

OCCUPY WALL STREET POETRY ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY STEPHEN BOYER AND FILIP MARINOVICH
AND THE PEOPLE OF OWS

CREATED BY THE PEOPLE OF OCCUPY WALL STREET

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

THIS ANTHOLOGY IS AN ONGOING EVOLVING
ANTHOLOGY THAT IS CONSTANTLY GROWING. AFTER
ZUCOTTI PARK WAS RAIDED IT SEEMED PERTINENT TO
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WE LOVE YOU.

Taking Brooklyn Bridge

By, Stuart

I apologize Walt Whitman,
when I was young you spoke to me,
I would sit in the old church cemetery

surrounded by the tombstones of patriots
reading you out loud to the stray cats
and you came to me, you sang to me,
showed me myself in everyone and everything,
taught me a democracy of the soul, to live
in the rough and tumble world with dignity,
to grant that same dignity to the people around me.

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

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

they were being sold out, duped with the frivolous,
hyped by the hollow, bankrupted by spurious ideologies.

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

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

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

My family and I came to stand with the occupiers, to be one with them,
to raise our voices and march with them, so, that, at the very least,
true freedom and real democracy would not be ground down
without a struggle, that we could look in the mirror and know
we fought for the just cause, not only for ourselves,
not only for America, but for all people,

now and one thousand years from now,
to tell humanity, to teach them, that freedom is not
purchased on a shopping spree, does not glow
on a TV screen, cannot be put on a credit card,
freedom is a responsibility that one must choose to bear
each and every day and no one can carry it for you,
that you must fight for the freedom of others
in order to have it yourself.

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

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

The long line of the protestors wound beneath
the towers of those who would squander the world,
devouring all that is good with their insatiable appetites,
making our way to the Brooklyn Bridge and when I saw

the towers of the bridge before me I started to laugh,
what better way to pay back Walt Whitman than to honor
his song at the crossing to Brooklyn, to march across the bridge
over the waters he crossed so many times, the bridge that poets
have embraced as a symbol, not only of ingenuity and progress,
not only of endeavor and perseverance, but as a symbol of democracy,
of the great crossing of humanity from tyranny to freedom.

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

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

Many more come clambering down and you
can feel the tension rise, the police growing in number,
the people marching, earnest, a point has to be made,
the bridge has to be taken, and then we see the barricades
before us, the crowd jamming together as those behind us

keep coming forward, the police now closing in from both sides,
we are trapped not quite half way across the bridge,
and many are firm that they will not just leave,
some climb on dangerous girders to escape as others
call out to them to be careful, others sit and get ready
for their arrest, some are confused, not knowing that they
would come to this end, I see an older man, the first I think
to be arrested and there is both strength and weariness on his face
as he glares at the police with fearless eyes, and though as it turned out
we had been stopped there and would go no further,
our true momentum was not halted,
I knew we had triumphed, because we had taken action,
the people had risen, and with no violence or hatred,
we had shown our willingness to risk and struggle for our liberty,
and while it might seem a small thing to some,
an event to go largely unnoticed, not as bloody as a battle, or news
worthy as a riot,
I knew that we had come to the Brooklyn Bridge and given it the
meaning
poets had sought to give it in their words, we had brought
the rough, sacred spirit of democracy to the Brooklyn Bridge,
we had restored Whitman's song to its very birthplace,
for he had called to us, the future, in his song, he sings to us now,
he knew that we would be here, he stands with us, chants with us,
and here I am on the Brooklyn Bridge on a day as important
as any day that has ever passed, watching Walt Whitman
above the bridge towers, sounding his barbaric yawp
above us, calling down the sign of democracy,
calling us to remember, not just one amazing day,
but the task to come - Sing on – Sing on – Sing on!

WE WILL SEE

*This is a translation from the Urdu / of a poem by Faiz Ahmed Faiz / a
great 20th Century South Asian poet. / 2011 is Faiz birth centennial. /
He died in 1985. / This poem, written in 1979 in San Francisco, /*

*foresees the Arab Spring / and, by extension, Occupy Wall Street / So,
listen up.*

—Translated by Rafiq Kathwari

That promised day
Chiseled on tablets of pre eternity

It's inevitable
We, too, will see

Pyramids of tyranny
Floating like wisps of cotton

The earth shaking and rattling
Beneath our stomping feet

Swords of light flashing
Over the heads of oligarchs

Idols flung out
From sacred monuments

Crowns tossed into the air
Thrones demolished

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

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

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

And the beloved of earth will reign
You I We Us

Caribou

By, Vivian Demuth

1.

a crevassed grey antler
with orange trim of lichens
fragment of caribou.

Two-pronged, not heavy for thick-
necked female of
Rocky foothills.

This disgorged body part of pregnant
caribou, flies at birth
offering of bony art
waiting to fall

2.

woodland caribou in small groups, families
easily spooked
endangered since 1985
80-150 years for forests to grow
lichen for caribou.

Risk factors: logging, coal mining
& oil &
gas exploration
risk

a chance of loss

3.

splayed hooves click through death's graveyard
running panting clicking

humans scratch together word fragments
car(e)-i? bou? Who? Try caribou rights

Globally, people are pawing with ardent green pens
fervent foundations of community rights

& shattering ground swells of nature rights
birthing offering hoping

Nine Black Robes . . .

By, Steve Bloom

September 2011

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

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

Allow me to recall a time, long ago.
I was too young, then, to understand—
could not, therefore, explain it,
not even to myself, certainly not
to my teachers as they lectured,
enthralled by "the rule of law," which,
we were informed so often, stands
in contrast to "the rule of men."
and so Troy Davis waited
for more than four hours
in a death chamber built
according to their rules.

Today, however, I comprehend
well enough to compose these lines,
appalled by a "rule of law" which,
it is revealed once again, stands
in contrast to the rule of justice,
so that we may attempt, through poetry,
to consider the depth of our tragedy.

The medical team waited too,
poised to begin its infusion
of the lethal potion.

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

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

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

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

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

Air and Breakfast - an awful feeling

By, Jennifer Blowdryer

It took 20 years of livin' to rack up the \$21,000 in credit card debt, but my back was against the wall. \$411 a month came out of my Disability payment of \$659. 2 months in a row the Chinatown Y took \$80

out of my account instead of \$39. My Triple Play Time Warner package costs \$178. Many years ago I went to a Credit Counselor, and they told me that my existence was doubtful, at least on paper. This is when some of the horrible democratizer of the hustle comes into play - no, I wouldn't exist if I didn't leave a swing club with a Chinese man, perhaps by the name of Warren, in order to get an envelope not nearly full enough of cash. Oh, those whirlwind college days! And I wouldn't have been eating without my creep tranny friend and her backstage whiles. Plus one submarine sandwich a day, it turns out, more than supports the human body. So I existed for 30 more years, albeit not on paper, and then it all steamrolled, slowly, to where I couldn't. Not really. I take responsibility, especially for how I pay \$86 a month so my mother and I have a spot at the Neptune Society Columbarium, the minute we buy urns, pay up, decorate, and die. That's a luxury many would let go but I am a finisher, especially when i 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 its 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 its 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. Its seems like an ok category there, in the rest of the world, and my price, \$47 a night, is right. I once listened to a set of cassette tapes on which theologian Huston Smith described every world religion, and for the Hindu one there is a hierarchy I fit in. The intellectuals get no money but they get respect, which I mentally calculate as meaning a couch to stay on and perhaps even a visit to a local diner while on a ridiculous penniless tour of some sort. This seems fine, more than enough, really, but Air and Breakfast is sort of just as good. These strangers need only a layman's grasp of the internet and a small amount of funds, and they can be in my bedroom for a low low price. They need never publish or sit through an evening of performance art to enjoy a sound sleep in my manic den. I'm fully expecting a small art theft soon, I have high hopes for one Bec who's coming from LA next week. She first said she was from Melbourne, but now her grasp of basic English has slipped exponentially in 1 week and a half, so though I am committed to being her host, something is not as it appears in this ad hoc hotel situation, and I believe that is Bec.

Mostly though its been working out, though I'm discovering that \$47 is a crazy low price to rent my room out for as I spent that tooling around not being at home. Sometimes I go to Queens, where I'm fixing up somebody's apartment, and sleep there. Or being in between places when I can't go home due to the woman from Brussels, Leona, who's in my bedroom enjoying a week of walking tours. Or taking a taxi to my ex

boyfriend's because its easier than going to Queens. I just bumped my price up to \$57, but its way too late for me to up the price Gerta or whoever, Bec, Matteo, Lygia, and one in august I forget the name of, Robin maybe.

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

"Well, nothing" I replied, confused.

"Usually they change the sheets" he added the next day, talking to me

from Google Voice Mail. "I am one of those lost sould without a phone" he texted, which is how I knew the method by which he was subtly putting down my general hygeine.

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

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

your big day.

CALIBAN PROTESTS

By, Edgar Garcia

Of bear knowth bristle
god-comb with little g's
of g knowth pinchy bull
horn with thunder
of thunder knowth hurricane
helicopter awash is
with hot crush of rain-tow
of rain knowth fire and
fire knowth his bosom
of bosom knowth just that
it is not ever enough or
just said thus is so so is not
of nots knowth trillions
of trillions knowth bank-note
and noteth endless war
of war, bear and bull knowth
but that they pinchth

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

Gangbang For Democracy

By, Stephen Boyer

Super honest moment looking for true love: while painting the cardboard sign that eventually read POETRY ASSEMBLY my insides churned with anxiety i felt pretty dorky and even more so when i held it for a crowd to see and then there was a woman sitting on the steps, she was an MTA worker joining us and I used to drive buses and on this point we

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

wall street watch with their binoculars and in this way we shall win they'll come demanding our naked bodies and we'll share ourselves sasha grey where are you get down here and gangbang for democracy and show them just how beautiful our bodies and the way we glow when we make one another radiate. and i do demand that we do not stop. because i am heavily inspired and unable to ever sink back into the squalor i was unfortunately forcing myself to become accustomed to.

Lost Highway

Masha Tupitsyn

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

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

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

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

It wasn't just your run-of-the-mill love story. It was movie love. Love you could film. Love you remember seeing somewhere. Love you remember seeing all your life. Love that changes you or that you change. Love that could mean something to the people looking at it. Big and rare and photogenic.

I kept you awake by squeezing you every now and again because I don't drive. You said you needed my help, and more than once I saved you from crashing, and now, now that you're gone, I would replace you if I could, but I've never even see a face I think I could even remotely know. I never see a single face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

About an hour later a core member of the Occupy Wall Street group announced there would be a "permitless" rally leaving momentarily, for Foley Square. They would join the unions that were now assembling there en masse, and then march back to the park in the official march. Despite my trepidation about sustaining serious injury, I was swept up in the exhilaration of the moment, and I knew I had to join them. So I marched on this permitless march to join the workers.

I trailed behind a small, ragtag group of three youngsters in their twenties and one middle-aged woman. They were holding up a large America flag with a message scrawled on the front.

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

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

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

Some of the cops who lined the streets along the way seemed fairly relaxed about everything. One black cop was even smiling and nodding his head up and down, keeping time to our chants, as if he approved.

Some cops just seemed bored or neutral. And some looked like Nazi storm troopers just waiting for someone to mess up. Those were the ones with a sort of screwed up, intense look on their face, as if their skin was about to explode. Most of those were the ones with gold badges or wearing white shirts: the supervisors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It reminded me of when I lived in Paris in the ’90s, and so many of my students related stories about how, during the Algerian War, the Paris police had secretly closed the métro stations and then herded the fleeing demonstrators down the steps – where they encountered locked gates and were beaten to death. And then dumped into the river. If I recall correctly, the most infamous death was that of a young pregnant woman. It seems as if the tactics never change; each generation simply has to relearn them, often from scratch. Mussolini had his “black shirts” while here, in America – where everything is upside down, backward, and in a state of Alice-in-Wonderland Orwellian reversal – we have our “white shirts.”

Perhaps one should say, “Thank God for the abject stupidity of some of these white-shirted supervisors, because they are doing more and more

each day to galvanize these kids, to bring them out in bigger numbers, and to turn the nation against the police.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Perhaps holding up a digital camera and passively recording these crimes against humanity will prove to be a form of Gandhian nonviolence that engenders the broader support of the masses. Perhaps the passivity mentioned by the young man can thus be transformed into Ghandi’s “passive resistance.” But it’s only so long that those cameras will be held in place before someone starts to throw one. These particular cops are playing with fire and, so far, no one in the government seems to care. As one of the older gentlemen at Foley Square said to me earlier that afternoon, “Where are the Bobby Kennedys of our time? I’m a lifelong Democratic. But no one in the Democratic Party seems to care about us anymore.”

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

Celestial, Inc.

By Philip Fried

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

99%

By, Najaya Royal

Age 14

Brooklyn, NY

What if the sky was yellow and the sun was blue?
What if money did not affect if you
have a home the same time next year?
Impossible, right?
We are the 99% that are not rich
We are the 99% who do have to worry about bills getting paid each
month
But are the 99% with a voice that can be heard all around the world
Even though we are frowned upon by the 1%'
Though we are the reason the 1% are rich
I mean who else lunch money would they steal and be able to get away
with it
We are all against bullies
So it's about time we stand up to the biggest bully of them all
We were born free
So why cant we all live free
Why cant we all be equal?
It is not a racial thing
It is more like a money thing
But when did green paper decide where and how should we live
When did green paper become a barrier and separate mankind
This movement right here
Is going to change the world for the better
This movement will finally make us a whole

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

By, Danny Shot

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

Let's grab a beer or eight at McSorleys
where 19th century dirt clings to chandeliers

of your old haunt and reminisce and plan
our trek through New York's teeming streets

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

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

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

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

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

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

Walt give me the courage to not be scared
to offend, to tell the truth which is:
most republicans are heartless bastards
more willing to sink our elected head of state

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

our hopes on hold, left no choice but to stand
our backs against the corporate wall

ready to fight for what we're owed,
for what we've worked, promises bought and sold

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

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

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

LET'S BURN THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS

By, Michael Brownstein

Why the end of nationalism is good for you

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

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

Because we've had enough of endless statements
Like this one by India's Environment Minister:
"National interest trumps all else."
Or this one by the President of Turkey:
"No one should test the power of the state."
But why not test the power of the state?
Why does an abstraction come
Before the needs and desires of real people?

What if there were no Israel, no China, no Indonesia?
No Iraq, no Iran, no United States?
Too radical for you?

Maybe you'd rather remain a glutton for punishment
Continue swallowing non-negotiable declarations such as the following:
"No government allows any organization to intervene in its internal
affairs."

That's a Thai government spokesman in 2010
During the mass demonstrations in Bangkok
Rejecting the Red Shirts' appeal for peace talks

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

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

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

Or would you rather turn a blind eye
To developments such as the following:
A Botswana judge has ruled that Bushmen
Who return to their ancestral lands
In the Central Kalahari Game Reserve

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

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

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

No more nationalism

Cloud clover for demagogues and racists
America-firsters (or Russia-firsters, etc.)
What are they afraid of?
That they'll melt into all us other humans?
But that's exactly what's happening, like it or not
Reality of the Internet, everyone alive today our IP addresses
Floating in space
Just like the planet

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

But the human spirit knows no boundaries
No ID cards, no cradle-to-grave oversight
It's time to step outside of the trance
Walk among the trees, listen to the birds
Do you think they belong to something called the U.S.A.?
Do they fall in line behind "Old Glory?"

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

Yes, it's against the law to burn the American flag
And how many other flags around the world
192 member states of the United Nations

From Afghanistan (when will we ever learn?)
To Zimbabwe (the less said the better)
Outmoded nationalism, we're outgrowing it
No more electrified fences lit by floodlights of paranoia
No more making the nation-state safe for surveillance

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

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

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

It's time to open gates, tear down fences, shred passports

Roam wherever we like
Along rivers and mountains without end
Because we ourselves are those rivers and mountains
Our lock-tight identities due for game-changing transformation
Here and now time to exhale
We're all one

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

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

Can you imagine what those who've risked their lives
To cross the border are thinking
As they clean our toilets and mow the lawns
Outside our cheesy McMansions
While we sprawl in the family room
Sucking up doses of radiation from our plasma screens?

Hey, that's not me, man: I'm not watching TV. I'm fixated on my new iPad. I'm pecking away at my Blackberry, dude. I'm cheering myself hoarse for the home team while the world burns...

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

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

Whereas in modern mega-states
Do we know who represents us?
Fantasies concocted by spin doctors and handlers
If you doubt it (and have enough pull)
Approach the leader of any nation-state
It doesn't matter what their politics are
The only question is
How deep into trance is this person?
Wave your hand in front of the face
Watch the eyes light up
When you say you'll vote for it
Watch the eyes go cold
When you say you won't

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

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

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

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

Rhymes & Sayings

By, Serge Matsko

1. you OWS Me
 2. Mr. UberPoor-UberRich
... breaks in two & fall in ditch.
 3. sub-crime mortgages
for sub-prime people
 4. capitalism -you never full,
you're always hungry as a bull,
you're always rude, you're always tough,
you'll never get a word enough.
- democracy - a dream of Greece,
the love we have, but always miss...
- democracy - a laser beam
to keep the bull from the extreme
5. police state for police !

Bail Out What?

