OCCUPY WALL STREET POETRY ANTHOLOGY

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

CREATED BY THE PEOPLE OF OCCUPY WALL STREET

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

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

WE LOVE YOU.
POETIC INTRODUCTIONS

Poems Are The Ultimate Weapon Of The 99%

An Introduction By Danny Schechter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We are here also in the memory of poets who have come before, like Brooklyn’s Walt Whitman whose poems and action echoed those to fought for the union to conquer slavery.

Whitman once said: “To have great poetry there must be great audiences, too,” And Occupy Wall Street is a great audience with poetry readings every week among the mic checks and the militancy,
We are here in the spirit of Russia’s Mikhail Lermontov whose **Death of the Poet** was a *Je accuse* after the death of the great Pushkin in which he addressed the inner circle, the 1% of that age, condemning, Wikipedia tells us, “Russian high society of complicity in Pushkin's death. Without mincing words, it portrays that society as a cabal of self-interested venomous wretches "huddling about the throne in a greedy throng", "the hangmen who kill liberty, genius, and glory" about to suffer the apocalyptic judgment of God.”

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

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

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

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

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

They are occupying our souls, or trying to.

Read on. Write On. Fight On.

November 9, 2011

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**The OWS Poetry Anthology Story**

*By, Stephen Boyer*

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

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

*Text from the November 25th Poetry Assembly@OccupyWallStreet announcement.*
The idea of the Assembly immediately excited me and I joined Travis in painting cardboard signs, with no realization that I was participating in the beginning of my deep involvement in the movement.

The OWS Poetry Anthology was born the second week of the Poetry Assembly. Earlier in the day, I had gone to Liberty Plaza to make signs for the Assembly. I had been asked to be the facilitator for the evening and to ensure that the assembly ran smoothly. As I made cardboard signs, I met the People’s Library librarians for the first time and immediately fell in love with the few bins of books the library had collected, safeguarded by tarps. The librarians enthusiastically expressed gratitude for the Poetry Assembly and through those initial conversations; it was made apparent the freewheeling Poetry Assembly needed to be archived for the future and for the people coming through the People’s Library on days that the Assembly was not taking place. I initially imagined the Poetry Anthology would exist as a few poems stapled together sitting in the People’s Library, just a small document of the multitudes of voices who had been moved by the Occupations happenings and had been inspired to reflect on them. The Library loved the idea and immediately took it on as their publication. They offered to provide the necessary funds to cover printing and with that I joined the People’s Library as a librarian. All there was left to do was to ask the Poetry Assembly if they liked the idea. The response was unanimously positive amongst the poets who had assembled. The poet Filip Marinovich immediately offered to join in the compiling of poems. A few days after the anthology was announced, the poets Eliot Katz and Vivian Demuth came to OWS to discuss the project and offered to reach out to America’s great living poets – Anne Waldman, The Allen Ginsberg Society, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Wanda Coleman, Michael McClure, Kevin Killian, Dodie Bellamy, Frank Sherlock, Eileen Myles, Adrienne Rich, and more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So with that, I’d like to acknowledge the community of people whose input, conversations, support and help shaped this anthology (in no particular order): Cory Rockliff, Filip Marinovich, Eliot Katz, Vivian Demuth, Sean Allingham, Michael O’Brian, Betsy Fagin, Sarah Sarai, Lee Ann Brown, Tony Torn, Elisa Miller, Jonathan Ross, Cynthia White, Molly Crabapple, Laura Weibgen, William Scott, Sparrow, Thom Donovan, Travis Holloway, Grey Space and Anelise Chen. And a very special THANK YOU to everyone that has contributed their voice to this document, you give me and everyone else hope, poems matter, voices matter, people matter!
WEEK ONE
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WEEK ONE
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
t heir 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 it’s 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
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 it’s 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 it’s easier than going to Queens. I just bumped my price up to $57, but it’s way too late for me to up the price Gerta or whoever, Bec, Matteo, Lygia, and one in August I forget the name of, Robin maybe.

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

“Well, nothing” I replied, confused.

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

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

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

CALIBAN PROTESTS
By, Edgar Garcia

Of bear knowth bristle
god-comb with little g’s
of g knowth pinchy bull
horn with thunder
of thunder knowth hurricane
helicopter awash is
with hot crush of rain-tow
of rain knowth fire and
fire knowth his bosom
of bosom knowth just that
it is not ever enough or
just said thus is so 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 sucha 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 enliving 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 unmatchable 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 subways 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.

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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
*October, 2008*

As the U.S.-built trojan-horse mortgage-backed insecurities crisis continues to hop aboard freight elevators moving continually downwards; as the Wall Street bull let loose from its iron base continues to rampage through the trickle-down bloody back streets of overworked America; as a discredited treasury department of a disgraced presidency attempts to tickle nation's plastic-card wallets by yet one more midnight pour-oil-down-the-bank-chimney approach; as Congress shrugs its confused shoulders and nods in sleepy assent, with Democrats making sure recruit enough Republican votes to share blame for a firecracker bill they all knew in advance was a dud; as nervous homeowners and shopkeepers wait by silent phones for a sign from heaven that manna-tasting loans and credit cards are raining from the skies in infinite variety of shapes and sizes; as the four corners of the decade's deregulated pyramid scheme prove no match for international capital's globalized wrecking ball; why should it surprise that a chef's knife can't carvedible 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.

**WOLFWMAN 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 hemispheres, 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

sooo 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 mackerel

of light that cuts violently under the eyelids

reveals an inner light in silhouette – even more

how not like the light of searchlights above the city

that propel us into darkness at a thousand points

make us blanked and blinded deafened beneath propellers

but not like when we were blind in the blank of the sun

at the edge of Boston wailing for our demon lovers

or waiting for Corita’s tank to screech across the sky

or sorrowful fumbling with our trembling actor hands

and woke at night with sweats and short breath like we used to

trying to recall all we could of risk management

recite the principia mathematica

bear in mind the special relationship we maintain

with the republic of sleight of hand – don’t we all wish

we had benzedrine enough to carry us back there

but it’s a long road and when you build a road you know

there will be fighting - when you build a wall you had best

already made your wreathes – the republic of thought knows

the faces of children crack and leak the refugees

of the next war and the strategic planning session

has been post-poned until we all agree that hunger
is not yet market ready and poverty may stain

wolfman say the blind spend the world the blind spend the world

and scatter vanished shadows upon us with no trace

you can detect - my demon lover is a photon

rising from Zucotti Park I heart the republic

of the burning libraries of the sky arranging light

now it’s dreamland America all over again

**tremendous loft**

by, Russell Jaffe

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

(tree)

______________________.

(tree, plural)

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

(vast adverb)

The ___________________________ doves.

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

I’m not a revolutionary, I’m just a man in a ____________________________.

(funny hat)

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

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

**Song for facades of buildings falling away and the buildings themselves washing into the sea**
by, Russell Jaffe

From this, take my palms and suddenly
you were with me all along. Over’s over when you say but you say nothing.

We’re left with fishnets of leaves and unfinished
crossword puzzles endlessly carpeting our vast kingdoms.

In your dream the streets are empty again
and no one tends their yards. Everything grows crooked.

Empty schools are stockpiled with weapons stopped
at metal detector entrances and endless notebooks for filling.

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

Black mold is the only flora no one has written about but it’s everywhere
like a breathing cradle over washed out rooms

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

Take my palms and write
this story in the spots where you might read my fortune,
the moist canals, the unfinished infrastructure we planned:
That we were tribes who built endless idols of themselves
until we became tired, and then we build impossible armies
of beds to fill with our sons and daughters. And when they
left us, we built unthinkable nests from the pages
of bestsellers and movie reels.
Cradle your remaining babies like hand-bound notebooks
or pieces of rock from historical sites.
Your mouth is a gun but your hands are antique pillows.
Here comes the flood.
Everything was saw was sweet but a veneer, a
veneer, a
veneer, a
veneer, a

The Night, What It Allows

by, Claire Donato
The walls are tearing
out of their paint. My legs
are crossed. I am not
listening to the TV
in the other room. I am not
listening to television. The window next
to the television is
turning away. The window is
open. There is a person
outside of it, screaming. I am lying
on a television, my eyes are closed,
someone is breaking into my
house: I have always been afraid
of the night, what it allows. I have
never been afraid of the depth
of your fall: in, on, arms, quarrel,
voice… I am never afraid
to layer my breath over yours—
and when I ask you to plot your anger
on a line, I am referring to fear, how
it is linear: see how mine moves
upward in a diagonal line?
See how it moves up to choose?
Why are you lying in a heap on the floor?

Thin cover

—Gracie Leavitt

*first published in Argos Books’ anthology Why I Am Not a Painter
Having wryly put conditions
on of love what can be said
for this that Irma rolls my head
from scalar milkweed rods
oblique to down-slope creep
and young snow patch, one pale
finch sips our slue just past
two half inch male pipe threads,
thin hose, spring loaded preset valve
control, inchoate on square lawn
unmowed, dust unsuppressed,
some scumbled mess no spiget
oscillates about these narrow
brumal shallows tapered under
his catalpa, ornamental, painted
white, silk cabled off from cinder
path we dart cross lots unseen
to make the going predicate.
Have said the same before if you
recall, that we might down-slip
in tin washtub Irma squats
in Helen’s skirts beside if only
now not calved and hipped
too big for this to fail,
even overturning all.

The Answer

By Ayesha Adamo

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

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

Is it too late?

Could a GED save me, too?

Me with my hopes and dreams?

Me with no health insurance?

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

Perhaps we should ask the 1%.

Go ahead: ask them…

There is no answer.

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

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

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

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

And the instructor said,

“So, you got your GED?”

And my partner said,

“Actually, I have a Master’s degree…

…and 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
Wch 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
captured in the American scam
don’t tell me anyone
can be anything they want to be
if they put their minds to it
that message won’t sell in Harlem
or West Virginia coal miners
or to the immigrants
you’ve turned your back on
take your message to the church
tell it to the men on death row
tell it to the starving poor
tell it to the sick and lame
tell it to the politicians
tell it to the serial killers
tell it to the bankers
tell it to Wall Street
tell it to the union busters
tell it to the man on the gallows
tell it to the cowardly terrorists
tell it to the last man at the Alamo
tell it to Madonna
tell it to the street whore
tell it to the last wino on the bowery
tell it to the butcher
tell it to the unemployed
tell it to the circus clown
tell it to the insane
tell it to the outlaw
tell it to the in-laws
tell it to the panhandler
tell it to the conman
tell it to the displaced factory worker
tell it to the elderly
tell it to the re-po man
tell it to the academics
tell it to the poetry politicians
tell it to the last space alien
hiding out in Roswell
tell it to the militia
tell it to the FBI sharpshooters
at Ruby Ridge
tell it to the arsonists at Waco, Texas
tell it to the junkie with dry heaves
tell it to the farm worker
tell it to the dishwasher
tell it to the orderlies
tell it to the flag waver
tell it to the garment worker slaving away
in sweat shops in Chinatown
    and the Latin Quarter
tell it to the garbage man
tell it to corporate America selling
torture devices to fascist nations
tell it to big business
tell it to the oil barons
tell it to the tobacco merchants
tell it to the children addicted
to television and video games
tell it to the fur industry
who club live baby seals to death
for the clothing merchants
with blood on their hands
tell it to the molested children
tell it to the battered wives of America
tell it to the pharmacy industry dispensing
billions of dollars of drugs each year
tell it to the millions of people
dying from air pollution in China and Mexico
tell it to the man on his deathbed
not sure why he lived or what he is dying for
tell it to Jesus Christ
shout it to the stars
line the traitors up against the wall
rewrite the Ten Commandments
and start all over again

**Men Haiku**

By, Adelle Foley

*Oakland, California*

Occupy Wall Street

Break down the financial walls
Get ready to run

**Waiting Eye**

By, Edgar Lang

I was born poor through no fault of my own

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

But I am grateful for something I've known

That in my poverty, I am not alone

The needle's eye, the needle's eye

Waits for a rich man to come by

If he brings a camel

He can give it a try

I speak with the wisdom of an educated man

But from the perspective of a farmer working barren land

Where the fertile soil is on the other side

Of a divide designed to keep a baron's wealth inside

The needle's eye, the needle's eye

Waits for a rich man to come by

If he brings a camel

He can give it a try

The needle's eye is lost in the hay stack

Where I was looking for a job when the last straw broke my back

Now the haypile's burning down lit by Joe Camel's cigarette

He snuck through the needle's eye, now Heaven welcomes bank execs
He did it when the needle was stuck in my arm
Injecting treatment while they foreclose on the barn
My insurance doesn't cover the chemo
This cancer's turning me into a scarecrow
Still I believe what I heard from a man of faith
That the Lord has said our inheritance will be great
The needle's eye, the needle's eye
Waits for a rich man to come by
If he brings a camel
He can give it a try

The People We Don’t See
by Richard Krawiec
The married couple sell their bedframe,
$25, to pay off most of the water bill,
$29 - 2.80 for water, 26 taxes, fees -
sleep on a mattress on the floorboards
beneath a small, Army-issue wool blanket,
beneath a window translucent to gray
skies, traffic. Their two sons awake dressed
in sweatsuit pajamas, beg to bump the thermostat
higher than 50 degrees. “Get dressed,” mother says,
pouring cereal from the 3-pound plastic bag
into mugs they can rinse and use for juice,
rationed plates to ration dish liquid. The oldest boy swears at the ripped dungarees, gift collected from the food pantry, along with laceless sneakers which almost fit. The other loves his fatigues despite the grass stains slicking the knees. Though 10 and 12, the mother brushes their hair, scoots them off to school with a kiss before turning on craig’s list to wade through the cruisers’ coded responses to the last item she will sell to pay for electricity, rent – a car ride, her hand.

Her husband flinches away from the screen, grabs his work gloves, slumps to the corner, hoping someone might see his body as still strong enough for one more day of hauling rocks, stacking frozen carcasses, good enough to still be worn out, abused.

**Be Fearless: Choose Love**

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

114. SCAR HUNT

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

43. A MAN CAME OUT OF A TREE

A MAN CAME OUT OF A TREE, SHE TUGGED ON HIS COAT. SHE CHASED. HE SAID HE DIDN'T TOUCH HER, TRIED TO DODGE, THEN THE HORSE, A BIG BEAUTIFUL HORSE IN THE DREAM CAME AGAINST HIM CROUCHING HIS HANDSOMENESS AGAINST HIS CHEST. HE KEPT TRYING, FAILING TO UNLATCH THE DOOR AT HIS BACK. YES, HE SAID, IT WAS A DREAM, BUT THE HORSE, SO BIG AND HANDSOME, FRIGHTENED ME. I WAS AFRAID HE WOULD CRUSH ME INTO HIM. SO, HE SAID, SIR, PLEASE DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.
75. MEMORIES: steam

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

The Coming of Christ

By, Raymond Nat Turner

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Carved in marble, etched in granite,

Rich tapestry cut from the same cloth—

Nicknames notwithstanding, their name

Is legion:

The Father of His Country, The Sage of Monticello,

The Great Emancipator, The Great Communicator,

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

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

Tricky Dick, Dubya—Lynchin’ Bains Johnson resonated

Deepest…until…

Jesus Christ came back

Not as a organizer

Of Sleeping Car Porters, rejecting George…

Not as a Socialist

Blessing Harlem speaking truth to lunch bucket crowds …

Not as a pistol-packing terrorist

Pointing her people at the North Star…
Not as a bearded, old, white extremist,

Uncomfortable with slavery…

Not as a Muslim minister spitting fire

At mass murderers, posing as victims…

Not as a Baptist preacher pinning the

Emperor’s clothes on fine lines of love…

Jesus Christ came back

From a manger on Madison Avenue,

Slinging slogans and selling snake oil

Labeled “Hope” from the back of the

Wizard’s wagon— good Chicago shit

Lincoln, Jesse, Oprah and other orators

Have hooked hope-fiends on for hundreds of years…

Jesus Christ came back

Temptation-walking the Potomac,

And calibrating his cover story

To “Beauty’s Only Skin Deep:”

Rosa sat, so

Martin could stand, so

The State Machine could run—

Amok with seamless precision

Jesus Christ came back

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

Who fish and farm, *when left alone …*

Jesus Christ came back

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

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

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

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

Jesus Christ

Came back as a professor impersonating Iceberg Slim,

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

Is that why his combat boots have lipstick on them?

**REVOLUTION**

by ava bird

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

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

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

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

cut thru the confusion with meditation, awakeness 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 cox sucker 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 crowdsourcing
blowing an explosive up its ass
don’t let your fear of extremism
block the joy that wants to breathe
deeply, and expel a vitriolic shout
the bursting out inside of you
a truly raptured sense of shame
at all that vanishes into air
truly, dying doesn’t heal you
nor the pre-lived self-present masses
but in the interstices
in the banal shadows, amidst the suits
some ones are learning to speak
mic check! the moment is fresh
the first bloom of spring
primates 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

cmp 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 fends for themself. 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, 1 and you is not the same as you and me. In utopia, we don’t occupy Wall Street, we are Wall Street. It 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
Shackled 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 ingratitute

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

ey 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

thatshawled 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 fidgeting.

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

I liked to make up stories. I liked to sing:
I was encouraged to cultivate that ability.

And I grew up in patterned tranquility.

In the single room, with a greasy stain like a scar
from the gas-fire’s fumes, when any guest might be a threat
(and any threat was a guest-- from the past or the future)
at any hour of the night, I would put the tea things out
though there were scrap-leaves of tea, but no sugar,
or a lump or two of sugar but no tea.
Two matches, a hoarded cigarette:
my day’s page ashed on its bier in a bed-sitter.

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

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

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

The effects were mortal, however complex the causes.

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

Men and women, I mean. Those high-pitched voices—
how I wanted them to shut up. They sound too much
like me. Little machines for evading choices,
little animals, selling their minds for touch.
The young widow’s voice is just hers, as she memorizes
the words we read and burn, nights when we read and
burn with the words unsaid, hers and mine, as we watch
and are watched, and the river reflects what spies. Is
the winter trees’ rustling a code to the winter land?
But the voice of the wind I could understand.

From Names (W.W. Norton, 2010)

OLD FACTORY
By, Miriam Stanley
One day its antique shutters were gone.
The interior gutted.
I cried in front of the building.
My own home was in foreclosure,
the city burned,
and my grandma couldn't remember her name.
My ex had my furniture, and a high giggle
kept leaving my throat.
I thought of drinking and night always had my neck.
August '69,
I'd returned from summer camp;
the countertops seemed low.

