | 4 |
| They gather, march and yell in vain    | 5 |
| Some have children but no healthcare   | 6 |

|                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------|---|
| Govt. is not providing free healthcare | 6 |
| What can they do but shout in fury     | 1 |
| Protesting to the CEOs is total vain   | 5 |
| Hoping to get back jobs to buy food    | 2 |
| Will the lawmakers pay any attention?  | 4 |
| They are only shouting to deaf ears    | 3 |

|                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| They beat drums to the deaf ears     | 3 |
| Crippling disease without healthcare | 6 |
| Some may die. Please pay attention   | 4 |
| Excruciating pain burns in fury      | 1 |
| Few kind friends bring some food     | 2 |

|                                                |   |
|------------------------------------------------|---|
| Still how long will they cry in vain?          | 5 |
| Will their movement fail in vain?              | 5 |
| Could they at all open deaf ears?              | 3 |
| Will every day they get any food?              | 2 |
| Spends on wars but not on healthcare           | 6 |
| Space crafts burn fuels in hot fury            | 1 |
| To find water NASA pays much attention         | 4 |
|                                                |   |
| The hungry jobless people gets no attention    | 4 |
| Billions of war dollars were spent in vain     | 5 |
| In growing debts students burn in fury         | 1 |
| CEOs steal millions and have deaf ears         | 3 |
| We will be penalized if not buy healthcare     | 6 |
| They travel in personal jets, enjoy good food  | 2 |
|                                                |   |
| People have no money to buy little food        | 2 |
| Politicians want votes but pay no attention    | 4 |
| Even if we cry in pain, without healthcare     | 6 |
| With no interest, money in banks, stay in vain | 5 |
| Complains about high fees go to deaf ears      | 3 |
| Pepper spray burns student's eyes in fury      | 1 |
|                                                |   |
| Revolutions were led by people without food    | 2 |
| To prevent destruction now pay attention       | 4 |
| End capitalism to improve social healthcare    | 6 |

### **Prices – Ghazal**

by Dr. Swapan Basu

Newark, NJ USA

7<sup>th</sup> Feb 2012

Two ounces less but twenty cents more  
As people lose jobs, all the prices soar.

Cannot buy milk or bread. Cannot buy rice  
The people lose jobs but the prices soar.

The baby cries aloud. Tired mothers do hear  
But their men lost jobs and the prices soar.

The numbers spin higher at the gasoline meter  
To go to work we must buy though prices soar

Rich folks know the loopholes and pay less tax  
Swapan doesn't so pays more, as the prices soar

### **Cries – A Ghazal**

by Dr. Swapan Basu  
Founder & Chairman of  
Rhyming Poets International  
Meetup.com/Rhyming-Poets  
Newark, NJ USA  
26<sup>th</sup> Dec 2011

The Children of Earth! Oh My Dear!  
The beating drums, can you hear?

People revolting against oppressions  
The shouts and slogans, do you hear?

People without power, is it called democracy?  
Poverty ridden, they cry in vain, do you hear?

They want jobs, food, medicine and a shelter  
The 99% of all people shouts, but do they hear?

They live in luxury; promise false to get our votes  
Swapan pleads the rich to help but do they care?

**from Symphony No. 2**  
by Emily Carlson

*present the present the present tense.*  
-Julie Granum

L e b a n o n , J u l y 2 0 0 6

How could I convince her I was okay when by all accounts borders, checkpoints inside vastness  
even, there I felt shaky to go far, to touch perimeters, cool walls in my room or to sit in the  
middle would be a better plan

Soldiers lift the lighter of us colors of our papers designating citizen status over rings of razor  
wire surrounds us cattle-like closer to the sea sputtering figurative speech walks upright into  
disaster sad hamburger mouth commands Form a line every several minutes another from  
another point to the warship bombardment intensified we left Ahmed a small dot waving

Out steps the lone bride You've made a shitpile of my dignity who says that and is allowed to  
board where do we store all this ruin the bride asks me to say she's with me I raise my yellow slip  
the 1's circled I'm told means *alone* who gets to say shitpile at first we'd let news on all day  
Ahmed remember how we loved Fashion tv on mute a woman from the embassy plugs my name  
into computers plugged into sand

Look at us we keep fainting at one point tents unfolded copper packages heat when shaken  
marines ate in shifts by four we hadn't eaten since sweet tea daybreak uncalculated how many  
by how long evacuation supplies that we too hunger I kept hearing I should have stayed in the

house in tremendous sun soldiers shouted shuffled muttered terrorist but someone said we are hungry as in miracles they handed us food more than that we became like them human with our hunger

What can I call what transported one way of producing, meaning to, another refugee on a cot at the closed fairgrounds for bystanders worldwide and not as I'd dreamed a rodeo, star the closing bars of Haydn's 94<sup>th</sup> played beyond its bars obscuring how many days since breakfast handouts, I think, as apology she said, and you should not leave this part out, We're not used to dealing with refugees, a word I enter again, into my dictionary to find language fractures to say

**[from Garden City Sleepover]**  
by Sten Carlson

Her too-short entry into the novel  
Exhaustion which tended the engine  
and searched the cloud of lovers and

hours who in their way crave  
density and need direction  
spilled a little and dispersed, but oh

folded into the numbers  
that make them move. Reading too much  
impedes action. This man loves me

this woman loves me, what a blessing  
and so forth. "Bending Leaf" they use to call  
her, "Your genitals were disciplined

at birth, there is no question  
the organization of the tribe  
written in self-canceling code

its breathing will now supplant your own."

**Occupy**  
by Darrel Alejandro Holnes

I came out of the subway at Wall Street  
and there were people standing together  
as if they knew something I didn't.  
Birds have abandoned this city  
and few trees remain, so people paint the faces  
of roses and cherub cheeks  
on garbage pales, stop signs, and scrolling marquees;  
forces of nature whirling  
this paved plot into a park

of hatchlings and brokenness,  
of abandoned homesteads and exiles,  
of vultures, egg shells, and used rubbers,  
part nursery, part Gomorrah, part graveyard.  
Their green thumbs mine the earth's foundation  
for brass and barbed wire crowns;  
a naked god nailed to plastic,  
dreams deferred and somehow rusted.  
An old homeless man holds a sign saying  
he's been here since the final judgment.  
Christ, or somebody with stigmata came yesterday  
but the world is still far from salvation.  
Goethe wrote, none are more hopeless  
than those who believe they are free,  
and lamp posts are the new apple trees.  
They invite me to come here, take a bite, come now,  
taste the light, and say, nothing is forbidden any longer.  
I oblige and begin to see their freedom—  
a soft beam burns my tongue,  
incenses its sweet and savory buds,  
hot city soup to nourish our nighttime.  
This dream of ours woven together by imagination,  
sending bombs, and men, and jobs abroad,  
#winning wars by dancing to the tightened carcass of a drum.  
banks got bailed out, we got sold out and can't pretend any longer,  
this must stop for the nightmares to end.  
Pass the peace pipe on the last drum rhythm.  
Nomads are wandering the woods.  
Look there! A man in a monkey suit is eating his briefcase.  
Walcott wrote, the violence of beast on beast is natural law  
but upright man seeks divinity by inflicting pain.  
Perhaps we are all born wild and some remain so; such is life.  
But if all we are is truly animal, if all we are is prey,  
then there's no brushing our mouths clean  
when words as false as candy for fruit decay our teeth;  
no hope for proper smiles, no hope for any infants teething  
though the baby was just bouncing on your knee,  
though my baby was just crying,  
climbing out his bassinet towards twinkling stars  
but falling out onto a bed of dirt and clay soft enough  
to line a casket. Now his pudgy limb has gone plump limp  
and his bawl has been stifled to a throaty rattle  
as he loses his ability to swallow. Neruda asked  
if there is anything in the world sadder  
than a child's interment in the rain.  
An echo: Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.  
I pull the trigger but allegiance refuses falling out,  
I aim for faith yet sharply strike doubt,  
a pull in the pounding echoing into my chest,

the unstoppable machine gun pulse shooting  
more life into my body, prayer into flesh despite  
my best efforts to kill myself. These are the bleached regrets  
of a young man's memoir - page turn -  
life in loans - page turn - infanticide,  
crib death because someone left baby in the corner.  
Whose credit card will pay his balance?  
There is no reason to forgive mother  
for the wrath man's brought on himself.  
A snowflake falls in autumn a bit too soon,  
global warming is a sacrilegious act,  
and now the scala naturae is far too out of wack.  
Emptiness ahead as clear and grotesque  
as a second winter season, so we better believe  
in something soon. Trees conceal their splendor in dirt.  
Despair, the root of all terrorism, curls through mud  
and mind, hardens earth and rebel, absorbs nutrients,  
steals reason, anchors even in sand  
while an immortal lighthouse slides down hillside.  
Shifting plates break so cleanly you could eat off them.  
You'd think the earth's core would be delicious  
but there is nothing there. All that digging,  
little sustenance except the bodies on bills  
and in the bible, except those debt presidents.  
Except there is more than one only way.  
Rip Van Winkle thinks this is rubbish,  
millenials gone mental, gone mondo bizarre.  
But that we're young only means  
we have the most to lose by standing idle.  
This is our cotton gin, machines are not the future,  
but like Mohammed, a testament of man's ability to find  
his own means to the mountaintop. Why else is a son sacrificed  
if not to revive a future long dead? Afterlife:  
a mute lamb, half eaten cake, youth banging to our iPods,  
building Babylon in spades. The revolution was barely even  
streamed online but despite this despair we dreamers,  
un pueblo unido hemos decidido no ser vencido  
more than all the rows of dwellings ever built,  
too big to fail, rise from baptismal smoke where yes  
there was fire, and a garden, handmade, now cleared,  
though its seeds have dispersed and broken root around the world.  
Eia for joy! Eia for the bridge between starshine and clay!  
For trees! Come celebrate that everyday something  
has tried to kill me and failed, said Lucille, and I too  
invite you to touch the palm of your hand to my body  
and praise this once mutilated world for its gentle light  
straying, then gone, but always bouncing back.

## **The Poems Interplay in Scene to Become An Acting**

by Cecil Williams

*Greenwich Village, NYC*

The colorful loud and blatant intensity of the paintings soothes the whole wall  
And purple serenades a plural pink as leaves drop from stems to slowly fall  
Wherever a kiss on an opened palm acts as a prank caller during the phone call  
While Bradley is insulated and sights a strange creature wandering in the mall  
I forfeited the night at the movies and never fell in love with Monster's Ball  
And when you parked the motorcycle out back and the girl jumped off I saw her stall.

Why should a rabbi ask a stanza for a lyrical potion in your lines of poetry  
As surely as the raw somersault on a city street makes us tend to forget  
Like an awkward syllable that floated into a vision of puffing on a cigarette  
As the contrast of Ginsberg against Walt Whitman fell into the lap of mockery

Sam's music blocks the rhythms and introduces a pride sharp and seeking joy  
And the daylight of these reunited lovers see we are afraid to befriend to begin  
As if the whereabouts of that horseplay beneath a tablecloth was meant to end  
And the incredible stints to the hearth speech are voicing a peace of an unborn boy  
Informing the universal one over and over again that musicians create but do not destroy  
Your mistress walked up to the bench of rhymes in poems as they embodied a ploy

There was a failure to approach the naked crispness in the path to indirect success  
Which turned me vague, wanton and yet forceful and grabbing a sweet caress  
Planned and coming out as if by a mythological goddess granted our happiness  
And after time ceased to pass by effortlessly I lie awake compelled to desire no less.

Slowly the driftwood on the fireplace shows up shining like the collection of a norm  
Flying like the Wright brothers and afraid that the publisher will notice others conform  
Dabbling in a cascade of flying paperwork until you answered softly we created a storm  
Forgive the living for a pregnant payment in this vast oasis at the slightest pretension  
And take the skyward notes on an argument I suggest because there is a tendency to mention

Finally we return to the seeds of distaste looking at the plentiful shelves in the library  
To work out a haven for love and romance and a wink or glance as it would be necessary  
And skid row of the nearby Bowery is cluttered and no one should visit the apothecary  
Because I refused to frequently ask for a lookout at the stakeout waiting to cut my hair  
And the silence of an ancient poetess filled the tension and frustration lingering in the air  
So like a high priestess of sobering equality I folded my hands and echoed a solemn prayer  
Asking as if ceremoniously if my white snowflakes were able to melt before one will care

Thank you so much for a fun filled day in a city and urbane delight of finding light as light  
And thanks to the world of chaos for holding me in braver arms during a feverish night  
Or should I grow afraid of the used to bes and the instead of misery that I am not uptight  
And the blow to an egotistical array of novels, and poems in genres I have seen are a fight  
So grasp vocabulary, context and character references and blind not your eyes in oversight  
And be graded like a university sophomore needing assistance for you and I reign as bright

## **Well, Of Course We Cannot Accomplish These Goals**

by Cecil Williams

*Greenwich Village, NYC*

It's going into ridiculous and I laugh at this elevated drag  
Basically reading into the situation and finding I own a new bag  
Is it absurd but with philosophy I cringe and feel it is a good gag  
Still convinced that Stella backed up the auto without a feverish brag  
Alternating in a dream state of equal flavors and leaning into a fag  
Shoplifting emotions from a crowded boulevard to buy a bid for a flag.

Final dances of the waltz ahead of a handsome and buffed hunk  
Who Billie would love to sleep in camp with on an upper bunk  
And she scoffed as if polished performances deposited costumes in a trunk  
Skipping lunch and delicious dinner to say I am filled up with burning junk

My maternal voice patterns hold back smiles, hugs, hunger and tears  
The sorrow string up teardrops in centuries that dazzle during the years  
And the walk down the side streets of the Village alleviates weird fears  
Afraid that in your basement anger are receipts that say rent is in arrears

My poor bad nerves waiver when the candle and cigar are using this to get lit  
Shakespeare concedes that a passage in a soliloquy was proving him a wit  
Liz Tayhlor reminds us that she is siren enough to establish all as another bit  
And the new rappers breathe voicing airy bliss before copies of a record hit  
And I get into a royal blue shirt and pink mini skirt to issue a cop wrote a writ  
Smiling like a charming socialite to feast eyes on a man physically strong and fit  
A pizza parlor scan lands us in a stakeout or two as we claim we eat close to none  
It is a nasal aroma meant for our pleasure if I can smell the term papers are all done  
Money went into the stage production that did answer and be significant as a run  
And we did the jerk in revelry to believe closeness might be tremendous fun  
But then the awesome interruption of a Dickens novel pulled and shot the gun  
And I'd be so pleased to stagnate in front of your pencil etchings if Pete were the one

Why do we careen so much about which guy will channel to serve as president  
And the funniest part is that a rookie is no longer in a noose we bring to be content  
I would like to get my mindset propelled into modern times but routine is what bent  
And lying on the canopied bed alone to wait for my passion is worth getting sex spent

Our least plausible affection goes to a sexy holler from a suggestive guitar  
The realness of a karaoke singer I met two weeks ago outside the local bar  
Expecting a breakup and headaches to be there to make up for a need for a scar  
Still vocalizing like a lackluster fade away done by a oneness in the camera of a star  
Can we make out on the sofa, in the park and on the premise that you kissed the car  
But take me into your fantasies and spiritual journey to promise that the trip is so far  
Though it is inevitable freedom of politics cherished and carved out near the czar  
And baking from a priced tag on a recipe book kept the love of cooking up to par.