By, Eliot Katz

--9/17/2010

As the U.S.-built trojan-horse mortgage-backed insecurities crisis continues to hop aboard freight elevators moving continually downwards; as the Wall Street bull let loose from its iron base continues to rampage through the trickle-down bloody back streets of overworked America; as a discredited treasury department of a disgraced presidency attempts to tickle nation's plastic-card wallets by yet one more midnight pour-oil-down-the-bank-chimney approach; as Congress shrugs its confused shoulders and nods in sleepy assent, with Democrats making sure recruit enough Republican votes to share blame for a firecracker bill they all knew in advance was a dud; as nervous homeowners and

shopkeepers wait by silent phones for a sign from heaven that manna-tasting loans and credit cards are raining from the skies in infinite variety of shapes and sizes; as the four corners of the decade's deregulated pyramid scheme prove no match for international capital's globalized wrecking ball; why should it surprise that a chef's knife can't carve edible food out of a stack of blowing thousand-dollar bills? With all major commentators warning about the need to halt the next Great Depression, where's the proposal for a new New Deal? Why not Dems voting for bills they are proud to pass alone, and then watch Bush sign because embarrassed there is no other rational or irrational choice? Why not put world's heaviest military budget on a strict low-carb diet? Why not new olive-green bridge-building projects paying a guaranteed living wage? Why not freeze foreclosures and send \$10,000 checks to every struggling renter and homeless family worried about opening their next medical bill? Why not rip all medical bills and create a single-payer health security system? Send every high school graduate to college as long as they can learn to mapquest their way there! Build the next generation of pyramids with clear publicly accountable front windows! There are so many jobs waiting for those who can help build a solar energy cell or write a song to heal a deeply troubled nation. Let's tickle the bottom of the economy's feet and watch the electricity rise upward.

WOLFMAN LIBRARIAN AND THE TREMBLING PAIR OF ACTOR HANDS

By Filip Marinovich

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

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

I walked down Wall Street tonight and it felt

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

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

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

of the unburied Twin Towers dead
walking inside me on Wall Street and I could not
wake up for long enough to tell you
I must pause and nap
My Wolfman paws tearing apart the notebook
given to me by the librarian gone fishing
I'm not listening I'm letting the talk dead
through me The dead talking to me
remove my eardrums and replace them
with earbuds Walkman Disco Fist
throbbing in my head I release you
and get my eardrums back
The peripheral greenery wolverines
are eating me and vomiting me up
onto a mound where pieces of me
are sucking at each other and sticking together

to form a new man with the power to heal
everybody even with his trembling actor hands
Wolfman Librarian, a man is walking inside you
who jumped from the South Tower 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

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

for Tim Dlugos

by Filip Marinovich

ROTHKO ROOM

"Only 8 visitors

at a time"

Numbers are funny.

It took Reagan

until the 6th year of

his presidency--

The Lame Duck Days--

to address AIDS

publicly

for the first time.

I am so happy AIDS

took his memory

in time

so what if they called it

Alzheimer's

I am the Karma Doctor

and I know how to diagnose

the source of

memory loss

or was it all those Hollywood B movies

Reagan shot

like "THE 1980 INAUGURATION DAY

SPECTACULAR IN THE UNITED STATES OF

AMERICA"

when the Plaguean Dynasty

raised its right hand over

The Wall Street Statecraft Shooting Script

and took its oath of

office--orifice--Orestes--horrible!

Yes, Senator McCarthy McDonald's Rumsfeld And Coke,

Yes I am the communist mole poet

Doctor Karma

known to diagnose the source of

memory loss--

what? what did I just say?

Remember it:

President Reagan awoke from his grave today

complaining of AIDS-related

skull ache.

Bicameral Breakdowns

by, Joey Molinaro

You are unknown, thus I must know me.

In this city, faces are nameless.

We have been and someday we will be,

unlike fauna living each moment.

Those I hold close and the unfamiliar

work by virtue of our desire

and of symbols righteously sacred.

Some are found yet some are bestowed by

mystic worlds or epic musicians.

When Great Eyes speak; heedless, I obey.

Pyramids rise; wordlessly slaves toil.

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

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

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

Why must your words be proverbs and useless regurgitation?

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

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

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

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

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

Only through the oracle and royalty you find truth.”

Foundations laid by peons

obeying one voice reigning

in the mind of the radiant guide...

Now cities swell. Raving mad

ascetic rants rage louder.

Agonized loss: God's weakening voice...

Why does he leave? Does he not love us?

But glorious Consciousness, how you enlighten!

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

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

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

The jewel, the sound of one's voice inside springs forth like a fountain

after schizophrenia destroys the divide.

O the terror of the youth, stricken with consciousness.

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

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

Conscious-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 we saw was sweet but a veneer, a

veneer, a

veneer, a

veneer, a

The Night, What It Allows

by, Claire Donato

The walls are tearing
out of their paint. My legs
are crossed. I am not

listening to the TV

in the other room. I am not

listening to television. The window next
to the television is

turning away. The window is

open. There is a person

outside of it, screaming. I am lying

on a television, my eyes are closed,

someone is breaking into my

house: I have always been afraid

of the night, what it allows. I have

never been afraid of the depth

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

voice... I am never afraid

to layer my breath over yours—

and when I ask you to plot your anger

on a line, I am referring to fear, how

it is linear: see how mine moves

upward in a diagonal line?

See how it moves up to choose?

Why are you lying in a heap on the floor?

Thin cover

—Gracie Leavitt

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

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

in Helen's skirts beside if only
now not calved and hipped
too big for this to fail,
even overturning all.

The Answer

By Ayesha Adamo

In the criminal justice system, sexually based offenses are considered especially heinous. In New York City, the dedicated detectives who arrest you for “practicing massage without a license,” as the euphemism goes, are members of a not-so-elite squad, whose job is to escort you to spend a night in the Tombs. Luckily, when your public defender gets you in front of a judge, all charges will be dropped—so long as you stay out of trouble, do some community service, and go back to school...

Hooker school.

Hooker school is where you can learn about exciting possibilities for your future, like getting a GED so that you don't have to take any more degrading jobs...like being a hooker.

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

Is it too late?

Could a GED save me, too?

Me with my hopes and dreams?

Me with no health insurance?

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

- Perhaps we should ask the 1%.

Go ahead: ask them...

There is no answer.

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

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

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

- My partner raised her hand and said,
- “I've pretty much *gone all the way* with education.”
- And the instructor said,
- “So, you got your GED?”
- And my partner said,
- “Actually, I have a Master's degree...
- ...from Yale University...
- So what do you recommend for me?”

There was no answer.

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

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

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

A sword.
A pen.
Both.

There is an answer. I've been listening a long time for it. And sometimes, between the primal beats of the battle drums and the rippling voices in the crowd...

I can almost hear it coming.

Anonymous

by, Eileen Myles

NO I'M THE POET

NO YOU'RE THE POET

NO HE'S THE POET

NO THEY'RE THE POET

NO SHE'S THE POET

NO THAT'S THE POET

NO THIS IS THE POET

NO I'M THE POET

(repeat)

Listen My Children

By, Stuart

Listen my Children

And you shall hear

Of the Bankers on Wall Street

Who trembled in fear.

The O.W.S.

They were growing in number
And awakened the Crooks
From a greed-drunken slumber.

"What you've done is a crime!"

The Protesters growled

But the Bankers stood firm

As the winter winds howled.

"We're not the bad guys!"

"We're Rich and you need us!"

"And Washington said,

‘They won’t let You defeat us!’”.

But the People were heard

From the East to the West

It was pure Indignation

For the Right and the Left.

Then the Sickle of Justice

Cut wheat from the chaff

As the Hammer of Vengeance

Broke the Bull from the Calf.

And the Liars and Cheats

Were no more in the Land

After Judgment was served

With a most Heavy Hand.

So the People on Wall Street
They built a new Nation
That served only Peace
And ended Starvation.
The Children still sing
Of the Brave souls who led
The 300 million strong
From the once Living-Dead.

YES, MR. MONEY

by, Jack Foley

Yes, Mr. Moneybags, we mean
The space around where you have made
Money
And wielded
Power
We mean that *wall* in Wall Street
Which we can break down
(Did you know it *could* be broken down?)
Have you been pre-
Occupied
By everything but us?
Here we are, Mr. M
Right on your home ground

Oh, bourgeois morality

How do you do

Why 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

—*Michael McClure, 1964*

for Allen Ginsberg

ON A COLD SATURDAY I WALKED IN THE EMPTY

VALLEY OF WALL STREET.

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

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

Oh perfect chill slot of space!

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

I see that the women and men are alive and born
and inspired
by the moving beauty of their own physical figures
who will tear
the vibrations-of-strength
from the vibrations-of-money
and drop them like a dollar on the chests
of the Senate!
They step with the pride of a continent.

Luminous Moment

This originally appeared in Counterpunch.

By, Jon Andersen

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

Occupy Planet Earth

4 October 2011

By, Jim Cohn

Dear Zhang, we were the first global generation—
Anti-war, anti-greed, anti-discriminatory, anti-syntagmatic.
The 99% Club shadow the zombie billionaires
Who believe the earth's treasures are theirs alone
& laugh in the face of our mortal humiliation.
How insane does *profit* sound to the billions,

The endless light of bodies, fearlessness of dreams,
Prophets of purpose, multi-incarnation.

While governments break-down, seize up,
We walk arm in arm the common grounds.

While corporations are happy to enslave us all,
We no longer fit into their weary imprisonments.

Spring returns, but the green silk of spring passes me by.
The essence of grief is no burden at all.

Heavy Weight

By, Jack Litewka

Berkeley, Calif.

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

ECONOMICS

By, John Oliver Simon

Berkeley, California

My breath rolls in and back out to sea again
bearing no syllables on the roaring tide,
no green bottles glistening with messages:
help, I'm stuck on a desert island with Russ
from the office, with Janey from summer camp,

with seven billion monkeys armed to the teeth.
My teeth are being chipped away one by one
and used to fill cavities in Mount Rushmore
whence four dead white males contemplate unseeing
the sorry spectacle of the commonweal,
measured by money, worthless if not backed by
competent simulation of faith and trust:
money, liquid, crystal, flowing into vaults
and inundating houses people live in.

I Approve This Message

By, Les Anderson

Santa Cruz, California

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

Others are already in the race
with truckloads of cash,

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

FOURTH OF JULY POEM

By, A. D. Winans

- stepped on pissed on
cheated and abused

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

tell it to the butcher

tell it to the unemployed

tell it to the circus clown

tell it to the insane

tell it to the outlaw

tell it to the in-laws

tell it to the panhandler

tell it to the conman

tell it to the displaced factory worker

tell it to the elderly

tell it to the re-po man

tell it to the academics

tell it to the poetry politicians

tell it to the last space alien

hiding out in Roswell

tell it to the militia

tell it to the FBI sharpshooters

at Ruby Ridge

tell it to the arsonists at Waco, Texas

tell it to the junkie with dry heaves

tell it to the farm worker

tell it to the dishwasher

tell it to the orderlies

tell it to the flag waver

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

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

\$\$ Men Haiku

By, Adelle Foley

Oakland, California

Occupy Wall Street

Break down the financial walls

Get ready to run

Waiting Eye

By, Edgar Lang

I was born poor through no fault of my own
All my life, I've worked my hands to the bone
But I am grateful for something I've known
That in my poverty, I am not alone
The needle's eye, the needle's eye
Waits for a rich man to come by
If he brings a camel
He can give it a try
I speak with the wisdom of an educated man

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

The People We Don't See

by Richard Krawiec

The married couple sell their bedframe,
\$25, to pay off most of the water bill,
\$29 - 2.80 for water, 26 taxes, fees -
sleep on a mattress on the floorboards
beneath a small, Army-issue wool blanket,
beneath a window translucent to gray
skies, traffic. Their two sons awake dressed
in sweatsuit pajamas, beg to bump the thermostat
higher than 50 degrees. "Get dressed," mother says,
pouring cereal from the 3-pound plastic bag
into mugs they can rinse and use for juice,
rationed plates to ration dish liquid. The oldest
boy swears at the ripped dungarees, gift
collected from the food pantry, along with
laceless sneakers which almost fit. The other
loves his fatigues despite the grass stains
licking the knees. Though 10 and 12,
the mother brushes their hair, scoots them
off to school with a kiss before turning on
craig's list to wade through the cruisers'
coded responses to the last item she will sell
to pay for electricity, rent – a car ride, her hand.
Her husband flinches away from the screen,
grabs his work gloves, slumps to the corner,

hoping someone might see his body as still
strong enough for one more day of hauling
rocks, stacking frozen carcasses, good
enough to still be worn out, abused.

Be Fearless: Choose Love

(to Jessica Xiomara Garcia and Camilo Landau)

ÓNina Serrano, 2011

Oakland, California

Fear of computer viruses

Fear of terrorists

Fear of the planetary extinction

of our current paths

of spreading diseases

of urban crime rates

drug lords owning governments

torture as a commonplace weapon

and humanless drones

with only a button to press

to explode life to smatters and splinters

(Only a law to pass to steal it all)

Fearless love is the only defense

to face the morning light

Greedy power in my face like in yours

wants to make us forget
But we cannot forget this nagging feeling hard wired in the bones
wanting to belong snugly
in the nest of our planet
be accepted fully because we exist
and not for our documents, licenses and wealth.
From that innate primordial desire comes our fearless love
peeking around the polluted rubble of destruction
the abandoned gas stations the poisoned waterways
We look beyond and see other heads bobbing up
and down
beaming the signal
calling to us to show our fearless love
in the face of everything
Fearless love the daily challenge
Ready or not
it is here!

WINDS OF TIME

EDWARD MYCUE January 2011

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

- So many drifting orbits, surprises, mistakes and failures: but so many recoveries.
- "*Winds of time*" have swept us from our moorings--or so it seemed.
- Travail may be a kind of travel; beyond the quotidian, short of the hyperbolic is the marvelous.
- I dread and long for change: there's new and there's renew: is there another way?
- Into what may have seemed some missteps of character and performance, deal-breaker circumstances slipped in changing cases.
- A rubble of personal history may yet push up into other circumstances sapphires', garlic flowers' cornucopian probabilities.
- Seeking courage, insight, an "opposable thumb" in our brains re-learning the touch of stumbling forward, time gusts, winds swing the hands sweeping around the dial centering our world into sunsets before bursting our moorings, thrusting our colors beyond our kenning, spinning with the winds of change.

MIDNIGHT

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

There's midnight under this page.
 Once I knew a man like a canary
 That I wanted to keep, and love,
 But I don't like cages, and that's
 The way it was; no more joy in the
 Ears floating from a little zone
 Of happiness because I'm not a
 Pretender. Each note carried with

It a long struggle, a letter to Mr.
Desire, memories of cardinal beauties,
Cosmic present, future death, prayers.
Then I saw my canary had become ugly.
I had to let him get beautiful again.
We hadn't settled it well in advance,
Just decorated our ship with glassy
And swift words. It foundered when
We began to open up our little cans of
Self, reveal our limits, to decant our
Bully love and revert to Santa-dreams.
So our little love died, and I buried
The nest, deconstructed even my escapes.
This isn't an ode: it's me in survival
Made. I've begun again; lifted myself
To the night. There's midnight underneath.

From the 'BUMPS'

© Edward Mycue

San Francisco, California

- **100. A PIECE OF ICE**
- IS ABOUT MELTING
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT
ABOUT LOST STRENGTH
WHITE STEAM AND A BRIEF
MEMORY OF HURRY.
- **55. BUMPS**

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

- **114. SCAR HUNT**

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

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

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

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

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

The Coming of Christ

By, Raymond Nat Turner

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Carved in marble, etched in granite,

Rich tapestry cut from the same cloth—

Nicknames notwithstanding, their name

Is legion:

The Father of His Country, The Sage of Monticello,

The Great Emancipator, The Great Communicator,

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

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

Tricky Dick, Dubya—Lynchin'Bains Johnson resonated

Deepest...until...

Jesus Christ came back

Not as a **organizer**

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

Not as a **Socialist**

Blessing Harlem speaking truth to lunch bucket crowds ...

Not as a pistol-packing **terrorist**

Pointing her people at the North Star...

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

Uncomfortable with slavery...

Not as a **Muslim** minister spitting fire

At mass murderers, posing as victims...

Not as a **Baptist** preacher pinning the

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

Jesus Christ came back

From a manger on Madison Avenue,

Slinging slogans and selling snake oil

Labeled "Hope" from the back of the

Wizard's wagon— good Chicago shit

Lincoln, Jesse, Oprah and other orators

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

Jesus Christ came back

Temptation-walking the Potomac,

And calibrating his cover story
To “Beauty’s Only Skin Deep:”

Rosa sat, so

Martin could stand, so

The State Machine could run—

Amok with *seamless* precision

Jesus Christ came back

Forgiving thieves and murderers

Escaping Calvary with gold,

Aboard Pontus Pilate’s heli-

Copter and Ol’ Satan’s wheelchair,

Came back overturning tables in

The temple and throwing money-

Changers out, with trillions in dollars;

Came back teaching men to fish

For TARP, multiplying like loaves...

Jesus Christ came back

Crowned *Prince Of Peace*,

Though he bore billions for

Shepherds beating swords into

Stock shares, came with his

Eye on the sparrow, and hand on the

Drone, came sending Christian Soldiers

Spreading the gospel of *Empire*, insuring
That the meek shall inherit the earth—
Of mass graves, he so piously blesses ...