Everything was alien,
but then I went shopping for school.

Being six years old: thinking I can become
whatever I want,

that ignorance,

and age

beautiful.

**Here's a poem :)**

By, Ross Brighton

leaves band

leaves out come to bank to

fore four fire foreign leaf it to

till brow one outer or time to

borough ire cop roof fife

like left wing leftward wood rise of

and twelve to hard

how fount hand lyre half to quill ward of

yard whistle young to tire ache

of hight in light more move

hot pulling billet catch into inward

untrue I flew bloody
I fleet chior
our orchard ablaze

**OO AMERICA**

By, Doug Howerton

©1996 Waking State Multimedia

I see your future coming fast
Mass culture hooked on a dying past
America—your lead won’t last
Against the competition in the aftermath
The gun won fame
We lived through freedom’s pangs
Now there’s democracy
Where everything owned is a luxury

**OO America, OO America!**

Beauty unequaled in a magic land
Caught in a tragic past
Sheer American wizardry
All this to get a name in history
Immigrants washed up on golden shores
Worshippers, slaves, and feudal lords
Built a thriving enterprise
Before their children’s wondrous eyes

**OO America**
Such a grand ideal

So fine --- so damn surreal

OO America OO America!

**It's Really Up to Us**

By, Ngoma

*Jan 3, 1996*

I know

It seems like things are out of control

Everyone's getting laid off

The politicians get paid off

while the workers starve

The budget won't be balanced

The truth won't be silenced

So listen here

Things can be different

its up to us

The world, the country, the state,

the city, the union, the company,

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

None of it could work without us.

Suppose all the Mayors on the planet,

all the kings and presidents and bosses and mis-leaders

stepped into their offices to find out everyone called in sick
Could you imagine that?

No laundry, no cooking, no chauffeurs,
no bus drivers, no maids, no hospital orderlies, no school teachers,
no students, no subways, no secretaries, no office boys, no taxi drivers
no customer service agents, no computer programers, 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 kandred 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.
Separate to keep unjust order alive and kicking.
Borderline insanity on desert oceans.

Dwell not in our free state.

Crowd not our equal streets.

Banished are ye to your third world.

To your clay huts.

To your arid, deprived oasis.

Hope not to live among equals

For you hold the wrong heritage.

Ha! Blasphemous mutiny against our fellow brothers.

Life denied through the eyes of the badge.

Opportunity....

Hear it knock.

Hear it beaten.

Hear it deport.

Hear it hate.

Hear it exhort.

Hear it blame.

Here, it's short.

**An Ode To The Cause**

By, Germ

Minds are locked behind unlocked doors.

Standing on ceilings made to look like floors.

Ballrooms are packed with tiresome feet.
While others are dancing atop burning sheets.

Paper dripping ink like black and blue blood.

Papyrus stained walls are covered in mud.

Ancient riddles awaken to whisper us truth.

On how to break out and start up the coup.

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

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

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

To correct our mistakes and dry up our eyes.

Sacco and Vanzetti, martyrs to the craft

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

As long as this anarchy is alive within me

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

The light of a new dawn shining on a new day

And imaginations captured by the black flag I wave.

So answer the call, make way for the peace

By abolishing the army, the church and police.

So set your sights high for now is the time

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

THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDER THE WIRE

By, Doren Robbins

The guy was right who said I was lucky

to get in just under the wire but hasn’t it
always been just under the wire or else
the whole screwed up time whatever
the options? How can anyone
born without automatic privilege
not see it? Maybe they don’t know
how to see it unless they are
forcibly not supposed to see it,
unless they just keep their mouths shut
about not seeing what they see whatever
they think or can’t think or don’t know
how to think about seeing it? And nobody
nobody calls you on the phone and says,
"Hey, you better warm up your
four cylinders in nine minutes and
get under the goddamned wire!"
Are there really people that
believe someone saying he's going
to call and let it ring two and a half
times as the signal when you should
get your ass in gear to make it
under the wire? It's the thrust of
self-pity I'm talking about.
Some people know they’re
born to brutes in 
power. And conditions 
aren’t that stable under the wire. 
There's not much left to go around. 
And when it finally happens here, 
the armed robots of whoever rules 
in the name of which ever ocracy or 
ism will let us know who gets what. 
As for me, I have one earplug 
their current police birds 
didn't manage to peck out of 
my head. And I will fight for it.

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

By, John Colburn

From Occupy Minnesota

1. We wanted to capture believers and untorture them.

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

2. We thought our daydream might flicker.

We knew that airship death bent inside their tremors. Green leaves could flame into simple directives. 
We needed to carry what they said through the toxin. No one could turn backdrop ever.
We knew somewhere in the trenches republicans dangled meth lotion. We decided to watch what was said through the toy. We built an altimeter. Someone lit a firebomb.

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

3. We knew deadlines in the guts

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

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

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

**One for Overcoming (the self)**

By, Stu Watson

Transit tempos of future imitation

cause in air abruptly cool

some fashion--a means of holding out for form

and giving all away when deft--

crass indoctrination is like a truck bed

over-tonned by a gloaming will in greed

without need

a tempest in the domes under the maples--

**PUTTHEHARDFWORDSFIRST**
By, Stu Watson

afterwards report the pendencies--the idiot lusts
make hard your urge against the grains and dusts.

Outlast the impotence that has bred class
burn more swiftly in the morbid pang of a day deserted fully--
come on to what would be too deep patience to scourge yourself.

The Cause of Meaning Errantly

By, Stu Watson

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

Areopagus of Equals

By, Stu Watson

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

ARC
By, James Scully

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

--Martin Luther King

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

but what if there is none?

nothing in the scheme of things
as far as we
in our lifetime see
bends, surely, toward justice
what may we do then
to bend
the arc of justice
back down to earth?

it won't be with speeches,
no one needs to strain, daydreaming
after words the wind blows through

attend instead
to the coming and going
of those who are better off
with justice, than without--

all the colors, shapes, customs
being done-to unto death

but don't lose yourself
in swirls of wreckage,
don't cling to debris

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

who are bound to arrive somewhere

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

Washington DC now

right now

is such a regime, its

lords ravage the countryside

imagine living this

imagine

seeing what other peasants see

feeling what they feel

having nothing left to prove

nothing more to discover

nowhere else to go

when you torch the manor house

ransack the cold cellar

tear down the whole rotten structure

imagine that

**HOMECOMING**

By, James Scully

he thought he’d come home
free, yet finds himself
at the end of the earth
where it is morning, and still
too early—
when the mist burns off,
when sunlight slips
through the ravaged trees
like a gentle hallelujah
he will recognize nothing,
not a bird, not a leaf
it will be as though
he has crossed the River Styx
into life
as he no longer knows it--
a riot of flowers will be
waiting
waving wilding their heads at him
like grotesque life forms
demanding to be lopped off
what was dearest
he will feel least for,
what was pastoral
will be most brutal
like a snapping turtle
sticking its long neck
out, to hiss and spit
music will be torture
when he climbs the fence
to walk in green, open
sunny space
his wife, his son
will look up at him
with small, blank stares
like someone else’s sheep

POOR. PARADISE.

By, James Scully

Coming at last
into our own land
we were
where we are

Alone together in another slum
bristling

    like cactus glory in the desert,

We too

    erect were bliss

We wished only for what is.
My heart was in your mouth
Blood under your skin was juice
easing my lips
Our word came forth naked
courting what is.
What is
  blessed us, blessing enough for us
One human being was no human being.
In our tribe everyone starved
or no one did

LISTENING TO COLTRANE
By, James Scully
listening to Coltrane, hearing
the original people

who abide us, sometimes
kill us

as always
we are killing them--

he blows through all
the abiding and killing
blows the send-off
we got on leaving the cosmos
the beauty of its harmony
behind us, blows

there is never any end,

there are always new sounds
to imagine,
new feelings to get at

squawking
brass, reeds, battered skin
steel wires there is

always the need to keep
purifying
these feelings and sounds

honking out over
our cosmic exile
the bent strains of the original people
their long shadows riding shotgun on his wing
to give the best of what we are

The End of Dork Swagger

By, Steven Karl

Soaked in gold. The killings fields

Remain same old sparrows.

That anyone could paint is

A lecture about mystics.

But the goat and the gorge

Is a parable for shiny ties

And manufactured egos.

Over on Wall Street

A fake laugh

Comes face to face with death.

We call it poems for people.
Spine Poem

By, Erik Schurink

EMPLOYMENT
By, Jorie Graham
Listen the voice is American it would reach you it has wiring in its swan’s neck
where it is
always turning
round to see behind itself as it has no past to speak of except some nocturnal
journals written in woods where the fight has just taken place or is about to
take place
for place
the pupils have firelight in them where the man a surveyor or a tracker still has
no idea what
is coming
the wall-to-wall cars on the 405 for the ride home from the cubicle or the corner
office—how big
the difference—or the waiting all day again in line till your number is
called it will be
called which means
exactly nothing as no one will say to you as was promised by all eternity “ah son, do you know where
you came from, tell me, tell me your story as you have come to this
Station”—no, they
did away with
the stations
and the jobs
the way of
life
and your number, how you hold it, its promise on its paper,
if numbers could breathe each one of these would be an
exhalation, the last breath of something
and then there you have it: stilled: the exactness: the number: your
number. That is why they
can use it. Because it was living
and now is
stilled. The transition from one state to the
other—they
give, you
receive—provides its shape.

A number is always hovering over something beneath it. It is
invisible, but you can feel it. To make a sum
you summon a crowd. A large number is a form
of mob. The larger the number the more terrifying,
the harder to handle. They are getting very large now.
The thing to do right away
is to start counting, to say it is my
turn, mine to step into
the stream of blood
for the interview,
to say I
can do it, to say I
am not

one, and then say two, three, four and feel
the blood take you in from above, a legion
single file heading out in formation
across a desert that will not count.

THE ECONOMONY
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'
cunky hitches. Stoic &
a curmudgeon & a wheat
grass compensation mule?
To cover yr beer-battered
ass & its gamey etceteras
with a non-toxic pink
hairy tarpaulin. Always
thought your face & the
inside of your outer mind
were the same set of caves.

For Allen Ginsberg
by, Kate Wilson

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

Then the waking hours bring nothing,
rows of hardened hearts in bodies,
pulsing to the rhythm of wars, forged
in the minds of those fleshy gods,
with so many names,
mouths so full of words we vomit and choke.
(and never a line of poetry)

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

I’ve been a desperate wanderer,
I’ve read the same books as you,
finding meagre slices of certainty
on yellow pages that make me howl.
I’ve seen the same regurgitated history
in television theatres where the tongueless
tell the truths of the world.

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

I have been a desperate wanderer like you,
wondering how the next conveyor belt of
redesigned people will look on us;
the obsolete, with all our bugs and ticks
and too little physical memory.
In glass waiting rooms, swarms sit on soft seats
asking for pills and pills and pills and pills
to cure absence and nerves and time and thought.

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

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

It hangs, still.

I know I’ve found something.

MARLA RUZICKA
by, Hugh Seidman

12/31/1976 – 4/16/2005
Founder: Campaign for Innocent Victims in Conflict (CIVIC)

spread the word
it will be what we make it

For Adrienne Rich

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

tireless, fearless
against generals, bureaucrats, politicians

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

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

corpuscles hiss from the splutter
flare from the pyre drafts

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

ingénue face-splitting smile
Buddha-girl California smile

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

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

her last outcry: “I’m alive”

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

from torso to torso
blogs mocking her even as martyr

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

manic, anorexic, insomniac
fortified by parties and red wine

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

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

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

nova emptying its burden of souls
stranger arousing the genital wind

auric-haired bride Marla
wrapped in the black abaya

like the dawn blistering past blood beyond the background
AN OPEN LETTER TO ALISA ZINOV'YEVNA ROSENBAUM
by, Mike Cecconi

fuck you Ayn Rand
we are all majestic

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

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

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

fuck you Ayn Rand

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

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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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
weepes 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.
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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 fiorescent lighting
rendered unable to impart its secrets.
this Wild
the Wild that
seduced us
conceived us
carried us for nine months and through all eternities
that
bore us
and
birthed us in Hot Blood
onto the Earth's surface
heaving with Tectonic Breaths
that
birthed us onto
this Earth
Earth who with
dirt rocks and root
teeth fur and carbon
and
saline water
nursed proteins into
protozoa
and
fed dinosaur flesh to hungry sediment
and
filled our mammal bones with
marrow and
filled our narrow minds
with
god and Language and
strung our idle thumbs with bow and arrow and
kissed our mouths when they swelled with avarice and poison
and
it was thus
that we killed her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I Have a dream that involves making moves if you can gather what I mean
And see the unseen, look past the touch screen
And keep your life clean -Because to me WINNING….
Isn’t whats 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?
The enigma of infuriated salesmen has become a pool exercise. OCCUPIERS / OCCUPAYERS.

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

Church leaders relentless and arrogant veered toward remote Assassination,
Ultraconservative love affairs celebrated unsweetened diapers while Quetzalcoatl worshippers examined Commie bastards in capital ones.

Obese SOAPOPERAS dominating bottled water and ceramic piggy banks ordered female neck bones mortgaged along with foxnoose cows. OCCUPY.

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

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 fragance 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 rememberance
that all novelty is but oblivion
i greed the stability of steal
this material world is the séance
christ has already told you
this is the land of forgiveness
pride covetousness lust anger gluttony envy sloth
i´m not sinful i´m divine
i believe without cutting birds
my love is clement and mercy

SELAH

bad boys don´t seduce me any longer
un sábado neoyorquino desde el 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 stair until all you see is god
there’s a naked woman under the rain
possibly me

THE INNOCENT LOOK

we invest our lifes entirely
this is the real sacrifice
puyegue ashes like advice
not only a piece, a whole world warning
considerado en si 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
debes 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*
based, 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
Square Park, and thousands of us pick up the chant, and then
we start marching up Fifth Avenue and shouting “The War Is
Over, The War Is Over,” Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso
somehow having ended up at the front of the march, and I see
two old timers beside us on the sidewalk as we pass them by,
as we march by, and they’re shaking hands and laughing, telling
one another “Hey, the war is over,” and patting the other
on the back in their joy, and in the street we all are headed
uptown, tens of thousands of us now, and the police have just
arranged themselves alongside of us and they’re letting it all
happen, and when we get to 42nd Street, Allen taking half
of us west to the Hudson River, Gregory the other half
to the UN and the East River, and we all knew what happened.

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

**FUCK CAPITALISM**

by, Dan Owen

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Ribbons and Bows**
by, Dan Owen

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

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

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

the night asks where
are the defenseless 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 crave
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, mate-
erial batters being seen to nothing
the mattering of manners bantered

like light's umbrage sees there's no matter
to thing of

3

do plural and obstinate

do plural and obstinate

do cause and affect

do absorption and distress

do authority and love

do home and difference

do opinions and suspicion

do limits and extension

do contents and formed

do motion and continence

do you and our

do lapse and track

do hearing and thus

do quiet and indicative

do life and end

do progress and history

do facts and undeterred

do intention and sense

do being and withheld

do judgment and regardless

do cooperation and contempt

do court and defense

do nation and state

do mind and body

do water and finality

do ambition and slumber

do reading and life

do examination and wastes

do time and where

do which and resisting

do definition and infinitude

do possible and specified

do variable and absolute

do reason and passions

do other and binary

do one and same

do kind and quality

do care and privatization

do wealth and share

do space and occupation

do land and sea

do consciousness and habit

do 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 squishy 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-shoted 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.

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**New Civilization Rising**
By, Craig Louis Stehr

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

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

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

Working groups keep the encampment clean, coherent, and Functional. It's a small impossible utopian town, complete With free meals, free haircuts today, free clothing, and a Free community altar for group meditation, yoga, and music.
I slept inside the stone circle around the altar, 
OMing myself to sleep. After a kundalini yoga class which 
The Sikhs conducted. A didjeradoo player followed their act. 
The elevated police department camera is across the street. 

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

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

Each working group will send one representative to a general 
council. 
Reps are strictly mandated and subject to immediate recall, as per 
Historical collectivism. And policy will be determined, or maybe 
A new creative approach will evolve, befuddling the NYPD. 

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

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

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

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

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

**Fight Song**
by, Star

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

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

Decisions are a luxury, but these are heavy times.

We must keep moving forward and keep our dreams alive;

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

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

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

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

It always trips us up when you say, “What are you fighting for?”

It always trips us up; it's the future we'll fight for.

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

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

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

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

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

This highway will look beautiful it's fading blur

just like our government would look lovely as it burned.

Beside me in the passenger seat, I hope you'll hold my hand.
I'll fight a little stronger if you understand;

I'll fight a little stronger if you understand.

**Movement**
by Lisa Cattrone
*written August 21, 2011*

It is with the velocity of a giant squid and the sprawl of its erogenous arms that with water-wheels the leverage in any musculoskeletal appendage can move into positions within the time it would take the engine of filaments to accelerate the psychic mass of bodily understanding and construction for such a displacement to continue in different venues and as multiple in purpose as the simple machine of our vessel will allow toward the disappearance of a nexus like in infinite mirror games but with the ability to count each movement of the progression as it acts in mechanical, yet organic, jerking behind the dreamlike animals with their pink illusions that roll their wet bodies into our delicate systems. There. Now we are here. So, let me say if by government you mean bank, then I will agree with you and if you reminisce about the historical mass and its subjective valves of speaking into the romantic motions of people, I will say that has worked with people but what has grown around us like a flesh is not within any subjective register so really, you can’t speak to it because although there is a mass of skin, it is made of machine that not only might laugh but can’t even hear our emotive sentiments and the skin is our skin and the gear is our gear and we speak to ourselves but can’t listen because as the body expands it flairs out in a web and we are pulled
in its indecipherable wake. I will say, this is because it is giant and from the outside

we search each other’s faces for strength and purpose, but that is just because it is so large

hypnotic in size and seems to put us in constant positions since we have not become objective in our dealings. We still think we are subjects

but really, we need to be truthful in our promise and abilities, we need to see that if we grow, it grows, but that this is not true if we shrink perhaps even microscopically, because after all, we are, at the will of the engine inside, and it is only from inside and with a multiplicity like variant appendages and with a drive from our birthright to build new and unique types of mechanics for each objective jarring quake and if we are fit to embrace the fate of objects as small, then let us be like kinesin and move in a way that is so miniscule it cannot be detected, pushing and pulling the thick blob of structure outward into strands of delicate, surfaced membranes of constantly multiplying thought like inertia but viral and not all as one but several in different forces. I’ve said this, I know and while I feel this deep inside my soul

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

But someone is.