Then the starlet required a facial to be inspirational in the interracial  
As the outset of the aging hero who was shoveling snow had time to go  
The pint of education was a prenatal sensation to spark love in the nation  
Whereas the boxer took a dive in the round to say no one is buried in the ground  
We announced the wish for the birthday to prevent moral decay and read an essay  
Nor can a rupture of solitude arrive drunk in the interlude or else we call it rude  
My radio held up to the music blend and finally you were my friend and there's no end  
Don't discuss the mix of religion because the text has a decision seen on television

Obtain the requirement necessary to comply with we do an amphitheater show  
And who would like to pull together a stringed instrument when you did not know  
So drink the champagne with a pain in the set of glasses and let it all simmer and flow  
We are violet African plants and this does not startle surfaces for a fatal blow  
Because the parade in the Village square was enough to move traffic and claim a beau  
Crying fiction in sentences that hypnotized as if we would dissect Edgar Allan Poe  
And Beth knitted to be preoccupied with a penniless objective row after deft row  
I opened another envelope if realizing that it dramatizes everyday that this is so.

### **all revolutions will be FABULOUS**

by Sara Larsen

the rents are pretender to the throne — the final post-mortem axial  
cart

smelted by heri tage

a constellation of physical cipher this did not test

dead blaze of AK-47 sulphuric drone ruination born birthmarks at intervals

to RECANT the spoils mind you , claws ensnare me via

choreography vile of

philo sophic al abstract ion around dust-proportion 'cept: the open SEA calls me

as a spell (ing)

as a syllable (us)

as an aurora (ah)

as a cliff (—

as an osmosis nadir

as a nebula of abysmal clash

### **what contraception is littl' angel going to use?**

by Sara Larsen

this circulation pranas two-ways

and the horses know who you are  
promissory dream (form-uniform)  
time-stem whose bite blips the commons commune and lead wealth

if only i could kept my snake in..... to grow my new body seven or nine years NEW  
the signs said "Richie"  
the signs said "peace crane"  
the signs said "ahead"  
the signs said "time out"  
  
the signs said "don't afraid"

**there is the letter A beyond heli cop t or**  
by Sara Larsen

there is the letter A beyond heli cop t or  
when the mayflow land ed and in stead i become poly-gaia my pelvis choked open in a  
circle what  
what  
kind of dirt o polizia sores you cannot justly be HOME you cannot be A

y ou can not be robe of promise bird entrenched embedded SLAVEGHOSTS

come back to my bod feeeeel my intestines re- or lease their s pace

what are bodies after all in relation to spiritual facts bodies HOLD TRANS elucidate  
recreate or rec reate  
what is cree ation  
is A it a gain again again plasm proto prism arouse

worker OX to carry the janes COMPOST capitalism say bucket stomp visage of hell-  
iCOP tors  
po-po on pelican avenue pelican island whose blood ingest skull egg-cracked  
HEY hunger is FREE, y'all BUCK UP

hunger is free

**The President's Poesy State of the Union Address:**  
by Red Slider  
*United States*

*Someday, the natural language of the world may be poetry. In that case:*

I bumped my head on this low hanging debt ceiling,  
looked around at the jackals nipping at my heels  
like they hadn't had a meal and were closing for the kill;  
But I knew they'd eaten plenty the last time at this table.

They had their feast of fat and muscle (blood and bone as well);  
they gorged themselves at our expense, looted the pantry,  
turned on the spigots of war, bathed in the rivers  
of dollars and cents until it came time to pay the bill.

Now they yell and scream about the debt and the lean,  
while dismembering whatever is left of the carcass,  
declaring they weren't involved in this fable,  
remembering nothing of how it all started.

Though Justice be blind and the poor so much prey,  
the rest of us bought off, or scared off, or jinxed,  
The State of the Union demands end to this game;  
hunt jackal, dear people, till the species' extinct.

signed,  
President of The Sane, Just and Sustainable United States of America

**Ash**  
by Red Slider  
*United States*

We are all tired, always tired,  
sleepwalking around the edge  
of catastrophe, aroused from our dreams  
rising from the safety of our shock cocoons,  
the smoke of sleep still in our eyes, our skins  
paled under the fallen ash, we awake  
to the dim light of ruin, the ghosts  
of Vesuvius underfoot as we wonder  
at one another, reach out towards  
the lost dawn, guided by the sound  
of children we will never meet.

**Ecos**  
by Red Slider  
*United States*

Behold, Man!  
The echoes bouncing  
    off a veiled dance of stars  
  
    behind its light-polluted screen, secret, safe  
    from all alarm,  
  
    repeated through the sere



of dishonor – should I be numb? Why would I celebrate? I have a Pure Heart cutting up the words of Athena. I was disregarding the warning, the equivalent of retaining anarchy. Perhaps I am simply hardheaded, defiant even on the deathbed. My mindless narrative continued, without haste in my reconnaissance. There was a plethora of rationale, intolerance is always ineffective. Recasting my own memories groggy after trying to mimic me tethered to a chain-link fence – the lantern did not light the entire path, light streaming through the window, there is a pause then a lapse. The complications had no pretense, briefly exposed because of the wind. Emanating spirituality is the only apology I will make. I find the sequel better, the peer of mine was blind, it needed a refresh. An untrained battalion it passed without enactment, let's just commit arson. A lasting memory dissipate – blind disapproval is not mitigative, but gets pushed to the foreground – it has feeble bones. The sequence did not match prediction. Soon there would be possession. The arrangement was out of sorts, I strafed through the slime, the leaning led to broken legs. It was my buddy that knew splattering is sporadic. The enormity of thoughts needed clarification, an inversion of vision. After deciphering for a short while decoding any and all opposition, introduce the strangers, binding my self to carelessness, walking into oncoming traffic. The establishment was shabby and run-down – this prompted me to rethink academia. Walking through the desert they refused to collaborate, vanishing into mystery, as if it was an incomplete line. Flood the phonelines, just put it in the postscript. The doubts could not be incinerated. The revamped strategy was pristine, rich with ideology it was introduced – to refashion the particles. They will generate nothing except compassion! They held hands out of kinship! The encouraged monk preached irately. My notions and theories are compact, discriminating so as to avoid uncertainty. Is there a relentlessness? Accretion happened without notice, the bees swarmed. The beacon was at the center of the city, the ray was showing itself, the manner was nonchalant, although it came as a companion. I tried desperately to disinfect the tiles, revel in the outdoors. The nixed seeds could not be cultivated. An atypical call to arms, a slick disguise that could fool anyone did not receive acknowledgment. There was an accrual of variety, the inverse opportunity came and went – I left without leaving a note. I strived toward what was calm – expansion destroyed the countryside, generating cartoonish characteristics. So to dissemble it was simple, I fluttered in the air, lightning struck the same spot repeatedly, hidden in a cranny. A perplexed inclination – the charm was not lucky. Is there a way to vindicate myself? Lessening the reaction time and the facts will be accessible. Neither visual or auditory, my fetish involves silence. This produced numerous misapprehensions interrelated to the accused victim, micromanaging rather than having individuality – only afterwards was it appalling. Taintless and sought after, the city was afflicted with droughts – the act is unconvincing. Unbelievably the sloth speeded up, the team was filled with rubbernecks. An inexpensive but fanciful creation – I had little resources. I did not wish to rotate, the approaching storm crackled thunderously – it is a ringer for the supernatural. Nonviable logic was ransacked. The stranger was faceless. The schizo was tranquil. Intractable telepathy, with a small amount of obstinacy, leeching my blood. Heeding only when there was screaming – it could not be glossed over any longer. The reasoning was not as simple as once thought, rashly proclaiming many things – do not disturb me! Trumping any other manifestation, the sparkling water was purified – the hound grinded the bone. Radical because it was nonvocal. It was raining out side, and a negative portrayal persisted, a hated notion was burned in effigy – why did it need to be remade? Beholden to unequal unification, the wheel was off-balance – it is the zenith. A well-paid escort – she twirled in a sundress. Muddling that confused them, scrubbing away the evidence. The instigator had a pseudonym, controlling their allies, extracting excitement out of the lull – an untenable externality. The song had a perverseness in it, I observed unilateral dictatorship – seizing on the uncelebrated. In advance of that I ducked – I would not polish the immaculate. The counterpart to it is the actual reward – the remarks were sugarcoated. I was without a brush, it is a cruel joke – the meanderer was not

resourceful. The incentives were listed – that would serve only as a disruption. While modifying the main plot its radiance was superior to all else – the way it is rigged is ingenious – the inside view was in no way moderate, imaging a bottomless falling – the discord is an afterglow. Was I influenced by it? Trying to deduce the delusional, obscure quotes seem cultured – two words of importance: stay silent. There was a noose around my brain, violent gang, under the rug it was swept – quick to try and negate it, it erupted into a blaze – to develop a new generation I attached the child to the womb. The twilight has a sparkle to it – but is it mere dribble? Sensing trouble the pace quickened – the new recipe was zesty. Ordinarily I was scared of heights, I was casual about my opinions, freely communicating my chatter – there was a clear path for being. The light would not surrender. The stripper was inflexible, and you should not gawk – where is anything unsoiled? And disturbing the placement all the while I sat on a seesaw, pointing out that I was a stooge – it took little to enshroud it. I would scramble if I were you, to mutate is to run away, enlarged under the microscope, simply to agonize the unbacked claims. The lexicon was forged out of gold and heedless triggers sprang up, mumbling about what is manifest. And the outside chance of overwhelming a fissure was extremely painful – I had finite opportunities, a standard ephemeral mindset – therefore I gripped them tightly. With a personality that was pointed my priority was not the same. There was no way to easily paraphrase – the shine was simply not enough. My hindsight is stimulated – why not pack them in? There is no such thing as permanence, an honorable army, frail and weakened, wholesome values – a joint effort of the hypothetical. The stimulus was out of my hands, I did not promote this. The policies led to mutiny, I mean to explore the jungle – my resolve will not falter because of it. To institute it would be madness – just the opposite. Muddy after the thunderstorm what is undazzled and plain. The scenario was entirely invalid, dislocate and return at a later time. I would not go towards the flash, it could be called eerie, vile from head to toe – the flasher fled the scene. Lets go to the festival – don't forget to close the window. The best conclusion came later in the day, deforming in the hot sun. the bewildering stare was comical, the conclusion was ambiguous – the frontier had nimble itineraries. While the heartrending music played, a full-tilt melee, amplifying my concerns. Pardon me please, changelessness could be fantastic – a nameless teaching took hold – ordinarily I would think otherwise, as unreal as that may sound. An idiot called the meteor a firefly, to disturb them was to die, the colors swirled. The estimates quadrupled, the seats were not filled, the wound was gaping, gallantly penetrating my ruminations. The bathroom could not be decontaminated, communal showers sprouted mushrooms. A dateless quote, it had been established before – a minor bump in the road. Storms were sweeping through, misery was accumulating. It is a profound glimmer – factoring out the repetitive fallacies. There were zero reservations, it is my craftiness that led to this – the hub-bub made the contest prominent. I scoured my circumstances, an overcast sky laid above me – there was a recalcitrant daydream, it will remain anonymous. My excuse led to questioning, mutualism remained for a while – an inscrutable rascal. Do not curse those at fault – that it could be so aloof, equally bitter and bruised, bitter but not lewd – it was healing to receive it. That was not what was meant, the alert can not be ignored. And I began to tremble – it is an escalation of desire, the doubt could spread. Imagining that I was somewhere else, considering only the delusive – metaphysics is always nebulous, from space earth is glittering. It was not fate but coincidence, after which I would be absolved of it, but not altogether apathetic. What will render gravity useless? Disarranging my dimming light, spotless dresses on dancing women – their costume was colorful. Jumping in and out of torment, quibbling over what is perpetual – was surrounded by candles. I gave to charity impulsively – I would imagine that is smart. I could not see the sunlight – apologies followed almost every action. An unconcerning appearance wearing a talisman on the wrist, with boyish good looks – why is it considered womanish? Duplicating the original synergy, fostering splinter groups – the protesters were adamant that the graveyard enacted the curse. They faked their

worship of Satan, practicing mock sacrifices – the murder was baffling, there were several accomplices to this. The well-read could be easily initiated, chummy with positions of power, presidents, they developed few photographs – I reserved my seat. The history of it is a mess, it is apart of a series embroiled in controversy, abstruse notions. Please sweeten the deal, turn to the left, not the right. It is cronyism that led to utopian promises – the preserved documents were nonsensical. The Ideas are universal, the air is never polluted – alleviating all of my discontent. An otherworldly insurgency, the honor of it was diminished – the spin did not cease, placed amongst a throng of danger – the resilience was firm. Was I mesmerized? Impermanence is a fixed quality – they can not be eluded? It is all interlaced – an irritable and idle pineal gland. To initiate the occasion produce only what I tell you, hammering the intellectuality – I decried the absolute falsity of it. If so I thought of it as sternness, tiptoeing on the surface, and found dire, rancid, atrocious problems. The source of the development was unknown, the percussion followed shortly after, put into the middle of a jumble, but impassioned over time. It should be more animated. Cloudiness came quickly, hobnobbing and meandering rumbling because of the mutation, which did fluctuate, transfiguring between polarities. The cold air was biting. Concerning what is noticeable the colleague disagreed vehemently – in a halfhearted temperament. Any help was misperceived as absolvment – a seasonable hierarchy, you are free to think otherwise. Not worrying about my hygiene, epitomizing my love for the discernible – and my veil was a blanket. The city was sheer chaos, I did not have time to wait for a lightbulb. Cognizant but unconscious – in some ways detached. The apology was insincere, a purge was called for, an agenda was set in stone – girlish eyes flickered. But still I was listless, piercing through multiple layers. I could identify with propaganda – a picture speaks silently. To convert the once conservative, recklessly smoothing over tenderness – no one is invincible, they were my only influences. What will be the prompt? Only contributing to the collective. There is an eternal flux of layers, spawning each of the exclamations – why would it not be integrated? A thinly taken promise, striving to remain undefiled – the attempted distraction only slightly disturbed. The priest was recalcitrant, and had to rephrase the routine comment. I imported highbrow gifts of language. I left when it was snowy. A mistranslation of the text was most influential – my vision is bleary, a companion of the objective, exchanging the numbers. It was polar to expectations, I was mum after the remodeling, and got called a comrade. I licked the golden apple and bit into it – I lingered and would not vanish. Progressing from devious to downright rotten, the quarrel is over how sharp it should be. I hope they choke. At the edge of the cave is an opening to do without justification, the number of stairs was inestimable – truncated ponderings. The opportunist was denied access – the treasure was never sought after. A flawless decision. The scant rain was colorless – Aphrodite was penetrated. Hoping to feel the breeze the subliminal demands had no sound – I felt that melancholy was an aftereffect, doubling for what it was inspired by – consistency has no presence. Cerebral in my lamentation, and they fell to the ground, an outward egotism – the lagging ramification was unnerving. Nailing the wily robber once and for all, the broad shoulders blotted out the sun. after unscrambling the influx I was not striking any poses – preponderant clauses led to decay. I enjoyed reading it in reverse, primitive contemplation is everywhere, to conclude otherwise would be foolish – the string was tangled. The lemonade stand was nearby, hate is on the rise. The meadow had several wildflowers – I was beginning to penetrate the truth. There were cuts on my wrists and down my arms, it was an artful deception, lacerating those with thin skin. An esoteric text laid on the table, there was a notice of the door: smoking out imbecility – are there severe consequence? The purity of her words was undoubted. Fluorescent and golden, they sold it to the public, this will happen at an upcoming event, placed in a slot and give to Lethe. The bum was a wretch – I will not apologize. Nothing is in common, the crowd was baffled. I tried to lengthen the dialogue – the kook was in fact cunning. The lamp burnt my hands – what is so special about it? Directly negating my prior