Jesus Christ came back
Blowing smoke about clean coal and nukes
While hurling his Green Czar under Grey-
Hound tires and recycling disciples from
Regimes past, since “A rising tide lifts all boats”
Except those of *pirates* and *terrorists*,
Who fish and farm, *when left alone* ...

Jesus Christ came back
With jump shot, crossover and slick behind-the-
Back ball-handling skills for bitch-slapping Black
Caucus, liberal-labor apostles who stood on ice,
Crying freeze- dried tears on his warhead and
Singing obscene songs about “Bombs bursting
In air /and rockets red glare,” while as he taunted
And tamed them in tongues:

“*Tamp down*’ **your** *expectations, for there are*
No Negroes, youngstaz, or old fools ‘too big to
Fail’—now, get out there and get my money!”

Jesus Christ

Came back as a professor impersonating Iceberg Slim,

Though his flock *swore* they'd "***hold his feet to the fire—***"

Is that why his combat boots have lipstick on them?

REVOLUTION

by ava bird

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

what we deserve, right?

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

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

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

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

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

for a good time, call your congressman!

by ava bird

For a good time, call your congressman!
Tell him your tired of these wars and him bein whores,
strange bed fellows:
sleeping with his dicks in oil
his pricks in big pharma, doctors, politicians and
even bigger dick tricks
in the military industrial complex
In building 7, he fucks for missiles,
he's a cocksucker for war,
blood lust,
pope robes to bibles,
fables and fag hags in gowns to fuck us!

Is it 4:20 yet?

Earth Day yet?

Is there a revolution yet?

Let us Rise

against dicks in politics

wars incorporated,

empires,

gods and other vampires.

Testosterone the terrorist

by ava bird

Terry thinks there is something about testosterone, terrorism and loud noises –
his dad thinks his butt doctors an ass,

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

he wonders about sexuality

and wants desperately for it to be sacred

but he's scared shitless of commitment and children,

yet he loves his religion,

mind controlled, he fucks for a living,

donning a suit and tie,

tied around his neck as a noose,

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

Say miss, can I ask you a question?

whats with all the consumption?

your pill poppin and fuckin for favors,

your prayers to a misogynist god

and worship of a doctor who hooks you on drugs,

she votes for thugs in congress

and smiles sweetly at banksters gang bangin bitches, the teachers and nurses,

needles poked for swine from swines and pigs at the trough....

when will we have enough?

voting is for fools

by ava bird

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

Propostions 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 banksters 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 crowdsource
blowing an explosive up its ass
don't let your fear of extremism
block the joy that wants to breathe
deeply, and expel a vitriolic shout
the bursting out inside of you
a truly raptured sense of shame
at all that vanishes into air
truly, dying doesn't heal you
nor the pre-lived self-present masses
but in the interstices
in the banal shadows, amidst the suits

some ones are learning to speak
mic check! the moment is fresh
the first bloom of spring
primate propensities at bay
with no behind the scenes
all seeks all in front now
no regulating the media
the whole world is watching

GIANT ROLLING WAVES

by John Curl

giant rolling waves in the middle of the ocean
cosmic winds whirl
glacier root slide across the pole
cloud descend in an unknown valley
opening a new island in your mind
herd of elk sniffing asbestos factory
broken teeth bounce in the gutter
crosshairs following candidate
knock on your door at four a.m.
confiscating inventory
draining swamp around stock market
national guard joining strikers
the president's last swindle

carpenters run through the Senate
forest fading into jewels
bear wander through prison ruins
workers collective selecting foreperson
purgation of dawn metal
smile into the great calm
flocks of hearts flying home
community absorb corporations
inside this circle of fire

LIBERTÉ

Adrienne Rich 2011

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

Ankles shackled
metalled and islanded
holding aloft a mirror, feral
lipstick, eye-liner

She's

a celebrity a star attraction
a glare effacing
the French Revolution's
risen juices vintage taste

the Paris Commune's

fierce inscriptions

lost in translation

In Utopia

By, Charles Bernstein

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

Haiku

By, Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

Port Townsend, Washington

a black cat

stenciled on the bank door

spitting mad

SOLIDARITY THOUGHT

By, Marc Olmsted

San Francisco 10/3/11

Occupy Wall Street continues

we allow ourselves to get excited

I yearn to take a plane there

NYC -

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

Out Train Window

by, Marc Olmsted *10/5/2011*

ROAR IRATE

huge green graffiti not

there yesterday

Prisons of Egypt

By, Anne Waldman

a song for the occupiers at Liberty Plaza

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

The prisons of Egypt go back far

To Joseph in the house of Potiphar

Check the papyrus check the astrology

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

*We saw it: into the streets into the streets of Tahrir Square
Into the streets where the people won't be scared*

Into the streets into the streets of old Cairo

Down with the tyrant down with the cop-pharaoh

Secret police riding camels wielding clubs and guns

Communication going dark but people kept coming

Prisons of Egypt didn't keep them down

Prisons of Egypt turned us all around

This verse is like luminous beads on a string

Verse like the shifting sands with a scorpion's sting

Verses are the cries of people in the bowels of corruption

Verses ululate souls of those crying out in insurrection

Everywhere the call and everywhere the response

The examples of our companeros and companeras leave us no choice

Here on U.S.A. continent soil

We're in it together in rhizomic interconnected coil

Rebellion, rebellion, a line is drawn

No more privilege no more degrading scorn

Of the people who struggle and inhabit this world

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

Rise up Cairo rise up Port Said

Rise up Alexandria rise up your need

Rise up El Karga rise up your voice

Prisons of Egypt gave you no choice

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

Capital's prisons everywhere leave us no choice

It's the universal paradigm it's the only game in town
Support the occupiers of Wall Street, don't let them down
Out of darkness out of tyranny
Prisoners everywhere could be set free
We won't be sleeping on the shifting desert sands
Til freedom of all denizens come to all lands....
We'll occupy Zuccotti Plaza beamed around the world
Sleep on the concrete, wake up on consecrated soil
Where bones of slaves and workers and victims of war
Will haunt the USA 1% spooked psyche right down to the core....

In memory: Allen Ginsberg

GAIA REGARDS HER CHILDREN

By, Alicia Ostriker

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

Imagine the Angels of Bread

By, Martín Espada

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,

gazing like admirals from the rail

of the roofdeck

or levitating hands in praise

of steam in the shower;

this is the year

that shawled refugees deport judges

who stare at the floor

and their swollen feet

as files are stamped

with their destination;

this is the year that police revolvers,

stove-hot, blister the fingers

of raging cops,

and nightsticks splinter

in their palms;

this is the year

that darkskinned men

lynched a century ago

return to sip coffee quietly

with the apologizing descendants

of their executioners.

This is the year that those

who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands
pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth that sprouts the vine,
the hands canning tomatoes
are named in the will
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;
this is the year that the eyes
stinging from the poison that purifies toilets
awaken at last to the sight
of a rooster-loud hillside,
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;
this is the year that cockroaches
become extinct, that no doctor
finds a roach embedded
in the ear of an infant;
this is the year that the food stamps
of adolescent mothers
are auctioned like gold doubloons,
and no coin is given to buy machetes

for the next bouquet of severed heads
in coffee plantation country.
If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.
So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread.

I am already ashamed

By, **Penelope Schott**

I am ashamed that I am sitting here at a table
scribbling
instead of standing up in a park
speaking for the people

for the people who are not CEO's or bankers
for the people who do not own their own legislators
I am ashamed that I have paper and pencil
and am free to write whatever I want to write
because I know that there are women and men
who do not own paper and pencil
who do not own their own bodies
who are not permitted to speak
I am ashamed
because even though my well-educated and diligent husband
is losing his job
as a paid corporate servant
he and I
will not starve
I am ashamed that we own a house and the ground under it
I am ashamed that I own six different pairs of red shoes
and that I am not standing there in the crowd
in any of my red shoes
declaring that our country would rather kill people
than feed them
But mostly I am ashamed of my own resigned despair

Give Me Back My Pony

By, Feliz Molina 9/27/2011

My Little Pony

just got uglier, shinier
and richer. On the streets
hardly anyone knows
americans are upset
about student loans
no jobs and lost homes.

My Little Pony

used to be nicer and prettier
when everyone had a job
didn't need student loans
and had a home.

My Little Pony swam offshore

to secret islands, Seychelles
and sparkles in offshore accounts
filled with everyone else's money
only a few other ponies know about.

After the Storm, Praise

By, Kathy Engel, 2011

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Jen from Hidden Basin Ranch, Wyoming, where my daughter, sister,
niece and I slept in tents last week, choosing wood stove, candles, moose.

To the Gaura Whirling Butterfly I planted last month, now burnt by salt wind,
the Hibiscus saved, its yellow petals even more lush. To the wooden
birdhouse my husband built, tossed to the ground, and to the scattered birds.

To criss-cross corn stalk, potato sog, ocean rock and whip, and to
this family, and to these friends, gathered at the table, where we begin.

GLOSE

By, **Marilyn Hacker**

And I grew up in patterned tranquility

In the cool nursery of the new century.

And the voice of man was not dear to me,

But the voice of the wind I could understand.

Anna Akhmatova «*Willow*»

translated by Judith Hemschmeyer

A sibilant wind presaged a latish spring.

Bare birches leaned and whispered over the gravel path.

Only the river ever left. Still, someone would bring
back a new sailor middy to wear in the photograph
of the four of us. Sit still, stop *fidgiting*.

--Like the still-leafless trees with their facility
for lyric prologue and its gossipy aftermath.

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

I was encouraged to cultivate that ability.

And I grew up in patterned tranquility.

In the single room, with a greasy stain like a scar
from the gas-fire's fumes, when any guest might be a threat
(and any threat was a guest-- from the past or the future)

at any hour of the night, I would put the tea things out
though there were scrap-leaves of tea, but no sugar,
or a lump or two of sugar but no tea.

Two matches, a hoarded cigarette :

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

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

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

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

The effects were mortal, however complex the causes.

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

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

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

From Names (W.W. Norton, 2010)

OLD FACTORY

By, Miriam Stanley

One day its antique shutters were gone.

The interior gutted.

I cried in front of the building.

My own home was in foreclosure,

the city burned,

and my grandma couldn't remember her name.

My ex had my furniture, and a high giggle
kept leaving my throat.
I thought of drinking and night always had my neck.
August '69,
I'd returned from summer camp;
the countertops seemed low.
Everything was alien,
but then I went shopping for school.
Being six years old: thinking I can become
whatever I want,
that ignorance,
and age
beautiful.

Here's a poem :)

By, Ross Brighton

leaves band
leaves out come to bank to
fore four fire foreign leaf it to
till brow one outer or time to
borough ire cop roof fife
like left wing leftward wood rise of
and twelve to hard
how fount hand lyre half to quill ward of

yard whistle young to tire ache
of hight in light more move
hot pulling billet catch into inward
untrue I flew bloody
I fleet chior
our orchard ablaze

OO AMERICA

By, Doug Howerton

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I see your future coming fast
Mass culture hooked on a dying past
America—your lead won't last
Against the competition in the aftermath
The gun won fame
We lived through freedom's pangs
Now there's democracy
Where everything owned is a luxury
OO America, OO America!
Beauty unequaled in a magic land
Caught in a tragic past
Sheer American wizardry
All this to get a name in history
Immigrants washed up on golden shores

Worshippers, slaves, and feudal lords

Built a thriving enterprise

Before their children's wondrous eyes

OO America

Such a grand ideal

So fine --- so damn surreal

OO America OO America !

It's Really Up to Us

By, Ngoma

Jan 3, 1996

I know

It seems like things are out of control

Everyone's getting laid off

The politicians get paid off

while the workers starve

The budget won't be balanced

The truth won't be silenced

So listen here

Things can be different

its up to us

The world, the country, the state,

the city, the union, the company,

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

None of it could work without us.

Suppose all the Mayors on the planet,
all the kings and presidents and bosses and mis-leaders
stepped into their offices to find out everyone called in sick

Could you imagine that?

No laundry, no cooking, no chauffeurs,
no bus drivers, no maids, no hospital orderlies, no school teachers,
no students, no subways, no secretaries, no office boys, no taxi drivers
no customer service agents, no computer programmers, no nurses, no doctors,
no stock brokers, no therapists
add your job here on the dotted line _ _ _ _ _

Not even a shoe shine technician Damn

What could be done,

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

Nothing could be done without us.

'Spoze we had a moratorium on buying things,

You know, boycott this thing called shopping.

Maybe we could do without things for a day

'Spoze no one watched TV

no commercials,

and everyone was required to read a book for a week

that was non fiction.

Maybe with information we could end this cycle of ignorance

and erase things from the mass consciousness.

Like

hatred,

bigotry,

racism,

homophobia,

violence,

corporate greed

war and fear.

And

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

until everything's well

The world could be a healthy place to live in.

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

To the Occupation

By, Germ

Hello!

I see you standing there!

With arms outstretched, screaming for justice.

Red and black bandanna draped over your strangled neck.

Black hood cloaking a brilliant mind!

Hello there!

I hear you as well Crowd!

All you listeners and echoers!

Chanting the day's news for all.

Hello there!

I see you too Signbearer!

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

I hear those cries and I take them in!

Ah, the Musicians!

The saxophones, trumbones, and drums!

Ah, those drums!

The thunder to our lightening!

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

How I love you all!

How cherished I feel to walk among you

In thunderous lockstep towards the bright horizon!

Recollections I Will Have When I Am Old

By, Germ

We were right to leave our pasts behind and

Trade them in for unknown roads

For opaque futures

For what they told us we may never achieve.

We were right for rejecting their ways

Burning their symbols, seizing our days

With the hope of better tomorrows.

We were right when we stood tall at the barricades

Arm in arm, slowly marching forward

In what was to become known as the

"Great Black Massacre."

Though we are sorry

That we had to have those dreams

To begin with

Alphadebt

By, Germ

An aggressive aeronautic apperatus

Blasting bombs on Baghdad's bunkers

Cut the cords and collapse cross-eyed

Down and dirty on dismal deserts.

Elegant eagles emitting eminence

For far flung faces of facades

Gallantly grazing glass grass

Heroically herding hellish heathens

Into icicled incubators

Jaded with juxtaposition in jails

Killing kendred kindness.....killjoy

Lying about little leg lumps but

Mentioning much on mental malpractices but

Nothing new nears nocturnal night.

Opaque onset of owls on opinions

Partly prejudiced of people's pondering
Quiet quarantines quaking in quagmire
Rendering your rooks restless and rowdy
Sending saints and sinners to sell salvation
To television travesties to Taliban turn-tables.
Unable to usurp the useful usher into
Vacating the vicinity of the vile vice-roy
While waiting willfully with
Xanthippe's xenophobic x-ray
Year-round yippies yelping at yeomen youth
Zoned in the Zion Zodiac Zoo.

Democracy Factory

By, Germ

We manufacture bombs.
We dare not question where they'll go or
Who they'll kill.
We're told that it's the name of virtuous democracy.
Democracy for whom?
Virtues from where?
We manufacture death without objection.
Sweat genocide from our fingertips.
Stamp our approval of extinction along the sides.
Extinction....we welcome thee with open arms,
Closed hearts, and blind minds.

Proud only of a hard day's work,
Bills of death in our pockets, and
The banner of obliteration held high above our heads.
Here, we manufacture burial grounds.
Mass tombs for the outcome of our productivity.
Is this our pride?
Is this our wealth?
Are these nuclear atoms our halos we falsely earned?
We bury our heart and souls alongside the ones we helped die.
"They couldn't have done it without us" we sigh with smug pride.
We manufacture false hope on machines of adversity.
While the foremen smile and shake hands with the cooperative.
We manufacture our own ruined reputation.
We are the source of our decline.
Right here in this factory of minimum wage henchmen
Smile now and regret will follow.

Opportunity Knocks

By, Germ
Opportunity.
Hear it knock
Fenceposts into rural soils with
Hammers of prejudice.
Racist barbed wire of segregation.
Seperate to keep unjust order alive and kicking.

Borderline insanity on desert oceans.
Dwell not in our free state.
Crowd not our equal streets.
Banished are ye to your third world.
To your clay huts.
To your arid, deprived oasis.
Hope not to live among equals
For you hold the wrong heritage.
Ha! Blasphemous mutiny against our fellow brothers.
Life denied through the eyes of the badge.
Opportunity....
Hear it knock.
Hear it beaten.
Hear it deport.
Hear it hate.
Hear it exhort.
Hear it blame.
Here, it's short.

An Ode To The Cause

By, Germ

Minds are locked behind unlocked doors.
Standing on ceilings made to look like floors.
Ballrooms are packed with tiresome feet.
While others are dancing atop burning sheets.