**Reconjure the Blocks**
by Lisa Cattrone
*written October 5-6, 2011*

You can look out with a purity. You can look out at nothing and the sparkling hallucination of space. Take it with your strength like a paradigm of force above your head of landscapes and liquid of shining mercy. The magic of pouring magmatic authority into pure shapes is an event. It takes its form while no one is listening. Think about all the possible designs and wear it out with your mercy. Long for something. Demand nothing from nothing. Wait. At first just a wet glimmering but then imaginary triangle that hurtling hammer
The event looks nothing like a poem and can come at you. Its movement toward your head is a running monstrosity full of fright, enormity and gore. It gives out in the private legs of the public mind. Even the smallest gesture can crack open and echo when it falls into purities of space where no one would be there to witness and releasing a scent similar to ozone and bacteria. This forms a charge, almost like how dry air in a balloon will dream of open areas like a grassy clearing in a silent forest hardly touched by our obsessing over forms. Now the event is a beast and the tension between this beast and the legs has limited parameters due to its wild running and minimal public awareness of it even existing

a feeling there may not be anyone to hear you almost like hiding, life and healthcare hashtag the hammer moves around the crowd of hurtling hammers there is a hammer in my body there are the slanted thrones of alchemy and hella not Egypt at least in terms of cameras/medias/actual people which locates a kind of sincerity in the relationship between the event and receptive participation of people behind blocks and the hunted. This is freedom and this is fright. It is completely obvious that it is known who you are and all the time you claim anonymity to yourself in order to reclaim an unfurling bravery and locking mechanism. With your strength rub the gray foam up against a tension. This is called process and it has a running clock. It has to figure out only what it means to speak

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

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

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

like freakish clowns that form in the most private mind and then bow

to the public and squeeze into tiny cars of reconfiguration

like the replication of the effect of mercy but this would require

a reality for its imitation. Now, we long to conjure

but we don’t know what

and we know, of course, it isn’t mercy

don’t we? Is it the grass so illuminated in the clear light? Is it that it just rained? The meadow is filled with a rarity.

A flash binds the trees like a visual band of recollection and curtains. Upon the great curtain the dandelions rub their heads creating their hairdos full of static.

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

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

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

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

**OCCUPY YRSELF**
By Lauren Marie Cappello

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

When wind speaks to water, we call it waves-- this is a conversation an exhalation, a reminder that tomorrow will be forever different. Go straight into it. it will consume yr charred bones, it is not a choice. Wear it as jewelry, or what i mean to say
is make it so that
you can submerge it
beneath yr bruised
skin.

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

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

How many miracles can
we create while waiting
for them to pass?

While we return to the
dust of simple, to
the nameless, where
there is no use for
outward movement.
No congregation.
No double-coupon
dharma discourse.
To where the message
is simple:
OCCUPY YRSELF.

Wall Street exists in the world
because we allow it to exist
IN THE MIND.

Poverty exists in the world
because we allow it to exist
IN THE MIND
By believing we are without,
By believing that we do not
contain galaxies within us.
But we were not meant
to survive.

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

when wind speaks
to water, we
call it waves.

**stormed capital**
by, betsy fagin

total alimentation
articulates our
single history—decisive our
material arrival at
a fruitful marketplace
passionate newspaper
affairs work my
optimism, preoccupy
daily hopes for a government
of the heart. more fitted
responsibilities exactly
three blocks from necessary.
the family, town life
important conditions
adapted to trial
levels, staged questions
protected parts of a
fierce wind, a driving
rain. just become just.
true danger could be life
ordered to follow
staid, safe.
seeped in plenty
with water and food,
shelter considered
for ease of evacuation.

*(see flooding)*

we will bank.

overflow nothing.
isolated, political
become stormed, capital.
Voice of Jah
By Ras OsagyefO
poetically adopted from a speech made by HIM Haile Selassie I

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

The problems we face today
Are without precedent
They have no counter part
Within the human experience
Men have been searching the pages of history
For generation after generation
Trying to find a solution
But have yet to come to a conclusion
So what then is our ultimate challenge
Where can we look for our survival
To escape this deadly pilgrimage
Where can we seek for answers to questions
That have never been asked
To whom do we turn to lead us out of this
Dark dark dark dark dark-nest
First we must look to the most High God Almighty
Who have raised us above the animals
And have endowed us with
Intelligence and reasoning ability
We must put our hope our faith and our faith in Him
So he will not desert us out here
In this wilder-nest of pollution and sin
Or permit man-kind to destroy us
Whom he has created in his own image
Since the days of old
Then we must look deep deep deep
Within the depth of our souls
To become something that we have never been
We must become members of a new race
Overcoming petty prejudice
And owing our allegiances
Not just to our nationality
But to our fellow man and woman
Within the human community
So can you hear the voice
The voice the voice
Of Jah Jah calling saying
My children my children my children
Will you please listen
Will you please listen
Will you please listen

THE PEN IS MIGHTER THAN THE SWORD
By Ras Osagyefo

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 clench 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
POET is Priest

Money has reckoned the soul of America

Congress broken thru to the precipice of Eternity

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

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

Franco has murdered Lorca the fairy son of Whitman

just as Mayakovsky committed suicide to avoid Russia

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

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

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

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

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

and the Indians of Chiapas continue to gnaw their vitaminless tortillas

aborigines of Australia perhaps gibber in the eggless wilderness

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

eggs should be eaten or given to their mothers

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

Detroit has built a million automobiles of rubber trees and phantoms

but I walk, I walk, and the Orient walks with me, and all Africa walks

and sooner or later North America will walk

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

we have not cherished pity on Tanganyika
Einstein alive was mocked for his heavenly politics

Bertrand Russell driven from New York for getting laid

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

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

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

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

the revolution of the sexy lamb

the only bloodless revolution that gives away corn

poor Genet will illuminate the harvesters of Ohio

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

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

but the poor sick junkies have nowhere to lay their heads

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

I am the defense early warning radar system

I see nothing but bombs

I am not interested in preventing Asia from being Asia

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

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

I doubt if anyone will ever fall anymore except governments

fortunately all the governments will fall

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

and the good ones don’t yet exist
But they have to begin existing they exist in my poems

……]

The Status Quo Reprise

*by Jesús Papoleto Meléndez*

The Statues Are Leaving The Parks!!!…

Those on Horses

have already galloped away

with their girls in the arms of their love

&

the smell of their sex

, trailing

in the white smoke

of their heels!…

The Soldiers (& the local Police)

having earned their own fortunes

are through with their work, and

very neatly

are folding their Flags

The more tired ones

drag their Asses behind them on wheels, as

the Masses

carrying chains, go solemnly pass

shells spent of their power

to Rule…

The Senators go,

in the shadows

of corridors;

Changing their faces

between lonely floors

in Executive Elevators

– Proud!

to be Elected

,the lesser

of Evils…

While Eagles

fly off from Democracy’s double-edged face

leaving bald spots on the shoulders

of Statutes,

gray, in their antique opinion this Day!

O Prouder Men!
could not walk any truer than these,
No! Not even
upon their fallen bare knees…

Look Now!, as Humans, as Zombies go
walking dumbfounded where Love would be found
alone in their shells,
never seeing 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!
An excerpt from EVERYDAY WRITING: A Deconstruction of the Human Hive
By Nathaniel Watts

This following piece is for all involved with Ocuupy Wall Street. Thank you so much for your actions answering the question it entails. - Watts

April 7, 2011 11:07pm          Read @ Zuccotti Park Friday October 21, 2011 10:14pm

We make enough to sustain, but the standards keep diminishing. We work for the wealthy, but only to make them more so. Slavery has never vanished. It has only mutated to points where it can survive and not appear blatant. The corporation is considered a person; a ruthless cold salesman that only cares about getting his. He dictates mandates to his fellow man to points where everyone in some way serves to assure the indulgent existence of his kind. Perhaps I’ve entered dark places, but I am citing a reality. What sucks is that stating the obvious has become some absurd method of incrimination. Freedoms have fallen back to days when the Church held the remote. Yet, freedom exists because of people always pushing against its boundaries. Who pushes now?!!! The ease of complacency has become a mechanically engineered disease designed to meet the ergonomics of anyone willing to succumb to its comforts.

Completed 11:26pm

NEWANGELS
By, Edward Mycue
For Jane Mycue

Can you hear in the wind
long-gone voices
who knew the language
of flowers, tasted
the bitter root, hoped,
placed stone upon stone,
built an order, blessed
the wild beauty of this place?

I hear in the wind old
sorrows in new voices,
undefeated desires,
and the muffled advent
of something I can only
define as bright, new angels.

Last Days of Disco
By Ayesha Adano

[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.

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 AAAAAAAAAH!

Why I can't start something sweet
like a big umbrella over a small child?
Or start something small
like a kiss?

I need to knock something over, so I can start over.
I am strong enough to shake the planet.
And by the time the shaking's over
a song will be left standing.

A song will be left standing.
I am so convinced at the typewriter,
my fingers jumping up and down trying to start something.
It's been too long since the last earthquake.

The first movement comes.

I jump up and down.
FACT-CHECKING REAGONOMICS
By, G. P. Skratz

money doesn't trickle; piss trickles.

OCCU PIE
By, G. P. Skratz

what we see, plain as pie,
baked & delivered to you, to you.

The dark tunnel
by, Chad Johnson

My future feels like a dark tunnel.
I feel like I’m being shoved through a funnel.
I feel like I’m running out of breath living in the Chunnel.
I am scared as hell.
I just wish I could run like a gazelle.
I just wish.
I had food to put on a dish.

The hour glass
by, Chad Johnson

I feel like I am running out of time.
I don’t even have one dime.
I’m so nervous my hands feel like slime.
Oh please let me get my life back.
I don’t wanna move out with just one backpack.
Please world, can you just listen to me?
I’ll be right back I got to pee!

When will we learn
by, Chad Johnson

Oh when will we learn?
We all act like we are still using an old time butter churn!
Let’s move our knowledge into the future.
And act like a doctor using a surgical suture.
So this world will stop bleeding!
There are so many people needing.
All the millionaires and billionaires need to stop their inbreeding!

The next superstar:
by, Chad Johnson
While I sit here jobless and idle.
I wonder if I can be the next American Idol.
I think to myself, am I becoming homicidal?
I watch these talentless people perform.
I sit back and think this is worse than cheap amateur porn.
When will I get my turn in this crappy job market?
I want to drive my car to your place and park it.
I have no gas at the moment.
Hell I may end up being homeless!
As long as I wake up breathing.
I can scream like a new born teething!
GIVE ME A CHANCE AT THIS !
BECAUSE I GOT THIS!

Arrogant
by, Chad Johnson

The next time you talk about how great you are.
I am going to shove your face into that steel bar.
You are nowhere close to a superstar.
Which in your mind may sound bizarre.
But the truth of the matter.
We are all tired of your chatter.

Sinking like a rock
by, Chad Johnson

Some days my hopes are sinking like a heavy rock.
I will stand at the end of the dock.
While I look at the time on my clock.
Then I look back at the shore.
Thinking should I go home n make money galore?
Or should I jump in?
Even though I do not know how to swim.
NO! I need to sing a good hymn.
Because life ain’t that dim

Letter To Travis

By, Dr. Ed Madden

at Occupy Columbia, 22 Oct 2011
I saw that photo of you, lean, grinning, skinny jeans, flannel shirt, newsboy cap, and nearby,

my former student Anna, hair dyed black, arms crossed over her tie-dyed purple tee, leaning on a not-quite-life-sized bronze George Washington (the one boxed off at the MLK march earlier this year, unfortunate fodder for FOX to spout off about respect and legacy and shit like that,

the one with the broken cane, broken off by Union troops in 1865 and never repaired,

as if he’s doomed to limp down here, and he was shot later by drunken Governor Ben Tillman, the one
so racist he got his own statue in 1940, just

across the square from George, standing watch

now over a cluster of punks in sleeping bags, just down

the lawn from the one for gynecological

marvel J. Marion Sims, who Nazi-doctored black

women, then ran off to New York to experiment

on destitute Irish immigrant women—such difficult history here,

stories of the black, the poor.). I heard more

about George this morning on NPR, his whiskey distillery

back in business, though without the slave labor,

that story after the one about Occupy Washington
clustered near K Street. The front pages

of the local papers are Gadhafi’s slaughter, the body stashed

in a shopping center freezer, GOP

would-be’s descending on us for another debate, the state fair

ending this weekend, its rides and fried things.

I’ve got the list of what you guys need, Travis, gloves,

storage tubs, “head warming stuff,”

water, and I plan to drop by later with supplies.

For now, though, I look out my window,

the weather beautiful if cool, fair weather, the dogwood gone

red and finches fidgeting among the limbs.
Too easy, probably, to turn all pastoral at times

like these, to tend my own garden,

the last tomatoes ripening up, collards almost ready,

needing that chill to sweeten a bit.

A dear friend wrote me this week, says he’s scared

he’ll lose his job come the new year,

a fear we hear over and over, though the GOP folks
tell us it’s our own fault that we’re

not the rich—individual responsibility and all that.

I want to believe in the joy

and resistance I see there on your face, Travis,

the will revealed in Anna’s crossed arms.
I want to believe it, I want it to last, I want it to win.

I’ll stop by later with gloves and water.

AUTO-TUNE
By, BEN LERNER

1

The phase vocoder bends the pitch of my voice towards a norm.
Our ability to correct sung pitches was the unintended result of an effort to extract hydrocarbons from the earth:
the technology was first developed by an engineer at Exxon to interpret seismic data.
The first poet in English whose name is known learned the art of song in a dream.
Bede says: “By his verse the minds of many were often excited to despise the world.”
When you resynthesize the frequency domain of a voice, there is audible “phase smearing,” a kind of vibrato,
but instead of signifying the grain of a particular performance, the smear signifies the recuperation of particularity by the normative.

I want to sing of the seismic activity deep in the earth and the destruction of the earth for profit
in a voice whose particularity has been extracted by machine.
I want the recuperation of my voice, a rescaling of its frequency domain, to be audible when I’m called upon to sing.

2

Caedmon didn’t know any songs, so he withdrew from the others in embarrassment.
Then he had a dream in which he was approached,
probably by a god, and asked to sing “the beginning of created things.”
His withdrawing, not the hymn that he composed in the dream, is the founding moment of English poetry.
Here my tone is bending towards an authority I don’t claim (“founding moment”),
but the voice itself is a created thing, and corporate;
the larynx operates within socially determined parameters we learn to modulate.
You cannot withdraw and sing, at least not intelligibly.
You can only sing in a corporate voice of corporate things.

3
The voice, notable only for its interchangeability, describes
the brightest object in the sky after the sun, claims
love will be made beneath it, a voice leveled to the point that I can think of it as
mine.
But because this voice does not modulate the boundaries of its intelligibility
dynamically, it is meaningless.
I can think of it as mine, but I cannot use it to express anything.
The deskillling of the singer makes the song transpersonal at the expense of content.
In this sense the music is popular.

Most engineers aspire to conceal the corrective activity of the phase vocoder.
If the process is not concealed, if it’s overused, an unnatural warble in the
voice results,
and correction passes into distortion: the voice no longer sounds human.
But the sound of a computer’s voice is moving, as if our technology wanted to
remind us of our power,
to sing “the beginning of created things.” This the sound of our collective alienation,
and in that sense is corporate. As if from emotion,

the phase smears as the voice describes
the diffuse reflection of the sun at night.

4

In a voice without portamento, a voice in which the human
is felt as a loss, I want to sing the permanent wars of profit.
I don’t know any songs, but won’t withdraw. I am dreaming
the pathetic dream of a pathos capable of re-description,
so that corporate personhood becomes more than legal fiction.
It is a dream in prose of poetry, a long dream of waking.

Rite of the Gift
By, Carolyn Elliott
OCCUPY PITTSBURG

O Fuse of the earth
O Lever of change
O Force of the turning

Hear us, your children

They have shackled us in debt
They have fed us poisoned food

They have denied us our dignity
& called us dirty, lazy, failed.
But let it be known -- our dirt is the dirt
of love and forest and grave
It is the dirt of our animal beauty,  
and we honor it.  
Our laziness is the laziness of those  
who refuse to slave for Mammon.  
It is the resistance of our soul, and we honor it.

Let it be known—out failure  
is the failure to accept untruth and insult.

It is the failure of our own hearts  
to betray us.  
And we honor it.

Now, great turning,  
we honor what we previously held as our secret shame.

We see our debt, our poverty, our pain  
not as signs of disgrace  
but as marks of the grave wrongs  
we have suffered under corporate tyranny.

We see our art, our love  
not as worthless nothings  
but as the powers that will heal  
this limping world.

We call on you, great force of  
the turning  
to give us courage as we  
occupy what is  
rightly ours

We call on you to fuel us with love for  
each other so strong and so radiant that  
it melts those who would threaten us  
So that they long to love and be loved by us, too.

Now is the time we have waited for.  
Now is the time we have prayed for.

It is here, it is moving, it is turning.

Let us end all debt.  
Let us end all usury.

Let us move the gift unfettered  
through the world.

Let us live as gifts
and die as gifts
free, and in love.

Ghost Flowers
By, Carolyn Elliott
OCCUPY PITTSBURG

I am dreaming of new death
and old life.

On night I'm carrying the corpse
of a full-grown man inside my womb.

Another, I'm weeping beside the shallow grave
of a dead baby-- then suddenly
the baby starts to breathe
and stir again, miraculously alive.

The corpse tells me: I am a grave.
The baby tells me: the grave is a womb.

We are all being born out of a grave.
We are all dead inside a womb.

Here, in the mud, in the cold
We swim in the blood, in the heat.

Here we are ghost flowers,
bruised and blooming in the banker's park.

Here we push up from the ground,
thriving on the rot of the dead world.

Devouring its organs and skin.

They think we will leave
in the winter.

They think we will flee
the wind and the ice.

But we are children of this cold.
We have lived all our lives
in perpetual winter.

In the winter of consumption, alienation, untruth.
We have lived all our lives in the winter
of their system.

We are stirring now up out of the grave into which we were born.