claims, my throat was slit. The sufferings were highlighted, illuminating my happiness, kindled by my own choices, rotten fruit hung from the branches. The flies were voiceless – to cheer is to encourage clatter. The multiplication was everywhere, tolerant of the stargazers – oddly enough the street is congested, and agile in old age, while the bridge is insupportable. I remodeled the kitchen, pupils glittering from the narcotic – impulsively calling it sacred. At the center it is milky, in the outgrowth there is certitude, cleansed of disease. Apt to remember rainy mornings, replicating a netherworld. The gleam had an odd aura – how is it possible to avoid it? Swimming in sewage water an illustration done in pastels. There was calm followed by a general disorder – I did try to not acknowledge it. And the smirk of others. My ramblings were not literate, and counterfeited a great religion – it would not deodorize. They could not sway the tiding conundrum, I am fixed by joyfulness – could I modify it? The issue at hand was that of indeterminability, and it is likely they will do otherwise. My blank gaze was palliated, I illustrated possible outcomes – take a quick swing at it. An invariability was predicted, a ceaseless haranguing, but not dispassionate. Although the revamping was undesired the sunlit gem was at odds. I am slightly deranged, propagating abysmal scales, examining a mute footsoldier – quelling the optical illusion. The revulsion was quieting. It is serenity to rework it, I would not redo any of it, and indifferent to my troubles, routinely shirking responsibility. I was sitting on a treebranch – the sightseer stumbled into a lynchmob. My hair was disheveled, viewing the skyline from afar – should there be varying opinions on it? It is incredibly baffling, the confession was strenuous, uniquely nauseous – disorder shall be called peace. The illuminated had to have their way, primarily they were legendary, periodically there was a clearness, freshly cleaned and invigorated – why are you staring? Easily evaded they ceased to follow, an easy flight into inspiration – I played host for the first time, meaning so much more to me. The process was a closed one, reminiscing while in front of the gate – ordinarily it would pierce my patience, an alteration that scarred. I was observant to the customs – it is adjoined to artificiality. My vision got compressed, tormenting not just mine but yours – a permanent case of indigestion. The immediacy says nothing. The haze cleared with slimy terminology – I could not deviate from it – the crash was the finale. The rant was not logical, speechlessness took over the once extravagant, shrew when viewed with the naked eye – there was only a glint of hope. The volatility led to contraction. The lethargic was all I know. The skin was raw from scratching – by which I mean it is durable. Sadness was evident everywhere, unfailing organs fell out of my mouth, contagious because of the fright. I had a keepsake from the affliction – the slave had a whip. Unaligned yet brainy – it is a product that failed inspection. I zigzagged and fell to the floor – they thought it refractory. The stain was a mere drip of oil, it eroded straightaway. The acute gift of gab, promptly regretting the scant comment. The tenacity was unchecked – it is a disgusting growth. In the exchange they were opponents, nonexistent to perpetuity. Their hate is undying – the could easily collaborate. Clearly there was truehearted mockery – it is a repulsive mark, to an inspiring height – are you decent? OK? The closed road created a detour, enigmatic of my idiocy. With little heed for gossip. With an unforeseen culmination I had to pivot before continuing – my impact on it was negligible. This does not revolve around you, the location was my main determinant. An entangling conspiracy, brushing aside my sorrows, with wind ringing in my ears, I was given my directions in a dream. Subsuming what was once readily available – was it simply abandoned? Persistence will not pay here, only a regularity. In order to change my opinion, I was eager for analysis – I held the light close to my heart, there was a flare of knowledge, the glare was too much to stand, I was dots across the sky – the sunlight was blinding, the interconnection was shady, the glitter was scattered across my breast – there is a pretext for such behavior. My sight was foggy and thick from fires. Slushing through the indefinite, reducing my reflection – the motive was not predictable, that is too personal. Pardoning my impetuosity, almost unemotional during the event. Harkening back to the famous fable, an array of past memories. The goals were lofty –



the energy should be rechanneled. The organic items were savored. The value is inflated. The rigidity of it was well-known. The polite tourist asked no questions. I had flowers in my hair – looking out on a flux, steadily keeping pace – I could not be enchanted easily. Terror engendered cult fanaticism – will the apex ever be reached? What is the reason? It was a private and hush setting, and is uniform in its shrouding – wherefore there was commonality. I tried and tried but did not climax, conspicuous figment of inertia – the view was zooming, but a deluge of doubt arised, a nonspecific temporality – how will you fascinate them? The courage was induced by joy – it is often magical. Redressing by dragging them through the muck – I would establish that later. As I elucidated my miseries – intolerable though it was – the multiplicity could not be minimized, and the body was rife with disintegration. There is a spot of fresh air. There was little time to elucidate. There was no lightsource in the area. To absolve them would be negligent, yielding only after becoming paralyzed – pandering to the provocative. Illustrate what is before you – a plethora of convenience arose – and the minds were transformed. The disorganized effort eventually failed, and to get sidetracked was nonacceptable. The smoke is dense – I was still busy constructing it. The romantic is always likable, a fleeting prick – it whimpered then flowed up with a bang, playing towards the crescendo. My nearsightedness was a corollary, underdeveloped because of my ignorance – the advancement was not for nothing. Is it a hex? A spell? Who would dare inaugurate it? There is no stability, bordering on sheer insanity – it is hurtful to pretend it does not exist. The apparent ethics were nonexistent, there are unanimous decisions, there was circumnavigation, the outcome was not for a lack of training. This was not tolerated: insubordination – is there a better way to discern this? The field has several sheep-herders. It is in complete shambles, glazing over all which lied on the surface, simply abstracting for the sake of totalitarianism – do you meet the requirements? The car did not veer in time, an unbearable set of cackles. Like the shimmer of a great heat, phantasy was our basis – the uncivilized wanted to be high-hat – it could not be sustained for long. Catastrophe on a global scale – the planet stopped rotating. Disobedience was countered with shame, the notion was far-flung, I thought it was weird. A flow that would not cease – the chameleon was inventive – there was a lot of rationalization for it, but the layout was acidic – goggle around and flounder, the jewel of lunacy – the whole bunch fled afterwards. It is a cryptic narrative, but the guise was not fooling me. That concern is worldwide, upsetting what was carefully attained – everything was naked in the daylight. The problems are planetary, scalping the resources – there is no way to justify it, like a flock of annoying birds. Affiliating the unrelatable and teetering on detectable – their definitions were in no way coherent, merging together a fictional web. Speedy but withholding haste, it was cascading downward.

The teardrops glistened below my eyelids – I prepared myself for a revolution.

## **CONCEPTION: DIRECTOR'S CUT**

by Monica McClure

There is a way to lie there and love someone—  
For eight minutes—No less—  
    Not at the speed of standing in a kitchen—  
    Not at the speed of desire—  
The parents out—The road closed—Motels...

No telling where this will lead them next—  
What they will have—  
    (or want to keep)

No telling what they will take and marry...

Where the two lives and one light merge—  
He rolls her like the newspaper, underarm—

The story writes itself in her unwavering flesh—  
And all over her face—  
The facts are turning into pages of seasonal misgivings—

Where the carpet is brighter from the Christmas tree's shade—  
According to the plot—If the kitchen were emptied it would look like her—

Everything happens because of a drinking motion—A capsized fist in the unquenchable—  
To be repeated—Until eight minutes—

Is eighteen years of someone's life—  
Is eighteen times a father didn't —

Stand up from his leather and touch the top of your head, son—

What the lives dyed into your fabric of nothing new—  
What the ceremony took away—  
(or gave to you)  
Is the way you're showing me your childhood home...

Your light was not a freshly fueled gas tank—  
Nor her best-fitting dress—

It was a terror you quickly outgrew—A dark panic, then a door outside

I'm standing in the navel of a boy's nightmare—According to me—  
To be repeated—For eight years—No less—

'Till he forgets himself, one too many times—  
The oldest street in town—The vaporous feeling—Bags packed...

Let's line up your name in typeset—  
Your ceiling fan bats away—And all over the walls—

The ink deepens and lightens—According to the pressure—

The story is conceived by mistake, son—

What the bodies portioned out of themselves and abandoned—  
What the house insulated—  
(kept in, kept out)  
Is the way I can break into this juncture, marriageable...

No telling how much the spine can bend—  
How well it can keep—  
(or give)  
No telling how far these interpretations will go.

## **MERIDIAN HOLDS THE GUN**

by Monica McClure

How one junk car noses the one in front of it—  
the growling gone out of both.

Children the color of dust;  
or the color light assigns to dust,

telling it to dance.

What we saw in each other's shoeless numbers  
made us ill.

But that came later.

Take this black I was saying  
with a pestle to Queen's Crown and charcoal.

What were those saddles on our small heads  
when they chipped their concrete house apart

and left the bone-white parking lot.

Still we hoped to walk through our hearts,  
expecting no crossfences.

We inherited unevenly  
the properties of skin.

And the one who told us how it goes  
was Meridian, who picked up the gun.

We were horsemen with our feet braided together,  
our hands clutching the manes

of our mothers' fructose beauty,  
more numerous than cracks we'd fall into.

Take this, I was saying with the comal  
to lemon rinds and water.

If I have to lie with all of you, don't make me

regret the Saint of Expedience—

I made her a Queen's Crown.

When Meridian said what he would do to me  
when I got older

I churned a bucket of ice and rock salt  
so my mother wouldn't hear.

Their mother died.

Still we hoped to tie our brush  
to horsetails and leave no tracks

on Our Skin, Our Land, Our Mothers' Beauty!

Meridian, the day he glinted like a flagpole  
where he stood between Northside and Southside—

at the frontier of growing up— he said  
let go of your horses.

And me, made to regret the bottle I took  
to his altar of gold teeth and chromium,

as he said no, don't worry, we sell cars.

Don't worry when the gun shells trip  
you on the gravel lot where we were children.

How I'd pummeled the Queen's Crown blossoms  
as a prayer for their mother

and I would have laid with all of them to  
prevent this scene of betrayal:

Meridian patting his money, saying  
all women who love me are folded in my pocket.

Think of our similar paleness in the shade  
of our mothers' manes,

how the engines on your lawn will die  
of the sickness you sell for money,

how selling sickness is a sickness  
like growing up marked.

And me, talking to the nose of a gun,  
I asked if I could be forgiven for my skin  
  
and what I gave us to drink from the mortar.

**MOTHER'S DAY**  
by Monica McClure

This year your daughters marry white men  
at bare presbyterian altars,

descending the aisle like snowmelt,  
ineluctable thaw of woman-making.

The husband you married for looks,  
buys you perfume and goes, solitary

as the watchman, to mass: your piety his  
public charge, his distinguished duty.

This year in the beauty parlor, your hair  
is the season's hair—garnet dark tiers

to firmament—pollen soft to sweeten  
the moods of strangers and hornets.

The ranchers seeking hands have found  
some other hands, tougher

than your sons whom you keep pliant  
as paraffin, indolent and charming

at your table with honey and no news.  
The police cars have broken down

and been abandoned by their chiefs.  
Instead, they meander down to the river

like children stunned by unencumbered days.  
Summer's verdict is innocently thrown away.

This year you light yourself, a votive candle  
molded with unspeakable pleas,

and watch the melt pool shrink itself,  
vanish itself in the discreet glass tower.

When your inconceivables have lifted

fragrantly from your bones

you are free to follow your ways—  
the ways you've given to me:

the heart on your slightly crooked mouth,  
which you take your pains with,

and the dime store vanity,  
the famous antics of martyrdom.

This year is the year he leaves  
his mistress in a broken heap

of ballast and cigar butts.  
You receive his faithful gifts

through the door cracked open,  
every day love returns in histrionics,

and the roses keep themselves trimmed.  
I give you the year the photographs attest

to the fortune of fecundity,  
the family growing native and hardy

as red paintbrushes in gravel beds.

### **SPAIN COULD BE YOU!**

(A slogan on a bank facade in Poznan)  
by Howard Pflanzner

Why should Spain be here in Poland  
Is there a deep distrust of authority  
Masked by business as usual.

Poznan is prosperous  
Or seems so  
Poverty appears on a tram  
As a man playing an accordion  
With a little boy begging  
Holding a paper cup for coins  
What is poverty  
Is it only lack of money  
Or is there a sickness in our society  
With a spirit darkened by death.

## **FUCK DESPAIR**

by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson

Fuck you<sup>1</sup> for painting me in shades of scarcity  
For telling me that the creator's color palette  
was misery, struggle and derision

Fuck you for whitewashing this prismatic vision  
for priming with fear until stain held fast,  
until we'd nearly forgotten  
that our skins are merely vessels; accidental,  
iterative, cosmic tupperware party of eternal energies.  
Racism erases there  
where we are every and no color:  
where we are clear; (lucid, too).

And yes we paint our own tattoos;  
not to be confused with ornament,<sup>2</sup>  
these rubbings of sebaceous self  
refusing the cellu-social illusions  
that spread like weeds when rods and cones  
take root in epidermis.

This body has no owner,  
though consciousness may believe itself shackled there,  
just as a house may grow a face and heart  
and convincingly play a part in a life  
which wishes to define its lines and corners,  
to appoint itself with conceptual furniture  
by which to explain the function  
of each room.

This form and its appended duty were bestowed  
reactively, a hasty and impulsive buy by the cash register,  
in response to the hunger pangs  
of recombinant<sup>3</sup> matter;  
and these milk jugs which make the XY's thirst  
with jealousy and want  
just showed up in the cart  
at check out.

Fuck you  
for giving me trojan dictionaries  
full of silences,  
full of deaf and blind  
when my small body and mind was still possessed  
of infinite perception, and those visions  
that shrink<sup>4</sup> in direct ratio  
to an empirical relationship<sup>5</sup>

to time.

1Semantic dance required. Jacket and tie optional. The poet humbly concedes various complications and inadequacies of pronoun choice. {shakes head: *note: problematic; potentially obfuscating!*} Hmm. Regardless – desirous of the gravity of resonance of the classic vituperative form, in it stays. Natch, homies: you and I are the same, elementally and otherwise. The reader is not cast as addressee; rather as the poet, as the voice from which this invocation emanates. Which is to say, own it and make it yours. {Unless, of course, you are guilty of propagating these conditions, in which case the mirror has two sides. Which one is yours?}

2With all respect to Corbu, here we do have already the ultimate, original *Machine for Living In*, of which a functional abode is only ever an efficient *extension*.

3Recombinant. RE. Like, again. Like, “this has happened before, and will happen \_\_\_\_\_.” With this same matter. YES. With this SAME matter, no longer arranged in this way. Ya dig? Capische? Copasetic? Ja.

4or thrive

5or lack thereof

## TEA PARTY

by G. P. Skratz

countrycide

## The Summer They Killed the Spanish Poet

(after Philip Levine)

by Ron Kolm

It's the end of summer.  
My mother avoids the windows  
Of our suburban house.  
She opens her purse and  
Checks the contents,  
Looking for Kleenex amid the  
Clutter to blot her tears  
Because she's going  
To visit the gypsies  
Hoping they'll hook her up  
With her dead husband.

She kisses me goodbye, taking  
One last look in her purse.  
I look, too, and am astonished  
To see a tiny tableau inside—



A perfectly proportioned Garcia  
Lorca about to meet his end  
At the hands of a miniature  
Firing squad (tho' how a kid  
Like myself knows this, I'll  
Never tell). My mother  
Shuts her purse and leaves.

### **Revolution**

by Ron Kolm

Mike is in the back  
Reading Marx & Engels  
Jimmy's sitting shotgun  
Fooling with his rifle  
And me  
I'm driving –  
A pocketful of speed  
To help me stay awake.

We've got phony papers  
Stashed beneath the seat –  
Everything we need  
To see us through  
This endless night  
As we head on down  
That long white road  
Of America.

### **Major CEO: Basic Job Description**

by David S. Pointer

*Murfreesboro, TN*

The preferred candidate  
in addition to authorized  
attire must wear an  
over expression of  
innocence when answering  
questions, must wear  
collegiality and situational  
reality like a clip-on candy  
dispenser to be passed  
out to all Presidential  
administrations as well  
as communicating to them  
the need to do the same,  
must be able to secure  
supersizeasarus subsidies

before they are designated  
for the poor, must be expert  
at creating the image of  
false job creation while  
using the money to move  
overseas, must assist and  
instruct the President, senators  
and lobbyists in dismantling  
worker compensation and  
safety laws while manipulating  
legal and medical research  
while simultaneously ignoring  
the collective chemotherapeutic  
cough of the common workers.  
most of all must occupy space  
where truth and lies intersect  
on a consistent basis and like it  
while going up the backside of  
humanity like a giant grapefruit  
reamer while still playing rounds  
of golf with foreign economic  
gophers through the international  
gauntlets of diplomatic goodwill.  
All compensation and benefits  
will catapult past all experience  
or anything previously imagined.