Paper dripping ink like black and blue blood.
Papyrus stained walls are covered in mud.
Ancient riddles awaken to whisper us truth.
On how to break out and start up the coup.
But we are not ready to take on such a task.
For whatever the outcome, it's sure to not last.
We tell ourselves this, yet we don't even try
To correct our mistakes and dry up our eyes.
Sacco and Vanzetti, martyrs to the craft
Have paved the way, yet we still do not act.
As long as this anarchy is alive within me
I'll pray this (r)evolution will soon someday see
The light of a new dawn shining on a new day
And imaginations captured by the black flag I wave.
So answer the call, make way for the peace
By abolishing the army, the church and police.
So set your sights high for now is the time
To let your voice be heard and may your words always shine.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDER THE WIRE

By, Doren Robbins

The guy was right who said I was lucky
to get in just under the wire but hasn't it
always been just under the wire or else

the whole screwed up time whatever
the options? How can anyone
born without automatic privilege
not see it? Maybe they don't know
how to see it unless they are
forcibly not supposed to see it,
unless they just keep their mouths shut
about not seeing what they see whatever
they think or can't think or don't know
how to think about seeing it? And nobody
nobody calls you on the phone and says,
"Hey, you better warm up your
four cylinders in nine minutes and
get under the goddamned wire!"
Are there really people that
believe someone saying he's going
to call and let it ring two and a half
times as the signal when you should
get your ass in gear to make it
under the wire? It's the thrust of
self-pity I'm talking about.
Some people know they're
born to brutes in
power. And conditions

aren't that stable under the wire.

There's not much left to go around.

And when it finally happens here,

the armed robots of whoever rules

in the name of which ever *ocracy* or

ism will let us know who gets what.

As for me, I have one earplug

their current police birds

didn't manage to peck out of

my head. And I will fight for it.

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

By, John Colburn

From Occupy Minnesota

1. We wanted to capture believers and untorture them.

We knew that money bent inside other money so we decided to use a trapeze. What else could flicker? Our roadblock flickered with ghouls and hoofbeats. We sat still to watch the edgings of leaves. Somewhere in our moonlight treks a drug culture stalked invisible senators through the blackbird calls. Treetops said wavebands. Our trapeze was a timekeeper and it could trapeze anything. We surrounded camp with our hoarded baby-sitter teeth. Someone lit the pipe arm. Maybe a 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

HOME COMING

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.

Jorie Graham

EMPLOYMENT

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.

M
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12/31/1976 – 4/16/2005

Founder: Campaign for Innocent Victims in Conflict (CIVIC)

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

For Adrienne Rich

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

*tireless, fearless
against generals, bureaucrats, politicians*

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

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

corpuscles hiss from the splutter
flare from the pyre drafts

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

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

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

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

her last outcry: "I'm alive"



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

from torso to torso
blogs mocking her even as martyr

*Rock Creek Park Rollerblade Queen, Cluster Bomb Girl
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

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

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALISA ZINOV'YEVNA ROSENBAUM

by, Mike Cecconi

fuck you Ayn Rand
we are all majestic

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

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

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

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

fuck you Ayn Rand
you will not judge me with your black corroded heart

life is not a high-yield architecture
life is not some stockyard atrocity
life is a short sweet shared breath
spit into the face of an absent god
ruminated in four stomachs for eighty-some-odd years
and manifest in our few moments of grace and peace

fuck you Ayn Rand
physical achievement is largely luck or cheating

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Right to Bare

by, Ian Bodkin

I will occupy & I occupy;
all these words are

a well trained militia;

they reside in this

my violent whisper.

But the ears of my member, my chosen
voice, turn away

in an active divide;

revisions

to the terms of my pursuit.

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

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

WEALTH MANAGEMENT

by, Cynthia Atkins

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

Magic enhancements (not cash) are stashed under the mattress.
Art poor, we're like the pagan church mouse's empty pockets.
Notorious is the tortoise, evicted from his house after fast living.
As the soup gets cold, as stones get thrown.
Gambled away our yin and yang—*Blame the boomers,*
Envious of Persian rugs. Epithets stop us in our tracks.
Moreover, we'll *rent-a-vision* from the corner store.
Entrenched in daily nettles, death scared us into breath.
Net worth is measured in childhood flaws and beach sand.
Table this equation: know when to throw good money after bad.

ROOMS

by, Cynthia Atkins

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

These are the voluminous whose who
of unruly rooms, too full
of themselves. Notice the malcontents,
nosing around for your undying attention.

Watch the ones that carry big sticks.
Avoid the eyesores not for the faint
of heart—Our cheap plates thrown
like gloomy confetti. Keep at bay,
the hedonistic corporate rooms—
groomed into adulterous sweetheart deals,
where rooms are in bed

with other rooms. That said, some rooms
are the picture of health. On a first-name basis,
and all about a feng-shui of breathing.

Once adorned, but now moth-eaten; remember
when the tie-dyed curtains
had a vision and a moral compass?
The rooms where I tell my people
to call your people, but your people

Never call back! Stamped and approved,
distrust the rooms with cherry-picked
intelligence. The anterooms of anterooms.

Ballrooms of children locked-up
in pageants of sad seductive
clothe styles. Stoic rooms that need
a heart to heart—then corner us into
telling the truth! Mud-rooms where dogs lie waiting
for the key to turn. Bathrooms where someone

is coming of age—dangling a coat hanger.

Rooms that are dead-ringers
for other rooms. Some talk their way out
of a jam.—The pleasure was all theirs!
Others are slated to be brainstorm,
but have no threshold
and no door—A shrine of cobwebs,
a string of lanterns light the way
to the last resolute room.

WAYS OF DRILLING

by, Lee Slonimsky

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

ILLINOIS PENSION ACCOUNTING

by, Lee Slonimsky

You loop a list of figures, like a thread,
through several dozen needle-eyes, and then
predict two dozen robust years ahead
with all your convoluted numbers. When

the SEC arrives and asks just how
your methods are explained, you sit and grin
and say you do just what the law allows:
deep murkiness, so slick bond floaters win
while ordinary people gasp, then ache
with worry over possibilities
like phantom funding, no-one could mistake
for real resources. They're just noise and sleaze.
You'll cut some future workers (don't exist)
to pay your current bills with fog and mist

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

by, M. G. Stephens

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

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THE CULT OF ISAAC

by, M. G. Stephens

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

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

He was to be his father's sacrifice.
What I propose is Isaac, his worship

and adoration, a cult of the son.

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

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WAR AND PEACE

by, M. G. Stephens

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

THE ACT OF FAITH

by, M. G. Stephens

From point A,

s
h
e

l
e
a
p
s

AS IT IS

by, M. G. Stephens

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

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

THE OLD CLOCK

by, M. G. Stephens

Even when I am
almost always
wrong

Twice a day
the broken clock
reads correctly

Sometimes through no
fault of my own
I'm right

LIFE HAS LOST ITS BEAUTIFUL RHYTHM

by, M. G. Stephens

No one comes out a winner in a war,
but at least there are some kind of heroes,
even if all the faces seem broken
and corrupted by the endless bombings,
night and day, women in burkas streaming
from the flames, children crying, life has lost
its beautiful rhythm, consumed by men
enflamed by righteous fanaticism
and the tenants of a just, holy war.
God never blesses a bullet, never

gives infinite love to a bomb, always
weeps for the children left behind, either
the Jew or the Christian or Moslem,
the Higher Power weeps for all of them.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

by, M. G. Stephens

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

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

PUBLIC NOTICE

by, M. G. Stephens

Sandie Redhead
is a blonde

THE CRISIS

by, M.G. Stephens

The new speaker of the house
takes the gavel

Ten thousand blackbirds fall
from the sky in Arkansas

THE DECLARATION OF PENGUINDEPENDENCE

by, Filip Marinovich

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

Penguins hooray!

Fathers huddled together in
subzero farenheit
father temperatures

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

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

Curious gender
reversal

Imagine if penguins
had gender issues
and the fathers fought wars

instead of guarding their eggs

is it zuccotti park where you are?

by, Gus Franza

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

the park is suddenly sacred mr z
can we call you savior and us
rebellious satellites?
some think 'hombres impotentes'
gathered at 'liberty park'
(step aside mr z shut your eyes)
demanding filling in deep ravines
the hinterlands are here
pissing against the trees

11

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

12

yes we have no mananas

**"Ode to an ever-intensifying radical.radioactive.rejection of
capitalism"**

by, Ingrid Feeney

This heavy thing Love
it
is Mountain.and
Monsoon
it is
Moon
and it
stirs.the.tides
into frenzied uprisings
that
flood Churches and
drown Dead Cities

where
the streets weep defeated and all
the hearts
beat
manufactured rhythms of commerce and
the Wild
has been commodified
and
packaged in plastic
suffocating on supermarket shelves
suffering silenced by florescent lighting
rendered unable to impart its secrets.
this Wild
the Wild that
seduced us
conceived us
carried us for nine months and through all eternities
that
bore us
and
birthed us in Hot Blood
onto the Earth's surface
heaving with Tectonic Breaths
that
birthed us onto
this Earth
Earth who with
dirt rocks and root
teeth fur and carbon
and
saline water
nursed proteins into
protozoa
and
fed dinosaur flesh to hungry sediment
and

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

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

A Dream Divulged : A Raw Collective
by, Eddie Caceres Jr

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

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

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

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

I Have a dream that involves making moves if you can gather what I mean

And see the unseen, look past the touch screen

And keep your life clean -Because to me WINNING....

Isn't what's seen By damn Charlie Sheen

And I'm sorry for my reality

But that's my mentality

There is no formality

So what can you do??

Well this isn't quite true because

I have a Dream and that dream starts with you

So stop chillin in hurds and heed your own words

Because im tired of these followers and damn angry birds

We've burned all the books, traded the plastic for wires

And still we remain with a low in new hires .

Get up where you sit, contribute how you see fit

And you might just evolve to something realer.. 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 with out growing those wings

And Please,

Let go of those foolish fantasies

But keep, your complicated dreams!

AMERICA

(When Things Fall Apart)

by, Philomene Long

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

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

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

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

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

America, America hears you. We will begin again.

The Second American Revolution will be more difficult than the first for footsteps of an enemy of liberty and justice lying within are hard to detect.

But this time we, the Posterity, have a weapon far more powerful than a musket. We have *The Constitution!*

The World Wave

by, James Smith

There’s a Tsunami comin’
to shake up the whole wide world.
You can’t escape this big old wave

hittin' every city where there's a slave.
Gonna feel this human tidal wave.

Listen, rich man
Your pockets got half of everything
If you billionaires won't share the wealth,
and the things we need
Someone's gonna bleed.

Rich man, you got your armies
goin' around the world
terrorizin' folk. That's gonna end.
Hey, we got our army, too.
25 million jobless comin' unglued.

So call out your army and The Fear
Tear gas and water cannons by the ton
Lots of us want justice even more than livin'
Dyin' might be our pride and our fate
But all you got is your hate.

You can knock us down once, twice
maybe more, but we'll keep comin'
got no where to go so we'll play your game
'til your soldiers and police join us in our fun
whatcha gonna do when they cut and run?

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

We're gonna make a better world
Annihilate hunger, vaporize your greed.
Egypt didn't need your pet dictator

like them, we're gonna put you in our past
We'd like to take it slow, but it could be fast.

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

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

The enigma of infuriated salesmen has become a pool exercise.
OCCUPIERS / OCCUPAYERS.

Enriched pierced noses, they're really horizontal, wriggle like
sauceless spaghetti.

Church leaders relentless and arrogant veered toward remote
Assassination,

Ultraconservative love affairs celebrated unsweetened diapers
while Quetzalcoatl worshippers examined Commie bastards in capital
ones.

Obese SOAPOPERAS dominating bottled water and ceramic piggy
banks

ordered female neck bones mortgaged
along with foxnose cows. OCCUPY.

Gloomy postmodern goys kiss and tell, conspirators and blistering
GRANDIOSE IBM products mistrusted heartbroken saxophonists
who reguritated urban jungle hall and ceiling grafitti artists.

OCCUPY.

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

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

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

OCCUPY!**OCCUPAY!**

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

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

when you send an sos
i come
when i send an sos

god comes
it works like this
i must remain pure
if not you're lost
world's pleasures are sweet
but the sweetest fragrance is virtue
peace is white
you will love my smell
heaven in your cells
right here right now

I AM ALL YOURS

animals are my friends
I don't eat them
men are my brothers
I don't fuck them
god is my father
I don't disappoint her
this world is my mission
I don't abandon you
when I'm in blood and flesh
I suffer undoubtedly
I sacrifice for you
this is love
I don't steal I don't lie
you can trust me
I also fail but I assume
heaven's number is thirteen
and 999 for the beast

PAY ATTENTION TO THE CORRECT DATA

there is no new thing upon the earth
that all knowledge was but remembrance
that all novelty is but oblivion
i greed the stability of steal
this material world is the séance

christ has already told you
this is the land of forgiveness
pride covetousness lust anger gluttony envy sloth
i'm not sinful i'm divine
i believe without cutting birds
my love is clement and mercy
SELAH

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

C'EST LA VIE
(mind your own business)

I still can't feel
the sense of life
i've been trying so hard
sometimes I feel I have it

but it blows up like a wish
and only remains the poet

I THINK THIS IS MY LAST POEM
just for the moment

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

JUST TO LOVE YOU

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

THE INNOCENT LOOK

we invest our lives entirely

this is the real sacrifice
puyegue ashes like advice
not only a piece, a whole world warning
considerado en sí mismo
con exclusión de cuanto pueda serle extraño
concretar a lo esencial
como dijo mi amado hermano:
hay mucha tibieza en este lugar!
estamos todos muy cómodos
en una práctica anodina
como ranas de experimento
y es esta pestilencia la que me motiva y me rebela
y cuando uno surge de la media
debe estar dispuesto a la cruz

I'M A SHAREHOLDER

SHOW ME WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE

by, Lara Weibgen

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

In ancient Greece
& the 19th century, democracy

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

How does democracy look
in the PowerPoint I sent you?
Is the resolution OK?
I’m so tired of looking at images all the time.
What we need is an erotics of the visual:
not a porno, & definitely not the evil
eye-fucking of Bataille, but something like
Bernini’s Teresa, or the Barberini faun,
if their ecstasy were a meme
that could explode simultaneously
into every eye.

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

The Blue Cat Visits OWS, the First Colony of Liberty in the New World

by, Franklin Reeve

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

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

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

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

God and The City

by, Floyd Salas

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

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

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

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

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

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

The drums of blood thin to the vinegar
of stagnant wine
in my time
and helmeted flies cluster like calvaries

of poison grapes
on the uncrossed stems of an anemic vine

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

The Pledge of Aggrievance

by, S.A. Griffin

we pledge aggrievance
to the flag
of the United States of Wall Street
and to the stock market
for which it stands
one nation
under siege
(in)visible
with no civil liberty
or corporate justice
we fall

The War

by, S.A. Griffin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The War is getting younger all the time.

Nobody should look that young.

Nobody.

The War Is Over

by, Burt Kimmelman

I meet my friend, my old professor, and we head over, lots of cops and metal fences as we get to the park, and then the drums in sync, and dancing and signs – scrawled on a piece of green cardboard, “Compassion is the radicalism of our time,” set up against some empty pizza boxes, and another sign, photo of grave stones below the heading “No Corporations Buried Here” and below the graves “Arlington Cemetery,” and then I see a young man and young woman cuddling in a sleeping bag in the middle of it all, trying to rest.

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

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

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

the night asks where
are the defeneseless borders
of what do I know and forgive
and forget the quarter was
found and spent

the quarter which rolls
from town to town a lantern
the war

“It is mean to not share”

by, Dan Owen

Money could make a home for pigeons
and squirrels and a career would be
a nice place to put candles to light.
I'm tired of it. Rotten teeth gum away
at my sleep. I'm tired of the banks
and I'm tired of money and I'm tired
of being tired. The debt balloon is filled
with kerosene confetti, so happy birthday everyone.

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

Look up into our sky,
a sleeping cat's dream
we walk in and around
a thing of matter and means,
we shrug and we raise
our fists in air. We
who are tired. We
who wake and sleep and give
our days and our nights to turning
the Good Blessed Wheel,
who deserve a world to mirror
our hands and our dreams and

our dreams of hands and hands
in dream's light. We make a new
street with no name and endless
lanterns. With restless hands and
restless dreams, we rise to till
what we've been left.

Poems for Occupy Wall Street - Anthology

by: Aaron Beasley

1

%

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

2

to thing of

there's no seeing thing
thru barricades

to see
has been seen

or be—their no thing
threw craves

scene of nothing been
to white no

thing alights a bee
whose knees have seeing

that's the matter
of to and/or is

another matter bar-
ricuda undersea

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

erial batters
being seen to nothing

the mattering of
manners bantered

like light's umbrage
sees there's no matter

to thing of

3

of plural and obstinate

of plural and obstinate
of cause and affect

of absorption and distress
of authority and love
of home and difference
of opinions and suspicion
of limits and extension
of contents and formed
of motion and continence
of you and our
of lapse and track
of hearing and thus
of quiet and indicative
of life and end
of progress and history
of facts and undeterred
of intention and sense
of being and withheld
of judgment and regardless
of cooperation and contempt
of court and defense
of nation and state
of mind and body
of water and finality
of ambition and slumber
of reading and life
of examination and wastes
of time and where
of which and resisting
of definition and infinitude
of possible and specified
of variable and absolute
of reason and passions
of other and binary
of one and same
of kind and quality
of care and privatization
of wealth and share

of space and occupation
of land and sea
of consciousness and habit
of perpetuum and disruption
of stasis and variation
of use and significance

of relative and general
of particular ands

Tsunami

by, Kelly

(for Occupy New York)

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

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

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

Nonetheless t-shirt stands are erected
on the floating islands of overturned cars
(immediately declared their own country),
the poles of their huts jammed
into black chasms in the chassis
between the crankshaft and wheel-wells.