We are the ghost flowers that breathe in the moon and the rot, that make beauty out of winter and death.

**The Unimagined**
By, Carolyn Elliott

*OCCUPY PITTSBURG*

I asked my friend, "What do you want to come of this movement?"

He said, "I want something to happen that I can't possibly imagine."

And I thought, yes. I want this, too.
I want a vision that is flickering at the edges of my sight.

A world like a memory of an almost all-forgotten dream.

I want a world that is not socialist, or capitalist, or any other "ist."

I want a world unlike any I have ever been able to conceive.

This world I can't possibly imagine but still I can catch the traces of it breathing up everywhere here in wisps, in suggestions.

The world I can't imagine
  looks like the steam rising from cups of soup in our hands at the food tent
  it sounds like the drums throbbing our hoarse voices chanting
  it tastes like the roofs of our mouths as we wake in the morning with purpose and meaning.
  it smells like the smoke from rolled cigarettes
  it feels like the embraces of our friends in this village
It wants to be born. 
It has all urgency and tenderness. 
It is pushing forth at the seams of ourselves, 
This world we cannot yet possibly imagine.

I am autumn wrought
By, Gustavo Troncoso
A big hug to y'all from Madrid!

I am autumn wrought
Borne out of evasion, 
bound for the crippled hold 
where continents rest 
their wrecked harbours 
and clouds drop their anchors. 
I am autumn wrought

I was wrongly sought
By inquisiteurs of dread 
Who’d drape mist o’er the dawning 
Clawin’ at answers left unsaid, fawning. 
Bring bloodshed to the table, 
and spoon to mix it, if you’re able.
I tell you,
I was wrongly sought.

I was sorely thought
When other gods phantasie’d naught else 
I was conceived in a womb containing 
Dreadlocked wires and print’d circuit 
A binary stream of watermarks 
Issuing from my appendix 
So I clawed my way out of my containment 
I was sorely thought

Sleep is a kind of death worth going back to.

I keep resurrecting in strange bodies, 
Fig leaves trampoline-ed away by the lowest 
Flooding of my blood.

That’s all I know.
For I am autumn wrought.
Marguerite Duras
By, Feliz Lucia Molina

Your war isn't so different from mine except
I'm not in a war, just watching
The world occupying the world
In New York, online pigeons are 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 poetry
soap tattoos
surgeons strangers
glucose streets named Broadway
string cheese 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 crucible blame of destroyers herded in gather and corral the roundsomesorrry I wanted to take his equilibration and shove it into his humpy arsenal seahold 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 us want to talk to you about that.
Some of us are incredulous.
Some of us were meticulous; until we got here and acquired a sense of the ridiculous.
Some of us get really, really nervous in crowds but somebody’s got to do this.
Some of us hiss when stepped on.
Some of us are friendly.
Some of us were friendly.
Some of us have friends, and they’ll be here this Saturday.
Some of us friend anyone in the 99% (and we really, really mean it: this means you).
Some of us, too, are in search of something; it was lost; or I think stolen, but that’s not important; and we’re here to find it, at least I’m here to look for it; and this guy/gal/goy/geezer/gummybearcub on the mike at GA said that we had it, here: it’s called community.
Some of us dare.
Some of us swear by it.
Some of us have a flair for this.
Some of us ooze savoir-faire.
Some of us wear flowers in our hair; they’re misty roses.
Some of us wear on others, but we try.
Some of us apply and apply and apply and we’re tired of it, man, just tired.
Some of us have demands, we’ll get to ‘em; if you don’t get to ‘em first.
Some of us had plans, which, as things happened were taken down and out; not, as you may have heard, by incompetence or blind circumstance but by the connivance of the few; of the 1% to be wholly frank. (Look up: They’re looking down; frowning.)
Some of us try to get things right.
Some of us have a light and let it shine.
Some of us are a sight to see.
Some of us came to see the city sights; and stayed.
Some of us’ve been to school; learned a few things ‘bout you and me and everyone we know.
Some of us have been to college, and all we got was this lousy five-figure slave collar.
Some of us have been to hell and back, and even though we got paid . . . it wasn’t worth it.
Some of us need time.
Some of us need a place to be.
Some of us just need some space to be at play.
Some of us have time and nothing but; we’ve been away.
Some of us have a base station, and we’re pretty darn slick, or we think so.
Some of us are sick and are not going to make it and just want somebody to know.
Some of us have holes in our wholes, and 1% of us are pushing everybody else deeper therein, and selling the soap that comes out the other end at 100% markup; ‘Soylent Dream.’
Some of us have it all, but we can’t get into heaven if we break your heart.
Some of us want an end to the beginning.
Some of us want to end it all.
Some of us want to defend it all.
Some of us have all the gall; and plenty of gumption, too.
Some of us intuit.
Some of us intubate.
Some of us innovate.
Some of us ventilate when we should filter first.
Some of us like to listen.
Some of us like to talk: “Mike check.”
Some of us walk unchecked and unafraid.
Some of us would like to get laid; right about now.
Some of us like how we look doing this.
Some of us like that the pizza is free and keeps coming.
Some of us are just slumming until the Right thing comes along.
Some of us Left the building about the time that you were born.
Some of us are a bridge over troubled water, all our dreams are on their way.
Some of us don’t believe in guvmint; peppermint’s another story; and
as for wondermint---.
Some of us found love.
Some of us love this town.
Some of us would love to be here.
Some of us would love for you to be here.
Some of us would love to be there but the bars get in the way.
Some of us beherenow, and we’ve got plenty to share, the library’s open.
Some of us feel guilty we can’t be here a little longer but we’ve got
to be home by 6:00 to feed
the kids and they won’t understand if we’re late or get arrested or
just miss a days work
and there’s nobody but me so I really have to go now but Godbless.
Some of us shouldn’t be here—like you, for example, you really
shouldn’t beherenow because
[wabbbity-wab-wabbbh-wab] but since you’re here already can I borrow
your sharpie?
my sign’s not done.
Some of us have hearings about our fines.
Some of us have lines to read in the pageant of history.
Some of us got it in the face and lay there screaming, quite the best
days work we ever did
though the hardest; nobody even knew our names.
Some of us came to take pictures but the white collars broke our
camera (just like Sonny at the
wedding) so we’re taking mental pictures for those not here, and if
they’re sorta fuzzy
at the edges, well at the center too, we haven’t slept for four days
you try it sometime.
Some of us have been there and done that, it’s your turn; but I like your style, kid.
Some of us have been gone so far it looks like time to me.
Some of us care.
Some of us take care.
Some of us need care, but they cut back.
Some of us move verrrry carefully.
Some of us don’t care, but it’s been thirty years since they put on this show, and it’s free.
Some of us have been here for 500 generations and still can’t figure out what you straw-brained occupiers think you’re doing to the place; can’t build a fire, catch a fish, potlatch worth a shit; nothin’.
Some of us think all you pissants outta be arrested . . . they day after you throw the bums out.
Some of us are mad, quite, quite, mad, without a doubt.
Some of us look s-i-m-p-l-y mahvehlous.
Some of us are of good cheer.
Some of us fear for the rest.
Some of us appear a little . . . off. Or a lot. (Took it in the head at one of these time was.)
Some of us mind the children; I mean that’s always needed, isn’t it?
Some of us sell papers to make change: “Overhead on apples is too high; I’ve got an MBA.”
Some of us do plein air, people just hold that pose.
Some of us sit and spin before we let go.
Some of us layer.
Some of us are enthused.
Some of us are free spirits.
Some of us know what those once meant, and you’re both right about it.
Some of us recite the work of dead white bushy-bearded males out loud while we grow up;
   some of us already are such, or nearly.
Some of us finally found the wine shop, “Friend, where have you been all our lives?”
Some of us want to know what you expect.
Some of us expect you’ll never know what you want.
Some of us expect you’ll never know if you’re not here.
Some of us reflect (it’s the duct tape, we’re getting brassards).
Some of us reject any destination.
Some of us deflect bullet points; banner headlines would be better.
Some of us shall expectorate the quintessential mead of the assembled after due masticulation.
Some of us would be down on it if we knew what it was.
Some of us have the answer, and would be happy to let you have it.
Some of us brought our own, thanks.
Some of us brought our own thanks. For taking the time.
Some of us know it’s always the one on bass who knows what time it is.
Some of us are on the bus.
Some of us were in the bust.
Some of us just drive the bus, but we’re going your way.
Some of us are under the bus, and you know the sonnsofa-1-in-a-100 who threw us here.
Some of us do outreach, let me give you a hand.
Some of us brought PBNJ with the crust trimmed; for 500. (Thanks, Mom.)
Some of us are packin’ and fight fire with fire; and see, the fuse
took the match some time ago,
about the time they pinched m’ brother’s head off, mmn-hhmm.
Some of us wouldn’t do that if they were you.
Some of us would.
Some of us would understand, but don’t recommend it, friend, cuz they’re the 99% too.
Some of us have a verse for that.
Some of us are averse to that---or were; now, we just don’t know.
Some of us just learned the two-finger salute, they sure know how to
do these things flat out
   Over There; they keep in practice.
Some of us knew what “Basta!” meant before the resta yah, yah need some help.
Some of us face off.
Some of us scoff.
Some of us know the law; it’s not enough.
Some of us’ll write new laws, just tell us what you want. (I mean these are for you, not for us.)
Some of us eat your food and walk away laughing; not realizing that
freedom is infectious.
Some of us foment.
Some of us form up, but godlovem we think they’re kinda i-n-t-e-n-s-e.
Some of us have been fermenting so long by now we’re proof of something.
Some of us lament what urban renewal and securitization have done to
the City on the Hill.
Some of us shill for the Man the rest of the time (don’t say we were here, He’s such a killjoy).
Some of us gave at the office, and lemme tell yah it wasn’t 99¢; that’s too much.
Some of us give a damn, or thought we did; or that’s what we’ll say in
court since we’re
   kettled in tight and going down hard (kids, don’t try this at home).
Some of us’ll give you the shirt off our backs; it’s got antacid in it, mostly works anyway.
Some of us are gonna bunch up and shove if this thing stays stuck.
Some of us go all the way.
Some of us pray.
Some of us have fey smiles all the while.
Some of us let George do it. And boy was that a mistake.
Some of us shake our moneymaker; here’s today’s take (*shh* just take it, I know you need it).
Some of us are really, really *an&ry* and wanna break some stuff/heads inta bitty-witty pieces
   but might possibly maybe talk to somebody first about whatfororwhen or perhaps not
   go that way right now but this way where they’re all sittin’ down being very, very calm.
Some of us fight the power.
Some of us want the power.
Some of us had the power till a pink slip cut our throat . . . what was it all about?
Some of us fought until we were all fought out; nothing changed. It was the good fight, tho’.
Some of us fold up when the shit comes down. Or the rain; whichever’s first.
Some of us are cold.
Some of us are out in the cold; always.
Some of us got cold-cocked by Mr. Market, and when we woke up somebody left us the bill.
Some us 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 tat’st 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 us us wear crystals.
Some of us sell crystal and that ain’t no crime; well, it is a crime but they outta change the law,
   and anyway business is kinda slow what with the down economy and all the heat around now sooo what we really came over to find out is, are you
doin’ all right?
Some of us think you should come back when you’re off the clock.
Some of us spoof the market—but just in case we’ve got some futures
on your action cause our
    position is always dynamically hedged; you know, ‘play both ends
against the middle.’
Some of us smoked the opiate of the masses till we woke up in Liberty
one September day.
Some of us left our steady for 2000 lovers.
Some of us hover just barely off the ground.
Some of us crash things for fun and profit.
Some of us hope recovery is just around the corner, ‘cause the cops
sure as Hell are around
    the block.
Some of us will keep squawking when you wish we’d just shut up.
Some of us show up when it counts; we’ve got jobs, yah unnehstand.
Some of us want a platform; others think a server would suffice.
Some of us know that brown rice solves any problem; just have some more.
Some of us have vendettas even if it’s the Dreamer who joined the quest.
Some of us want to do it; or to do you; whichever we catch up to first.
Some of us like to watch.
Some of us snatch sleep.
Some of us are creeped out by the Army of Night across the street.
Some of us surprise, just surprise.
Some of us map the Zone; it’s one-to-one with a higher plane, we’ve
established that as fact.
Some of us work three groups and have forgotten who we used to be
outside the lines;
    that pitiful schmuck.
Some of us took to it like ducks on a pond.
Some of us threw away our pills for despondency—don’t need ‘em here.
Some of us know how this is gonna end; they don’t talk much.
Some of us came to witness, there was a crime; we just knew where to
go, that’s all.
Some of us let it burn, let it burn, let it burn; but we didn’t start
this thing, no, it was already
    going.
Some of us like the pretty colors.
Some of us discover the space between.
Some of us are recovering one now at a time.
Some of us gaze back at the whole world watching in an infinite loopy jest.
Some of us just want a chance.
Some of us dance; pretty good.
Some of us admin this thing; we’ll admit that.
Some of us are going home, but we’ll be back.
Some of us hack (a little); some of us did anon.
Some of us will be the one child born to carry on.
Some of us are still on song, me and Hikmet gonna read—"Nazim, we’re up?"
Some of us resound (silently).
Some of us ping.
Some of us bong.
Some of us just brought vegan chow fong.
Some of us are holding strong, enough to carry the load out.
Some of us got it wrong, but we’ll keep trying.
Some of us don’t mind dyin’; it’s livin’ on empty that’s hard to take.
Some of us make it up as we go along . . . well, most of us.
Some of us need something real; let’s talk.
Some of us left our fake currency outside the park.
Some of us got the rockin’ pneumonia; got to walk it off.
Some of us hum ‘The Lark in the Morning.’
Some of us have that inner spark,
Some of us are drawn out but in long.
Some of us spoon.
Some of us are huddled and wan.
Some of us begin to plan.
Some of us found flowery evangels, right there beside the sand.
Some of us just lie back looking up s-m-i-l-i-n-g.
Some of us are on the run.
Some of us left to find a john.
Some of us will move on.
Some of us are the 99th in any line, but hey, who’s counting, this thing ain’t over till it’s over.
Some of us saw the dawn.

FOR DENNIS BRUTUS
by Austin Straus

wish my poems
spewed out of a richer
more dangerous terrain

wish they were banned
someplace, wish they
were feared

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

wish my poems
planted in certain strategic
corners

would go off
like bombs

THE TAO OF UNEMPLOYMENT
by Wanda Coleman
*From HAND DANCE, copyright ©
1993 by Wanda Coleman.*

things wait until funds are insufficient
then deconstruct in concert

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

in the fractured mirror of public discourse
care for self beneath all distortions
wisdom is an old wardrobe kept in good repair

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

the profits of love increase
with credit validation

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

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

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

SONG OF THE THIRD WORLD BIRDS
By, Lawrence Ferlinghetti
A cock cried out in my sleep
somewhere in Middle America
to awake the Middle Mind
of
America
And the cock cried out
to awake me to see
a sea of birds
flying over me
across
America

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

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

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

And which side are you on

sang the birds

Oh which side are you on
Oh which side are you

on

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

***
OCCUPYING AUSTIN (one day @ a time)
By, thom woodruff

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

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

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

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

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

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

2:57am
by: grimwomyn

it's 2:57am and
history is singing through the shadows,
waiting for answers, for some kind of relief on the horizon
memories fall like bombs
every drop feels like an explosion
popping apart the vertebrae that keep
you alive
mirrors ask too many questions
it's hard to look inside anymore
you hide
you wait
you wonder what is
coming next
but you know that somehow, somewhere
you will be made whole    drop drop drop down into that place
that place where you look up
searching
sinking
safe
drop inside me    then there was this night
couldn't sleep
walking aimlessly on the cracked sidewalk
drop outside me
step onna crack break yr mother's back
wandering and pacing...
nothing I wanted was out there
drop inside me
it was four-thirty in the morning, normally I would have been
asleep, asleep
the bombs drop silently
I went home...but I still couldn't sleep, i couldn't smoke, I couldn't grab any vice...
nothing, just pacing the floor
drop up and down   drop down and up
I turned on the radio
drop right   drop left
the am station sang in crackled beauty a song,
sweet and sad...billie   sang... her voice filled the static,
erupting into    my smoke infested room filled with lost dreams,
filled with history,
all broken into thousands of shadows....
drop into the cracks   break your own back.
thousands of shadows, none of them the same, none repeated.
Light passing through smoke and dust
all part of a whole,
every part history a place where the light had    been,
and where it returned.
the history of a girl arrives in shadows
you own a lot of history
but it is history that makes a womyn
a womyn that defies every definition.

GOOD NEWS
By, Dan Brady, San Francisco
Poet, Essayist, News Columnist
Science Fiction writer and Haiku artist
I want some good news people
No, not that “born again”
Bible humping bullpucky you’ve heard tell of … nope
I want good news … and not just for a minute here or there
Like you get during a KPFA fundraiser
Not what you get on Faux News during a slow day
No, by God I want the real deal
I want a whole workweek stuffed full of it
With each book-ending weekend fit to bursting
I want to know what it’s like turn on the TV and feeeeeel good
I wanna feeeeeel good very time I think about … anything I can think of
I want to be double dipped, full up, schmeared, with good news
I tell you I want to look at the sky
And not think about “chem-trail” conspiracies
I want to feel the wind in my hair
Without wondering what kind of toxic crap is being carried along in it
From the sewers of India, China’s deserts or Japan’s nukes
I want to wake up, turn on NPR and hear about wonderful things
Expanding forests, glaciers coming back along with fish populations
Safe cell phones that pay YOU to use them
Free food being given out and rent reductions running rampant
I want to hear Obama talk
About giving back trillions of dollars to the people
Closing Guantanamo, giving up on nuclear power

Bringing troops home from Iraq, Afghanistan, Yemen, Bahrain, Oman, Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey, Iran, Kazakhstan, Balochistan, Turkmenistan, Nepal, Venezuela, Columbia, Mexico and the other 123

I want to hear him go on and on about perp walking Bush

And his whole suffering asshole crew

Placing a stay on every act that rim jobbing bunghumper ever made

That prisons are being shuttered

Because millions of people have decided to care of each other

That godless heathen multi-nationals are hiring shit loads of people

Because they’re bringing rock solid, plan your retirement on them

God blessed union jobs back the good old US of A and by the millions

I want to hear about green houses, green cars, green factories,

Green make up, green jobs and a greening self-sustaining world

I want to hear about how every person entering the job market

Says the same ding-dong thing,

“Gee, I don’t know which of all these jobs I want?”