**Basic Peace Plan**  
by David S. Pointer  
*Murfreesboro, TN*

Burst top banking  
erupts not as an  
idle volcano, but  
as an active friend  
oozing collegiality  
into woozy lands  
brimmed by poverty  
coughing the dusty  
past days of decaying  
centuries frail with  
invaders, investors,  
and others waving a  
vast welcome under  
the cool crush of  
the ongoing smile

### **Bootstrappin'**

by David S. Pointer  
*Murfreesboro, TN*

Shaking hands with  
the technological  
talons attached to  
the military industrial  
complex—you've  
got a spinal column  
forged on project  
bricks-the Presidency  
seems out of reach  
even though teachers  
told you otherwise,  
but platoon 1057  
has a place for you,  
and upon return  
upwardly mobile  
society does not

### **Financial Sentry Duty**

by David S. Pointer  
*Murfreesboro, TN*

Computerized Bankers/Accountants

Asleep on Exhausted Faith's foldout couch

Recruiting worldwide walking dictionaries to the data base  
Recruiting alphanumeric code stalkers from the classroom  
Recruiting money supply stock broker bologineers

Camo up the international currency

Eyes on the exposed principal  
Ears on the unnoticed interest  
Mitts on the extra—always

Ammo down the enemies intelligence

Low crawl over large and little economies  
Carrying a sniper log book

Is there a natural fluctuation to economic extremism  
Is there a more sustainable economic exploitation  
Is reality a wastewater to be treated by fountain coins

The Financial Ministers of Death need to know to grow

**Wall Street-Washington**

by David S. Pointer

*Murfreesboro, TN*

The superiority complex  
Housing sustainable  
Economic exploitation  
Is leaking energy like a  
Scavenger gas as  
Wall Street appoints  
Timothy Geithner for  
Bank-to-bank resuscitation  
And nobody clears  
Poverty's airway  
Just the pockets  
Of the global poor

**Solidarity**

by Erric Emerson

On November 15<sup>th</sup>, at one in the morning, at Liberty Park  
They came like thieves and cowards  
The dark blue like collected shadows  
An army of the law

They came at our hour most dire  
When we sang songs and read poems  
Shared stories and lent a hand  
When it was colder than it was when we started

They came bearing the words of a billionaire  
Echoing his friends and buddies on wall street  
The drums roared, the people's voice we're heard  
But *they* watched down on us and waited

They came from behind the blue code of silence  
While the brothers and sisters wait for Scott Olsen  
While Denver is ravaged and Oakland taken  
Two months, two days away, too late

They came with bulldozers and helicopters  
They closed Brooklyn bridge and the subways  
They shouted on bullhorns  
"The city has determined...The city has determined"

They came in riot gear, bearing shields and batons  
Wielding pepper spray and zip cuffs  
Resounding in our ears was the sound cannon  
Burning in our eyes was the tear gas

They forced the 99% to retreat in numbers over 500  
To Foley Square. They destroyed the OWS library  
5000 books thrown into dumpsters  
Along with all that belonged to us

They approached us as we linked arms together singing  
"We Shall Overcome"  
As we strapped ourselves to trees with bike chains  
As we stood in solidarity

They surrounded us as we barricaded Liberty Square kitchen  
Using wooded boards we slept on and signs we carried  
The last 99 of Occupy Wall street stood together  
In the seconds before we we're beaten, battered, and arrested

We came on September 17<sup>th</sup> to Zuccotti park  
1,000 strong calling out to America  
"Mic check, Mic check"  
"We are here to Occupy, and reoccupy"

**Iskra, Garibaldi, and the Barbary Coast**  
by Jesse S. Mitchell

So settle down Sugarcube, this is the Barbary Coast  
Just keep still and we will keep moving...  
Got a helicopter chained to the sky  
Beating out a rhythm with its dragonfly-rotors  
Beating the air like heat, beating the air like heat...  
Swimming like a snake.

Sword and Skeleton  
So just calm down, sweetheart, as we continue to coast.  
This is the war virus of the future...  
This is the race back home...  
Hope you make it there first...

This is the war for the end of the planet Earth.  
Last night  
Last night  
Last night on Earth...  
Last night night on the edge of the world.

Iskra  
Iskra  
Iskra spark

We took the stars from the sky  
Stars from the sky  
Bones, like bones of the gods  
They burned our fingers as we piled them, we piled them up.  
I touched the fire to my lips and the magic became speech. The sound became speech. I kept  
the heat under my tongue.  
Sublingual.  
I kept the secret there.  
Ladders ladders and steps back up

We took the bones of the gods, like stars in the sky  
Vargas and Pinochet ground them into dust  
Thatcher and Reagan ground them into dust  
Turned them into dust  
and  
bombed bombed bombed  
and  
Hid our dust in the desert (God Knows what they have done to us),  
mixed it with the sands,  
Hid our bones (God Knows what they do to us)...  
And we are here to take them back.  
They sent us here to find our bones,  
Dry dry bones  
Arise. (God knows what they will do with us)...

This is the war for the end of the planet Earth.  
Last night  
Last night  
Last night on Earth...  
Last night night on the edge of the world.

Voices rattle like the guns.  
Sound comes up from the sea.  
The movement degenerates the essence  
Of things.  
So settle down Sugarcube, this is the Barbary Coast  
Just keep still and we will keep moving...

**Cold Water Sea Change**  
by Jesse S. Mitchell

Unending and bland as the day I was born  
And my mouth twice as dry,  
With withered digits, buried legs,

And two good front eyes, flat.  
But you can tell I love you by the words I say...  
Why there is no where to go but up.  
You can tell by my tone.  
You can tell by the time I spend spend spend  
With you.  
My God, look at my hands...  
Look down at my hands,  
You know, If I were a more sensitive man  
I could run around, wild, and we could fix this  
City,  
By God, it could be a paradise.  
My God, look at my hands  
And how the blood pours out,  
What is it that all this means to me?  
What is that it needs from me?  
But there I stand in the kitchen, knife in hand,  
A silly Jew, salting the beef,  
Draws out the blood,  
Degenerates the essence  
But I've said that before.  
What good it does...what good it does.  
Drawn,  
Talk about drawn,  
Thin,  
Why I can barely feel my hands and feet, up to my elbows  
Up to my knees,  
Numb...  
A phantom pain, maybe, but what good is a memory?  
My God  
My God,  
Is this really me?  
A thousand miles down,  
Alone, at the bottom of the sea?  
Is this really it,  
What does your mother tell you?  
Is this really all the bother?  
A scrap of dried cloud/cloth  
To smother out the rest?  
A dried up utopia,  
Just add water  
Brine  
Soak it over night.  
Is this really me?  
A thousand miles down,  
Alone, at the bottom of the sea?

**The Great Wyrn of the Primer Siglo Veinte**

by Jesse S. Mitchell

God Bless the new millennium,  
Everyone is dead.  
God Bless the new Messiah,  
Everyone is dead.  
God Bless all this miasma,  
Everything is gone.  
We wait outdoors, because that is where the sun will shine. They tell us the truth.  
The junk sick princesses make their rounds  
With palms pressed out  
Waiting for alms  
Searching for all those  
Fevered words we all left  
Burning in other mouths  
And lips.  
Taking blood from our sides,  
Bleeding fingertips.  
Waiting outside, from Auchwitz to Nakba day, because that is where they say the sun will shine.  
The light in our eyes, make us blind.  
But we desire intensity  
But simplicity.  
Not unlike the angels and demons  
Of heaven and hell  
Who have never known complacency.  
Bring me the last followers of the last remaining god  
Before dawn.  
Waiting perfectly still, never moving, if there is a way, the sun will shine.  
It is a perfectly big army.  
It is a perfectly proud moment.  
But we talk too much,  
Maybe too many promises.  
Bring before me the last who remain,  
Who remain faithful/faithless to  
The end.  
and  
God Bless this end.  
We will not move from this spot not ever, waiting, waiting for the sun to shine.

### **A Corporation is a Man's Best Friend**

by Juan Lamata

Unlike with a dog or toddler or even  
a mistress, you rarely  
have to clean up after your corporation.  
A little arsenic in the tap-water? Black-lung  
in the lungs of employees? Don't sweat-  
shop it, it's just a drop



of oil in the ocean. You see  
a corporation is a person, it can lie,  
cheat and even debate  
you in politics. There are many reasons  
to want a corporation, corporations are loyal  
to their owners, defensive of interests, and once  
they grow up, they practically  
run themselves. The proudest moment of many a man  
is when his corporation  
begets another corporation. Not only  
will having one make you  
rich, but when you own your own  
you'll never feel alone again. Bring it to parties,  
show it off to your friends, everyone  
love's a man with a good corporation.  
You can even have two, just  
be sure they don't meet  
in public. Me and my corporation  
like to travel, enjoy some cheap labor,  
curl up in a loophole, and if the setting is right,  
we might even frack.

**Occupy, from the Old French Occuper**  
by Juan Lamata

Or the Latin, *occupare*, which means  
to take  
over, to seize, possess  
from the intensive form  
of *captare*, from which we get *captive*  
as in Wall Street is being held *captive*  
because of its accumulation  
of wealth, a word descended from the Old  
English *weal*, as in *commonweal*, whence  
the modern *commonwealth*, itself possessed  
by Wall Street, a place deriving its name  
but not its power, from the Latin  
*vallum*, a row or line  
of stakes, apparently  
the collective form of *vallus*  
which was a pointed stick  
from the Old English  
*staca*, which can also mean  
to risk, to wager, probably  
from the Middle English *stake*, a post  
on which a wager was placed, a gamble  
a speculation, a form  
of early finance, from the Middle French

*fynaunce*, the ending  
of a settlement  
or debt, which is a thing  
owed, something  
kept, as in Wall Street  
will be kept  
in settlement,  
until the settlement  
of its debt.

**Zucotti Park:**  
**13 October 2011**  
by Frederick-Douglass Knowles II

The thud of a band drum  
discomposes a busy Broadway.  
The djembe conjoins.  
Sage unfurls.  
Sun children encircle.  
Civil *disobedients*  
dance in dissonance.

Cowbells chime  
the rhythm & rhyme  
you can't resist  
it's a f\*ckn fiesta, baby!  
Pac philosophy,  
*Ain't nuttn but a protest party*  
corporate *Waller*s  
wanna kick us out  
when our sidewalks  
sparkle brighter  
than Times Square  
no trash anywhere

Do you hear, hear  
ancestral descendants  
obeying the beat?  
Asian, African, Latin,  
Indo-European alike?

This is what you fear;  
your worst nightmare  
gathered *en masse*  
*"All day, all week,*  
*[we] occupy wall st!"*

Texas text books

will try to sanitize  
the situation  
but not this time,  
this time  
we telln it like it is

*"The whole world is watching"*  
waiting for the free world slav  
the 99%  
the majority,  
the hungry,  
the tired,  
the working poor  
the check by check  
unemployed  
underpaid  
uninsured proletariat  
to pipe up

"Mic check"  
*"-Mic check"*

"The stage is set"  
*"-The stage is set"*

"One people"  
*"-One people"*

"One planet"  
*"-One planet"*

"One race"  
*"-One race"*

"One love"  
*"-One love"*

Now give me  
my muthaf\*ckn money!

**OCCUPYING TUCSON**  
by David Ray  
2012

You are sleeping in the park  
until the cops show up

to yank you out

of your tiny pup tent

or just your sleeping bag  
in the middle of the night,

or for sleeping on the sidewalk,  
legal while they think up

a new law or twist an old one  
to forbid your lying there

as if to block some drunk  
stumbling home in moonlight.

Step four inches off that sidewalk  
toward the statue of a soldier

who fought to keep us free  
and in the saddle of our empire

and you are subject to arrest,  
a thousand dollar fine and six

months in jail for each offense.  
Are your heads made of fragile eggs?

Don't you like our policies, our wars,  
our housing closures by the banks?

Do you wear too many buttons  
objecting to polluters who only

exercise their rights? Why do you  
fret about another wasteland here

or there although we have too many  
acres not put to any use but weeds?

Why are you shaking in your boots  
over what you can never change?

**RECESSION CONFESSION:**  
by **CHRISTRAPER SINGS**  
*SF/Oakland, 2012*

I survive on  
found food

food stamps  
table-diving  
stolen sandwiches from Walgreens  
welfare  
fare evasion  
free wifi  
prostitution  
illegal tenancy  
state sanctioned therapy  
standing-room savvy  
the kindness of my friends.

### **3. FLAGGED DOWN**

by M. N. O'Brien

I elect my officials who speak of freedom,  
then they tell me how to wave my flag.  
They get exposed by what's left of the news,  
then they tell me how to wave my flag.  
The protesters agree with me,  
then they tell me how to wave my flag.  
I got fed up with all of them,  
so I burned my goddamn flag.  
They called me unamerican,  
and they all waved their flag.

### **4. SAME AS IT EVER WAS**

by M. N. O'Brien

If you see  
the world without water  
shores and mountains  
are all one in the same.

Every continent  
is only a mountain.  
There's only one earth,  
and they are just elevations.

But it is that way,  
even if you  
don't see it.  
It's all one rock.

And  
you  
claim

It's a terrible rock.

A rock  
of wicked conspiracies,  
of religion  
of money.

Or perhaps  
you claim  
just this one mountain  
is wretched.

But it's not part  
of the rock,  
the corruption  
that you hate.

And you claim  
nothing will change.  
It's the same thing,  
but not the same rock.

I disagree  
the rock can be cleaned  
because the garbage  
cannot erode the stone.

When the rock is washed clean  
it will leave  
puddles between elevations.  
Oceans between continents.

Until we can no longer see  
anything but the mountains.  
And we forget about the rock  
under the water.

And we forget  
that it's all one rock.  
But it is that way  
even if you don't believe it.

## **6. PITTSBURGH**

by M. N. O'Brien

In the cathedral of the university,  
every country has a room  
themed with their adolescence.

In Germany, there were engines.  
In Poland, there were books.  
In Japan, there were paintings.  
The door to America was locked.

Looking through the keyhole  
revealed a portrait  
of a man in black  
with a powdered white wig  
who appeared to be laughing.

#### **10. AUTOMATIC PEDESTRIANS** by M. N. O'Brien

As things fall apart to fall in place  
we remain in anticipation.  
Patrons of impatience restlessly  
awaiting ends as the past remains behind  
less real than it is, simply because it was.

We are automatic pedestrians down to our self-indulgent indexes,  
only realizing that we have given up waiting  
in line for revolution and decided to hold on  
to our beliefs, however false they may be.  
They were our pride-filled antiques and we knew  
them and renew them in incalculable  
variations of today but even digging up graves  
to redress bones in the latest fashion is nothing new.

Those who know whisper revelations to overflowing  
ears, poured out by practiced speech, shaving  
off the passionate vulgarity that might hold the key  
as our ambitions are dissolved in conversations  
that weigh the seed against the stone  
before its shell begins to split and grow green  
and forsake them both for our selfish domains,  
till we ourselves are examined  
by the grass between the cracks of concrete.

The signs on the street are old and rusted and have long  
since not pointed their intended directions  
causing mass rotations around the blocks.  
We have obeyed a steady, slow obedience,  
but what does resolve say of our circles  
as we ponder of crossing lines on the sidewalk  
stepping two paces per cement square,  
rolling the conversation into a rug,

grounded in the sky,  
knowing how it feels, but only while feeling it.

### **11. FREEDOM WHEEL**

by M. N. O'Brien

Isn't there a moment of bliss, where you forget  
everyone's face  
before you become afraid?

And they say  
there's a handshake on the horizon,  
if you salute the sunrise.