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

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

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

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.
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.
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plays under the guava tree
and learns to listen to the breeze.

New Civilization Rising

By, Craig Louis Stehr

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

Encampment is 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 values 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 Catrone

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 believeing we are without,
By believing that we do not
contain galaxies within us.
But we were not meant
to survive.

Declair chapter 11:11
& let the whole thing
go under.

when wind speaks
to water, we
call it waves.

stormed capital
by, betsy fagin

total alimentation
articulates our
single history—decisive our
material arrival at
a fruitful marketplace
passionate newspaper
affairs work my
optimism, preoccupy
daily hopes for a government
of the heart. more fitted
responsibilities exactly
three blocks from necessary.
the family, town life
important conditions
adapted to trial

levels, staged questions
protected parts of a
fierce wind, a driving
rain. just become just.
true danger could be life
ordered to follow
staid, safe.
seeped in plenty
with water and food,
shelter considered
for ease of evacuation.

(see flooding)
we will bank.

overflow nothing.
isolated, political
become stormed, capital.
be.

Voice of Jah

By Ras Osagyefo

poetically adopted from a speech made by HIM Haile Selassie I

Can you hear the voice
The voice the voice of
Jah Jah calling saying
My children my children
Will you please listen
Will you please listen
Will you please listen

The problems we face today
Are without precedent
They have no counter part
Within the human experience
Men have been searching the pages of history
For generation after generation
Trying to find a solution

But have yet to come to a conclusion
So what then is our ultimate challenge
Where can we look for our survival
To escape this deadly pilgrimage
Where can we seek for answers to questions
That have never been asked
To whom do we turn to lead us out of this
Dark dark dark dark dark-nest
First we must look to the most High God Almighty
Who have raised us above the animals
And have endowed us with
Intelligence and reasoning ability
We must put our hope our faith and our faith in Him
So he will not desert us out here
In this wilder-nest of pollution and sin
Or permit man-kind to destroy us
Whom he has created in his own image
Since the days of old
Then we must look deep deep deep
Within the depth of our souls
To become something that we have never been
We must become members of a new race
Overcoming petty prejudice
And owing our allegiances
Not just to our nationality
But to our fellow man and woman
Within the human community
So can you hear the voice
The voice the voice
Of Jah Jah calling saying
My children my children my children
Will you please listen
Will you please listen
Will you please listen

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

By Ras Osagyefo

The pen is mightier than the sword
The pen is mightier than the sword
And that is why we are going to write
Like we have never written before
Poems that will shed light on the truth
Like the spook who sat by the door
Poems that will leave ink trail
Along the blood stained path
Of these retched shore
Pointing the way to freedom and liberation
Like the eternal footprints in the sand
Showing captive souls
How to escape these Babylonian illusion
We are going to write to trigger
Off tidal waves and tsunami
And send them crashing
Into your consciousness
Igniting ancient memories
Way back before we were sinner and slaver
While at the same time
Pulling these devilish thugs
And the gangs of capitalist demon
Back into the ocean to a watery grave
Yes we are going to write about men
Who sold their soul for land and power
Polluting this world with lies hate vanity and liquor
Men whose children now call themselves road scholar
But are nothing more that high tech oppressor
Trading humanity feature on the stock like blue chips
Sodomizing the world just to make a profit
These men who make babies wish
That their mommies had an abortion
Or that their deadbeat daddies

Had use some prophylactic protection
These men whose greatest wish
Is to turn this world into another
World war One Two Korea and Vietnam
Just so they can line their pocket with loot
By building bombs warplane body bags
Camouflage fatigues and combat boots
These men who sow the seed of hate
Among the human families
Pitting Blacks against Whites Jews against Moslems
Catholics against Protestants
Then sit back and play them like monopoly
These man who use trade embargo and fear
To hold billions of people down
In a third world nightmare
Now fear that our words
Will start a poetics revolution
Fulfilling the Leaves Of Grass
Prophecy of Walt Whitman
Because we are here asking questions
That have never been asked
Like what is it about the truth
Why they keep it buried in the dark
Why are they so afraid of love
That they shroud it in such mystery
Causing poor innocent souls
To live and die in heartache and misery
Why are they still trying to whitewash
The red man and black man
From the pages of history
And still hold women down today
In servitude and sexual slavery
Yes we are going to write
To make their conscience hurt
Until they bury their wicked back in the dirt
We are going to write until there is no trace

Of bigotry racism sexism of oppressive capitalism
On this celestial space ship
We are going to write using our pen's like whips
To give Babylon some blood claat licks
We are going to write about wrong to make it right
About darkness to make it light
Yes we are going to write
Even if this pen cause us our life
Because it's mightier than the sword
It's mightier Than the sword
And that is why we are going to write.

Sleep-Deprived, Mobile My Socioeconomic
By, Celina Su

Having cultivated the fine art of pressed-for-time
dawdling. Twirling red tape around one's pinkie,
daydreaming of brackish water
and the moment before
myth makes a home in yours—

Did someone give you a cloak that infested the others?
Or have they lined your drawers for years?
Poised to flutter about,
dentists and banks and life savings—
a conversion of saving half-lives,
this financial purgatory so oddly American.
Insecure securities trickling down
teeth gleaming from these stiff uppers.
To wake up with the smell of enamel burning,
the grinding of whose toil insures these incisors, home salty home—

A social contract between state
& citizen clenches a thousand-year-old alkalined heart,
translucent green artifice of what we thought
was pure, a tautological beginning.

To savor this egg and bury it—
an aporia of the no way in.

Engineers of my beloved industrial spreadsheet
creating new weapons of planned obsolescence
like ad men walking down Madison:

Incontrovertible morality so easily convertible.
Pull the top down, wash my mouth with some bubbling detergent,
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

7/11/11

for Facundo Cabral

A old man cycles by on an odd bike,

a cardboard circle inside the wheel, behind
the spokes. He passes twice unremarkably—
going somewhere, coming back, but then
my eye engages as he pedals lazily by
a third time. Now I want to know where,
why, who – Is he chasing Manuela?
But that's it, he'll come back no more.

A child, I loved the books with magic
in them – the lonely child in a quiet place
who discovers something, an abandoned house
perhaps and falls asleep on the floor in a patch
of sunlight also falling through a streaked window,
dust motes dancing on the updraft of her breath.
Is it always a little girl? The light making
transparent the green leaves of a pecan, the cicadas
swelling buzz which is the heat made audible.

Or is it an adult woman, thinking of her friend
divorcing, the pain going on and on, wanting to tell
her that she knows how the heart can break
again and again until, like the cicada music,
the green-gold light, it's part of the beautiful
what is. The adult woman, generous of flesh,
and the body which is known not to exist,
except as a receptacle for time, the way
sleepers fall out of it, the body and its time.

And there was something else – the unreachable
third thing, the cat's night cry convincing us all
there's a baby abandoned in the back yard,
the words that come from the edge of sleep
if you can just stay awake enough to listen.
Facundo Cabral the Argentine has died,
away from home, three carloads of assassins,
the Guatemalans say, shot the wrong man.

Would he tell us he has just gone on ahead? – to where,
through there are no green-golden leaves glowing
in the trees, the feeling of that green-gold light
is all there is. And though the sound of cicadas
cannot penetrate there, the shaking of their shaman
rattle is also all there is, the same all, the same is.
I hope he died with little pain, quickly, having just
laughed at his friend's joke, smiled at some old
memory still present, still carried on the wave
of his old song. No soy de alli, ni de alla.

He died yesterday, ayer, the word implying space and
therefore distance, as the Spanish word for tomorrow
contains the dawn. The child prodigy pianist
when asked where her compositions come from
lifts her hand slowly toward her head, but wavers,
says, from my heart. Could it all be connected
in some way I never realized before, or am I
stitching it together to comfort the dying,

those being born out of time? We must relax
the vigil against the pain that lives in the heart,
must greet it like an old friend. Amigo, thank you
for coming. My house is your house, the air shimmering
in one part of the room as if it were heat rising from a fire,
the tree limb stretching through the gray mist inside
my head, its roots shooting down into the heart.

DEATH To VAN GOGH'S EAR (first half)

Allen Ginsberg, Paris, December 1957

*Originally Published in KADDISH & OTHER POEMS, City Lights, SF.
1961*

*Currently published in COLLECTED POEMS 1947-1997, Harper
Collins 2008*

POET is Priest

Money has reckoned the soul of America

Congress broken thru to the precipice of Eternity

the President built a War machine which will vomit and rear up Russia
out of Kansas

The American Century betrayed by a mad Senate which no longer sleeps
with its wife

Franco has murdered Lorca the fairy son of Whitman

just as Mayakovsky committed suicide to avoid Russia

Hart Crane distinguished Platonist committed suicide to cave in the
wrong America

just as millions of tons of human wheat were burned in secret caverns
under the White
House

while India starved and screamed and ate mad dogs full of rain

and mountains of eggs were reduced to white powder in the halls of
Congress

on godfearing man will walk there again because of the stink of the
rotten eggs of
America

and the Indians of Chiapas continue to gnaw their vitaminless tortillas
aborigines of Australia perhaps gibber in the eggless wilderness

and I rarely have an egg for breakfast tho my work requires infinite eggs
to come to
birth in Eternity

eggs should be eaten or given to their mothers

and the grief of the countless chickens of America is expressed in the
screaming of her
comedians over the radio

Detroit has built a million automobiles of rubber trees and phantoms
but I walk, I walk, and the Orient walks with me, and all Africa walks
and sooner or later North America will walk

for as we have driven the Chinese Angel from our door he will drive us
from the Golden
Door of the future

we have not cherished pity on Tanganyika

Einstein alive was mocked for his heavenly politics

Bertrand Russell driven from New York for getting laid

immortal Chaplin driven from our shores with the rose in his teeth

a secret conspiracy by Catholic Church in the lavatories of Congress has
denied
contraceptives to the unceasing masses of India.

Nobody publishes a word that is not the cowardly robot ravings of a
depraved
mentality

The day of the publication of the true literature of the American body
will be day of

Revolution

the revolution of the sexy lamb

the only bloodless revolution that gives away corn

poor Genet will illuminate the harvesters of Ohio

Marijuana is a benevolent narcotic but J. Edgar Hoover prefers his deathly scotch

And the heroin of Lao-Tze & the Sixth Patriarch is punished by the electric chair

but the poor sick junkies have nowhere to lay their heads

fiends in our government have invented a cold-turkey cure for addiction as obsolete as the Defense Early Warning Radar System.

I am the defense early warning radar system

I see nothing but bombs

I am not interested in preventing Asia from being Asia

and the governments of Russia and Asia will rise and fall but Asia and Russia will not fall

the government of America also will fall but how can America fall

I doubt if anyone will ever fall anymore except governments

fortunately all the governments will fall

the only ones which won't fall are the good ones

and the good ones don't yet exist

But they have to begin existing they exist in my poems

.....]

The Status Quo Reprise

by Jesús Papoleto Meléndez

The Statues Are Leaving The Parks!!!...

Those on Horses

**have already galloped away
with their girls in the arms of their love**

&

the smell of their sex

**,trailing
in the white smoke**

o

f 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

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 ThemSELVES/

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
21, 2011 10:14pm

Read @ Zuccotti Park Friday October

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

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 newyork

Beautiful Asian

I was all dressed in blue for a reason.
Standing in front of Capitol One Bank
at 6 av at about w39 st
on Sat Oct 15 late afternoon.
I was with my work partner
standing in front of the Bank entrance
when you and a friend stopped
and asked us a question.
I thought you were so beautiful
that I was speechless.
The Occupy wall Street march
was coming up the Street
and you asked us a question about it,
and then all too soon
you were gone and the air
seemed a little cooler
as if the Sun had suddenly
gone behind a cloud.

If you recognise yourself
please please please
get back to me so that
I can at least know
if you are attached or not

You are a Cop

I was only visiting the city
during the protest
was with my mom
in Time Square
we chatted about why
I was visiting
and where I was from.
I wanted to ask you
for your number
for a good last hoorah before I left...
but I chicken out.

Wall St. Protest. Black/blonde Mohawk

You were at the occupation protest
in Zuccotti Park on Saturday.
You must have been about 5'8"-10",
black skinny jeans,
fitted white button down shirt,
black skinny tie, with a black backpack,
and leather jacket.
I first saw your blonde/black mohawk
with a black bandanna around your head.
You were in the drum circle shouting
"All day, all week, occupy wall street!"
I tried to approach you,
but thought it would be too awkward.
I doubt you'll see this,
but if anybody knows this guy
or sees him,
please tell him to look here.
Sorry for posting this.

I just want
to get to know you
Hoyt/Schermerhorn G
This weekend.
You had
an occupy wall street poster.
I had
a book.

Librarian at Occupy Wall Street

You seem pretty great.
It seemed like a bad idea
to even attempt to flirt
when you're trying to do
something substantive like that,
so I thought I'd just post here.
Just in case you might see it.

Occupy Rosa Mexicano

Hi Rebecca,
Do you want
to
get
a
drink sometime?
Jonathan

Wall Street Horse Sense

By, Richard Woytowich (richwoyt@earthlink.net)

The barricades are all in place -
"No Cars Or Trucks Allowed";
Mounted units stand prepared
To deal with any crowd.

"Don't let anyone soil this street"
Said the Mayor to the blue – clad forces;

Yet piles of dung lie all around -
Guess no one told the horses!

Everybody

By, Sparrow

Everybody, I heard you.
Everybody, you whispered.

So many whispers
So many whispers
So many whispers
became a roar.

Socialist Poem

By, Sparrow

This poem doesn't
belong to me,
though I wrote it.

It belongs to
The People.

Total Capitalism

By, Sparrow

A little
capitalism
hurts no
one (e.g.
if I sell
you this
poem for
23¢) but

Total
Capitalism
crushes
the earth's
soul.

Awful Fart
By, Sparrow

What an awful
fart I just farted!

Unlike my
beautiful
farts of 2003!

10.20.11

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

LXII Untitled (Deep Sea Diver)
By, Maureen Seaton and Samuel Ace

The diver has a shadow.

Two small men hugged greenly.

Red is not thought of hair or leg.

Bones crisscross an unknown universe.

—*and yet—*and yet—

when you're in the parallel universe you can also be invisibly present in this one.

--Jeffery Conway, Lynn Crosbie, & David Trinidad, *Chain Chain Chain*

Can we ever meet over crabs and particle collision? dinner down on the docks at 7 would be fine I'll make sure to order the calamari you can come jumping Hawking-like (no boundaries) I thought you would like the wet and gentle air primal and curled on the waterfront better you should wear a more teal shade of green to match the color of the waves at dusk and hold your foot still (the tremble might give you away) there under the table we can grip on to solid fingers (or other body parts) something to hold us from flipping back into previous iteration at least until we isolate what's worth keeping what do you think? 7 o'clock?

I have nothing to offer of sea and realms of deep. Floors alone cost more than calamari. Where are sails at dusk? The whine of jet skis? You could bring me a word or two for my water grave—*Vocatus atque non vocatus deus aderit*—but I would still want something edible. You could lean toward breath and presence, but I'd be missing in the Sargasso, turning with sea beans and seeds that wash up in the shadows. There is more to say, and I will say it when we're both on our bellies in the sun. For now, I will order the plate of sea legs kicking beneath their crinolines.

What a creative use of seafood.

Child my dark underwater shelf I prefer uncalled hiding and snorting through the snouts of carrion flutes never for service or platitude I still offer my invitation

I prefer uncalled to just show up at the presale body parts for auction Great selection! Terrific prices! Returns welcome!

To just show up at the presale anesthesia optional headed into the
dark below some privacy please to emerge transformed digested

Anesthesia optional but preferred a deterrent to falsehood a chance
for walk-ins an opportunity to leave

Things that are optional:

vanilla wafers

soap

surgeons

glucose

string cheese

poetry

tattoos

strangers

streets named Broadway

boardwalks

jelly fish

the word presumption

walks near water towers

pictures of water spouts

brides

shadows

blisters

shoe horns

horns in general

generals

the relationship of space and teatime

saliva

the word territorial

precluded assumptions

roaring numbers

the song after CPR

*so we sat sipping cordial as if nothing would shake the crystal
nothing to eat except brides and saliva hi hi a rest home at best sip
sip clink it was just before midnight just before the generals sent in
the drones just before the heat-ray crowd-control device just before the
tents were mowed down cell towers turned off the switch incinerated
residents scattered books on paper burned just before the crescent
moon the vestibule still with its umbrellas the day only in shadow not
rain*

(years before I saw them in the missile museum a nice man described
each unmanned invention he looked mild matter-of fact and he was
both really nice teeth and inexpensive glasses from lenscrafters)

LXIII Untitled (Auras)

Saints rarely bump into each other
with their spinning auras and their perfect depth
perception. (On pilgrimages to the Mall of America.)

Oh, if I were good enough to glow.

*I wanted to take his 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 intentiononiles
in finally the cruciblame of destroyers herded in gather and corral the
roundsomesorry I wanted to take his equilibration and shove it into his
humpy arsenauseahold bloody clouds and all*

It's so fundamental you see.

In Sum

1 Dreams 3 Spires - 2 Winds 1

Fastness 11

Some of us heard.
Some of us met first.