AND “Say, why don’t all you companies take a number for crissakes!”

And, mind you, I want the good news to go on every frickin’day

I want to hear how millions are giving up smoking

Taking up Pilates, volunteering for charity work

That everyone has two chickens in every pot

A good, well-built, American car in every garage
And by that I mean one that gets 500 miles per fuel up

Takes a 50 mile an hour crash with no damage

Or injury to its passengers

Lasts as long as you frickin’ want to keep it

And gets free tune-ups, brake jobs and tires while you own it

I want to hear about scenic passenger trains making a come back

How scientists are being listened to … Hello!!!

Got global warming on the run

Replaced oil, nuclear power and natural gas

Found a way to prevent alcoholism

Using the cure for cancer that we already have

And have begun to terra-form the Earth for god sakes

I want to hear day after day of good news

So that by the time the fourth day dawns

I’ll have some idea of what life is like in a world that makes sense

So that I’ll be looking forward to the next damned day

So that I’ll be glad to wake up

Donate to good causes, of which there’ll be thousands

And every one of them will be doing very well thank you very much

I want all the guns in the world to be turned in
Broken up and melted down to make … anything else!
I want to hear that every soldier, intel wonk, officer Commando or insurgent
Has renounced violence and are getting busy … Building shelters, planting trees, cleaning beaches Counseling hopeless, caring for the needy Handing out bread, bringing in water Giving emergency care to the destitute Rescuing cats from trees and kissing babies

I wanna see them all get busy Fixing every leaky toilet, broken window, noisy refrigerator And every god blessed pothole in the known universe That they are working with farmers to grow more food Unlocking potential, opening floodgates Applying bandages, splints and helping, helping helping!

I want to hear about bastard banksters making micro loans and giving grants That defense departments have been shut down! That research and development funding Is going to making better computers Cars, planes, trains, tractors, shoes, lights, batteries, houses, cities, colleges, schools, basketball and food courts!
I want to hear about better understanding
Between religions, races, politicians, historical enemies
I want to hear about borders being erased, hatreds evaporating
Ignorance giving way … reason running rampant
And every form of love being accepted by everyone everywhere!

By god, I want a week of such good news
As people have never ever, ever, EVER had
So when I go outside
And get my free cup of fair trade, organic, sustainable coffee
And an organic “everything” bagel with a wild caught salmon schmear
Everyone will be walking about more than a bit dazed
More than a bit confused
But each and every one will be happy, happy, happy!

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

That glory unbounded I know, I say, I just know, we all want to see!

**TROUBLE AT THE POLE**
By, Kevin Killian

A black cat crosses the path of the earth,

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

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

seven years bad luck of Obamomics,

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

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

raise a family of two kids.

Uh-oh, a border collapses, toss a pinch of salt over your shoulder,

the salt the ancient Romans mined from Appian ways,

the salt we pressed into ancient earth to deprive our enemies of crops,

it was like a hydra growing heads the shape of brussels sprouts,

liberally,

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

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

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

Teeth sharpened from thousands of years making toys for us,

the sons of men under their women.

And he said, vigorous Santa Claus, *take it back, take all of it back.*
listen
By, Burt Ritchie

the arab part
helps in the summer
doesn’t everyone
like to be outside
don’t blame me
if I don’t come when
I’m called there is
a lake and yes
your voice echoes
but I just wasn’t
listening I was
occupied

winter 2011

 Occupy
By, Bob Holman

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

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

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

Yes US, you need a jolt! The coffee's gone weak at the knees
And the train's run out of steam and in black and white you dream
Of a land that promises everything and then laughs behind yr back
Watch out America, you'll soon be occupied
By pies that are growing grander with each incoming tide
Cause there's no outsourcing of the Truth
And the magnificent battering ram of wealth on screen
Keeps driving the responsible into a surrealist scene
Where the Mommy and the Daddy got no job but it's ok
Cause they pay and they pay but where's the wallet today
It's down by the steamless railroad center
And it's got the wings on an angel and the tail
Of an epic story of how you were born
You were born a twin where one of you had to win
And that one who won is carted off to learn the gun
And the losers are stacked in cardboard shacks
And we'll occupy and occupy until the day we die we don't die

Thrill
When I open the 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

I am sick
by, UsooMe

Mr. Boyer -I am currently employed by a special servicing company. I am outsourced labor for a Major Bank where I handle mortgage issues. Which bank I cannot explicitly say, or I may lose my employment. This bank is soulless and for two years has neglected to service a matter of insurance funds to elder woman living in south Texas, this matter is forcing her to stay in a trailer in front of a home she claims is beyond repair. The bank has done nothing to verify this claim; an act of neglect I believe is in violation of the Texas Constitution. I am handling this particular case against the grain of my first 'priority' as an employee, which is to work for the benefit of the bank and its investors. I am advising they forfeit the loan, as they should, by law, as it is a failure to comply to the original mortgage agreement. The bank does not believe the mistake is worth $10,000+ and have refused to do anything but waive some interest. To apply the funds to principal would 'leave the bank with nothing"

I feel like a Nazi.
These nights bleed my eyes, dry.
This Spiel, this indoctrination, Freezes and extinguishes lights Of HOPE.
For the protection of investors.
For my own personal interest
In staying alive and well enough
For this introspection to become a cyst,
The Surface of this skin is rotten,
I am battling infection from within
A system made to trick some,
Made to thicken the digits
Representing Credits,
A fist, risen in the air, is still
Inadequate to make me quit.
A fist, risen in the air, will
Not help me help you, Vicki.
I would quit this despicable
System, for a fist, risen,
If I could trust these other
People to keep fighting
For your rights.
Liberty.
Life.
And the Striving Drive.
Two Years in a Trailer,
Out in plain view of your neighbors,
Two years of Dispair,
Two years Ordered to Repair.
Two years lost to an unfair
Labyrinthine System
Made to evict
That Striving Drive.
Two Years
Restricted from Moving
On With your Life.
Two Years
Tricked by Libertine
Conservatives who see the
Bottom Line
As all they are responsible for,
If you get lost in the labyrinth,
It's not their fault,
The entryway spelled, outright,
The terms and conditions,
The Dangers.
And even if they fall short
They still claim the words
And the signatures still
Trump Dishonest Efforts.
Vicki, You won’t hear from me again.
Customer Service has been
Re-arranged.
Sleight of Hand.
I feel like a Nazi
Firing Squad
Guillotine
Lethal Injection
Gassing
Passing down the Doctrine,
I don’t need a mind,
I have instructions,
Two Sets:
One that pays the rent,
One that chooses to pay this way.
I feel like I’m losing,
Everyday I abstain from my dissent.
Vicki you are my sanity,
And that which Irritates
My wont, for it, away.
I feel a virus in a virus
Pitched against a viral
Cyst, that’s now a callous;
As if History
Were signed at Birth,
And I agreed to these
Terms and Conditions,
In Pure Ignorance
Still at fault
If I cannot help you
I have helped no one.
If I can, I have helped every one.
If I stand, I spread My arms and Cry
STRIKE ME DOWN IF YOU DESIRE
But only after You’re Absolved
Two years of living, lost.
I cannot send you back
to that exacted art that sees
a broken back, and only looks
closer in search of profit.
I am nothing. I am Shit.
I am Keys Clicking a black Dell Board,
Sitting Idle, Limp-Dicked in my efforts
To translate in solid statements through this
Corporate-Assignee Login, I am a shook one
On an HP elitebook. Philips Monitors
Nothing.
I am your only hope.
And I fear that I may Break.
I fear I may one-day be broke.  
Living a sour joke.  
Hour after hour choking down  
These organs boiling with blood,  
Acidic, gutting me.  
Do not let this Bank, Ms. Washington,  
Thank you for your business.  
They deserve to be Hung.  
They reserve the rights of personhood,  
Yet have not been cuffed.  
I am done,  
When I am done  
With this forfeiture of your loan.  
(One for Zero.  
Fight Sicks, Three's (h)ero  
To Nine)  
This bank from America  
WILL PAY FOR YOUR TIME.

**Occupy Our Streets**  
© Surazeus  
2011 10 10

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

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

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

They may arrest one of us but two more appear
leaving behind homes and jobs we already lost. Though first they ignore us and soon they laugh at us then they will fight us but by justice we will win. Our American Dream has been bought and sold so ninety-nine percent now occupy our streets.

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

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

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

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

Wall of Street

By, Christopher Bernard

We march toward the citadel of wealth and power,

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

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

“You think we're funny?

So where's the money?

You sucked our country's

hard-earned cash

into your scams:

credit default swaps, mortgages, derivatives,

big fat bonuses, obscene incentives,
hedge funds, securitizations, man,

options for success, or a golden parachute:

heads you win

and tails we lose.

You played everyone of us for plain, hick fools.

You trampled on the laws and you broke all the rules.

You sucked real hard till the eggshell broke,

and want even more, though we're all broke.

Instead of salaries you gave us credit cards,

instead of savings, we now have debts,

instead of hope, we now have shards,

and the American Dream, you killed it, man, it's dead!”

“Occupy Your Mind”

By, Christopher Bernard

(Signs seen at Occupy SF, Oct. 2011)
I Love the Smell of Nasdaq Burning in the Morning

• HONK! 4 REVOLUTION

Put Wall Street in the Stocks

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

• No Billionaire Left Behind

Bank ROBBER of America

• (What Would Jesus Tax?)

Income Inequality: 45 Egypt, 81 China, 93 USA

• The 99% Too Big to Fail

• (Take Back “US” in the USA)

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

THE WORLD WILL KNOW FREEDOM

Dissent is the Highest Form of Patriotism - Howard Zinn

• End Corporate Personhood!

(Attorneys Support the Occupation Too)
AND PEACE ONLY WHEN

Glenn Beck Can Occupy His Balls in My Mouth

The Deck Is Stacked Against Us!!

Stop Off $horing Our Jobs!!!

THE POWER OF LOVE

HONK If You're the 99%

The Buck Suckers Stop Here

· Student Loan Debt Is My Original Sin

OVERCOMES THE LOVE

· 99 > 1

· The Rest of US Taking Our Country Back

OF POWER

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

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

To the Bankers . . .

By, Christopher Bernard

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

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

SON OF A WORKING MAN

By, Santo Mollica

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

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

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

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

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

Letter to the NYPD on the 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
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**
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 someone's 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 homelesssssen is between homeless and homelessness...
Because homelessness is where that needle is stuck in their flesh,
But homelesssssen 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 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
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,

ten forty-four frames

every second it is blank,

sunflower seed,

shell

waiting

for

the bridge

waiting

for you to paint it

la tristesse durera toujours
la tristesse durera toujours
la tristesse durera toujours
A Poem for the Owls
By, Matt Proctor

The lie wouldn’t last. They never do.
We’re always scrounging for a truth
No matter how scrawny or windblown.
I wish a red dress were true.
I wish your lips were true.
I wish I was already there.
I wish goodwill were true.
I wish all the smiles were true
and don’t you know they are?
Even when they’re hiding
in a mouth full of lies.

The granule of truth endures somehow;
in the blood flowing under the blood,
in the smallest intentions of each heart.

The minds clenched, the hearts clenched, the eyes clenched,
they are being opened, like empty hands,
not to beg,
but to be filled,
not by work,
but by the sun,
by other hands.

We are finding our way again
in the dark creases
of each other’s hands.

Commencement
By, Shelley Ettinger

She's trapped. Pinioned.
As out of options as a snared possum.
Unfair. Dead ended amid fertile bottomland
upper Mississippi River flood basin
home to May flies and mom-and-pop tackle shops
with their doors nailed shut. Likewise Bud's Bar-B-Q,
Dot's Copy Stop, and the county's only independent feed lot.
The drop in hog futures matched by a rise in spuds,
genetically engineered with insecticide inside,
brings a splendid return to ConAgra as the town
door by door closes down. Yesterday capped and gowned,
today she makes the rounds which, Mom's right,
she should have long since done.
First application is Target. That's her best shot.
Opening in August, offering dozens of full-time jobs,
benefits after a year, six department manager slots,
she hears. Everyone says it's a sign the economy is
looking up. She hopes so. From there it's a big drop
to Dairy Queen, Hardee's, part-time positions
you patch together that still don't total one.
Not real employment like Dad had. An identity.
For life, he thought: I'm at John Deere. When they
closed the plant he was six years short
of retirement. Health plan gone. Dad was done
and so were her college dreams. When she finishes
filling in the forms she'll swing by the Elks,
bring him home if he can still walk. If not she'll leave,
let the bartender shovel him up at last call,
drive him like he did last night. Dad never realized
he'd missed the graduation and she doesn't mind.
Blew him a kiss this morning, suggested he shave,
popped back to say goodbye to Mom, discovered
she was long gone, at her sister's, probably,
considered making him some eggs, got as far as coffee
and stopped—no time—she was out the door
after pouring him a cup.
Our Block Hot August Night
By, Shelley Ettinger

Did you read
Daily News
Sikh family attacked on their calm leafy street
drunk jerks spat grabbed beard snatched turban
screamed go back to bin Laden land kicked pummeled
beat to the pavement a woman and man
till a pizza delivery guy intervened
jumped out of his car drove the bigots away
while two women who live on the block
arrived with a bat to make sure the thugs didn't come back

We're the two women
my lover and me
middle aged out of shape dykes Chicana and Jew
Louisville Slugger by the bed safety's sake
who knew we'd use it for our neighbors who are Sikhs
who are Mexicans Koreans Haitians Chinese
we rushed down the stairs to do what we could
which might not be much but turned out enough
at least showed the Singhs they're not on their own
remember this is Queens remember Kitty Genovese

The whites except me
watched out their windows
not that I'm special I followed my wife
she got the bat yelled let's go we flew
what if they hurt her she doesn't know how to fight
we're not exactly pumping-iron types
no time do right act move hustle flabby ass
contract gluteal gristle flex rusty biceps
dash hope to avoid a muscle cramp
arrive as racists flee stand with the Sikhs
she trembling he bloodied pat their shoulders hold their hands

Neighbors trickled
onto the street
Latinos Asians each with immigrant horror stories
whites stayed inside turned up TVs
only don't forget the pizza guy Irish-Italian
could have passed didn't saved the Sikhs
last year a man shrieked fucking queers
what if he where would we knock
now our block a puzzle partly unlocked
Valdez Kim Lariviere Wong
cautious suspicious worrying pain
strain dread rage affronts faced every day

Will it happen again it might
racism thrives more lives than a feral cat but
our block hot August night it slunk off
is a positive note wrong after savagery
the Singhs though angry feel strong
bruised but buoyed defiant won't leave
they survived
stand with them

**Look Up**
By, Shelley Ettinger

Why I heart New York reason #6,533: fifteen pairs of sneakers (I count) hang from the telephone cable straddling Second Ave and St. Marks also one single shoe and one cardboard cutout, orange, size nine. Thirty-one sneaks plus a thin simulacrum. Tied tidily, they dangle prehensile dancers, jaunty, jazzed, graceful toe-tapping where-ya-gotta-go-snapping look-up-don't-let-me-catch-you-napping prancers. They sway, swing, strung atop the cataleptic traffic rush on neatly knotted laces symmetrically placed by (I think) artists joggers conceptual enhancers maybe what cops call a gang what we who see things differently name street organizations youth associations derived in this case (I dream) from principles of high-top art from sprint-jump-rise-soar culture from can't-stop-us-flying-don't-even-be-trying aspirations. From love, I mean, another word for what isn't seen if you don't look up

**Imitations in G**
By, Mark Butkus

Resuscitated from the embers
Reinvented, reinvigorated with a blush
A nod to rejection, reflecting on a replay
Replete with remedies and
Rejoicing!

Replenish my soul, rescue my muse
Re-adapt, react, rectify the requiem
Remember Lowell, Robert and Massachusetts
Reconnoiter the remnants, the romantics
Relish the taste, the repertoire
Relive!

Rely on instincts
Ready the recidivist
Render the words rhetorically
Rely on the reply
Reputations run asunder
Relics relieved of rusty, dusty volumes
Repent!

Repudiate the naysayers
Rejoice in the rejoinder
Reflections in D
Recompense in stillness
Re-purpose the prose
Resurrect the poet
Receive the couplet
Restitution!

Reviled and defamed
Recalling the horror, the whore
Ridiculous rhymes repudiated in print
Remorseful and red
Relentless!

The redactor as poet
Restless of heart and soul
Redeemed by a tear
Resolved by a rejoinder
A rested repose
Or so we
Re-suppose!

A reputable rebel of typos and ridicule
Re-invent the wheel turn it round, round and round
Rejuvenate with respect
Rebound, recall, retell...pass it on
(Return to sender!)

LA GRAN FUNCIÓN
By, Victoria Marín

Marionetas idiotas
con el cerebro vacío
creyendo sostenerse por un hilo
que nunca existió.
Políticos en guerra
hambruna en África
esclavos del tiempo
inertes con corbatas
perros encadenados
y pájaros enjaulados.
Este teatro inventado,
la locura real
de los que nos vendieron
LA CORDURA.

**BROTHER**  
By, Hugh Mann

I'm not well
If you are sick

I'm not rich
If you are poor

I can't live
If you're not free

I depend on you
And you can depend on me

A brother is no bother
We all have the same Father

**POEM**  
By, Simon Pettet

Of narrow streets  and tall commanding buildings
anonymous people,  would I sing you
Of bustling money-making  and hard hearts
and so melt with melody each burgeoning handsome
face  in studious thought  that stops
sullenly attentive  thirteenth of November for what?
wind-blown and rain-driven down Wall Street.
OCCUPY POETRY
By, "Damn" Dan
Colorado Springs, CO

to the sound
of our anthem
and finally-home cheers

you return
as whole bodies
but inside, broken mirrors

your courage
unquestioned
yet the whole world sneers

mission
accomplished
it's made someone's career

so
drink the booze
from your bottles
and beat back the tears

while the blood
from your brothers
is measured in years

as it gathers
in puddles
it drips onto the gears

so the system
can keep turning
and feeding our fears

A new translation of an unwritten prophecy
By, Patrick Kosiewicz

They do not know, but there are thousands trying to finish writing the same book before they die,
before the destroyers of love can go any further.
It is an ablution with spears, a thunder of scrolls unrolling, suns colliding
with pages.
Someone smuggled the arsenal of archangels to humankind. It was the first drop in the history of blood to strike the earth. The words were an organization of energy, an arrowhead of wolves running across the snow, muzzles and paws pink with blood, breath pushing from between their teeth.