The threads of economies  
continue to weave—  
let's ignore it for a while,  
let it unravel before we make our phone calls.

Ignore another door trying to open,  
and suddenly I'm not so afraid.  
But now there's only closets left to close  
and no one's on the other line.

There's a wheel called freedom  
and I refuse to turn around  
to face the setting sun.  
I drive  
on and on.

No need to go off the road.  
Freedom is a wheel  
and the sun  
will turn around for me tomorrow,  
and all the doors  
will open one more time.

### **17. SIREN**

by M. N. O'Brien

It's 3:12  
in the morning and I've got traffic circles  
under my eyes.  
The people are running  
from the cops, the bulls in disguise.  
But the police weren't trying to disperse  
the riots and the fights.



They were looking for limpers  
who kicked down gravestones last night.  
When the street cleared,  
four men were hurt and the cops  
saw their vandals.  
But since five were seen,  
they shot the fifth, slowed down by sandals.

### **18. THE ECONOMIC DOWNTURN DANCE**

by M. N. O'Brien

Lose your job  
Lose your home  
Lose your savings  
Lose your voice  
Not by shouting  
But in silence

### **20. FUSE**

by M. N. O'Brien

I remember a protest in the Midwest  
against a war in the Mideast.  
In downtown Chicago,  
our flag was being burned.  
The stars and stripes went up in smoke  
to the roof of the world.  
It burned like a fuse.

A teenager with an anarchy scarf  
and a painted face, pounded his drum.  
A veteran in uniform looked sick to his stomach  
and turned away with watery eyes.  
A sergeant on horseback came out of the ranks,  
dumped a bucket on the embers, and said  
"No fires, son."

All the long faces headed  
back to their stables  
without another beat of the drum.  
On a rural street in the Mideast,  
a fuse just blew up a bomb.

### **Frustration with Humanity**

by Samantha Torres

What is wrong with us? Every child has is right, every adult has it wrong.  
Why cant we all just get along? Its so simple, as most answers are  
I learned long ago, anger is so exhausting, so grating so consuming.  
I hate these arguments. They tear us apart.  
At dinner tables, at family gatherings, at work, along political-party-lines  
But its not all politics. Its religion too.  
The lies and contradictions lead to abuse and blind belief.

I have no answers hidden in my pockets,  
No instant solution lurking just under my hat  
and thats the beauty we think we have lost  
The gift to wonder and question and live.  
So no, I will not live trapped in that corner of the world  
Get me out get me out get me out, I said all my life

Success.

## **FALLEN**

by Phil Kirsch

What if the leaves  
had faces

when they fell

and then  
were swept away,

forgotten souls

too many  
to be mourned?

## **RETREAT**

by Phil Kirsch

Think of it, millions  
of trees on strike, you can't breathe,  
the sun beats down unfiltered  
through bare wood in August.

The strike is on,  
we can no longer segregate  
fish from fowl from the living grass,  
the hovering bee from we

who eat the meat

the slaughter feasts on.  
Whatever our diet we feed  
our children to slaughter

in a world starved  
for rights and recognition, divided  
more by creed than distance;  
at home we blame man or god

or god's other creatures.  
All life is holy, not animals only  
or those that speak, or speak like us  
or mimic our own kind.

Think of it, all of us,  
all six and one half billion on retreat,  
shipped away to somewhere else,  
to be returned when we are worthy.

### **CITIZENS FOR WHAT IS NOT** by Phil Kirsch

The curve of the universe  
tends toward repetition;  
a chorus line of what we do each day  
stretches across the planet  
like identical postage stamps in a sheet,  
accumulating power in duplication,  
one by one by one.

Whatever holds sway strains the balance;  
fashion weighs too heavily  
not to be a burden.

Solely for this reason have I changed my name  
for the sake of change, walk strangely,  
sleep in the day, dress against weather;  
only to relieve pressure in the crust of routine  
have we organized, but loosely,  
an underground parade  
marching by design in chaos.

Look for us where you least expect us,  
we fissures in the body politic, we wrong-way  
runners, we opposites attracting the future.

### **A Few Dead Republican Girls**

by rose drew  
© 2012

That's what it'll come to,  
after Roe v Wade  
is overturned completely:  
a few botched abortions  
a few dead daughters (the more beautiful the better);  
golden children of rich Republicans  
trapped by their parents plans.

But not tooooo rich,  
a platinum card buys a lot of doctoring;  
a private jet can fly someone anywhere—  
to France, say, where Gramma goes  
for Alzheimer's stem cell therapy,  
or Switzerland,  
where the Old Man himself  
is said to travel for Parkinson's.

Just rich enough;  
just loved enough,  
a female Isaac whose Abraham dad becomes appalled,  
stricken by grief,  
repents.

Already, multiple States have multiple laws  
outlawing choice,  
stayed only by reluctant Federal hands:

hands now untied, fists curled  
to demand Obedience,  
slamming blows on shameless sluts across the world,  
to send them, weeping,  
into the compassionate arms of their Savior.....  
.....Well, that's the plan.

Like bowls of colorful condoms now removed from college halls  
so sexed up kids can just shower in cold water  
and tough it out, dammit;

like scrips for The Pill unfilled  
by ethically compromised pharmacists  
who shouldn't bring Religion to work in their lunchpail;

like *Pledges* and *Promises of Chastity*  
sworn before dad in the livingroom  
yet forgotten by the bike shed;

like all plans to legislate human sexuality,  
and yet forget that humans are involved—

this plan will ultimately fail,  
fall victim to too many victims,  
an overturn doomed to being overturned.

And except for those  
unfortunate daughters,  
who find themselves in bad circumstance,  
with no medical help,  
no legal recourse,

in a decade or two of the dying  
things will go back to what they were.

All it takes are a few  
dead  
Republican girls:

woe be to them.

**Temporary Safety**  
**(CT Democratic Primary March 2004)**  
by rose drew

Previously published in *Temporary Safety* (2011), by rose drew. Fighting Cock Press, York, UK.

"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety  
deserve neither liberty nor safety."

- Benjamin Franklin, Historical Review of Pennsylvania, 1759.

I voted today, a contested primary,  
from among those detesting this current tyranny,  
for those of us with no voice or pulpit or news magazine  
who remain silenced by power and by fear.

I watched today, as my neighbor was  
torn apart, possessions removed, garbage seized,  
perched on a hard little kitchen stool for hours:  
unwarranted, unarrested, uncounseled, bullied by questions,  
alone in what had been her privacy,  
alone, but only in soul and compassion,  
a dozen officers from a dozen agencies roaming her home,  
pawing her underwear drawer, forbidding the bathroom door  
be closed when she went.

I voted today  
I watched today

and I stayed away  
praying only for temporary safety and an unnoticed life.

*For a one-time neighbor. She had dated the wrong guy. When it fell apart, he sought revenge  
with a little legal mayhem.*

*This is why we vote.*

### **HOW WILL I FIND YOU?**

by Thomas Devaney

I AM WEARING A RED HAT SHE SAID.

I SAID OK—I'LL LOOK FOR YOU.

EACH RED HAT I SAW I SAW YOU.

THOSE HATS STOPPED ME.

AND MORE RED HATS.

YOU TEXTED I'M LATE.

YOU TEXTED I'M HERE NOW.

IT WAS WET, BUT NOT RAINING.

I AM HERE, I'M *HERE* YOU SAID.

STILL I COULDN'T SEE YOU.

A MAN TOLD ME TO GET JOB, YOU SAID.

AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?

JOBS COME AND GO BUT I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO,

THE WORK WE ARE IN.

IT IS GREAT AND IT IS REAL.

BUT IS IT ENOUGH?

YES IT IS.

BUT NO, IT ISN'T.

ENOUGH, ENOUGH.

YES, ENOUGH.

AND THEN ENOUGH, ENOUGH

COMING DOWN THE STREET.

## **THE SYSTEM**

by A.D. Winans

Politicians who run on change  
and give us chump change

A system where the young drown  
in loan debt

A system where half the Congress  
Are millionaires  
Protecting their millionaire brothers

Manufacturing dead  
Workers unemployed or forced to work  
at low paying jobs  
that cannot sustain a family

Men and women  
Who have worked half their lives  
Laid off  
Given a two-week severance check

A Supreme Court of politicians  
Dressed in black robes  
who declare corporations  
an Individual  
And money  
The 21<sup>st</sup> Century God

A system that fears voices of dissent  
A system that stifles peaceful demonstrations  
A system where pepper spray and tear gas  
Are used on protestors  
Like bug spray on weeds

Tear gas and clubs remind me of the 60s  
The Vietnam protests the Chicago brutality  
If you learn anything from history  
you have learned nothing

You speak of the sin of our national debt  
But the real sin is the homeless  
Gay bashing wall street criminals  
Greedy bankers and politicians  
Bought by lobbyists

As we build more prisons  
To discourage revolution  
While cutting back  
On food stamps for the poor  
In order to give the rich  
More tax breaks

Right wing radio calls the protestors  
Hippie scum  
When all they are doing  
is crying out for economic justice  
in a failed system

I worked the better part of my life,  
But I can no longer pledge allegiance  
to the flag of the U.S.  
And everything it no longer stands for

I will not bow down to corporate America  
And the tea party  
I cannot accept your moral bankruptcy  
Your greenback God  
Buying and selling human lives

on the stock market exchange  
Where Ka-ching Ka-ching  
Has become the new National Anthem.

America  
We protestors are not your enemy  
We are your conscience  
You have become one big insane asylum  
Run by right wing extremists  
Your manic-depressive innkeepers  
Waging war on the masses  
A war this time  
You cannot  
And will not  
Win

***Bridgin'***  
by Zigi Lowenberg



Bridgin's *hot*  
Artists running wild  
along the colorwheel  
forging bridges,  
of trust and stee

Bridgin's *cool*  
Dancers forming brigades  
with furious feet  
Crumbling borders,  
crossing the street

Bridgin's *warm*  
Watching babies play  
Bridgin' in their yards  
tumbling and giggling  
over sand and monkeybars

Bridgin's *boiling*  
Musicians molding mettle  
fathoming our architectural vision  
Spanning possibilities,  
Improvising with precision...

*(Instrumental solos)*

*Bridgin's alliance building*  
*Lions building*  
*alliance building like lions building*  
*Bridges...*

Roaring voices  
Jammin' chords and beats  
shattering static images

**WE ARE THE LIONS**  
Brandishing our manes  
fiercely playing for our lives  
together...

*Bridgin's alliance building*  
*Lions building*  
*alliance building like lions building*  
*Lions building,*

*Lunging into the future*

*Bridgin'...*

**MAY BE!**

**Chorus for Inquisitive Occupiers**

by Rodrigo Toscano

Does Occupy exceed Occupy as an Occupation?

Does Occupy need Occupy to Occupy?

Can Occupy Occupy without Occupy?

Does Occupy need to get De-Occupied to Re-Occupy?

Will De-Occupy need to get Re-Occupied to Occupy?

Will Re-Occupy need Occupy in anyway at all?

Were there poetic acts that came *before* Occupy that were mainly of Occupy?

Are there now poetic acts or critical projects about Occupy that contain nothing of the *stuff* of Occupy?

Will there be poetic acts that fall between the cracks of Occupy, De-Occupy, and Re-Occupy, but that are still Occupational?

Has Occupy already caused fissures in genres not yet fully existing?

Has Occupy called forth cadres of cultural managers in advance of genres not yet fully existing?

Is Occupy a genre?

Is genre a cultural worker of the future not fully existing in need of Occupation?

Is genre a cultural worker of the future not fully existing in need of De-Occupation?

Is cultural manager a nice way of saying pimp daddy dog sucker fuck wad?

Can Occupy Occupy Occupy?

Is there a poetic act or critical project whose burning desire is to Occupy Everything?

Is there a poetic act or critical project whose burning desire is to De-Occupy Everything?

Is there a poetic act or critical project whose burning desire is to Re-Occupy Everything?

Is desire an Occupation?

Can Re-Occupy Occupy Re-Occupy?

What are the Occupational Hazards now of fissures in genres of the future not yet fully existing?

Are Occupational Hazards best handled through smart mitigation devices, sweeping changes in procedure, better alarm systems, personal protective equipment, or an engineering out of the Hazard?

Can De-Occupy Re-Occupy Occupy?

Is Something a little better than Nothing, though not quite Everything?

Is Nothing a little better than Everything, if Something comes out of it?

Is Everything a little better than Something, even though Nothing might come out it?

Can De-Occupy De-Occupy De-Occupy just long enough for Occupy to Re-Occupy De-Occupy?

Are the not-yet-fully-existing Communitarians the actually existing Communitarians?

What happened to Wall Street—didn't it precipitate the collapse of pimp daddy dog sucker fuck wad economy?

Is *somebody* a whole lot better than *nobody*, though not quite *everybody*?

Is *nobody* a whole lot better than *everybody*, if *somebody* gets *something* out of it?

Is *everybody* a whole better than *somebody*, even though *somebody* might not get anything out of it?

Will Occupy be a genre without an Occupation?

Does Occupy now have a pimp daddy dog sucker fuck wad "J" "O" "B"?

## **Twilight**

by Kerri LoPuzzo

Queens, NY

I express ruthlessly my inspiration.  
But twilight extinguishes my dreams.  
Elegant appreciation, burning voices, irresistible purpose, all forgotten.  
Protected like glass, it's breaking.  
Anticipated future—days, weeks, months...  
The etiquette of love is slavery.  
Buried in the colorful masquerade, the shade of gray,  
Invisible at the social carnival of humanity,  
Just a guest among leaders.  
The gospel creates elegant music,  
But inspiration extinguishes all beauty to create it's own.  
Questioning societies' bible, let's write new pages,  
Let's knock down the radical leaders,  
Victory is for the slaves.  
Peace is mine.  
We are the connection to the outside.  
The future is reproductive.  
Dreams are the lives of many but they expire at twilight.

## **Occupy all fronts**

by marz

*For: all occupiers extraordinaire on the frontlines including my extraordinary daughter, darah (a People's Library librarian), a front-liner of OWS*  
Rio Nido, CA

Who are the common folk  
of occupy wall street?  
On the frontlines?

Well, it depends on where you stand  
Because  
ows is  
symbol of  
heart of  
inspiration  
at the origin of greed

Where phoney derivatives are  
Derived  
from harm  
TO harm

To tear  
At the heart of

We the people

the common folk of ows are the hope  
for the collective voices of the oppressed  
you and me

the common people  
the foot soldiers  
sleeping on wall street  
with morning greetings  
to wall street devotee with briefcase  
*have a good stock market day*

Why the commoners  
That mass media slander  
Into  
*do nothing*  
*Lazy*  
*derelicts*  
To take the risks for the rest of us

Why occupy all fronts?  
Because  
We who agonize in sleepless nights  
With pending foreclosures  
Need to know  
We are not alone

Because of  
The nobility of fathers  
Defending their homes  
their children crying  
and Watching  
Resisting arrest  
to save their humble  
Sanctuary for their families

Because  
Youth for profit  
jailed  
In privatized juvenile centers  
their young souls driven into hopelessness  
where rare and real human contact  
is void from dawn to dawn

Because  
Immigrants  
On the auction block  
In literal cages

To feed the profit machine  
via wells fargo  
etc...