Some of us went down.
Some of us are in some.
Some of us just came.
Some of us are all in.
Some of us get it.
Some of us don't get it, but we'll give it a shot anyway.
Some of us got hit.
Some of us got your back; and Legal's on it.
Some of us got it on video and are streaming it live to the human condition.
Some of us thrive on conflict, and even brought our own---hey, where'd everybody go?
Some of us know too much of nothing is more than enough and didn't happen by accident.
Some of us empathize.
Some of us energize.
Some of us emphasize.
Some of us decolonize.
Some of us defragmentize.
Some of us deodorize.
Some of us re-organize our personal baggage.
Some of us recognize each other for the first time.
Some of us demagnetize the little strips on things which keep us in inhuman bondage.
Some of us are in the picture; some of us aren't.
Some of us are not enablers of the master criminals. Are we?
Some of us are.
Some of us want to talk to you about that.
Some of us are incredulous.
Some of us were meticulous; until we got here and acquired a sense of the ridiculous.
Some of us get really, really nervous in crowds but somebody's got to do this.
Some of us hiss when stepped on.
Some of us are friendly.
Some of us were friendly.

Some of us have friends, and they'll be here this Saturday.
Some of us friend anyone in the 99% (and we really, really mean it:
this means you).
Some of us, too, are in search of something; it was lost; or I think
stolen, but that's not
 important; and we're here to find it, at least I'm here to look for
it; and this guy/gal/
 goy/geezer/gummybearcub on the mike at GA said that we had it,
here:
it's called
 community.
Some of us dare.
Some of us swear by it.
Some of us have a flair for this.
Some of us ooze savoir-faire.
Some of us wear flowers in our hair; they're misty roses.
Some of us wear on others, but we try.
Some of us apply and apply and apply and we're tired of it, man, just
tired.
Some of us have demands, we'll get to 'em; if you don't get to 'em first.
Some of us had plans, which, as things happened were taken down and
out; not, as you may
 have heard, by incompetence or blind circumstance but by the
connivance of the few;
 of the 1% to be wholly frank. (Look up: They're looking down;
frowning.)
Some of us try to get things right.
Some of us have a light and let it shine.
Some of us are a sight to see.
Some of us came to see the city sights; and stayed.
Some of us've been to school; learned a few things 'bout you and me
and everyone we know.
Some of us have been to college, and all we got was this lousy
five-figure slave collar.
Some of us have been to hell and back, and even though we got paid . .
. it wasn't worth it.

Some of us need time.
Some of us need a place to be.
Some of us just need some space to be at play.
Some of us have time and nothing but; we've been away.
Some of us have a base station, and we're pretty darn slick, or we think so.
Some of us are sick and are not going to make it and just want somebody to know.
Some of us have holes in our wholes, and 1% of us are pushing everybody else deeper therein,
 and selling the soap that comes out the other end at 100% markup;
'Soylent Dream.'
Some of us have it all, but we can't get into heaven if we break your heart.
Some of us want an end to the beginning.
Some of us want to end it all.
Some of us want to defend it all.
Some of us have all the gall; and plenty of gumption, too.
Some of us intuit.
Some of us intubate.
Some of us innovate.
Some of ventilate when we should filter first.
Some us like to listen.
Some of us like to talk: "Mike check."
Some of us walk unchecked and unafraid.
Some of us would like to get laid; right about now.
Some of us like how we look doing this.
Some of us like that the pizza is free and keeps coming.
Some of us are just slumming until the Right thing comes along.
Some of us Left the building about the time that you were born.
Some of us are a bridge over troubled water, all our dreams are on their way.
Some of us don't believe in guvmint; peppermint's another story; and as for wondermint---.
Some of us found love.
Some of us love this town.

Some of us would love to be here.

Some of us would love for you to be here.

Some of us would love to be there but the bars get in the way.

Some of us beherenow, and we've got plenty to share, the library's open.

Some of us feel guilty we can't be here a little longer but we've got to be home by 6:00 to feed

the kids and they won't understand if we're late or get arrested or just miss a days work

and there's nobody but me so I really have to go now but Godbless.

Some of us shouldn't be here---like you, for example, you really shouldn't beherenow because

[wabbity-wab-wabbh-wab] but since you're here already can I borrow

your sharpie?

my sign's not done.

Some of us have hearings about our fines.

Some of us have lines to read in the pageant of history.

Some of us got it in the face and lay there screaming, quite the best days work we ever did

though the hardest; nobody even knew our names.

Some of us came to take pictures but the white collars broke our camera (just like Sonny at the

wedding) so we're taking mental pictures for those not here, and if they're sorta fuzzy

at the edges, well at the center too, we haven't slept for four days you try it sometime.

Some of us have been there and done that, it's your turn; but I like your style, kid.

Some of us have been gone so far it looks like time to me.

Some of us care.

Some of us take care.

Some of us need care, but they cut back.

Some of us move verrrry carefully.

Some of us don't care, but it's been thirty years since they put on this show, and it's free.

Some of us have been here for 500 generations and still can't figure

out what you straw-

brained occupiers think you're doing to the place; can't build a fire, catch a fish,

potlatch worth a shit; nothin'.

Some of us think all you pissants outta be arrested . . . they day after you throw the bums out.

Some of us are mad, quite, quite, mad, without a doubt.

Some of us look s-i-m-p-l-y mahvehlous.

Some of us are of good cheer.

Some of us fear for the rest.

Some of us appear a little . . . off. Or a lot. (Took it in the head at one of these time was.)

Some of us mind the children; I mean that's always needed, isn't it?

Some of us sell papers to make change: "Overhead on apples is too high; I've got an MBA."

Some of us do plain 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 sonnsoba-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 into 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 unnehand.

Some of us want a platform; others think a server would suffice.

Some of us know that brown rice solves any problem; just have some
more.

Some of us have vendettas even if it's the Dreamer who joined the quest.

Some of us want to do it; or to do you; whichever we catch up to first.

Some of us like to watch.

Some of us snatch sleep.

Some of us are creeped out by the Army of Night across the street.

Some of us surprise, just surprise.

Some of us map the Zone; it's one-to-one with a higher plane, we've
established that as fact.

Some of us work three groups and have forgotten who we used to be
outside the lines;

that pitiful schmuck.

Some of us took to it like ducks on a pond.

Some of us threw away our pills for despondency---don't need 'em here.

Some of us know how this is gonna end; they don't talk much.

Some of us came to witness, there was a crime; we just knew where to
go, that's all.

Some of us let it burn, let it burn, let it burn; but we didn't start
this thing, no, it was already

going.

Some of us like the pretty colors.

Some of us discover the space between.

Some of us are recovering one now at a time.

Some of us gaze back at the whole world watching in an infinite loopy jest.

Some of us just want a chance.

Some of us dance; pretty good.

Some of us admin this thing; we'll admit that.

Some of us are going home, but we'll be back.

Some of us hack (a little); some of us did anon.

Some of us will be the one child born to carry on.

Some of us are still on song, me and Hikmet gonna read---"Nazim, we're up?"

Some of us resound (silently).

Some of us ping.

Some of us bong.

Some of us just brought vegan chow fong.

Some of us are holding strong, enough to carry the load out.

Some of us got it wrong, but we'll keep trying.

Some of us don't mind dyin'; it's livin' on empty that's hard to take.

Some of us make it up as we go along . . . well, most of us.

Some of us need something real; let's talk.

Some of us left our fake currency outside the park.

Some of us got the rockin' pneumonia; got to walk it off.

Some of us hum 'The Lark in the Morning.'

Some of us have that inner spark,

Some of us are drawn out but in long.

Some of us spoon.

Some of us are huddled and wan.

Some of us begin to plan.

Some of us found flowery evangels, right there beside the sand.

Some of us just lie back looking up s-m-i-l-i-n-g.

Some of us are on the run.

Some of us left to find a john.

Some of us will move on.

Some of us are the 99th in any line, but hey, who's counting, this thing ain't over till it's over.

Some of us saw the dawn.

FOR DENNIS BRUTUS

by Austin Straus

wish my poems
spewed out of a richer
more dangerous terrain

wish they were banned
someplace. wish they
were feared

yes, feared! wish my poems
had to be smuggled into the country
be read by flashlight
under heavy covers

wish my poems
planted in certain strategic
corners

would go off
like bombs

THE TAO OF UNEMPLOYMENT

by Wanda Coleman

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1993 by Wanda Coleman.*

things wait until funds are insufficient
then deconstruct in concert

the aura of fear offends management
cultivate false confidence. to pretend one
does not need is to muzzle resistance

in the fractured mirror of public discourse

care for self beneath all distortions
wisdom is an old wardrobe kept in good repair

hunger is most attractive when gaunt
generosity when opulent. practice the craft of
lean-staying. a skinny soul makes a fat tongue

the profits of love increase
with credit validation

learn to tolerate what one must demean oneself
to do in order to meet one's obligations

false smile false laugh feigned enthusiasm
sublimate resentments and overlook affronts
to appear natural is mastery
the quiet hand collects

spirit health springs from the reservoir
of self-respect. never forget
who is being fooled

SONG OF THE THIRD WORLD BIRDS

By, Lawrence Ferlinghetti

A cock cried out in my sleep
somewhere in Middle America
to awake the Middle Mind
of
America
And the cock cried out
to awake me to see
a sea of birds
flying over me
across
America

And there were birds of every color
black birds & brown birds
& yellow birds & red birds
from the lands of every
liberation movement

And all these birds circled the earth
and flew over every great nation
and over Fortress America
with its great Eagle
and its
thunderbolts

And all the birds cried out with one voice
the voice of those who have no voice
the voice of the invisibles of the world
the voice of the dispossessed of the world
the fellaheen peoples of earth
who are now all rising up

And which side are you on

sang the birds

Oh which side are you on

Oh which side are you

on

in the Third World War
the War with the Third World?

OCCUPYING AUSTIN (one day @ a time)

By, thom woodruff

Slim thin musician smiling
standing in a yoga posture Freedom Plaza
bringing peace in

Smiling bounty (free fresh food for occupiers)
person to person she unloads her largesse
direct as people's power. Feed them!

Soft stringed guitar accompanies
poetry from the Plaza to sleepy siesta smilers
Dreaming their way in autumn sunshine

Hungry for new poetry, he asks -
"is it different?" "Yes-it is!-every day
delivering sound tracks for this movie of their lives
Filmed, framed, interviewed-ALIVE!

Small circles, sitting, sharing
No one line can encompass them.
Absorbing each other's vibrations.

Cars HONK! support as they wheel fast past
Time after time, wave after wave
One by one they slow down
One day they, too, will stay...

2:57am

by: grimwomyn

it's 2:57am and

history is singing through the shadows,

waiting for answers, for some kind of relief on the horizon

memories fall like bombs

every drop feels like an explosion

popping apart the vertebrae that keep

you alive

mirrors ask too many questions

it's hard to look inside anymore

you hide

you wait

you wonder what is

coming next

but you know that somehow, somewhere
you will be made whole

drop drop drop down into that place

that place where you look up

searching

sinking

safe

drop inside me
then there was this night

couldn't sleep

walking aimlessly on the cracked sidewalk

drop outside me

step onna crack break yr mother's back

wandering and pacing...
nothing I wanted was out there

drop inside me

it was four-thirty in the morning, normally I would have been

asleep, asleep

the bombs drop silently

I went home...but I still couldn't sleep, i couldn't smoke, I couldn't
grab any vice...

nothing, just pacing the floor

drop up and down
drop down and up

I turned on the radio

drop right
drop left

the am station sang in crackled beauty a song,
sweet and sad...billie
sang... her voice filled the static,
erupting into
my smoke infested room filled with lost dreams,
filled with history,

all broken into thousands of shadows....

drop into the cracks
break your own back.

thousands of shadows, none of them the same, none repeated.

Light passing through smoke and dust

all part of a whole,
every part history a place where the light had
been,
and where it returned.

the history of a girl arrives in shadows

you own a lot of history

but it is history that makes a womyn

a womyn that defies every definition.

GOOD NEWS

By, Dan Brady, *San Francisco*
Poet, Essayist, News Columnist
Science Fiction writer and Haiku artist

I want some good news people

No, not that “born again”

Bible humping bullpucky you’ve heard tell of ... nope

I want good news ... and not just for a minute here or there

Like you get during a KPFA fundraiser

Not what you get on Faux News during a slow day

No, by God I want the real deal

I want a whole workweek stuffed full of it
With each book-ending weekend fit to bursting
I want to know what it's like turn on the TV and feeeeel good
I wanna feeeeeeel good very time I think about ... anything I can think of
I want to be double dipped, full up, schmeared, with good news
I tell you I want to look at the sky
And not think about "chem-trail" conspiracies
I want to feel the wind in my hair
Without wondering what kind of toxic crap is being carried along in it
From the sewers of India, China's deserts or Japan's nukes
I want to wake up, turn on NPR and hear about wonderful things
Expanding forests, glaciers coming back along with fish populations
Safe cell phones that pay YOU to use them
Free food being given out and rent reductions running rampant

I want to hear Obama talk
About giving back trillions of dollars to the people
Closing Guantanamo, giving up on nuclear power
Bringing troops home from Iraq, Afghanistan, Yemen, Bahrain,
Oman, Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey, Iran, Kazakhstan, Balochistan,
Turkmenistan, Nepal, Venezuela, Columbia, Mexico and the other 123
I want to hear him go on and on about perp walking Bush

And his whole suffering asshole crew
Placing a stay on every act that rim jobbing bunghumper ever made
That prisons are being shuttered
Because millions of people have decided to care of each other
That godless heathen multi-nationals are hiring shit loads of people
Because they're bringing rock solid, plan your retirement on them
God blessed union jobs back the good old US of A and by the millions
I want to hear about green houses, green cars, green factories,
Green make up, green jobs and a greening self-sustaining world

I want to hear about how every person entering the job market
Says the same ding-dong thing,
“Gee, I don't know which of all these jobs I want?”
AND “Say, why don't all you companies take a number for crissakes!”
And, mind you, I want the good news to go on every frickin'day
I want to hear how millions are giving up smoking
Taking up Pilates, volunteering for charity work
That everyone has two chickens in every pot
A good, well-built, American car in every garage
And by that I mean one that gets 500 miles per fuel up

Takes a 50 mile an hour crash with no damage
Or injury to its passengers
Lasts as long as you frickin' want to keep it
And gets free tune-ups, brake jobs and tires while you own it
I want to hear about scenic passenger trains making a come back
How scientists are being listened to ... Hello!!!
Got global warming on the run
Replaced oil, nuclear power and natural gas
Found a way to prevent alcoholism
Using the cure for cancer that we already have
And have begun to terra-form the Earth for god sakes

I want to hear day after day of good news
So that by the time the fourth day dawns
I'll have some idea of what life is like in a world that makes sense
So that I'll be looking forward to the next damned day
So that I'll be glad to wake up
Donate to good causes, of which there'll be thousands
And every one of them will be doing very well thank you very much

I want all the guns in the world to be turned in
Broken up and melted down to make ... anything else!

I want to hear that every soldier, intel wonk, officer
Commando or insurgent

Has renounced violence and are getting busy ...

Building shelters, planting trees, cleaning beaches

Counseling hopeless, caring for the needy

Handing out bread, bringing in water

Giving emergency care to the destitute

Rescuing cats from trees and kissing babies

I wanna see them all get busy

Fixing every leaky toilet, broken window, noisy refrigerator

And every god blessed pothole in the known universe

That they are working with farmers to grow more food

Unlocking potential, opening floodgates

Applying bandages, splints and helping, helping helping!

I want to hear about bastard banksters making micro loans and giving grants

That defense departments have been shut down!

That research and development funding

Is going to making better computers

Cars, planes, trains, tractors, shoes, lights, batteries, houses, cities,
colleges, schools, basketball and food courts!

I want to hear about better understanding

Between religions, races, politicians, historical enemies

I want to hear about borders being erased, hatreds evaporating

Ignorance giving way ... reason running rampant

And every form of love being accepted by everyone everywhere!

By god, I want a week of such good news

As people have never ever, ever, EVER had

So when I go outside

And get my free cup of fair trade, organic, sustainable coffee

And an organic “everything” bagel with a wild caught salmon schmear

Everyone will be walking about more than a bit dazed

More than a bit confused

But each and every one will be happy, happy, happy!

Hallelujah,

Brothers and sisters, but I yearn, dream and pray for such a week
I say I want a week of good news
A flood, an ocean, a sky full of wonders
So that every memory of this time; this horrific, festering butt hole
This stupid-assed, jack shit, fucked up universally acclaimed
And God awful world of unholy, rank, festering, pustulant oozing scabs
Is gone. I say I want a week of good news, my friends
I say, I want a week of such good news
That glory unbounded I know, I say, I just know, we all want to see!

TROUBLE AT THE POLE

By, Kevin Killian

A black cat crosses the path of the earth,

while the Left pushes a flotilla of citizens under the
ladder, the ladder propped against brick wall, Yvonne
Rainer slouching on it

Black cat, ladder, next thing you know a mirror will shatter,

seven years bad luck of Obamomics,

And that was the mirror in which a man could once see

not only the sky but his right to make a living,

raise a family of two kids.

Uh-oh, a border collapses, toss a pinch of salt over your shoulder,
the salt the ancient Romans mined from Appian ways,
the salt we pressed into ancient earth to deprive our enemies of crops,
it was like a hydra growing heads the shape of brussels sprouts,
liberally,

under the planet—it began I guess when Santa looked up
from his sluggish nap—the sleep of neo-liberal generosity
—

to find the elves had taken to the Pole, as in other cultures workers take
to the streets,

And in their caps and breeches said elves did bite down the pole with
white teeth,

Teeth sharpened from thousands of years making toys for us,

the sons of men under their women.