We came to make other worlds, tell you of beyonds. We came all this way traversing an earth under shades of explosions. This book is only the size of a small rock, a summary of 10,000 circular books of the lives of trees that were snapped in half in the decimated forest of history that was seared, and then frozen, and then seared, and then unsealed, and then unfurled.

Pages fall from the Tree of Life. The Brave Ones collect them. Someday they will offer you their anthologies the way ancestors tossed dawn stones at each other's feet in greeting.

This

Know this

They have set themselves ablaze so you 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,
going 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 farters 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 awkward
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 articulate longing:

occupation
is
desedimentation of the unimpossible.

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)
just elevator rides and roll-top desks
dancers as graceful as flowers
junkies all quietly tucked away somewhere
no stories about war or war stories
the light is beginning to spread
at all other times i will dial 311
the barber smiles
the sound of lighting a cigarette on a singing man’s knee
like achtspacht breathing
no debt  no debate – grief for the moment everlasting
no debt
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 may 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 - death - depth
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
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
     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
meander / 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

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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 conjointed 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


**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 retorcía, 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-ingratations
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, blurtling a tattered note:
this rhythm we use to disappear with each other.

lyric for the occupation of pittsburgh
By, Isaac Hill

the limits of the world are receding
as a digital transfer accelerates the accumulation of capital into fewer hands
as chemical fertilizer enables the production of corn owned by monsanto
as tear gas orders steadily increase
as students learn how to become indentured servants

the limits of the world are receding, O
as the snake of capitalism passes its mouth around its stomach
as the Real becomes less a stage in the middle of a football field
& more the after-show, the pendulum swing back to mundane life
a tent is propped up, Beloved, it is filled with blankets and mylar sheets

the limits of the world are entering-- O comrade! the World!
they appear like pizza on a cold day under tarps
they appear like a banjo in proficient hands
they manifest like mushrooms after a rain
& nothing is changed, the world is the same, the blankets are wet

the limits of the world are covered in glitter and gender fluidity
& anti-statists & old-school commies & american indian shamans
& free food & free health care & free energy & free education
& free humans & free money & what is infinite growth? a healthy economy?
the limits of the world are a dream held in common, like history, an angel

O beloved, O comrade, O other person, O angel
help me dream this world into love
let us create a new music, with refurbished guitars & mandolins
let the dances form spontaneously in the city night
let the multitude feel commonality in our bodies

Collateralized Debt Obligation
By, Greg Vargo
From Canteen, Summer 2010

The news from the lower tranches remained uninspiring. People were mailing it in.

The office started to smell like chlorine. A heavy breather was calling the Hope Line.

When stray playing cards turned up in a pile of résumés
And the racing form among the hanging files,

Someone suggested a Yankee swap. But it was already February

And the secretaries in the pool were sick of keepsakes From places they hadn’t been.
So the tchotchkes piled up amidst flowcharts and blueprints
And whole portfolios of lookouts

Were stripped down and rearranged.
Copper wire accumulated in the hall, awaiting an inspector.

New efficiencies were implemented,
But the collection of garden statuettes continued to grow.

A casual Friday came and went.
Even the spam turned pessimistic.

At the meeting talk was at cross purposes.
Different schools appeared equally valid.
Living with the War
By, Greg Vargo
*From Alaska Quarterly Review, Fall/Winter 2011*

After so long it’s still the little things,
Like his sullen advice for your night cough
And the way he plays a record over and over.
Then there’s his tic, how he steadies
One hand with the other, his maudlin talk of orphans.

But he is punctilious about clearing the dishes,
Using air freshener, putting the seat down.
And he introduces you to the girls he brings home
Before he fills the apartment with their musical cries,
So why be a moralist?

But you call bullshit when his penny-colored eyes
Turn sad and meditative, remembering how he grows restless
If you answer his questions or talk of the future.
You’re not sure if his silence is shtick.
His jokes have a threatening edge.

What a relief those weeks he’s away, out camping,
He says, seeing the country. But here he is
In the late afternoon, mumbling an apology about keys,
Finding you in a museum of antiquities
As you bend down with your neighbor’s twins
To admire a cabinet full of bright stones.

What the Sergeant Offered
By, Greg Vargo
*From The Southern Review, Summer 2011*

Here truck and barter
have used up the sky,
made the sun a trowel
and wind a washboard.

Come away
from where even the curses
are empty.
We will teach you to fill them.

For the embrace, metal in the blood.
For the plough, a knife.
For wine, fire.
For the chapel, constellations.

Weren’t you straining for this
with the broken bottle?
What were your sketches
of impossible geometries

but an intuition of the city
you would reduce to ruins,
the city where solitude
would catch you in its current

and sum what’s lost inside:
doors not yet jimmed,
the holes in your teeth,
the unanswered letters.

Not to be whole
but to take division
into your heart like the image
of the beloved.

For rest, bright exhaustion.
For the seasons, a scale.
For petals, a wound.
For the seed, ashes.
Six Weeks
By, Greg Vargo
From The Southern Review, Summer 2011

You are afraid of your hands
when they descend upon you

like birds of prey.
Only the ocean stills you.

In sleep
meaning skims

across your face
then sinks under

when you stir.
Breath trembles

your body like a bucket
drawn past layers

of rock holding
calcified creatures.

Every day I’ve known you
it’s been winter.

Soon the tree outside the window
will cast impossible green nets.

PEACEMAKERS ON WALL STREET
By, Louise Annarino

They looked just like us,
young, sincere, eager to help,
seeking justice.
Except,
they wore uniforms
and carried weapons
and hesitated to act
without orders.

It was the older ones,
those in white shirts
who had been on desk duty
for reasons un-named,
no blame, just
out of touch,
and unfulfilled unless
they could give orders.

The gas exploded
with blinding clarity
that we were expendable
and in the way
of those who hold sway
over our lives,
and that we could be wounded
in more ways than one.

Both sides forever changed
by a confrontation
arranged by others
in a timeless design
meant to bind both sides so tight
none of us could fight
against the real villains;
only against one another.

IN-FORMATION
By, Louise Annarino

Like geese
we spread our wings
against the might of the wind,
all of us moving in a vee formation,
Leaders constantly moving
to the back of the line,
staying strong,
not staying long in front,
where we could become weakened
by the gale force winds of opposition,
or merely worn out over time
by endless attacks of the media.
It is not so easy to buy off geese
when each one takes the lead
for such a short time.
This is why they are so confused,
so frustrated, so angry.
Not because we are hard to understand;
But, because we are hard to hold down.
Keep flying, brothers and sisters!
The sky is ours.

Still Trying to Overcome
By, Louise Annarino

It seems like only yesterday
that I stood on the Oval
dodging gas canisters and billy clubs,
my skin smeared with vaseline
to avoid the burn of pepper gas.

Hunger strikes and sit-ins
had not worked
so we shut down the school
and the streets all around
to make our point.

That is when I learned
that civil rights must be earned
by scrapes, and breaks, and burns,
shared with others
unafraid to die.

That newspeople will not report
anything which might hurt
those holding the money
to pay their salaries.
They are too afraid.

I knew this day must come again.
I worked. I waited. I educated.
Who knew that I would be 62
before I had company to take
to the Street...Wall Street
where oppression always begins.

Such Savage Thirst
By, Wesley Parish
From Sumner, a suburb in Christchurch, New Zealand
empty days filled with time,
and its many empty deaths,
so painfully slow;
bloodred sunsets and all that jazz,
hot norwesters and freezing rain...

while political speeches drag hindquarters
like a dog to slow death,
its backbone shattered;
like the unemployed hours
that suck blood from the heart of hope

- the day differs from its sire
only in its lame excuses -

I am unemployment:
no teen devil of mediaeval night,
no ancient Commie demon
ever stalked your souls
with such savage thirst,
such diabolical delight.

OUT OF KILTER
By, Jack Roberts

Please. Drive them off with sticks if you must.
Just make them go away. Too many bad draughts
against accounts long expired, our balances run
to zero eons ago.

The first stars appear seeking instant
rapprochement with the last of the deciders
now winding up their managerial progress down
from the top floors to just below street level,
and everyone in a rush to be on time
to greet them here beneath the elevated. Candy,
loose change, evening papers: all lost in the weeds
that clog our way over barely surmountable hills.

For old time’s sake, just go ahead and loft one high
over towers where the long girls twist their tresses
like spun cable in the dazzled noon, while far below
a thousand dark-visored, high-booted riders—hoof
beats muffled in sand—course the scorching river bed
past forsaken estates. And long past, the endless fêtes,
the interminable galas, over, all of them, to the sound of broken glass falling. Even the bejeweled accordions have ceased their incessant wheezing.

And now you would speak of what? Balance? Love? Without a single voice to carry them off like twin tin trophies at amateur hour, why you’d think—don’t you dare laugh—for I fain would know—don’t laugh I said!—what thoughts has she what pass these days for grace, what thoughts has she of what passes now from grace?

SEPTEMBER 24, 2011: 100 THOUSAND POETS FOR CHANGE
By, Michael Castro
for Michael Rothenberg & Terri Carrion

Poets blowing
in the winds of change
blowing truth to open ears
blowing truth in the face of fears
whispering wind
wailing wind
Poets blowing
round the world
blowing light
& blowing rain
renewing life
& easing pain
Poets blowing
everywhere
scattering seeds
against despair
Poets blowing
the human spirit
Poets blowing
can you hear it?
Can you hear it
corporations?
Can you hear it
sold out nations?
Change is blowing
because it must
Change is blowing
because it’s just
Poets blowing
in a worldwide choir.
Poets blowing
to inspire

Change is what
our planet needs
Poems are seeds
that lead to deeds.

**OCCUPYING WALL STREET**
By, Michael Castro

You go down to the demonstration to stand against Wall Street.
You watch out for the police. Watch out for pepper spray, tear gas, bullets.
You know your rights, keep a lawyer’s number on you in case you are arrested, abused.
You make your voice heard amidst the din of political obfuscation,
your very presence a cry of pain,
outrage, conscience—you’ve been cheated, ignored too long.
The few have pulled the strings too long.
The game’s been rigged too long.
The politicians help mark the cards.
The media’s in on the scam. Look at who owns them. You need them
But don’t trust them. Their newspeak is not your language.
They are not your friends. Like the politicians you elect,
they are paid by the piper--but they can’t avert their eyes because
you are not alone. There are hundreds, thousands, millions of you
In cities around the country, around the world,
you are massing in front of stone buildings to tear down walls, in front of the banks,
The corporations, the investment houses, the bastions of power.
Walls behind which deals are cut, papers prepared, signed, money exchanged.
Deals that can’t be explained, money that can’t be accounted for
by those with dimes on their eyes walking.
You have been invisible to them. They have been waging the class warfare
they accuse you of. They have put you out of your home,
Fired you from your job, polluted the air you breathe,
Manipulating the monies you used to earn
With which they pay themselves lavishly
As you scrimp & scrounge.

You are here and you are not going away.
You are the iceberg to their Titanic.
You are the rising tide of a tsunami.
You are their chickens coming home to roost.
You are their worst nightmare.
You are me.
Not just me, we.
We are the united
in the United States.
We are the us in U.S.

Not me, we.

TO SPEAK OF TREES
By, Michael Castro

Brecht sd, “To speak of trees
is almost a crime,
for it is a kind of silence
about injustice,“
but today
to speak of trees
is to demand justice.

Humans are committing arboricide
as prelude to suicide.
Trees, the planet’s lungs,
are choking on pollution,
or, stripped from Amazonian & other jungles,
not there anymore to breathe for us,

& clear +cut greedily from vast hillsides
not there to drink the rains
which flood the villages below,
drowning fields they once nourished,
eroding the hills themselves.
Villagers flee, lose themselves
in fitful dreams, trying to sleep
on city streets—choking & smoking,
angry & stressed—some women chain themselves
to trees to stop the slaughter—

I demand justice for the trees!
All of us must slowdown & breathe.
Think of the birds! The buds!
Think of the leaves! The words!
For trees are books.
They bear wisdom rooted deep.
Let them speak their silent life.

**Build Our Occupations (Resisting Lords Of Greed)**

By, Raymond Nat Turner

*Original Words and Music By Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong
“Just My Imagination (Running Away With Me)”*

Oooh-Oooh, oooh—oooh
Each day is a victory, watching weeks passing by
Resisting enslavement and war, do or die
To see a time like this is truly a dream come true
Sweeping all the cities in the world and D.C, too

That’s why we build our occupations
Resisting lords of greed
We build our occupations
Fighting, with word and deed

Oooh-Oooh, oooh
(B Vocal: Soon!) Soon, we’ll organize fighters from under TV (Oh, yeah)
Organizing assemblies where the Ninety-Nine Percent agree
We tell you we will organize it (B Vocal: Organize it!)
This isn’t a dream, (B Vocal: No dream!) or scheme to vote off steam

That’s why we trust our occupations (Once again)
Resisting lords of greed
(Tell you that) We trust our occupations
Fighting with word and deed

Every night we meet in GA
Baby steps… to a New Day
We’ll never let thugs
Club our dreams away
Though they will surely try
Um, hm, (B Vocal: Their deeds are!) Dastardly
When their nets enfold us
Exposing crass hypocrisy, jackboot democracy
Ten thousand photos showing—

Trust our occupations (Once again)
Resisting lords of greed
(Of, tell you) To trust our occupations
Fighting, word and deed—
(Repeat/ fade)

(Improvised line) We’ll never get it, if we don’t upset it…

**Seven Parking Tickets**  
By, Annie Rachele Lanzillotto  
*copyright 2011*

Sat in a sword of sunlight listening to seagulls by the Hudson River  
behind the wheel of my Dodge Spirit.  
Read about a guy who got seven parking tickets  
before the police noticed he had shot himself in the backseat of his Chevy  
under a blanket after his eviction.

A Chevy with a big back seat.  
The papers say he has no kids.  
The papers say he wasn’t happy.  
His neighbors are quoted saying he was the most intelligent man they ever knew.  
A real intellectual, with back pain.  
He was tired, they say, of being poor and in pain.  
The Homeless Elite.

I always think I’ll outlive my American Car.  
American cars are better than foreign cars for some things.  
Plush backseats with springs, full bench front seats.  
Room to lay out in.  
Cheap as coffins.  
Dodge Spirit, hell, American Cars are better  
for some things

**JUMPIN WITH JOY**  
By, Annie Rachele Lanzillotto  
©2010

*These words are from a talk my mother Rachel Lanzillotto gave me one day sitting out a storm in a car,*

*just after the BP oil fiasco in the Gulf.*

We got homegrown terrorists.  
We need a revolution now raise your fists.  
The companies are destroying the earth.  
The companies are destroying the fish.
The butchers are jumping with joy
The butchers are jumping with joy
There’s no more fish.
There's no more fish.

Capitalism Terrorism.
Poor generations of fishermen
Pelicans covered in oil.
Poor little pelicans. Policy shenanigans.

The butchers are jumping with joy
The butchers are jumping with joy
There’s no more fish.
There's no more fish.

Hu Jintao and the Caudillo open world order,
built on fossil fuels without borders
truth oil mishap murder terror
manipulations no regulations.

Waters all come around.
Wash up on every shore.
Waters all come around
Up from underground.

The butchers are jumping with joy
The butchers are jumping with joy
There’s no more fish.
There's no more fish.

Dear Mr. President:
By, Gloria Frym

Dear Mr. President:

At one time you requested solutions to your problems from the public. The sands of the desert are slipping through the hourglass at an alarming speed. The remedies below are not listed in Amnesty International or U.N. documents as cruel or unusual punishment. They are simple, inexpensive and highly effective. Each solution would cost must less than one fully equipped bomber. Since you have no quarrel with the people only the leaders, these solutions apply only to serious axis of evil sovereigns. Let loose a battalion of Sarcoptes scabiei. 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.
The POLICE have a LONG HISTORY of setting up movements so they can SHUT them DOWN. They bring newly released people from RIKERS ISLAND, and they pick up JUNKIES off the street, and drop them near here, saying, “You can go to Central Booking for 3 days or go to Occupy Wall Street and have a good time. FREE FOOD, SLEEPING bags.”

It’s a tactic to DISRUPT the movement. Instead of focusing on the issues, we have to deal with this NEW PROBLEM. We want to handle it in a humane way. We are organizing a TEACH-IN on HARM REDUCTION.

Stephen, Librarian at Occupy Wall Street
Government by the people for the people shall not perish from this Earth.

If the 1% are job creators they suck @ IT

Heather
Occupy Chicago

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
I was a US Army Ranger in Iraq. I walked by here and it seemed like they needed some help, some strength.

I was raised violently, trained violently—now I’m learning to be non-violent.

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Micah

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

We are against CORPORATE ABUSE of the POLITICAL SYSTEM.

THIS is a NEW WAY of organizing. I want to CREATE the Change I want to see in the world.

Every time I come here, I feel EMPOWERED.

Micah
Occupy Chicago
OWS Tony

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Everybody was afraid to talk, but these young people have opened up the conversation. Now Labor is coming around.

"When Corporations merge with government, that's Fascism." Mussolini told us that.

Tony Massa, 89
WWII veteran, machinist, fighter for social justice, mobilizing senior citizens.
Rosalie

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

Koi Pond

By, Urgyen Thupten Dorje
Warm colors hover in the shade of Autumn’s failure waiting not the same as brethren.
Immune to the spell of the treacherous streams
disease of madmen’s whirling I encountered when
I hauled them sentenced under the swim of stars
Who sing of cycles of the calm of these Koi
Who yearn to leap outward in infernal arcs
The creation of this pond furnishing the key.
A love that frees the current suspended.
His motive pure as the imperial snows.
The air a layer of cold made solid.
His call entices but will never lure. He knows.
Knows deeply their unbounded cores. Knows them by name.
Who’ll shatter walls to shards with plumes of fluid flame.