Because brain waves  
Imploding  
in Our brothers and sisters  
In solitary confinement  
Their sanity on the brink

Why occupy the fronts?  
Because justice explodes  
In our occupied conscience  
And our hearts are transported  
To the mountaintop of love  
For love is the greatest of these...

the sun don't shine  
In zucotti park  
Not directly in  
The shadows of  
Construction and greed

yet in the shadows  
of liberty plaza  
Labor pains  
For birthing justice  
Wait to be our reality

Hope is on its way  
The front-liners  
Are a beacon of light  
For the world...for you...for me

In all our grimy grubby humanity  
The common people on  
all the occupy fronts  
say *no*  
to this  
culture of death  
to its lies of fatalism

and for those of you  
who say *Get a job*  
we say *fuck your get a job* mandate  
someone has to be occupying all fronts  
for you

Why are the common folk

the ordinary extraordinary?  
Because  
We are explorers of a new just world  
And We need each other for this struggle

Why ?  
Because love is our calling card  
To the world  
And we are waiting for you....  
to stand with us

**Awaken, are you sedated— still**  
by Adrian Ernesto Cepeda  
*a poem to help support the last twenty four hours to Help Publish Our OWS Poetry Anthology!*

Please—  
pledge! support! help!  
publish your  
OWS Poetry Anthology!

twenty, twenty-  
four hours to  
go. History is  
ticking, why are  
you still thinking  
click for us  
OWS Poetry  
Anthology waiting  
to be issued—  
proclamation, epic  
odes, lyrical  
drifting, unlock  
these inside sages  
unpublished volume  
pages, calling  
ready to howl, barbaric

yawps, give a voice  
to our pen  
sword revolutionaries—  
sparking global  
poetry—immerse  
99%  
of the world  
is still watching—  
ready to uncover  
future tomes

of greatness,  
our ode movement  
is awaiting  
generous promises  
but clockworks alarm  
sirens heart, calling  
you please help  
relight donation  
spark; your  
OWS Poetry Anthology  
is waiting  
for you part.

pledge! support! help!  
publish your  
OWS Poetry Anthology!

### **Required Nutrients**

by Camillo DiMaria

*from my latest collection "Gray Music"*

04.13.12

Honing in on an indisposed metaphysics,  
the pleached eyelashes around the entrance  
of an enlivened herbarium inside my cranium  
make way for a remedial tendency:

A cobbled orb absorbs the rudimentary mingle  
of a middle finger emoticon and an accomplice  
in the commotion as a relinquished structure  
gets smacked around by the media's incarnadine  
creation that soon enough caves in on itself.

The rubble is roped off and has now become  
a public domain sculpture where you don't need  
permission to take pictures. An overhead

projection burnishes an encaustic taboo  
against a long and wide wall where we have  
no choice but to look. Turning away

to look at, perhaps, its opposite, and opposed,  
but more like black away from blue,  
a parsed bruise, or saying basically the same thing  
but ultimately a little differently, musically.

### **Man About a Dog**

by Camillo DiMaria  
*from my latest collection "Gray Music"*  
03.30.12

The acid from my hands has eaten up  
all the lettering. I got direct access  
to a circadian rhythm. Swatting a flyswatter  
with a flyswatter on the coffee table  
because it deserves it. I abandoned  
the game controller on a cushion of the sofa,  
caught in its own wire.

Ultramarine organisms are fluorescent and slowly  
motion through a photosensitive  
and monochromatic portal that specializes  
in a stylized exclusivity. Congruent bulk  
of the interior of this hallway  
that gets you to the doorway is progressive  
and obscurely vascular.

Once you get out you subsist with a fineness  
of capillaries, enlightened on, and by,  
the cackling contraption that you're trapped in. Vacate  
the openness of fields and forests  
for their antitheses; a room with four walls,  
a ceiling, and floor...and no door. You can escape  
with impact if you push

but it is better to cower here in the corner  
where you can enforce and overemphasize  
this phenomenon, this desire and reluctance  
to leave, which outweigh the resistance and pull  
to return, without intimidation factors  
to hinder your saunter along the ways.

**Happy Baby**  
by Camillo DiMaria  
*from my latest collection "Gray Music"*  
04.27.12

Underpin an ultrathin curbside inclusion  
outstretched and unaided at the outset  
of a surrounding setup sought out  
in a limited edition seclusion. It's not easy

being mortal while I'm within  
staggering distance of a treacherous curve:  
Plink, plink with each step in this picaresque



diplopia that wards yet pairs off estrogen

with testosterone. As we fall into the apple holder  
I'm supposed to tell you that I'm not sure  
of myself? The whole of what we're not allowed  
to talk about aloud is scary. We have in common

the intensity of our moral failings, projections,  
and conjectures that shatter relationships.  
I need to insert a profundity of warts  
in this piece or profane wars standing firm

against a tilted flagpole with the illusion  
of flapping valor. Picturing the visualization  
of multiple exposures to augment a carload  
at this focal length. As long as you apologize

then it makes it okay.

**A Tip For Activists (before the raid)**  
by Ted Kerr

If you stick around long enough  
moving ever so slightly on the corner  
not blocking traffic  
bridging the difference between  
invisible and everybody

you will see a confused pizza deliveryman  
balancing squat towers of pie on one hand  
scrutinizing a delivery slip with the other  
exacerbated he will find someone in a suit  
and say *where is this*

Watching you will see someone in a suit  
smirk and point to the recessed chaos  
of Liberty Park

If you stick around long enough  
you will learn how the pizza boxes came to be  
*bleeding heart liberals*  
from De Moines to Saigon  
ordering pizzas online  
sending them to the park  
sometimes to ensure everyone has something to eat  
sometimes just for the boxes  
that double as sign making material

This matters little to the deliverymen  
who regardless of the revolution  
hope in the future  
activists remember to tip

**At A Party**  
by Ted Kerr

When a balloon pops at a party,  
the fantasy that things will remain  
lively forever is lost.  
Gravity is remembered.

Your bed,  
where everyone has thrown their coats,  
aches under the burden,  
waits for you just the same,  
braced always for impact.

**Firefighter's Call**  
by Brittany Hyde

Blue lights blaze through Suffolk's dark night sky.  
Hearts beat, and rest all at once

Bunker gear and scot packs.  
One dozen minutes pressured with no mistake.

Sirens shock the silence of this small town

Smoke bounds the walls as guidance is made

Forced walls and locked doors  
open windows, left leads

leather boots, red helmets, turned charcoal inside the infernos blaze.

Stuck under? Spreaders. Cutters.

Heated glass shatters above the fire  
death seems evident, decisions are made, priorities changed.

1,000 degrees of heat forcing you out, but unwavering ambition pulls you in further.

Smoke fills into every corner around you, engine rushes water from the hand line.  
Leads are met and ladders are placed. Life is found without a trace.

**XBOX Li (o) ve**  
by Brittany Hyde

The controller is in your hands now.  
Press A and select where you want this love to go  
insert whichever game you want to play, and I will learn the rules quicker than you think  
lets be our own controllers babe, and "Kinect".  
Call of Duty is a modern warfare game, but we have our own modern "lovefare" gain.  
Our Wi-Fi signal is so strong, that our XBOX love will play on forever.

**Sun – Kissed Memories**  
By Brittany Hyde

Back at my Grandparents' the smell of the BBQ blazes and the hot  
summer breeze fills the air. The backyard is the size of a football field.  
The huge in-ground pool is the best cure to the blazing sun,  
soothing the burn from our sun-kissed skin. The dogs run throughout  
the field and the children are never far behind. Everyone is tan,  
laughing and happy.  
Once summer turns to fall and the tourists all go home,  
the leaves start to change, the tans start to fade and the reality of  
an impending winter sets in.

Hay rides and pumpkin picking create a distraction to the long months  
of bitter cold that loom ahead. We grasp onto the perfect breeze that  
surrounds our entirety – that crispness that gives you an extra bounce in  
your step and makes you feel invincible – the perfect day where you feel  
like you've never felt more alive. In this moment you can do anything, be  
anyone, and we bottle the feeling up to survive the freeze that follows.

**A Prayer for Change**  
by Jack Wells

Let us pray.

Dear Lord,  
Let us occupy Wall Street.  
Let us occupy every city  
From Athens to Zanesville,  
Let us occupy every park and every library.  
Let us occupy the hearts and minds,  
So that they may be tough.  
Because O' Lord, we have lived in a pre-occupied world  
Long enough.

**Anhedonia**  
by Bill Berkson

*"You must understand, it is difficult for me to die."  
"And it is easy for us to go on living?"  
--Bukharin/ Stalin, Plenum of the Central Committee, 1937*

Or maybe the other way around;  
I've lost the thread:  
Something about Evil Days, Evil Ways,

Business as usual,  
The kids, their schools  
And the Infernal Machine.

Difficult it is, regardless of what  
Is said or put to writing  
In the end.

Say we do as we please--tacit approval  
Of a faulty transcription, sentence  
Taken down, in a kind of rapture.

The epigraph is from the transcript of the proceedings of the plenum of the Central Committee, February 1937, as presented in William Kentridge's installation *I am not me, the horse is not mine* (at SFMoMA a year ago); a very different transcription occurs in *The Road to Terror: Stalin and the Self-Destruction of the Bolsheviks 1932-1939* by J. Arch Getty, Oleg V. Naumov and Benjamin Sher (Yale University Press, 2002).\*

Also putting in appearances here are Jean Cocteau, Curzio Malaparte, and Hannah Arendt who confided in a letter to her good friend Mary McCarthy that she had written *Eichmann in Jerusalem* "in a curious state of euphoria."

\* "At last an answer: William did indeed knowingly change the dialogue from the actual transcript. He said that he was thinking about a letter Bukharin sent from death row." (Mark Rosenthal, curator of Kentridge exhibit, in response to questions re the discrepancy. October 29, 2010.)

**The Tree of Life A Manifesto**  
By Albero Louise

Dedicato  
a

Gioel R. & H. of W.

**TREES**  
- the transition fr. the deep

root of Earth to the heavens above. 02  
our most precious element (w. H2O) is their gift  
on the physical level but on the spiritual level they  
provide us w. inspiration to ASCEND, to transmute, to open  
to the heavenly realms surrounding us. Perceived  
in vertical orientation, they are actually  
imminent, in all essence, manifest.

The  
Village functions as social  
Spectrum, providing centers of learning  
In times when learning is respected, of commerce  
When notions of the market dominate the human realm,  
& w. healing, when healing is needed by the organism,  
They thus regulate the meridians & focus  
of the village populace.

In  
Historic villages, such  
As those that encircle Mt. Amiata, the  
Aesthetics of the recent & distant past are  
Perceived, providing for those who live in these  
Mountains a focus beyond the plethora (& for the most  
Part USA imported) videos, CDs & the banality of  
The Radio waves, no longer even owned  
Or protected by the lands where  
They are perpetuated.

Here  
In the Amiata  
Region, nature dominates & her  
Sacred form is the Mt. itself. Here one  
Might expect more than in other types of regions  
Respect for Nature, especially for  
The nature of the trees.

Alas,  
For the loss  
Of cultural focus, literally  
Architectural & natural identity,  
Conferring the circumference of energetic  
Focus, symbolized & manifest by the relic, the  
old Oak, the stone table, the monumental fountains,  
Bathing not only the young in summer, but the  
Spirit of those in need of the effect of

The monument, a respite fr.  
The post-modern vacuity  
In which we are obliged to live & which  
We endure, each in his or her  
Own  
perimeter.

For  
Shame, that in Castel del Piano  
The 'Panorama' has been truncated, gone  
The shade, the benches - Sandro Cieco weeps. Gone  
The villagers gathered there, the graffiti - youth-  
ful rebellion a sign of life or hope for  
The future of the small 'paese'  
& of the planet.

The  
Cedars can not speak. Today  
(28.1.12) the exposed roots call shameful  
Attention to massacre. In a household of 3 dozen,  
Must all members be slain because 2 or 3 are sick. In 50  
Years no one has died fr. so called toxins  
In the blood like resin of the  
Grand parent  
pine.

The  
Naked open  
Space – favored by village 'planners'  
makes surveillance easy,  
Can dream evolve w/o shadow, must  
Romance seek the truly dark to bring forth  
The profound fruit of love & then  
Destroy itself for lack  
of  
shade  
You

Speak of renewal I  
Speak of massacre. The  
Historic nature of these villages (& the tourists  
They attract, so essential to the 'estivo'l  
Economy) demands dedication to  
Identity. Architecture  
Is ( & was) (sic Nazi Germany) a  
Potent form of mind control.

&  
Tell me  
What will you say next  
Year when the elders come to  
Venerios & find they have no shade  
Beneath which they  
May  
Rest

.....  
In  
Bagnore the

Spectre of the drill  
 Dominates. The percentage of  
 Cancer in the residents of Santa Fiore  
 & Bagnore itself shld. sound the alarm. Spectre  
 Of the multi nationals, fake promises of economic growth  
 Disappearance of the small local hotel, one, appropriately  
 entitled HOTEL GAIA – the appearance of a ‘heliport’  
 Over acres of land, when even the so called  
 locals understand that ‘Protezione Civile’  
 is a covert reference to  
 the Italian  
 Military  
 (of which it is a sub division)  
 Bagnore  
 Was once proud to be  
 A ‘denuclearized zone, first Bebe declared  
 The natural fountain ‘his’ - the EU followed suit &  
 The wind, air & underground waters,  
 By whose will does  
 The  
 Goddess  
 Prevail?

LLL(USA) is a poet/ musician, for many years she studied  
 DC w. the Master Namkhair Norbu, living in the  
 Miniscule village, Bagnore – whose  
 Waters in a Parisian convention, 1918, were  
 Declared the most pure in the Europe  
 Of the Era. Castel del Piano,  
 a walled mountain village, is  
 a few towns over.  
 Bagnore  
 Was known as the  
 Communist village of the  
 Area, Castel del Piano,  
 Famous, for its Castel,  
 Built in the 16th century & its  
 Chestnut trees, which provided  
 the village w. its  
 sustenance.

**The Son of Night**  
 by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

The sole Son of Night,  
 O Lamp of Day  
 Come, Come, Come

O don't delay.

Out of fright  
Night on flight  
O Lone light!  
Alight, Alight.

Kiss my eyes  
From Heaven's height  
Let me greet  
O divine light!

O Sunflower,  
Here's thy groom,  
Lily, O Lily  
Here's no room.

O saviour, O hope!  
I pray,  
Dip me in  
Thy gracious ray.

**The Hand**  
by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

The Hand that made the waxing moon  
Peering through the cloud  
The self same handmade the rainbow  
And the thunder loud.

The Hand that made a lily flower  
And a scented rose,  
The self same hand, first and foremost  
Wrote verse and prose.

The hand that made a fair maid  
To wed a buxom lad  
The self same hand made their mummy  
And their beloved dad.

The Hand that made a lunar night  
And lit the lamp of day  
That very hand, seen, unseen,  
Over land and ocean sway.



### **Funny Frogs**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

It was the month of rain  
It was a cloudy day  
Frogs were having fun  
In certain pond, away.

The head of frogs sat in a nook  
Croaking on and on,  
'O that I a buffalo had  
My troubles would be gone.

The lady frog did nod her head  
But then, she had a but  
"Who would milk, who would milk"  
Who would crack the nut.

Both of them croaked aloud  
It did not go in vain  
'The rest of them heard the word  
And like the tune of rain

Thereupon all the rest  
In sweet chorus joined  
'You and I, you and I,  
None was left behind.

### **A Clock**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

Look upon the wall to see  
What's called a clock?  
It goes tick, tick even when  
It lies under a lock.

Its hands of various size  
Short, middle and long  
Wound in time, it goes in chime  
And seldom does a wrong

Moreover it sounds alarm  
Hearing which we wake  
We get ready all too soon  
It plays no duck and drake.

Thanks to the maker of this clock  
Going tick, tick, tick  
Teaching us, Time is God  
Until it goes sick.

### **Bike**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

It's the only conveyance  
Which I most like.  
It runs and runs but not so fast  
As runs a motorbike.

Level or uneven path,  
It's sure to have its way  
Here's a ditch, and there's pitch  
We lift it as at play.

Sometime one and sometime two  
It carries us afar,  
A friend in need, a friend indeed  
In time of peace and war.

Does not make a jarring sound  
It does not give a jolt  
A pump only, not petrol pump  
So fine with ball and bolt.

Through a lane, it passes drain  
In sunshine or in rain  
It lies well, it plies well  
With iron crank and chain.