And he said, vigorous Santa Claus, *take it back, take all of it back.*

listen

By, Burt Ritchie

the arab part
helps in the summer
doesn't everyone
like to be outside
don't blame me

if I don't come when
I'm called there is
a lake and yes
your voice echoes
but I just wasn't
listening I was
occupied

winter 2011

Occupy

By, Bob Holman

I wanted to change the world but it was occupied
So I opened up my window and tried
To catch a breeze in my baseball glove
But the breeze was overtaxed already
With the kites held aloft looking back at us
With spy drones and jawbones and maitre'd clones

So I just went down to Wall Street, That's All Street
Yes it's All Sweet with a Brawl Beat and some Raw Meat
And when we occupy the zone of the capitalist nosecone
You can bet we're aimin to be framin demands
Runny puddles chalk the sidewalk

So come on down to Zucotti Park
Bring your own consciousness and some rolling papers
Unleash your sense of humor on some deadly pedants
And let the spirit invigorate your baby consciousness

Yes US, you need a jolt! The coffee's gone weak at the knees
And the train's run out of steam and in black and white you dream
Of a land that promises everything and then laughs behind yr back

Watch out America, you'll soon be occupied
By pies that are growing grander with each incoming tide
Cause there's no outsourcing of the Truth
And the magnificent battering ram of wealth on screen
Keeps driving the responsible into a surrealist scene
Where the Mommy and the Daddy got no job but it's ok
Cause they pay and they pay but where's the wallet today
It's down by the steamless railroad center
And it's got the wings on an angel and the tail
Of an epic story of how you were born
You were born a twin where one of you had to win
And that one who won is carted off to learn the gun
And the losers are stacked in cardboard shacks
And we'll occupy and occupy until the day we die we don't die

Thrill

When I open the 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, UssoMe

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

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2011 10 10

The beginning is near and the end is far gone
but we will keep marching in the sun and the rain.
How long must we wait for success to trickle down
after working with faith for our slice of the pie.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

When the banks got bailed out for gambling our homes
we got sold out because they were too big to fail.
We played by the rules but the game was rigged to lose
now one percent are rich from the sweat of our hands.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

When the gangsters in government borrow and spend
they leave us in debt after they profit from war.
They call it good business when the rich rob the poor
but send police to beat us when the poor fight back.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

They may arrest one of us but two more appear
leaving behind homes and jobs we already lost.

Though first they ignore us and soon they laugh at us
then they will fight us but by justice we will win.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

Our new revolution will not be privatized
for the corrupt fear us and the honest support us.
The suffering of injustice is not televised
when you dollar-bill my mouth to silence my voice.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

The corporate king who stole three billion dollars laughs
jailed for three years with a television and golf course.
The man who stole a hundred dollars to feed his kids
slaves in prison making computers fifty years.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

The power of the people who speak with one voice
is stronger than the people in power who cheat.
I will never believe corporations are people
until Texas executes one for social theft.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

Our beginning is near because your end has come
as we rewrite social rules for all to play fair.
When every person profits from work of their hands
our faith in each other creates real paradise.
Our American Dream has been bought and sold
so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

Wall of Street

By, Christopher Bernard

We march toward the citadel of wealth and power,

our voices echo down the man-made canyons
(like distant cannon, the marchers' drums),
cops before us and cops behind,
the power elite's after all our kind,
but though they had their moneyed time,
it is now

our golden hour:
we shout and we whistle,
we chant and we grin,
we whistle and we shout,
and now we sing:

“You think we're funny?
So where's the money?
You sucked our country's
hard-earned cash
into your scams:
credit default swaps, mortgages, derivatives,
big fat bonuses, obscene incentives,
hedge funds, securitizations, man,
options for success, or a golden parachute:
heads you win
and tails we lose.
You played everyone of us for plain, hick fools.
You trampled on the laws and you broke all the rules.
You sucked real hard till the eggshell broke,
and want even more, though we're all broke.
Instead of salaries you gave us credit cards,
instead of savings, we now have debts,
instead of hope, we now have shards,
and the American Dream, you killed it, man, it's dead!”

“Occupy Your Mind”

By, Christopher Bernard

(Signs seen at Occupy SF, Oct. 2011)

I Love the Smell of Nasdaq Burning in the Morning

- HONK! 4 REVOLUTION

Put Wall Street in the Stocks

Hey 1%! I'm Learning to Share - How About You?

- No Billionaire Left Behind

Bank ROBBER of America

- (What Would Jesus Tax?)

Income Inequality: 45 Egypt, 81 China, 93 USA

- *The 99% Too Big to Fail*
- (Take Back “US” in the USA)

.....The flutter of a.....Wall Street CEO's whim.....can ultimately cause a.....DISASTER..... all around the World!!!

THE WORLD WILL KNOW FREEDOM

Dissent is the Highest Form of Patriotism - Howard Zinn

- End Corporate Personhood!

(Attorneys Support the Occupation Too)

AND PEACE ONLY WHEN

Glenn Beck Can Occupy His Balls in My Mouth

The Deck Is Stacked Against Us!!

Stop Off \$horing Our Jobs!!!

THE POWER OF LOVE

HONK If You're the 99%
The Buck Suckers Stop Here

- **Student Loan Debt Is My Original Sin**

- *OVERCOMES THE LOVE*

- 99 > 1

- The Rest of US Taking Our Country Back

OF POWER

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World
Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World
Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World
Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

To the Bankers . . .

By, Christopher Bernard

To the Bankers and Financial Analysts and CEOs and CFOs, to the Inventors of derivatives and other exotic financial instruments nobody could understand till they blew up in our faces, to the Economists and Professors of MBA programs, to the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, to the Managers of Hedge Funds, to the leaders of Goldman Sachs and JP Morgan Chase and Citigroup and Bank of America, and the rest of the largest and most irresponsible banks and mortgage lenders and insurance companies and reinsurance companies in America and beyond, to the Treasury Department and the Economic Advisors, Republican and Democrat, past and present, to the Congress that will not pass anything that might even possibly offend a potential deep-pocket money donor -

To the Masters of Wall Street, Washington, D.C., and the World: YOU'RE FIRED!

SON OF A WORKING MAN

By, Santo Mollica

I am the son of a working man
who made a living using his hands
filling the streets, pushing racks
for 38 years he broke his back
and what for?
to make ends meet
and a hope that he'd have something to leave his children

i am the son of a working man
and it was his sweat that put money into another man's hands
i am the son of a working man

i am the son of a working man
for years i watched him hack away
comin home tired, disgusted and beat
too late at night to eat
and what's more
the kids are all asleep
and money's the only thing that he can leave his children

i am the son of a working man
and it was his soul that put money into another man's hands
i am the son of a working man

and now he's gone but you know this dog will have his day
cause he still lives with me in a special way
the memory of his life and how it passed him by
each night i pray hey lord i will not die
a working man

i am the son of a working man
and it is this value i understand
but i'll be damned if i give my life
to pay for the jewels of another man's wife

Letter to the NYPD on the 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.

Love in Autumn (Blessed Are the People)

By, Matt Deen

Brooklyn, NY

A griefstorm, an eyeswell,

Tumble in on rolling gusts to dwell in the minds of sunken saints.

Where were the blisswarm days swept away

Before the chilled and pummeling melancholy of factious concerns?

Where are the mountains whence cometh our help? I submit they will not appear. Not here.

Not in the earth of excess, but of abundant verdure where good and evil cannot sustain,

Nor law contain,

Our joy unspeakable.

I take leave of "I" and become "all,"

All-powerful, all-sufficient, all-mighty, all in all,

And all is well with my soul,

Our soul, the soul of the nourished, the serving,

And--quite yes!--the loved.

Blessed are the People, for full wealth amasses in huddled masses where it always remains, and they,

Like trees--from California to the New York Islands--sloughing off their gold, lose their nickel-plated chains.

Case History...

by Christopher Barnes

Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

...laid to rest in classified score sheets,

bio-toxins in dental floss.

Brother Alban, sister Victoria
unaware of our assassin
in a well-lit room.

There was a swell in ranks
- he's a pipeline for the MoD.

Three doves fly over the courtyard.
We're obstructers, over runners,
example setters
with vehement rages of flair.

Autonomous Revolt

by Christopher Barnes, UK

Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

Ronald's characterising was exotically jittery.

I'm hallmarked 'high pressure'.

Hollow tuck box. If you count on it,
its tangible, a stand in for
a do-or-die desire.

Scott packed the dormant track
a hijacker with wits.

In an epic of conspiracies and wangles,
a set-up of military traffic,
passive resistance, strikes, agent provocateurs.
Their charge is remotely performed.

Long Arm Of Cold Sweats

by Christopher Barnes, UK

Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

Sandbags, 5 all-clear doom watchers,
U.S. germ warfare ambulances.

Razor wire sprawls, frosty.

I'm the privatised rearguard to the compound,
a forgotten side door from the nerve centre.

This unforgiving obey-an-impulse explosive
at the quiddity of our inside job
tickles no ribs.

In This Accusative Bout

by Christopher Barnes, UK

Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

In Matt's kitchen,
'hand grenades tub-thump themselves,'
he boasts,

an elbow-roomy spit and polish setup,
in a window-dressed enclosure.
Plonk! They overshoot objectives.

Meeting over.

A splinter group of misfits?
We'll be as morgued as the Arms Trade Treaty.
Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd. run on oiled wheels.
We're the new-look rolling news -
hear chat show muckrakers pettifog disgust.

Responding To A Scream's Blowout

by Christopher Barnes, UK

Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

"Special Branch gatecrashed squats,
communes, bookends."
Paulo sniggered,
"I've had an off-target videophone.
We'll be fished-up in Evermore
in that constable's flashbacks
as he fights shy of chat".

We've inched along push-button wars,
financially embarrassed hemispheres,
flunkeydom whip hands, high strung.

We Houdinied "Her Majesty's Pleasure".

A duffel coat,
bundled with booby traps - a fizz
through these estrangements of power.

The Mark

by Christopher Barnes, UK

Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

"Our fait accompli will be sulky,
through a door Dulux-sealed seven times.
This key is out of pocket.

Special Ops are going ape with delusions
of Fedexed eyewash,
one in a thousands brains waves on paper, chaos.

We'll slap-up High Commanders,
well-lined lenders,
gerrymandering shufflers -
our feedback will be

servant class bludgeons."

Wall Street Occupied

By, Peter Neil Carroll

Belmont, California

Sprawled, ample backsides on damp concrete, serious teachers
scribble red-ink comment down the weary margins of homework,
giving praise or encouragement, a checkmark, the letter grade
that causes a student's stomach to sink or swim, working
on the weekend in topsy-turvy times, pleading for their jobs.
From Jersey City, Brooklyn, the Bronx, street smart, accredited,
knowing 1984 IS NOT AN INSTRUCTIONAL MANUAL,
they are fighting City Hall and the Governors in Trenton and Albany,
the vice-principals in charge of bondage and discipline, budget-cutters
who believe number two pencils are the wave of the future and must
be rationed to prevent inflammatory graffiti in the boys' bathrooms.

This is Wall Street occupied by maniacs who haven't abandoned
hope for the young, the gray-headed high school algebra expert
reassigned by a clever administrator to teach pre-kindergarten classes
so maybe she'll feel so demeaned or bitter she'll surrender and quit
and be replaced by a less adroit but cheaper version so the dollar
saved is a dollar unearned; only the students notice the difference.

A 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 unsealed,
and then unfurled.

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

a poem

that solves

for X

the equation

of food

that could make hunger

as distant

as the moon

free human beings

from the locked closet

of greed

an imaginary poem

that everyone knows

by heart

more true

than money
and engraved
on the world
like the face
on a grimy penny
if you say it
out loud
dollars
fall silent
finally surprised
finally
satisfied

so tomorrow
stops being
a crime

tomorrow
is not
a crime

Occupation

By Alex M. Stein

I saw her on TV, looking all coy and shit

Saying "What do you call this?

What do you call this, baby?"

This?

You're seriously asking about this?

This precious incubator

Undercover indicator

Of something you can't wrap your mind around.

This is the fragrant smell of the flagrant foul

The karmic crushing of those who are finally fighting back

This is the ending you never thought of,

Too busy chipping away at the foundation to wonder why things fall over.

This is the place my ancestors built

And your ancestors burned down for the insurance money

This is the sound of human carnage

This is civilization collapsing

Creaking and groaning

Falling not like dominoes

But like a sputtering explosion

From five-year-olds throwing tantrums

Tossing the game board up in the air.

This is suffering made human,

Made inconvenient,

Made invisible to you and your kind.

This is evolution in action

Even though you and your friends think it's cool

To say evolution is just a theory.

Light yourself on fire, baby

And when your skin is melting

You tell me if you want to debate theory

Or you want me to grab the extinguisher and spray.

What do I call this?

What do I fucking call this all coy and shit

When you're looking for a label

So you can dismiss this

The way you dismissed everything else that doesn't fit in your world view

Never mind that you're slowly killing me

And millions of your fellow Americans.

What do I call this?

This is happening.

This is now.

And the time for being all coy and shit is over, baby.

What do I call this?

I call this America

And I wish I didn't have to,

You heartless, narrow-minded, myopic, self-centered asshole.

What do I call this?

What do I call this, baby?

I call it the beginning.

I call it the future.

I call it Occupation.

THREE HAIKU'S WRITTEN IN ZUCOTTI PARK

(first one by Sarah Valeri, rest by Dan Collins)

Banks ate my money

Weary of unjust scruples

Willing to get wet

Try to calm my friends

All I have is cop abuse

Fucked that up again

Victory Friday

Dawn breaking warm without rain

Clubbing tomorrow

Surrounded by cops

Waiting to get arrested

Almost fell asleep

youcaress

By, Bill Scott

It's all too beautiful, they once said

about Itchycoo Park. Now we say

it's not yet beautiful enough -

when the park

has only just begun
to sing through our bodies, while
our hands touch, get into, get off
on the touch of other hands, in touch
with granite floors that split apart
from the pressures of our dubious, unfounded
desire.

Du bist der Lenz,
nach dem ich verlangte - but we want more
than everything. Watcha gonna do about it?
The pages of an unbound book
making no legible demands -
their constant demands for coherence
- some sort of spine -
obliterated by the drives, what's driving us -
more bang (a big bang) for the buck.

Creation hasn't been clean
ever since it became a dirty word.
In flows and undertows
in the flux of muddy springs
a mutation is afoot - at least meteor showers tell me
every second, how
in the space of these luxuriant bodies, succulent flesh of ar-
ticulate longing:

occupation

is

desedimentation of the un-
impossible.

Revoluja made it in time,

coming:

its kisses sweet.

Forager

By, Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

She carries home spring

lips of redbud

honey bees sting

against blue cheeks of sky

mushrooms tipping crimson caps

to the yellow bowls of sun

wild onion

ache of tears

the toll of White Bells

mustard filling platters of fields

gathers miner's lettuce

careful not to bite off

more than she can chew

to forage with intention

taking only what she needs
because one still starves
with a basket full of dirt.

Children Are Like Rivers

By, Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

when you try to straighten them out
they might go along with you for awhile
then, they'll jump their banks
to snatch back their wild.

All you really have to do is:

widen their boundaries
let and them meander.

It is never Too Late to Climb Trees

By, Jennifer O'Neill Pickering

sit cross-legged in the air
supported by something rooted in to earth,
anchored to the sky
to trust in another
to break your fall
take another's shape
older than first memory
cause friction
climbing to disks of sun

trust in your own strength
balance
on the avenues of squirrel
embark on junkets of clouds
dream
with creatures of song
add to their choir
wait for the rain
receive the gift of flowers
bows of leaves
tied with fruit
live with change
crowned with moons
wrapped in the eiderdown of stars.

Huelga General

By, Vincent Katz

20 Junio 2002

I walk and am unnoticed by

the Huelga General

Each citizen's important in

the Huelga General

Pasting stickers to their bodies for

the Huelga General

Cerrado por, Paro por

the Huelga General

The parade is now filling

the Huelga General

Laughing, honking, looking, singing

the Huelga General

Moving up Calle Alcalà

the Huelga General

A big roar moves up the crowd

the Huelga General

Someone is dumping water on

the Huelga General

Contra Paros e Precariedad

the Huelga General

Una grande Solidariedad

the Huelga General

The sky has turned from cream to slate

the Huelga General

Crews in orange suits sweep up

the Huelga General

Cabin

By, Vincent Katz

a table on which

to work
a bed on which
to sleep

fool's gold

By, Steve Dalachinsky

"You shall not crucify Mankind on a cross of gold."