SONG TO SING BEFORE A MIRROR
By, Martine Compton

Are you doing the work, or
are you kicking at someone
for not wearing
your hand-stitched
basement-dyed
uniform
pressed clean by your one and only
working-poor mother
or are you doing the work?
Are you kicking
at the woman
seated next to you
in the cannery cafeteria
who happens on a Tuesday
to be drinking corporate milk
(all she can afford, she takes the bus)
--have you examined
your shoe brand lately?
Whom are you standing on,
and didn’t
this girl hold her tongue
about you just the other day?
What I’m saying, I’m saying
is
are you doing the work?
Are you feeding
a stranger brother soldier
unemployed kinsman
your leftover bread
or are you singing
in the shower
in your little red head?
Hoping the world will
stop on your sidewalk and toss you
a coin? Ask for your autograph?
Are you making love
to a fellow revolutionary
or are you
fucking a droid while you
watch her watch television?
Is she emptying your head
while she takes up your bed?
What I’m saying
What I’m saying is
watch who you knock
on your way down
the street—
and just what
do you think tough means,
warrior oh great
tattooed god of
hard cold music
Watch who you
think you can eat.
She’s small in the shoulders
but hey
her daddy’s been mounting her
since she could crawl—
think twice before bombing that shopping mall.
We need all the fringe elements
to listen to your words,
yes, you, anarchist
part-time chef
nutritious musician
who used to take the bus.
Talk to her, too.
She what she can do.
Little girl lost
might just need
a big bad brother.
And you might need
the way she grows up to be
the only E.R. nurse
not watching t.v.
when you’re: so pretty so
high so noonday gone
you rip out your hospital i.v. That one day
your heart rips
and you just slip?
What I’m saying
What I’m saying is
look around you.
You think we never not once looked
at you, cross-eyed suspicious?
You think I never saw
you think my life was just
a bit too delicious?
Do you think
do you really believe
it isn’t imminent?
You’re free to, I’m free to
believe it’s over. That we’re
cooked. Done overdone.
That this is a ruse.
But refuse it.
That’s all I ask of you
from the flipside
of this here looking glass,
I see you.
Do it, done.
It’s been begun,
bequie it anyway,
stop the clocks’ tick-tock
‘cause they’re not human
and that’s
no way to live life.
Don’t let their pale white faces fool you.
Their minute hands are
tied to a forgotten teatime hour,
while We’re all drinking gin.

**Letter From Mt. Sinai**
By, Sarah Harper

When they put me in the mental hospital
And violated my body with their drugs
And threw me into a small locked room
Where I wrote on the window in spit
Because pen and blood were forbidden me
I cried out, but not for you--
I cried out for justice.
I want you to understand.
Let this knowledge cut away at your guilt at not being there,
Cast it away and throw it to the dogs.
They are much abused, these poor dogs,
Yet still following the voice of their master
And attacking their master's enemies.
They fear the beggar in the street more
Than the well-dressed man who put them there.
I know and understand this fear
Because I have been a victim of it.
Oh yes, I wanted you to be there.
Not to feel guilt, but so that you would understand
That in my tears and rage I was still beautiful
In my hospital shift I was still sexy
That their drugs did not take away my anger
Nor their needles my dignity.
Hold fast to this knowledge.
You may need it
In the dark times ahead.

Manifesto (MoMA 10/20/11)
By, Sarah Harper

I believe in Freedom.
(I believe in Freedom.)
This means
(This means)
That people of color should be able
(That people of color should be able)
To walk the streets without fear
To walk the streets without fear
Of stop-and-frisk harassment by the police.

This means
That those who are suffering should be able
To talk to someone without fear
Of being locked up in a psych ward
And forced to take drugs and shock treatments.

This means
That no one should have to choose
Between money for healthcare
And money for rent.
That no one should have to choose
Between being able to provide for their family
And being able to spend time with their family.

Those who rule this world
The corporate and political masters
Will tell us that these
Are tragic
Necessary
Sacrifices.
They lie!
THEY LIE!!!!)
I believe in freedom.
Do you?
I am willing
To work for that freedom.
Are you?

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 away from TV (Oh, yeah)
Organizing assemblies where the Ninety- Nine Percent agree
We tell you we will organize it (B Vocal: Organize it!)
This isn’t a dream, (B Vocal: No dream!) or scheme to vote off steam
That’s why we trust our occupations (Once again)
Resisting lords of greed
(Tell you that) We trust our occupations
Fighting with word and deed
Every night we meet in GA
Baby steps… to a New Day
We’ll never let thugs
Club our dreams away
Though they will surely try
Um, hm, (B Vocal: Their deeds are!) Dastardly
When their nets enfold us
Exposing crass hypocrisy, jackboot democracy
Ten thousand photos showing—
Trust our occupations (Once again)
Resisting lords of greed
(Oh, tell you) To trust our occupations
Fighting, word and deed—
(Repeat/ fade)
(Improvised line) We’ll never get it, if we don’t upset it…

Freudian Insight
By, Sparrow

To avoid
playing
with my
feces,
I write
poetry.

Octagonal Police
By, Sparrow
On the planet Flimj, there are octagonal police.

**The Taming of the Shrewd**

By, Sparrow

I'd like to see the shrewd tamed.

**An oration for Occupy Wall Street:**

By, Sparrow

Most of the time, history makes us, but once or twice in our lives, we make history. This is one such opportunity. We don't know where this movement will lead. No one knows. We don't even know for certain that it's a movement. But that is the virtue of our assembly. I say "our," not "your," because I feel I live here. And many of us -- millions of us -- live here with you, in this small park. You have given me a voice. If you have succeeded at nothing else, you have given me, and millions, the courage to open our lips. I write this on a Trailways bus in the Catskills. As I write, I see two horses grazing in a field. I bring you the beauty of horses in profile, bending to feed, in Lake Hill, New York. I offer you the coiled power of their legs and flanks.

**Star-spangled, with Flu**

By, Dodie Bellamy

On YouTube Marvin Gaye sings “The Star Spangled Banner” at the 1983 NBA All Star Game. Stripping the song of bombast, he delivers it with the sweetness and intimacy of a love song, drawing out each velvet syllable if he has all the time in the world. But this is his final public performance, in a little over a year he will be shot to death by his father. Accompanied by a drum machine, in gray suit and tie, he stands very still. Occasionally he rolls his head, licks his lips, clenches his fists or opens his hands, his gestures so minimal, we cling to every understated twitch. For “land of the free” he bends his knees, arches his back slightly, raises his fists, broadens his smile, getting across all the nuances of a black man up there singing about freedom—a mixture of pride and what a joke. Stars bursting off his aviator sunglasses, Marvin Gaye has made the “National Anthem” sexy and cool. The sensuality of his rendition is perverse, it’s like he’s fucking with rah-rah patriotism big time, like he’s laying bare the libidinal pleasures of group consciousness. The crowd claps and cheers. By the end I find my fuzzy-brained sweaty self ridiculously smiling, feel giggly, stoned. I slurp the Thai coconut soup Kevin picked up for me, and
Poem for OWSL
By, Joseph Perez

click replay again and again.

i don't believe in the system or the government
we all pawns in this game of chess
we try to dream
but they krugers
what can we do?
they got our beautiful women working in strip clubs and hooters
grandmas in McDonalds
and grandpas as janitors
trying to pay for their medicine
or even anything
babies taking care of babies
who's taking care of them?
where people are quick to defend their homeland
but don't know shit about its history
just the popular dishes and parades
runaways never see another day
teenagers never go to church
but give offerings to treads
that promise them true religion
vanity
maintains their sanity
labels make the lost find themselves
but what they need to find is help
they let their desires get the best of the needs
we still in slavery
by a couple presidents
curse words is today's vocabulary
schools are penitentiaries..
relatives being enemies
books not being read
instead being used to hold up windows and doors
everyone staring at the homeless and poor
can you spare a little change?
i got no more credits in this game
called life
killing the innocent
freeing the guilty
laughing at the illiterate
mindsets full of ignorance
trying to send back the immigrants
the majority of the population
and cant be a citizen?
parks just waiting to have yellow tape and chalk-lines
because communities have no unity
the only thing we was good for for picking cotton
and chopping down sugar cane trees
everyone looking like one another
but don't act like sisters and brothers
racism is still alive
people love to hate
when we should love to love
letting astrology decide their faith
making it seem like people on death row
consist of baggy jeans, slang and corn-rows
everybody wanting to be super-stars
but cops are shooting stars
so its best if we don't wish..

Love is a canister of gas you can throw
By, Terence Degnan

as the gull
and sea and steel and glass recede
you
decide to freeze
imagine more heads than you can count
weaved like wool
like the woolman’s hooded coat
imagine more heads than you can count
shaking the canister of liberty
corked
hot with anticipation
imagine they are children
they are children
who have never formed animals from clouds
who have never been taught to read
who know words only as they form them
words like water
only when it’s been driven to need
say water until it loses it’s tongue
say water where it cannot run
say water
imagine you are only one small part of a sea
you and the rich man
you and the senator
you and the skeleton
you and the alligator
you and the bee
you and the sea
you are a part that leads water to run
where water might
there are still a thousand fields unshorn
in your very county
dogs that run
tiny people who know nothing of your occupation
who wear a dress to church
who blow the fingers of dying flowers
there are still unbridled beasts
who cannot say your name
your standstill
is not for the rich man
it isn’t for the broken officer’s horse
is isn’t for you
if you can look past your tuesday
it’s for the untouched blade of grass
the unformed cloud
the naked territory
you once had, which is drowning
love is a canister you can throw back
love is the first gasp of air, but not the second
love has no thought
does no savings
does not balance the bills on sunday
when the office has died down
love doesn’t follow water
love is the water
love runs where it might
love is the second of hesitation
before the fistfight
and the fistfight itself
love is begging the white collared cops
to lay down their arms
and raise their fists
so that we may fight
as brothers have
so we may bleed alongside our beloveds
love doesn’t make a cheeky sign
with a colloquial rhyme
and a lick of duck tape
across the lips
love is the tongue
that tastes the glue
and says
so this is what glue tastes like
and thinks, amongst other things
about the glueman’s trousers
which must stick as he lays them, bedside, down at the end of his day
and so now
the gull and sea and steel and glass
recede
as the moon calls to them like children
as to moon admires the might of men
as the moon upon the hudson river
cannot hear their chants
or their contrition
because such are things that are old
and this place is young
these times are new
these cries are like the roman child's
you are the roman child
who laments the fall of rome
instead of her own starvation
but again,
remember you are also the Autumn
you are also the Autumn
you are the very Autumn
that sparked the sea
to look within herself and say
look
they, sometimes,
can be just as me!

Ode to the Poor
By, Mike Perkins

Columbia, Missouri
it's not you
it's me
I need something different
I'm sorry
I just can't go on like this
I want you to be happy
not have to worry about me
get on with your life
find somebody new
somebody who deserves you
we were from different sides of the track
I had everything
you had nothing
I liked it that way but I know it bothered you
we had a good run anyway
most people didn't think it would last this long
some thought you would murder me in my sleep
rise up to cut my throat
it did happen in other places
but I was more careful here
you've loved me
and I've been rather fond of you at times
sometimes even screwed you
in more ways than one
we've been through a lot together
I clothed you
housed you
planned your future
made the hard decisions for you
put up with your little peccadilloes like unions
saw that you had booze, drugs, and something to smoke
porn and television
all to keep you amused and distracted
gave you fifteen minute breaks while I took month long paid vacations
every couple needs some time apart
allowed you to think that voting mattered
everyone needs to at least have the allusion of hope
or they give up
I can't deny it
in your own small way
you did your part too
you died magnificently on foreign shores by the hoards
you fought like a banshee
for my profit and amusement
for a bit of pay and a bit of recognition
you loved those shiny bobbles I pinned on your chest
strutting around in uniform - everyone was so proud
nobody more than me
you had the best weapons your money could buy
bombs, missiles, and what not, that cost a fortune
nothing was too good for the troops
it gave you a higher purpose
you served me proud
in return you were fairly compensated
you were free to get tattoos
fornicate, frequent pawn shops, and
drink yourself into alcoholic stupors
some walking around money
and something to do with your time
if you were a little down
maybe a bit sad or blue
there was God on television and the radio
or at least the local sales representative
churches of all different flavors every few feet
you could go there and blow off steam
spin around on the floor
sing, cry, and holler to your hearts content
send missionaries out the door
to bug the hell out of some poor bastard
in Bum Fuck Egypt
volunteer to help the youth
or the less fortunate
get it all out of your system
so you'd be ready on Monday
you learned to expect nothing from this world
and that was a good thing
because it was so true
there is no reward here for you
not if I can help it
you believed in a future reward
in the sweet bye and bye
on God's dime not mine
hell, it might even be true
you never know
one Jesus was worth more than an army of lawyers
hope He didn't mind
well, I guess I should come clean
there is somebody else
I didn't aim for it to happen
it just happened
they came onto me
when you were demanding too much
when you didn't understand what I needed
they were there for me
when I was vulnerable
besides
you're not what you used to be
you've let yourself go
have you looked in the mirror?
you've grown fat and lazy
you do less and less
you demand more and more
I've found someone younger
they are hungry for what I can give them
they remind me of you back when we were young
they will work themselves to death for pennies
do things for me you won't do
it changes everything
everything I need comes from someplace else now
since I've started there is no reason to hold back
time to say what is on my mind
you brought it on yourself
maybe I was too easy
gave in too much
when you wanted
a forty hour week
minimum wage
health care
all that costs a fortune and makes you dependent
on welfare and "benefits"
which wrecks havoc on capital gains
so I apologize for that
for not being stricter with you when I should have
I tried to give you what you wanted
even when I knew better
so I paid that price too
it created false hope you could be me
over my dead body
I taught you to hate yourself
I laughed my ass off whenever you did my dirty work
I never lifted a finger to keep things under control
didn't have to
you turned on each other
you despised each other
something else you should know
it was all there for the taking
so easy for you to have just taken it
you scared me when you were young and strong
you had that mongrel hybrid vigor
when you got along together
but you are weak now
the moment has passed
you pissed it away
and it is
the survival of the fittest in this world
you loose
your pathetic
there
it's out now
I've been thinking it for a long time
just kept it bottled up inside
you have a socialist agenda
you want a free ride
for nothing!
well the free ride is over
you make me sick
you can't even take the hint
your taking up space
you ruin the view
there is no place here for you now
not here
nothing for you to do
no place for you to stay
so get out
all you do now is demand
talk about rights
beg for government handouts
your a bunch of damn communist
you think money grows on trees
while you refuse to get yours like I got mine
there is something wrong with you
why else would you be this way?
no more handouts
the business of america is Business
not people
at least not people like you
your on your own
your free to go
see, this is still a free country
at least for those who can pay for it
and I already have

Sacrificial Lambs
By, Mike Perkins
*Columbia, Missouri*

not all die
but many do
they come back
sometimes whole in body
but wounded in the mind
or maybe in pieces
missing one ancillary appendage or another
such as an arm
or a leg
or some creative combination
or perhaps all four
it is all
subject to
the vagaries of war
all based on a spinning moment
a probability
of timed confusion
the moment
which becomes the epicenter
the fall from grace
youth gushing from the man-made spring
of traumatic fluids
framed by odd angles
with boundary markers of unnatural holes
from which something emerges
struggling
as if from a cocoon
in swaddling bandages
something new
yet old and unchanged
a vague resemblance of something before
but nothing stays the same anyway
during the recovery
which is never complete
just scabbed over
rubbed raw by prostheses
chemical as well as mechanical
how do you salute without hands?
march without feet?
there is no parade rest for the de-boned weary
then a medal
some recognition
awkward silences
inane comments
a jolly brave laugh attempt at humor
the bystanders feel wounded
and are comforted
by the victims themselves
in a
punch and cookie reception
then a check
then perhaps a pension of sorts
before the big forgotten

ERUPTION
By, Sherman Pearl

Under the surface
Earth grows restless and erupts
now and then.
Substructure endures
only so much stress.
before the interior
thrusts itself up,
breaks through layers, overturns
the imagined stability.
The bottom becomes
the top, molten rage
covers the land, threatens
even the highest places.
In time, of course,
the heat subsides, the flow
runs with less fervor and cools
but does not sink
quietly back to oblivion.
It sets where it settled, creates
a country never seen before;
change is burned
into the landscape.
Those evicted from high places
come down,
dismayed by the changes,
and discover they are strangers
in a strange new land.
THE 99% ARCANE

By, Jack Hirschman

1.
Indignations
finally and at last
cought on,
cought fire even on
the shoulders
of that autumn tweed
jacket, those jeggings
in the street
where the flames of
« Had enough ?
Off your duff !
Let’s make Revolution ! »
are blossoming with the bodies
of young and old now,
bringing together
hearts broken by wars,
into a frozen future,
whose turn it is
finally and at last
to bring down that Wall
Street that’s killing us all,
through an event whose
time has come, 20 years
in the process of
a growing, massing
occupying by many who don’t
even know why they’re
here, but wear the instinct
of « Gotta-be »because
not to be is to be not
anywhere, to be nowhere, nothing, and now nothing and its nothingesses seem stupid, elite, extremist like the banks themselves.
We’re : Fuck Money Futures !
We’re : Derivatives Up Your Ass !
You can black us out of the press, block and arrest us, teargas, mace and shoot us, as we know very well you will but this time we’re not turning back.
We know you’re finished, desperate near the end, hysterical in your flabberghastliness. Amen !
2.
We’re the stick-up you’ve had coming for as long as we can count your wars.
We’re gonna get rid of money and those 725 bases allover the globe we’ve slaved to pay for.
No occupation but this: Occupy and come alive!
That’s the job even Jobs knows the hunger for.
Occupy everywhere till there’s nowhere we’re not ! This event we’re
in, which is inside all of us, and, as in the beginning, contradictorily, of course, question-worthy, of course, engined by justice and the only law that counts: the one of love, the two of love, the three of love, the four for the other three of love—Occupy for all!