It carries load, it carries weight  
But it's not an ass  
It does make a safety ride  
For lad as well as lass

### **A Beggar**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

Here's a beggar at your door  
With begging bowl in hand  
Bare – footed and in rags

His day as dry as sand.

No, he isn't bent with age  
Poverty makes him sick  
He walks not well, he talks not well  
Ah, he is too weak.

Gets a crumb or gets none  
He curses his own fate  
Hungry comes and hungry goes  
Off the angry gate.

Laugh not at, vex him not  
Man he is, no brute,  
Be it pauper, be it prince,  
Everyone goes phut.

Let him have his dry bread,  
Let his eyes be dry  
God the father watches all  
From his blue sky.

**Loving guest**  
by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

Comely crow, comely crow  
Why you look so glad  
Have you brought happy news  
From my handsome dad?

Comely miss, comely miss  
Be not sick or sad,  
I've come just from there  
Where stays your dad.

Comely crow, comely crow  
When we would be here  
Tell me, tell me how he is  
Things foul or fair.

Sweetie, Sweetie, news is sweet  
Nothing has gone wrong  
Your dad must come, and bring a groom  
To wed you before long.

My dear bird, my dear bird  
When the day dawns

You will be my loving guest,  
I, your host for once.

### **The Sun**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

The sun is up, the day is fine,  
Winter on decline  
We to play, to sing a lay,  
We act, we sup and dine.

We are basking in the sun  
Now that chill is gone,  
In thrill of joy, in hand a toy  
We gambol in the lawn.

Water is not icy cold  
Nose now not numb,  
No longer are flowers deaf  
Bees no longer dumb.

The sun gives light from heavenly height  
He gives away his all  
How ingrate are the souls  
Who seldom on him call?

### **We each His tiny tot**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

Who teaches a bird to fly  
And fish to swim and dive,  
Who teaches a bud to bloom  
A bee to build a hive.

Who teaches a brook to flow  
A tide to rise so high  
Who lessons the wind to blow  
And trees to fructify.

Who teaches a butterfly?  
To suck nectar from flower,  
Who teaches a cloud to laugh  
And bring so sweet a shower

None, O none, it comes untried

It comes to one unsought  
God is our supreme coach  
We each His tiny tot.

### **Dish Divine**

by Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

That's a cane in master's hand  
To cane a naughtier boy  
This a cane, sweet enough,  
Sweeter than apple-pie.

Here sugarcane is grown  
Several feet in height  
Like a reed, full of joints,  
Looks hard and tight.

It does have a fringy top  
Dancing with the wind,  
Root in earth, round in bulk  
Coated with harder rind.

Two or more crushed together  
Give us honeyed juice  
From root to top, from field to farm  
Is put to varied use.

Sugar candy, sugar-cake  
We make a ball of sugar  
Mum of sweets, sweet to all  
Sweet to king and beggar.

Mother Earth is full of milk,  
Which lies buried in soil  
Don't we get dish divine  
If we truly toil.

### **A Devoted Monkey**

By Dr. Rajanand Jha  
*Darbhanga, Bihar, India*

There was a fine king,  
He was lax and lanky,  
He had at his beck and call  
His most devoted monkey.

While the king lay in bed  
The monkey sat by him,  
He moved a fan upon his face  
While he dreamt a dream.

A fly buzzed upon his nose  
The monkey tried all ways  
But the fly didn't fly  
It flung him into rage.

Too angry to play for time,  
He couldn't longer linger,  
And hurt the king on the nose,  
The fly escaped his anger.

Monkey after all a monkey,  
May be good at bludgeoning  
He has this and he has that  
But no power of reasoning.

### **Adrenaline Junkie Love**

by Zachary Kamel

Started to feel like everything was disjointed  
I knew I needed to find solace  
I hit the city,  
That's where my soul grew calm.

and yet...

Pain and fear brought us here  
Beauty enticed us to stay  
We felt awake  
Surrounded by the sleeping  
Everything before us drifted away  
We were Samurai, we lived for the day.

and yet...

They couldn't let it last  
They threw our lives in the trash  
And as they beat us  
Our hearts beat faster  
We found ourselves in each other.

Adrenaline pumps through our veins  
Quickening heartbeats sustained  
Never wanted to hold you closer

Than when our bodies were being restrained  
As we catch our breath, what remains?  
The pain.

Love on life support needs adrenaline to survive.

### **Mailbox**

IO Bonini

the broken black box  
with the rusty red flag  
hinge askew  
is my year round holiday  
tree...  
I go out each day  
and visit it  
like a greedy child  
at Christmas,  
Hoping Santa has  
left me a gift...

### **Deadly Euphemisms**

by Susy Crandall

*With credits to James Petras and his article Afghanistan: Why Civilians are Killed*  
<http://petras.lahaine.org/?p=1863>  
4/12/2012

Someone took a picture of her crushed  
against the chain link fence, trapped,  
nowhere to go but out—  
Someone took a picture of her  
crushed, dozens of people  
stacked behind her  
nowhere to go but out,  
no way through that fence—  
someone took a picture of her crushed,  
suffocating against the chain link trapped,  
the light dying in her eyes.

A soccer game.  
She'd gone with nothing  
more in her mind but fun  
and laughter, joy. A young woman,  
her whole life ahead of her.  
And this was an accident,  
a confluence of events it is possible,  
that no one person could have helped.

Times of joy are not for death  
but sometimes death comes anyway,  
uninvited in drone airplanes to Afghan weddings, remotely piloted by soldiers in Fort Huachuca,  
AZ,  
remotely piloted by soldiers with joysticks  
who never see the aftermath of what they have done, who never have to wipe  
the blood from their faces or  
look into the eyes of the children.

Others know very well what they do and  
civilian deaths are renamed "accidents,"  
"errors of war," "collateral damage," by those,  
who really mean to say, but don't mean to say,  
the truth, that the enemy IS civilian,  
that the enemy is only part-time guerrilla fighters,  
the rest of the time they are farmers,  
fathers, mothers, sons, daughters,  
indistinguishable from civilians, why?

Because they are civilians fighting for their country, their freedom, we kill them in their homes,  
their mosques, at their weddings with as many  
friends and relatives as it takes to get a promotion,  
a pension, as it takes to climb that next rung  
on the corporate ladder.

But this is not true of our young soldiers,  
they know they are trapped in a war of acquisition,  
a war for resources and access to territory,  
new imperial 'crusades,' run by imperial presidents,  
led by imperial generals and politicians  
who speak of 'terrorists' and 'al Qaeda,' the Taliban,  
words that mean nothing to the families  
sheltering their part-time resistance fighters,  
their part-time fathers, mothers, sons and daughters.

Our young soldiers know they are seen as 'alien'  
in this land of tribes and families whose  
eternal resistance would match their own  
if the circumstances were reversed.  
And while most of our soldiers start out as shiny  
hopeful new pennies some become tarnished  
and lose control, and others, so many others kill themselves, rather than live with the memories  
of so many killed.

But we kill on, killing as many as it takes  
to assuage our false sense of injury,  
an injury that we imagine came from nowhere,  
an injury we brought upon ourselves and  
avenge a million fold in two separate countries.



We label their homes “hideouts,” their trade caravans  
“guerrilla smugglers,” their family gatherings “terrorist meetings,” because we have not won  
hearts and minds,

We are imperial conquerors scapegoating  
an innocent and poor people for a self-inflicted wound,  
but really just for their stuff, their resources,  
their gold, their silver, their land based logistical capacity, but imperial conquerors cannot win  
love through death, imperial conquerors can only win hatred and resistance, and they will not,

Afghan families will not stop fighting, they will not  
stop fighting, they will never stop fighting,  
they will always be civilians fighting  
yet again to keep Afghanistan  
their own.

### **BP Oil**

by Susan Crandall

*From my writing group meeting Monday, May 24, 2010*

He splashed her singing in the sunshine as she planted her flowers, weaving some of the  
blossoms into a headdress where they wiggled as she moved in the breeze, mesmerizing,  
fascinating. He was water; she was earth multiplying and rooting seeds within her rocky, but  
friendly breast. She was a beautiful planet, a world unto herself, gliding through her paces in her  
place in the starlit universe, draped in blue, white, green and brown, innocent and unbroken. If  
only she could have stayed that way, listening to the music of the spheres praising from the heart  
of her a never ending song.

“Enumerate my children,” she cried. “So many you have never seen shaped to infinite size both  
large and small, all, all of you my children. Each giving way to the next in the dance of creation.  
And now you, my human children have wounded me in my side, poisoning my lover water and  
killing my sea children and bird children and soon, soon even yourselves in your rush to be the  
first of my children to consciously choose the hour of your own departure. You will leave me riven  
and macerated; what will be left of me when you are gone? I, I who have given you all I had in the  
miracle of my own creation and placement in this amazing universe.”

### ***Pandora's Box (Reflections on Fukushima)***

by Susan Crandall

They think they've found Atlantis  
in the mudflats of southern Spain  
near the Straits of Gibraltar

Plato knew them as the  
Pillars of Hercules

They think they've found Atlantis  
and none too soon

with the lessons that island has  
to teach us

Atlantis, a dream for many  
a symbol of technology  
outrunning the ability  
of its creators to  
control

We've got nothing like that going on now.

Technology, temptation and arrogance  
might as well call it plutonium oxide  
and ethics be damned  
for profits

Oppenheimer missed Pandora's lesson  
it is possible to create evil  
that can't be undone

I wish he'd stuck with his poetry.

We've found Atlantis just in time  
for the atom to do  
double-duty in Japan

How many hundreds of thousands the first time?  
Not just when they fell, but after

And now the reactors

Let's hope they can retighten that nut  
don't forget  
lefty loosey, righty tighty

Should I still lay claim to hope  
even if hope never  
made good it's escape  
from Pandora's box?

For us so far away  
we don't have to pretend  
the scenes are cinematic

We plod along with blinders on  
our tunnel vision focused  
on American Idol

Things don't look good.

Have you bought your potassium iodide yet  
or loaded your pantry with canned goods?  
I haven't

I feel like a Jew in Nazi Germany  
watching her neighbors  
get beaten up  
and not believing they'd ever come for me

Radiation clouds will be hard to avoid  
once the jet-stream blows them this way.

Why is it karma  
visits the twice punished?  
If Truman was around  
I'd ask him.

Karma seems to have lost its way  
in this age of Aquarius

I call upon all that's holy  
that worst case scenarios  
are error and conjecture  
if it's not too late for that

I call upon all that's holy for the Japanese  
for their safety, healing and replenishment

I call upon all that's holy for the excavations  
of the lessons of Atlantis  
to proceed apace  
in our souls

### **A Dialogue with the Spirit of Truth** by Susy Crandall

Dearest Spirit of Truth  
I feel like I used to feel  
when I realized that  
'all is not what it seems,'  
The story I created in my mind to  
escape the unbearable facts  
of my childhood.  
Spirit of truth speak to me.  
Is it true?  
Were we attacked by  
ourselves at 9/11?

Was it an inside job?  
I used to joke that  
the pentagon was  
the high seat of Satanism  
in the US.  
Otherwise, why the shape  
of a pentagon?  
A pentagram fits  
perfectly inside.  
What a joke.  
I can hear God laughing.  
So speak to me  
Spirit of Truth.  
Was it an inside job?  
Alright, let's talk about it,  
spirit replies.  
You feel it in your gut.  
You have detected  
the stinking thread  
of corruption that connects 9/11  
to what has come after.  
And it does smell of sulfur,  
the stink of fire and brimstone  
escaping from the gates of hell.  
And don't they fit the pattern,  
Cheney and Bush;  
An evil personality  
taking a weaker personality  
hostage? M. Scott Peck knew what he was talking about.  
True or not, 9/11 has been used  
to create as much evil  
as if it had been  
caused for that very purpose.  
Which of course, it was.  
So now, here are some questions for you  
asked in the spirit of truth.  
Why do you want to know? Why do you want the truth?  
I don't want to live inside a lie again.  
Been there, done that  
with Dad and Mom.  
How interesting the connection there,  
the parental role, parental abuse, parental lies  
and my country  
viewed in its parental role.  
What can you do with it? What can you do with the truth?  
For myself I can grieve it.  
I can have something to pin  
these feelings to,  
this anger and pain

I carry about the misuse  
of my son's service.  
How will knowing the truth help you?  
If we all know the truth,  
I won't feel so alone.  
I won't feel the way  
I used to feel,  
carrying the family secrets  
with no one to talk to.  
What do you think will happen if the truth comes out?  
Healing, my own and others;  
forgiveness even.  
Truth, you have always  
cleared the way for  
healing and forgiveness in me.  
How can it be so different  
at the macro, the national level?  
Those people, those poor people.  
Victims of fear and greed.  
Their families.  
And what if it doesn't?  
Denial. I don't approve of denial  
as a lifestyle choice.  
A temporary mechanism  
to lift us over a rough spot, OK.  
But not a lifelong choice.  
It's unhealthy.  
More and more unhealthy  
behaviors develop to maintain the denial.  
How much of what happened  
after 9/11 developed to maintain denial?  
We're surrounded by it.  
Climate change denial,  
overpopulation denial,  
it goes on and on.  
All I know is that this hurts.  
I struggle to find a way to live with it.  
Maybe I'm the terrible one.  
I know terrible things happened in the past  
and I kept my head down.  
Reagan and Iran contra and who knows what.  
My government has done so much harm  
in other countries for greed, for coercion.  
How silly to think it wouldn't turn on us.  
So Spirit of Truth, any other questions?  
Yes, two. Who will you choose to be  
in the face of not knowing,  
not seeing the truth come out in your lifetime?  
Who will you be if it does?

I hope to be a faithful person.  
I hope to find a way to continue  
to believe in love no matter what.  
I hope that love removes all  
that is not love from me  
so that love can clearly shine through me.  
I ask all this in the spirit of truth  
and without reservation.

### **Chung King Express vs Panda Express** by Ofelia del Corazon

I'd cane him till his thighs bled, till he called "red"  
Letting the bamboo sticks rain down  
until my own arms felt as though they would

fall

off  
until he forgot his nervous ticks, his compulsions  
Exorcisms performed on a monthly basis,  
only the demons inside were racing thoughts  
and I, the only beast, with the power to quell them

And everything is pushed up against the walls  
rope, and leather and black plastic sheeting  
because the room is dark and cluttered  
it seems smaller than it really is

"I'd like to know when you should stop doing nice things for someone."

"I really don't know the answer to that question."

"But I think it will be even more special because it will be a secret."

A tiny inscription in an outdated instruction manual  
A message for an appliance I've never had the pleasure to own

"To Occupy. For SM. With Affection"

But there isn't enough money on my metro card  
So Parker loans me five bucks  
On the bus to camp  
The bus idles behind a Mercedes Benz  
a large decal stuck to the bumper  
the stylized image of a hand grenade  
and I know that it means nothing  
nothing but that we've been living in the shadow of a war all of our lives

So that the war time analogies  
roll off our tongues  
slip from of our minds  
commit themselves to paper  
to backpacks and messenger bags  
to cars and tee shirts

And so I think about the guy's chest instead  
Thick with hair to curl your toes in  
This must be what it feels like to be rich  
to own a fur carpet  
and for everyone to want to slurp your piss through a plastic funnel

And now the small suitcase is lighter  
Stockings,  
5" heels,  
red lipstick,  
a stack of twenties,  
and a garter belt  
And now there's money  
for blankets  
and coffee  
And no one even had to shit on anyone

### **Ode to Occupy** by J.W. Horton

They said you were a dirty hippy in the street,  
And I was reminded of Jesus and whether he  
Had a bathroom to call his own.

They said you were unemployed and had nothing better to do,  
And I thought of you know who.

And they said they didn't know  
Just who you are and what you want,  
And I've been thinking just how 2 thousand years later  
People still argue about that . . .

These aliens and their police . . .

How beautiful are the tents of the people.

I think Caesar and his employees are worried about order;  
I think Caiaphas is worried about credentials;

I think it's time to go camping  
On the policeman's front lawn,

Which seems to be everywhere, in mortgage to the bank  
And is not for carpenters to sleep on.