- William Jennings Bryant

1. the rail yard
everybody knows something
tho most know nothing
i contradict myself
or am a fool in search of gold
if it weren't for some fool inventing
the train
we'd all be trapped on the block forever
or would we? / feet / feet / feet /
heya ah heya ah heya ah
love is a drama so fund your dream
gold / dust / ash / greed
the old fat man chomped on his popcorn
that crackling sound -
as we got deeper into the film the film got deeper & deeper
the old man slept / woke / slept

picked his nose / slept / the film finally ended
he is a golden fool who knows where
the water fountain is
the fountain of youth:
is it the debt ceiling or the dead sea
that needs to be razed
"all distinctions fall beneath my footsteps."
heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah gold / dust / ash & greed

2. the ship cutters

allah sold us into this destiny
we work to eat
evil spirits reside in the hulls of dead ships
we must exorcise them
if not like him a spike might go right through
the brain - the heart
his foot gone just like that
his footing lost
now he spends his time in bed
hard working men do not need "whores"

the rice tastes like waste oil
his hands must not be clean
he scrubs & scrubs & scrubs
heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah

we walk barefoot in boiling oil
in mud in hard steel shards
our bodies glisten beneath our skins
for all the particles of metal
we have consumed
gold comes in all colors
that my malnourished baby will never see
first she was born blind
hairless -
then she died in her mother's arms
i was not ready to have a baby i told her
cutting ships is our destiny
to destroy is easier than to build
crows mate for life - here on the coast
they build their nests out of wire
in which they lay their pale blue eggs
these are old ships -
older than those that destroy them
yet most are younger than I
that chair you sit in - that clock on the wall
fool's gold from the captain's quarters
once brightly lit - then gone to seed
now in your home
poor brown baby born blind

we are not human yet
tho sadly all too so
ship cutter - take off your boots & rest.
3. you have my history in your hands
we dream all the time -
dreamtime
i have been dreaming/ dreamt midway
while looking for my jeans
that i already had
in the bag that i left on the bench
during the earthquake while
i went for a swim in the neighbourhood pool
the quake started in a place
called Mineral - gas/ air/ drill / rock /
dust / ash / greed / gold comes in all forms
fools are just fools
always in the mirror
always in my line of sight
i wake myself up
filled with stolen energies
i am not ashamed to look anymore
it's like picking up money on the street
& not knowing how much
one feels embarrassed by what others might think

until one turns the corner.

4. aging

we just get older

not wiser

fresh fish

live lobsters

stars & cafes

kings of head-ons we chase the rain

hail & hearty / hail a cab

head toward perfumania - toward sub ways

fashion - duped & delivered

foot action schwarshkas / fool's gold

camera

your self & action / light turns green

& it's always the same time next week.

5. mariposa

there is no need for debt or debate

when one does not mean anything to anybody

the important point is not to break the chain

to be polite - to say yes & thank you

to be accommodating - to supplement even supplant

desires - to persist - consomenations /

irritated whites drinking Negrons

ah butterfly the nemesis is you - short life spans colliding

perhaps all life changing as you change

encounter & encompass grief - hear the flutter of 100,000

the sonic tracks of a silent film

the debt converted to smoke

windows clouded over

city spitting clouds

that wedge

between the arches

of her

high heeled shoes

i said i'm no longer afraid to look

shuttered windows - der wekstahlvez

paper blowing across an empty street

debt or depth or death

which is it - all fool's gold

no matter what the substance

all duped no matter what the price..

werder da cat's on its quiet pursuit

the unrest of pigeons

as the prison gates open & you are released like a steam engine

into the street - released from your oustem -

& we walk like comrades & i pour the morning's waste out of a bucket

as the crowd increases from single file to tenfold
rows up & down pathways / cobbles cabals cables
stairways & staring soldiers marching
the organ grinder playing
the draw bridge near collapse
ah mariposa
the factory awaits its occupants - what is the debt they owe
we owe? - heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah
a pipe - a moustache - the gears beginning to spin in a world of mass production
where things are produced for the masses
though some are only for the privileged few
finely shaved & polished shards of steel
infinite bottles filled & loaves fresh baked
fires stoked
chimneys pushcarts / loaded
cars washed - garbage disposed of
(yet always more garbage) - days always beginning
children off to school if the season's right
weggelerollerda window gates up schlachterha - mer
curtains up
blinds up - mannequins - horses - up - pillows aired - blinders on
rugs beaten - butter flies remembering what they were then forgetting
just as quickly - shoes shined - nails polished
a beautiful walk thru the park at night

the band playing - the globe changing (color)
junkies all quietly tucked away somewhere
dancers as graceful as flowers
crack one legged crutch man
no stories about war or war stories
just elevator rides and roll-top desks
typewriters telephones & the printing press
operator operator i am coming to the end of a tunnel
the light is beginning to spread
the evacuation of the dirt that is my heart is in full swing
at all other times i will dial 311
the barber smiles
the sound of lighting a cigarette on a singing man's knee
like achtspracht breathing
no debt no debate - grief for the moment everlasting
fly away mariposa - away your colorful wings
the naked children are here only to exploit you
to explore you
to touch your fascinating wings -
it was even shorter than anticipated - a quick beautiful twin burst
too short & me preoccupied with 3 different lives
& she flew torn & traumatized she flew
but cacophony calculation dark spectrum debt ceiling & me indebted to few men
heart strumming - cycles - disposing of the evenings waste

one stage is flying great distances to approach the indecipherable

travelling lord i'm travelling tryin to make heaven my home
rocks - next - i can't begin to tell you how it looks from where i sit

lamp trim & burning

end time

dream time

indecipherable redness that reflects an obvious exit

desperation on every corner

i can't begin to tell you mariposa -even from here

in this parking lot there is a history of butterflies

guns money jelly rolls

just as there is a history of lost pages - gaps in memory

always lost here in this same cocoon

there is for me @ any rate

the mystery of a smile & why it occurs or when

in all these photographs i look so pensive

angry, disturbed but rarely smiling - all bare knuckled

& @ the end i must shed my cocoon

in a tunnel without end where depth & ceiling are one

as they press in upon me-

nemesis - is me oh butterfly - coal dust - the price i put on things

& i can't begin to tell you where it all began

but look there & there & there & there

& you'll begin to see the end.

6. i'm not ashamed to look anymore
it's like picking up money on the street
one feels embarrassed by what others might think
but no shame
& filled with stolen energies i wake myself up
debt depth death - fool's gold

7.

a. in 1896 the world experienced the worse depression
since the crash of '29
just when it looked like it was all over
gold was discovered in South Africa
this was a gasp inducing spectacle
the slave trade in America had ended as we knew it
there were ocean liners called steamers i believe
& steamer trunks filled with papers books
& other reading material
there were ice bergs already in meltdown
blues men were starting to migrate north
singing songs of joy joy joy - wonderful songs
about going home when day was done
about moving on - about being betrayed
@ the crossroads
& still now like then some countries don't have lines to stand in

or crowns to wear as they approach their maker
yet the devil was always a man wearing a gold chain
once disguised as a king -
now the king's fool who buys promises
from the global dream- makers
pregnant with scandal.

b. for R.K.

in fact
you get what you can
here & now
& falsely translate this into
some vague promise of immortality -
barely making ends meet
that is... somehow connecting here & now to
then - then being the
other end of here/ now / when
being immortality which itself is connected
to nothing
& which is something you can neither truly
taste - touch or really even look forward to
but which you can vaguely smell as history itself
shifts with unforeseen catastrophes
& manipulation
where you just may end up in this maze

of immortality
like how many times one can use the word SEX
in a short story
almost like a disclaimer - the hat too small
which needs to be returned
the socks that fit just right - the healing crystals - the book
about the life of the saints that no one will ever read
& here you are in a grainy out of sync video
wearing your immortality around your neck
like a gold chain
your lifeline out of focus
as your soul is bought for chump change
not even sold to the lowest bidder
but stored in a vault in a safety deposit box
that can't even be opened upon the depositor's
death
so you're stuck like exaggerated desire & you'll die yourself
not really ever knowing what will or did happen
to your words your sad smile your faux independence
your humility & humiliation
your dedication & your dumb stumbling pilgrimage.

c.

or that cat again / 17 yrs. old / black fell 20 stories
yet managed to hold on to its last life

never once thinking about the future
or of debt - depth - death
its breathing tube connecting it
to the 9 yr. old boy who was hacked to pieces with neither white god black god
or gold god to save him & with nothing left to be learned.

8. if we could outlast the potential fate coming down on us

the blood of the father & the I shalt not be...

says the honest thief

if we could with the turn of a twist

the spurned manifestation

& grand growl of the extinguisher

cool the room

i'd 'spended the looser - the catch 22

of hand curling one's hair &

the burn of fool's gold everywhere

when the proof of DNA is not enough.

& the withered penis responds - even gold is fool's gold

even as the shadows spin to cool the room

yes blood itself be gold of fools

yet neither black gold nor white gold nor red gold

can save thee now.

but i've been sharing with others for most of my life

says the good thief yet even those with less than me

have more... am I therefore a fool?

& the decaying penis answers - even gold is fool's gold

& even fools get fooled...

& the thief suddenly realizes that he is ultimately

responsible for his own death

& that afterwards all he really wants

is to have some peace

& perhaps a few pieces of gold

or even a handful of silver

might do.

9. what made the short list

take the express to your success

professional speech mangled by hucksters

panning for fur

basically all on the fringes of business

& biographies

& poetries

sex - iron - fat - stone - marrow - teeth - college

glass flowers for eyes - tongues - signals & weight

(herd) fluids - wax - rules - bigotry - clocks - albinos

machines- varnish- fringes - stone - belt buckles

WOOD

fields - pebbles - blockage - reaper

empire - hate-riot act

10. he drinks his cola

from

a gold plated silver chalice

with a platinum cross & a diamond wedding ring

attached to it

whakindadaysitgonnabetoday

ya ahmar muni?

the interrogator asks

go away or I'll kill myself

he answers

he's like a man o' war swimming in a symposium of latecomers

& because nothing is separated it can never be bound or found

there was a time when tulips made or broke fortunes

says the interrogator - finish your drink

& i'll leave.

11. "forgive me my lust for gold" - A.W.

a. she said

i'm giving up on war now

i'm unplugged

after this book

then said

people kill

for the dollar bill

b. short list ii (an empire of ghettos)

marble tablets to cure your stomach ache

each containing a commandment

ghetto empires - or/e magnets

cliff dwellers - cave dwellers - grave yards

sun bleached kernels of corn liquor to cure your heartache

victim - dictum - radnip - inventory - arsenals - occupation

strikes - chicken wire - walls of flesh - divided cities - pins

azag-zaga

pharaohs - artifacts - scrolls - temples - tricks - dry ice - frozen nickels

nothing can save us now

12. after the golden calf

or mother of pearl

or jade warrior

or diamond pendant

or

this is a young man's game

u.s. mail

waging peace interpreting power

every step taken a victory

a naturally sweet haven

every billboard/camera for a superstar

reminder / money saver

every highway an outlet for crippled veterans

a center for education

a passage under continuous construction

a large unmaintained body of water

boats that will carry one to providence

after the crash

at an even pace / in calm waters / screaming

a boat angel who is here for you

who will volunteer in a non-competitive way

to carry united possibly after the screaming has ceased

(if that should occur)

on choppy waters / made available to all

* the coming - what awaits us -

a gelding with fiery wings bare-backed w/a golden harness

to china - to what awaits us - a golden gelding - all afire

so we must hold on - even while grasping @ straws

we must be strong despite the unknown fungus growing calmly

@ the base of the tree - we must be vigilant

despite the fact that its roots have torn up the sidewalk

buckling the concrete / loosening the keystone

eyes stone /

despite the exotic animals let loose from their cages

remember this is not a PEACEFUL KINGDOM

tones eyes see / we must save our money /

play the limitless lottery / support our friendly bankers

on the bank of the wet & limitless expanse

not far from the rest area tiny boats await us

we/they can barley contain our feelings

it's the middle of the street you are surrounded by domesticated dogs

meaner / wilder than one could ever imagine

the risk is great

but the boats await

this is an old man's game

still wagering while awaiting to set sail

in the middle of Berlin or new Britain

on an unclean body of water

as the sign carriers & fire breathers fold up their tents &

climb the rocky hill

mercenary pitiful Viking

you too can win up to \$200,000

but remember that AFTER THE CRASH

THERE'S always THE IMPACT

what did the merry mailman say to capt. kangaroo?

my pouch is bigger than yours.

13. pelts

"to every thing turn turn turn"

i saw them snatch the nets out of the hands

of the police

they liberated the nets i told her

& anyone else who'd listen

liberate the nets

put the pelts back on the animals

back streets

nowhere - everywhere

occupy nowhere - everywhere

wear yer coda arms as you occupy fall street on a fatal night

with a dark'ning chill in the air

not knowing what it means to be hungry

yet hungering for a taste within this myasthma

a healthy miasma / lunchdined

occupy mall street occupy small streets

liberate the nets

give the pelts back to the animals

liberate the nets

in the pitch dark

of general assembly

clear windswept echoing words

after a now dimmed light

words of liberation from power

money greed others

the others who have all these other things

words of solidarity

occupy call street liberate the pets

played out clouded ghostly

a fall into madness -

what others would confirm as madness

i hereby affirm as SANE

occupy stall street

effects which lead up to a storm

storm the unsplendiferous faceoffs

the ones who have plenties

back to one most sublime yet ominous calm

liberate the jets storm the balmy

occupy ball street

a wall's a wall-a-street's a street buildings built

build up the legions / not noise for noise sake

it's not like this hasn't happened before

but it's not the first time

it's the first time

it's not as though things have changed

but nothing has changed

though things are changing

what appears to be a move to a more

open society - prohibition is coming
degrees won but not paid for
debts owed or piling up
bigger dwellings / loans alone
the leaves turning - "there is a season - turn turn turn"
signs a revolution of signs
for what it's worth
or "how did a nation founded on right
go so wrong" - right left right wrong
scrawl street / crawl street / hallway
hit & hauled away / occupied & liberated
the big scribble -
take power away from the people & give it to the people
considering the nature of one's injuries
the art of forum shopping
& maniacal masters of the megalopolis
swiftly erasing the slogans swiftly painting new ideas
if you need to invoke swift yet random truths
it is much brighter here in the new wing
but it no longer smells of life
the underclass looks different in a different light
the middle class a shade duller / blue collars look grimier
forever health & the transworld buddhist bank
the global bank & cathay bank / the asia bank &

funeral home

dr. toothy's florist bank / the city clerk / donations

for a bigger tent / we are home / we are home

& those who believe they are free are ENSLAVED

& those enslaved believe they are free

occupy freedom / the new world tower / the radio fidget twigster

emote serenity / occupy wall/mart

crowd the unseen courtrooms & their relationship to others

filling up space with their remote control

speaking in between days

marooned soldiers on a small island

in the midst of a rainstorm

with its concrete bedrolls air-flowers & biographies

with its once read twice seas of blue tarp & barter

its eternal temporality & touch & go

photograph your taste buds

presume that all is lost but not at a loss

all's not lost you stammer

recommend recommending / commending &

mending

mention me to the sleeveless legions as you leave the party

to join the MOVEMENT

check with the maid to see if anything's been left behind

for instance -

a bible - a bobble - a bangle - a bright colored bead

a chance encounter - a panel discussion - a crossed signal -

or fool's gold perhaps some fool's gold

"i left my hankie the other night"

liberate the nets

give the pelts back to the animals

occupy ALL STREETS - "& a time to every purpose under heaven...."

darwinism

we are produced within a labyrinth

of produce

& the uniforms are a light

of chanting bell & percussion

more stars above their shining hearts

than heaven / to shield us

perhaps

the origin of a species

belated greetings & only these photos left

to show us a life / a (s)car

a universe of flowers

white wreaths that are a world

a reason why.....

the origin of a species

flower & its short life / & rebirth

chanting

your fellow officers / your brothers sisters

SISTER / father / lover /

mother who entrusts her memory to me

all here to grieve this crime

& the cup's raised

& a prayer spoken/sung among

the smell of incense

& holy water strewn about like a stream

a dream about

the origin & demise of a species

as quick as a gunshot

a burial

a sunrise / sunset / storm on a

perfect day

& we all rise above the ape for a moment

long live the circular world

long prosper the forest through the trees

fall back to earth

& ash

& gold

& dust

& a time of prosperity

when there was no

greed.

end. goodbye souls

blown / the golden trumpet

blown / the golden horn

blown / the light made visible

blown

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

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These words are from a talk my mother Rachel Lanzillotto gave me one day sitting out a storm in a car,

just after the BP oil fiasco in the Gulf.

We got homegrown terrorists.

We need a revolution now raise your fists.

The companies are destroying the earth.

The companies are destroying the fish.

The butchers are jumping with joy

The butchers are jumping with joy

There's no more fish.

There's no more fish.

Capitalism Terrorism.

Poor generations of fishermen

Pelicans covered in oil.

Poor little pelicans. Policy shenanigans.

The butchers are jumping with joy

The butchers are jumping with joy

There's no more fish.

There's no more fish.

Hu Jintao and the Caudillo open world order,

built on fossil fuels without borders

truth oil mishap murder terror

manipulations no regulations.

Waters all come around.

Wash up on every shore.

Waters all come around

Up from underground.

The butchers are jumping with joy

The butchers are jumping with joy

There's no more fish.

There's no more fish.

Dear Mr. President:

By, Gloria Frym

Dear Mr. President:

At one time you requested solutions to your problems from the public. The sands of the desert are slipping through the hourglass at an alarming speed. The remedies below are not listed in Amnesty International or U.N. documents as cruel or unusual punishment. They are simple, inexpensive and highly effective. Each solution would cost must less than one fully equipped

bomber. Since you have no quarrel with the people only the leaders, these solutions apply only to serious axis of evil sovereigns. Let loose a battalion of *Sarcoptes scabiei*. 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.