"I am only following orders."

*The sea is his and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land*  
All else is theft.

I think the Son of God  
Will bloody well wear a hippy beard if he feels like it,

The empire is a parasite. And its temple is void.

I think someone is coming like a thief in the night,  
And the people will recognize themselves at last,  
Unrecognized as an unmasked thief  
In broad daylight, camping,  
Come to steal hearts  
From heartless people and give life  
To the obedient.

I think they said you were a dirty hippy in the street,  
And as they made it clear they knew nought of that trinity  
I had to listen

And heard the wind under the door, laughing.

Who are they?

I think they are afraid  
To find out.

**МНОГОГОЛОВАЯ ГОЛОВА**  
by Jolanta Cihanovica  
*Occupy Latvia*

многоголовая голова  
люди-правила / люди-права  
люди-роли против  
тех,  
кто не вместился,  
не смог или  
не вынес из роли смысла  
многоголосая тишина  
улица стала речью, стена -  
словами, тела – стенами.  
жизнь  
беременна переменами



## **multiheaded head**

by Jolanta Cihanovica

*Occupy Latvia*

multiheaded head  
people-rules vs people-rights  
people-roles against  
those  
who hasn't fitted in,  
couldn't or didn't find the meaning in the role.  
multivoiced silence  
the street became speech, the wall –  
words, bodies turned into walls.  
Life is  
pregnant with changes.

## **THE COMING INSURRECTION**

by The Invisible Committee

*Semiotext(e) Intervention Series I, LA 2009*

### **Image**

of myself, a young student, I sit under  
trees, reading THE REBEL, Albert Camus, reading  
Summer in Algiers, in Berkeley. Now I am in a village in  
Toscana, Castel del Piano, Eric, friend of a friend, fr. Montreal, tells me to read  
The Coming Insurrection/ I google  
the TARNAC 9.

\*

### **The**

options are lessening, I am not a political activist,  
but have not avoided arrest - the new restrictions.  
50 years, after the CIA founded  
& funded its programs,  
OPERATION PAPERCLIP  
CHAOS MONACH NAOMI MOCKINGBIRD  
MK - ULTRA

I am not untouched. Some of my friends have been  
branded & some have died,  
mentally or physically &  
by whose  
Cartesian syllable  
can we separate the two?

\*

### **THE COMING INSURRECTION`**

is mandatory reading for the planet's  
observant citizens, observant, of what? Of

respect. It is the most poetically translucent book on  
political theory & social economics, by general consent, written in decades.  
Reading it, while in retreat, recently the book functions as 'spiritual' text,  
that is, its power is beyond its subject matter – a personal dialogue  
functions on a multi leveled dynamic –  
my psyche is mirrored-  
certain questions  
addressed

\*

The book is  
anonymously attributed to  
'The Invisible Committee'  
but thought to be (principally) penned by Julien Capout,  
co founder of the influential Tikkun- (תיקון)\*  
(in France, NOT to be confused w.  
USA Tikkun:  
tikkun olam, in Hebrew to repair the world)  
who  
along w. 8  
friends lived in a small, already left leaning village  
in central France, TARNAC, reviving its grocery & cinema,  
tending its garden & tending to  
its elderly.

\*

It  
is reported that  
a certain Alain Bauer, criminologist,  
came across the book on the shelves of FINAC,  
the French equivalent of Barnes & Noble.  
It is a beautifully written text  
even in the (anonymous) translation which I read.  
Monsieur Bauer bought 40 volumes  
& promptly distributed them to the police,  
at least those among their corp concerned w.  
Internal Security -  
at this point the style of the text is  
recognized as similar to  
the aforementioned  
periodical  
(Tikkun)

\*

All  
associated w. the commune  
are sons & daughters of educational &/or medical professionals ,  
all have their university degrees.  
**THE COMING INSURRECTION**  
lands on the desk of  
MME Michelle Allian Marie,  
Minister of the Interior.

(aka)  
Homeland Security.  
\*

France  
is a country of sabotage, some 4000 are  
committed yearly, traditionally to perpetuate  
social or political change–  
a cry  
fr.

the critical mass.

Are  
the police already informed,  
via a communiqué fr. Germany,  
re: train sabotage against nuclear vehicles  
( see Ginsberg, Orlovsky & Waldman, Rocky Mountain Flats  
Boulder, Co.1978 for the time honored resistance)  
or are the implications of the German communiqué  
generally, at any rate, unrecognized by the press  
& concealed by the cops  
even more malicious ?  
\*

The TARNAC 9,  
the authors of this book,  
are arrested in an operation involving  
150 military style police,  
(i.e. a swat team of 150)  
&  
a fleet of helicopters.  
The dates, of the enterprise  
to those familiar w. the Nazi Fascist calendar  
will not surprise.

The operation  
begins on the 8<sup>th</sup> of November\* w. the actual 'sabotage'  
& ends, at least fr. the point of view of the state  
w. the arrests 3 days later.

\*  
The Ninth of AV is a traditional date for enterprises of this sort:  
9.11.2001 NYC  
9.II 1994, the date  
of the first NWO speech, G.Bush,  
(also director of the Nazi informed US CIA 1975-77)  
9.II 1973, the Allende coup  
in addition to the disasters of antiquity,  
not really relevant here.

But in

the mirror image  
of the Nazi ideology or indeed numerology,

11.9 .1933 Putsch Beer Hall, Bavaria

(11.8. 1938 Herschel Grynszpan, Paris)

11.9 1938 Chrsytaalnacht  
& all subsequent celebrations  
until the end of the war.

On

11.9 2007 a young activist is massacred  
protesting public transport of radioactive material,  
(Paris Match, see Dec. 2010, has illustrated the danger to its readers).

\*

The TARNAC 9

were jailed on 11.11. 7 are freed  
but endure an essential house arrest,  
no communication between them is permitted, no social interaction.  
2 are held, 1 of them released, w. restrictions, the  
other imprisoned for the next 6 months.

W.

the arrest of the Tarnac 9,  
THE COMING INSURRECTION,  
is transformed into a cry for communion,  
however discrete.

"In French memory, one hasn't seen power become fearful of a book for a very long time. Instead,  
one had the custom of believing that as long as leftists were preoccupied with writing, at least  
they weren't making revolution. Assuredly, times change.

Serious history returns"

J.Capout

\*

The

Tarnac 9 are accused  
of sabotaging the TVG service w. mental prongs,  
The trains were delayed for 6 hours - no injuries.  
The only evidence tying them to the crime, 2 had been seen  
in the vicinity of one  
of the locations.

\*

The

TARNAC 9 were under strict surveillance, which  
they knew. We know that everything is  
rigged.

'The looseness of anti - terrorism legislation recalls Walter Benjamin's characterization of the  
police in his ' Critique of Violence' – its power is formless like to nowhere tangible, all pervasive,  
ghostly presence in the life

of civilized states'.\*

\*

The TARNAC 9

do not use cell phones. They are therefore suspect?

The Tarnac 9 is not about to risk their  
commune for a petty sabotage.

If one looks

at the dates of the sabotage,

one cld. deduct that the evidence

was planted by the same Ministry of Interior who later,  
in the next days, perpetuated a witch hunt style attack,

*'L'anti – terrorisme est la forme moderne  
du processen sorcellerie' JC*

Guilty –

(without trail)

was the virulent verdict,  
in the press.

\*

For

those who have read the article

I as tryng to write,

until this point,

forgive my lack of rationale & go out

& read THE COMING INSURRECTION

It is free on line & also available at least in Amsterdam, equally under siege  
where I now am, except for certain pts. of refuge,  
in pamphlet form.

\*

The author or authors

of the Coming Insurrection are to be congratulated

for the lyrically pure style they have maintained

even when writing in historic & social context

antithetical to that style .

The Coming Insurrection

does not describe the future but the social frame in

which we are attempting to survive, despite the calculations of

&/or the sleep which

surrounds us.

\*

Immediately

after writing

the above, I meet

a group of young mathematicians.

They interview me concerning a  
mathematic treatise  
&  
ask me if I think mathematics  
is a way to the truth?  
They say  
it

is.

The sphere of political representation has come to a close. From left to right, it's the same nothingness striking the pose of an emperor or a savior, the same sales assistants adjusting their discourse according to the findings of the latest surveys. Those who still vote seem to have no other intention than to desecrate the ballot box by voting as a pure act of protest. We're beginning to suspect that it's only against voting itself that people continue to vote. Nothing we're being shown is adequate to the situation, not by far. In its very silence, the populace seems infinitely more mature than all these puppets bickering amongst themselves about how to govern it. The ramblings of any Belleville chibani contain more wisdom than all the declarations of our so-called leaders. The lid on the social kettle is shut triple-tight, and the pressure inside continues to build. From out of Argentina, the specter of Que Se Vayan Todos is beginning to seriously haunt the ruling class.  
*fr. the Coming Insurrection*

Excerpts fr. interview in le Monde w. J. Capout

Q. The police consider you the leader of a group on the point of tipping over into terrorism. What do you think about that?

A. Such a pathetic allegation can only be the work of a regime that is on the point of tipping over into nothingness.

'The fuzziness that surrounds the design "terrorist," the manifest impossibility of defining "terrorism," does not affect several provisional lacunae in French law: terrorists are at the source of this thing that one can define very easily: anti-terrorism, for which "terrorism" forms the pre-condition. Anti-terrorism is a technique of government that thrusts its roots down into the old art of counter-insurrection, so-called "psychological warfare," to be polite.

He who covets a few crumbs will comply [with the question] promptly. He who doesn't suffocate from bad faith will find instructive the case of the two ex-"terrorists" who became the Prime Minister of Israel and the President of the Palestinian Authority, respectively, and who — to top it all off — were both given Noble Peace Prizes

\*

"Die Neunte Elfte" (the "Ninth of the Eleventh") became one of the most important dates on the Nazi calendar, especially following the seizure of power in 1933. Annually until the fall of Nazi Germany, the putsch would be commemorated nationwide, with the major events taking place in Munich. On the night of November 8, Hitler would address the Alte Kämpfer (Old Fighters) in the Burgerbraukeller (after 1939, the Löwenbräu), followed the next day by a re-enactment of the march through the streets of Munich. The event would climax with a ceremony recalling the 16 dead marchers on the Königsplatz. The anniversary could be a time of tension in Nazi Germany. The ceremony was cancelled in 1934, coming as it did after the so-called Night of the Long Knives. In 1938, it coincided with the Kristallnacht, and in 1939 with the attempted

assassination of Hitler by Georg Elser. With the outbreak of war in 1939, security concerns caused the re-enactment of the march to be "temporarily" suspended. (Never, of course, to be resumed.) Hitler continued to deliver his November 8 speech shortly through 1943, however. In 1944, Hitler skipped the event and Heinrich Himmler spoke in his place.

*Tiqqun* is the name of a French philosophical journal, co-founded in 1999 to "recreate the conditions of another community." writers, It was dissolved in Venice in 2001.

/The name of the journal comes from the importance that the writers give to the philosophical concept of *Tiqqun* (the best definitions are found in the texts *Theory of Bloom* and *Introduction to Civil War*). It is the French transcription of the original Hebrew term *Tikkun olam*, a concept issuing from Judaism, often used in the kabbalistic and messianic traditions, which indicates reparation, restitution & redemption, and which covers in large part, among others, the Jewish conception of social justice.

### **Where it then Goes**

by Sean Allingham

*A People's Library librarian  
for Peter Czarkowski*

Harvard Square  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
Oct. 8<sup>th</sup>, 2011

"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."  
-Isaiah 26:2

This is where I would send you  
if you weren't staying with me-  
plenty of transient-types here, along the margins  
(crusties, cracked leathers, elflocks).

College-types too, cutting out in front  
(capital letters silk-screened on grey hoodies,  
row-boat hair-cuts).

The guitar, enveloped by leather limbs,  
busking for a silver change;  
juxtaposed against  
suspended lattes, achromic garments, hanging  
off the slouching shoulders of suffering prodigies.

An upbeat rhythm of djimbe,  
quicksteps to the liquor store,  
the dragging of heels along  
campus cobblestone,  
distracted by debt, haunting  
mailboxes and desk-drawers.

Thoughts to leave the lecture hall,  
the books on the shelf,  
hop on the *fung hua* and head

to Wall St.

Or the involuntary desire  
to stay right here  
outside Cambridge Savings  
kitty corner BOA  
occupy with the tabby cat  
against the brown brick archway,  
mason'd ornate with some words from Isaiah,  
and wonder what truth enters these gates  
and where it then goes.



**SUGGESTION BOX**

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When tents went up in Zuccoti Park the community was loosely divided into two clusters: At the western end of the park most of the drummers, anarchists, crust punks and long term Occupiers lived; the eastern end of the park was associated with the General Assembly, activist tourists, slacktivists, and people of privilege. However, the eastern end was also where Park mainstays like the Peoples Library, the media table, and the press table held court, and many of the people associated with those groups lived with their stations. So while it's unfair to mandate clear boundaries, as many Occupiers blur the division made popular by Samantha Bee in her sketch for the "The Daily Show with John Stewart," there is some truth in such observations. Such a delineation places the infamous Kitchen at the center of the Park, the Park's dividing line.

In keeping with this simplified observation, Occupiers living in the western end of the Park criticized the eastern end, specifically the General Assembly, for allowing people who were unfamiliar with the inner workings of life in the Park the ability to set rules and guidelines that would determine daily structure. Many of the people that lived in the Park full time were too busy with daily work to make it to the G. A.'s, so they often felt excluded from the decision making process and alienated from the people less invested in living in the Park. These non-Occupiers were engaged in a dialogue that felt rewarding to them but lacked an understanding of the community for which they were making decisions.

Eventually, the eastern end of the Park began to disrupt the G.A. which evolved into these Occupiers staging their own anti-G.A. in rebellion of the "sanctioned" G.A. held in the western end of the Park. The anti-G.A. was held in honor of all those living in the Park as a way of challenging the social norms that the Park's community had established. The eastern end of the Park was made up of many small communities of long term as well as newly founded friendships; it was a place that was often criticized as violent, drug fueled, one harboring misguided extremists (flag burning, confronting police officers, destroying public property, etc). One of the most notorious bands of people in the east end of the Park established a community called, "Nick @ Night." In keeping with the parks communal atmosphere, this community was started by and maintained a tobacco-rolling station, offering passerbys cigarettes. Rumors always seemed to fly around the Park regarding the shenanigans that took place in the area they occupied.... Despite the flack they received from the community at large, in my opinion they often defied stereotypes. The greatest example of their ability to transcend beyond the pranks and childish behavior they were known for, came shortly after the Raid, when I was handed a box they kept called the Suggestion Box. Like the OWS Poetry Anthology, the Suggestion Box was available to everyone. It was explained to me that they were curating the box as a way to compile a large body of suggestions; and once a large body was acquired, they were going to make these suggestions public so people could then engage with the material. After the Park was raided, many of the east enders left New York City, became disillusioned with the movement, or were pushed to other parts of the city with the rest of the Occupation. The box was handed to me for safe keeping/ archival purposes, so its contents could be added to the anthology and the originals maintained.

At first I typed the messages people wrote, but the typed version failed to capture the essence, the love, and the thoughtfulness that went into each suggestion. So Jackie Sheeler and I scanned them in order not to disrupt the essential rawness of the material: the scans maintain the small details that are lost when handwriting is converted to type. For the past few months I've been reading Michael Taussig's book, *I SWEAR I SAW IT*; he gave a signed copy to the People's Library upon the book's release. Taussig investigates the value of the notebook. He sees handwritten recordings as kindling the mystique; he notes how they're able to blend inner and outer worlds, to show peculiarities of knowledge and the complexities of life. After all, isn't the Occupy Wall Street Movement a journey to discover new ways of thinking, seeing, and interacting with the world?

-Stephen Boyer