Poesía de los Indignados
By, Mark Butkus

Bienvenido
Somos
Una ocupación
En tierra colonizada
Somos pobres
Somos ricos
Estamos hambrientos
Estamos bien alimentados
Somos mujeres
Somos hombres
Somos todos los géneros
Somos gay
Somos las ideologías
No somos ni ideología
Somos religiosos
Somos no religiosos
Somos no violentas
Somos gente
Permanente de solidaridad
Contra la opresión
Esta es una revolución
Mundo

POLAROID
by Catherine Corman
for Jedediah Spenser Purdy

It is late afternoon in New York, a Saturday
nine days before Halloween,
2011 and I walk down Broadway
because Jed is here from North Carolina
for one more day in solidarity,
with friends I haven't met yet.
Along an empty patch of sidewalk in the sun
two older tourists ask directions to Liberty Street.
They have seen the World Trade Center
and want to know what the protesters are doing today.
I walk past the Woolworth Building,
it's wedding cake walls and fragile copper spire,
Trinity Church graveyard, its brittle thin tombstones.
At Liberty Plaza I see Jed in a puffy black jacket,
unshaven, hunched over, feverishly reading a paperback,
and I think of him in college, wearing his scarf then as he does now,
knotted so loosely he still looks cold. He holds Middlemarch, half-open,
missing its cover, in one hand, and I take his picture with a scuffed old camera,
a leather-bound Riverside Shakespeare propped on a cardboard box,
poets and philosophers stacked in white milk crates all around him.
We stroll past modern metal sculptures,
a New Orleans jazz band plays in the park,
and we return to Rob's place, down winding narrow streets,
past tall buildings with blank windows. From his bedroom
a few inches of silver river appear between skyscrapers.
It's beautiful, he says, in the morning.
And I pull out polaroids I have shielded from light, images
nearly liquid, glossy like polished glass, of Jed, head tilted slightly
to the left, mouth open, telling me Middlemarch really is about Saint Teresa,
sun making a small halo above his head, through the dark, darkening trees.

**No Share, No Ware**
By Riché Richardson

*November 2, 2011*

No share, no ware!
It’s just not fair.
No share, no ware!
Too much despair.
A children’s story
like
The Little Red Hen
teaches us that
who cooks
the meal
and does
the labor
of
love
has
the right
to eat
the meal.
We have come
to a day
when
the American way
might say
“no way”
and begrudge
the hen
and
her precious babes
little more than
a crumb
of
the bread
she baked,
and
scarcely
a penny
for
her
hard work.
In a world
like this,
the neighbors
who
took
no time
to help
her
when she asked
and all but
mocked
her
labor
like Noah
building the ark
before the flood came
would sell it
and walk away
themselves
with the dollar
it is truly
worth.
No share, no ware!
It’s just not fair.
No share no ware!
They need to care.
No share, no ware!
Takes us nowhere.

Why is this
By, Ruth Hamilton
Support from Vermont

Part I
Why is this,
even in the bucolic country of Vermont
it seem so simple
Enforce the laws, whether farmer,
quarry owner or other business sham
whose iconic moguls control
the way that money changes hands
We supposedly honor freedom
yet condone indentured servitude at best
and slavery close to the chest
How is it those who use humans as fodder for their profits
are not recognized as despots
held accountable in courts
as well a moral condemnation
We are taught to demonize the other
those unalike in color
culture homeland and spoken tongue
be afraid of them and look not deeper
But it is on the cheap
harbored in our weakness like sheep
for all the luxuries we reap
from their bare bone labor
we are shamed by their lost lives
I think it is time we ‘profile’ the vile
who perpetrate injustice
and get rich on backs
of foreign disadvantaged men.
we need to take a stand
NO to cow power from mega agribusiness farms
that tortures beasts as well as men
you do not get my four cents extra to support it
it is they that should be shamed, deported
Call them out
and if in economic markets the percentage of profit
is smaller and getting rich takes longer
let it be No one has the right to ease
based on such a national disease
stop damning the worker, illegal in this land
Call the market to account
with gyrations up and down at will
skimming life of those who still
live in squalor pain and desperate need
whilst perpetrators light candles
at their cross of greed

Part II
Now you’ve heard my anger
words of harshness, judgment
I don’t like the way it makes me feel
and then I wonder
all those myself included
who hold stocks
or are party to the funds
to hedge against inflation
that level their old age pension
all at the market hest
are we completely ignorant of what we join
and how it binds us to the pain greed sows
it is so easy not to know
and some just like to see their money grow
never think what it might harbor
Recently a dear friend lost her sister
It was tragic hard to bear
but in as much a trigger
all the friends and acquaintances
brought forth in the air
a commonality of concern
sent an abundance of love and prayer
it intertwined in a lacy web
across the cosmos of her grief
was received
Brought comfort
I think again of anger
the angst projected in its wake
how much better to emit yes
love
than ask one for payment
for transgression, how can one
remit for what is done
when we rage do we give nurture
to the darkness
those that gamble
be it 4 aces a royal flush futures rampant speculation
does anger feed upon itself
mutating cells that grow as ugly as the target
it seems we need to loose the energy of love
so every time I feel inner rage
I must turn my energy to amending
with a warmer heart and remember
my dear friend who really did feel comfort
it is an amazing power yet untapped in worth
we so easily decide to blame another
there is surely enough to go around
but what if we started using this other power
we call upon in times of storms or terrorist attack
where we come together selflessly to care and share
what if we used it every day practiced polished
nurtured
allow for ignorance and innocence
take on the task for change
put away the bundled well tied anger
lest we forget and I
I do not wish to live with that regret
keep the power of peace
reap change

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY 101
By, Bruce Stephenson

(Part One)

CONFESSIONS OF A GHOUL
They're occupying every park
To talk about the banks.
I watched a film tonight about some stark
Put downs of talks with tanks.
I need not say machettes, guns,
Or poison gas, or drugs,
Or lies repeated till hate stuns
The human heart in thugs.
The rhythms of grassroots resistance
To the robo-cops
Of Business Wars need our assistance
Before armed madness stops.
What can we do to help the cause
Of peace and love survive?
I say let's just show up because
I'm sure we can revive
Ourselves from walking in our sleep
From pointless job to job.
I pray each Sword paid warriors keep
With which to kill and rob
Will be re-melted in Love's forge
To make a garden tool,
And that each War Lord's mouth disgorge
Confessions of a ghoul.
I'd better get this sorry ass
Down off my bar stool now
And cross the pavement to the grass
And join that grand pow-wow
Where we can listen, add our voice,
Or dance, or sing, or drum,
Or contemplate each better choice,
And plan good things to come!
I know that Facebook is a front
For CIA's best plots.
We give them everything we've got,
They file it all in slots.
Since every Company CEO
Was once a Wall Street boss
Guess who controls the way things go;
Guess who will take the loss?
The only way to win a war
Is shown by ones so brave
As those who've shown what freedom's for
And what wise actions save.
They've kissed the shields of robo-cops.
They've faced the armoured tanks.
The only way that violence stops
Is peace throughout our ranks.
(For All The Boys And Girls All Ages,
All The Wisdom Women, Sages,
All The Activists On Stages
Speaking For The Folk in Cages,
Oct 24, 2011, Saskatoon)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ghoul
The creature also preys on young children,
robs graves, drinks blood, steals coins and eats the dead,
taking on the form of the one they previously ate.

(Part Two)
THE GOLD AND SILVER STANDARD
I've got some money, honey, but
It isn't worth a dime.
My bank account's my big fat cut
Out of financial crime.
It's hard because its easy to
Explain about thin air.
A paper promise can't come through
Cause nothing's really there.
The gold and silver standard's gone
Into some greedy hands
Who print out credit digits drawn
On debt none understands.
On Hallowe'en the children's bags
Were filled with tricky treats
As if the Devil paid rich hags
To hand out poisoned sweets.
We were the willing walking dead.
We were the ghosts and ghouls.
We laughed at every pumpkin head.
We're all the Joker's fools.
It's time to get our firewood stacked;
Our nuts and raisins in;
Our jars of hemp and flax seeds racked;
Our apples in the bin.
It's time for rose hips in the jar,
For dried herbs by the fire.
The cold light of our guiding star
Will help our hearts aspire.
May those who occupy Wall Street
Abandon cigarettes
And fast food poisoned to taste sweet
And kill their last regrets.
The only wealth is real estate
That still can grow pure food.
Let's think, and pray, and meditate.
There's no need to be rude.
Our real wealth is human worth.
We are that natural wealth.
The seeds of truth give us rebirth
To share our natural health.
Our grass roots movement has its strength
Of Spirit, heart to heart.
Let's get to know our breadth and length
And honour every part.
Let's get to know each other well;
Embrace our depth and height.
Infilters who'd raise up hell
Will fade back into Night.
Let's take the time to get to know
Each other's story well.
Around home fires we'll out grow
Old fears our songs dispel.
My occupational therapy
With Dunce Hat on my head
Is sitting scribbling poetry
Until my Fears have fled.
Provocateurs and agents paid
To infiltrate Love's Park
Will see through their own masquerade
And know their light from dark.
Wasteland Vol 3: on wars within and without
By, Lewis Lazarus
"if my soldiers were to begin to think,
they'd leave the army"
-Alexander the Great
-------

The Witch's Prophecies Part I
By, Lewis Lazarus

Block the
Clock
Stops
Straight faced. Tight laced.
Tooth to the back of the smack
Silent night.
Bubbling cauldron
The old learn in stalls
Stillness awakes them
-------

The Speech
By, Lewis Lazarus

A short man stood on the pagoda,
in his uniform and toga
He lifted a stiff arm soon to be limp and began to spurt hot words out
unlucky for him
the audience of chimps were scratching
the bald patches of their companions
Offering
By, Lewis Lazarus

One eye convinced of another
cut half way across the slice.
A side dish offered to the gods.
sleeping!

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The Wild West: Where Man's Law meets Judiciary Law
By, Lewis Lazarus

My mind's breath on winter's wars
on reigns swung to branch the doors of pores on skin seeped sand
shook shores, the world is only waking!
String shots slice the sleeping streets to beat the pump stiff muscled dreams
in every life it starts to speak the words of woken wonder.
Tools to compass the circumference
hammered stone shawls stuck to statues hung through ages.
The myths of greatness seem to fall
from Sanskrit tales to pleasure plundered.
Sacked and whimpered jesters
Lady midnight likes to reign the horse in
A pimp enslaved her for personal gain
but theirs is a dream for the taking
with arabic oils hashish foil
life must some times get funny
the weather's word is to shed its rain
lest clouds have tongues for thunder
Be boorish, black tanned blinking dogs
the dank dead devil's arms
has no desire to climb
and god above has no depths to fall,
no ambitions to crawl to with arms to open
In the prose of rose skipped silence
lies the fumbling fur of fleas
for hunters
The gathering clapping cats on ice
on tides tilt the tempting time to take a dip in silk screens
to shine and out win
names and numbers
Calculation: the cause for celebration at the iron ore train station
85 Dalmatians solve the stock exchange equations.
Just as the juries straining to command the law of payment.
10 butlers
batter caked in lakes of silver for the taking
Towers power puncture junctions
functions fact check fat fame hatchets
caught in thoughts of taking
flashes
taking
flashes
Fought to free fight frame in a fist fight
frightening tripe bibbed bight of dice
draped once to tempt fate
once to hide
the hand of plenty
is now empty
Growls of cream cracked coat checkout classes
Curls of a dart dream lost in the making of the 10 train
from the first to the last station
stuck inside sam's bottle
what a throttle he's offered us
thank him
Now generals command
they clamor together
like a facially framed fixtures
kings, queens, priests, imams, rabbis, shamans, prophets, saviors, pharaohs, presidents, dissidents, hussars and sultans
The bombs of calamity sing songs for enemies
fostered and festered in the breasts of inventors
tacked to invest in all but this world.
Far flung representations like drapes of snakeskin.
hissing at your wishes
Terse and removable
The preamble scramble of red shot white light
taping on the concave glass mask
There's a bark on the radio station:
'a word written'
'epitaph under scribed'
'proud drum beats of the ticker tape parade'
'thoughts outbound in subway stations'
'office the coffin'
'the schmaltz of a turpentine waltz and a gargle of toe tapping shift shaping gaping eyed layer cakes'
with guns in their wars
bayonets like clarinets
near the harmless boorish squaws squeak their fingers peeking through the ceiling
how precious a barrel
with live stock kept
seems when
listlessly resting
on the fence of extremes.
All saviors and prophets barred from the seance
tonight is a death dance
violet eruptions
corruptions
seductions
with Violence's lace dress pressed fresh against the faceless
(quite a name for a dame)
voluptuous punctures in gun flash concoctions
The doctorates swim in silence
the papers drowned in the flood
In purple waters parade pioneers
Grinning sharp forefathers
white knifing teeth
and tiffany's dagger.
Though words whirl
the window wiper curls to a bomb
and unfolds to explosive commotions.
The book is the word.
After every calamity
I hear mother's say:
'another child is dead'
lain stiff on the bed
came to pass
The whole wretched family's dead!
what's left is their chess desk
some game in mid set
The hairs gone from fetching 5 bars of soap sweating and fat grease ball pearls
in the cacophony of a mindless climate possessing them.
There's life in the mind's of the majestic
and humility's the key to find it
Only the devil himself could invent it!
what ways to quench life!?
To quench thirst
To stir strife. With bursts of energy, half baked philosophies
clammer and break on the rocks of uncertainty
thumping screams,
poison seeps
sleeps in their thousands
their hundred or millions
when will your conscience awaken?
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The Witch's Prophecies Part II
By, Lewis Lazarus

Men
in to dark caves will crawl and claw at the walls for treasures.
So possessed by their obsession
its measure and weight and its splendor
will scour and suck sour their brothers
to stand on a tower with food they can't swallow
Men
with dart boards of plans
godly commands to win what they can
will rummage and pillage and drain every village
Men
for ideals and thrills set the bill for their will
and wake up the sleeping and dreaming and feeble frightened people
to fight to the death for the dears of their keeping
Men
in the bullpen
unprotected
then selected to stand straight
tall n' tall
in a fine posture
of toe heeled laughter
forced to splatter the cackle of every cow
and cat heard to blast the past with shrapnel
Men
to win and to prove!
Oy vey!
I'm not on that side anyway
anywhere
to win and to prove: for you and you alone
for alone on our own odyssey we meet together at the end
The Waltz
By, Lewis Lazarus
Parlor of the pensioners
now that they've won their wars
made rot of the grapes
and spilled the wine from the table
crammed culture to the wall
turned their back on magic and enchantment
godly parades in to plastic packages
fabricated by the ravaged garden savages
To it I bow my head
give them a bath
bathe them in gold
suck on their toes when it gets cold
to outwardly contain my frustration
and inside i have a mechanization station
that transfers all my rage in to patience
I have faith in you
to get up and try again
in any shape or form
to ultimately find yourself
infinitely human
divinely human
to win on the playing field
what of it?
one's conscious contribution to culture is quite the kick
you can just about make the mindless sick
the teeth to chatter
of any piranha with the mad handed hatter
the sad plan of expansion
Hey man!
a little gnome with a lot of exposure
his courage disclosed
he wishes above all to tell you some
words:
'if you would kindly lend me your lobes.'
'Ahem' the little squirt pips
'I…..think' he continues in the hesitant drawl of a 12 year old
'that people should not seek happiness outside but inside'
The dictator enraged, kicks him off the page.
such is the way of the caged.
Summon all the mages
the sages
get all the posing defendants
to go deep in to the remnants of pretense.
In my defense 'I' have a vision
a clear cut decision
'all trees are for me!'
'all people are mine'
'all things I own from any throne, I sit on the circle of time'
'all blood brine and guts will bend to my wand'
'all toads will explode'
'dears will be sheered, ducks put in pots, though its the ponds that they're wanting (but they're not having it!)
'rabbits will have it'
'cats sliced and chopped'
The devil's own pot
for that insurmountable
unpronounceable
hunger to plunder
still starving for what?
In taking
you lose what you've got
20 crows saw it from the top of the building
crawling from caves with children kept safe
with visions voiced to take the time to safety
chirped about the warriors now painting their faces
stepped on ten towers and summoned the showers of hours now counting away.
War on the floor is not quite the same from above
and that which desires
and fears to expire
the world that one writes on with black on white pages
history's face
one blank water worn tank and to whom to thank?
Whom to thank?
think carefully
the carefree rust in the dust of their daze.
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**Prophecies Come and Go, Life Moves On**

*By, Lewis Lazarus*

Storm bells
ground rattles
the desire to stand on the statues of giants
the plying defiance of silence.
The word was to wonder on two battalions set to the opposites of anger.
The fangs of white daggers flash in the thunder.
In disjointed concentration
and rebuttal from every station.
The crows of temptation in crowds of impatience
A commander came to order
every hesitant cell to step forth and slaughter.
Every self propelling intelligent sense of salvation is shot in to place and its fate
harnessed to embrace
or be shot in disgrace.
On opposite ends
the hand seems to lend itself gently in defense
and storm willingness sheds off its pretense.
The gift grappling gunmen
with warm weathered faces and lines to life traces of sacrificed stages
the roots of an old oak with branches of gold leaves
in action relaxed for a fraction of a second.
So to fear is to face the arrows of fate or the quicksand comes to command the embrace
the inevitable melting of love and of hate!
Two sides turn
strike the chord
red and blue flaps
banners whipping in the wind
in the dim light silhouetted
on a strange night
The blind glass blower gives
with the pouring of lava folds
in to granite pours
the melted ore of years in waiting
No reproach of the croaked feet on the street
of the interned toe nails in bent directions sent from the hermits and heretics
and metal clefts like cats in heat
turned and curled in all strange feats
'To both victory and wonder'
to die is to understand the hand of god
every drop of blood
is a gift of yours!' and your body will be our gift back in the postal service
is my thought
ask the desk clerk
the keeper of our cloaks
our spirits spring forth through our lives and past them
Some warriors so deaf, impaled to understand
fatigue for years to seek relief
from placards and boxes
in strawberry ceremonies and mangos on beaches
do we dangle through life in the fruit tree?
But outside
it's chaos kid,
upside down in the market place kiosk clicks the good will of the innocents
here's the best beat of human behavior
from motion to motion to motion to mania
to hoard and to board up and store up ones gains
Though courage to cut through is the only way through

All Senses Stripped
By, Lewis Lazarus

Activity runs in all directions
perceptions intersected in collisions
of visions of human perfection
unattainable citations of ideals
collected in baskets of pretense wrapped up on the weekend
one man moves with worldly solutions
and another distressed by self obsessed tunes
the dance of distraction to achieve: to become!
The son of who's who.
I've heard that one before!
what an abrasive uninteresting bore,
to be no more less or no more
than what you're worth
i want to see your soul burst
in an effort of emancipation
from any old station
of waiting
for gain
slap clap the trap.
(captain haddok's the braggart)
To win what's been won
to do what's been done
No appraisal is needed for the able who labor in love
and need not rewards nor grades nor score boards nor
to better their brother for self puffing platform grabbing smokestacks in the cover of long clinging karaoke style singing their own lonely song
(throngts of japanese school girls with pink curls push the bibles in to hands of pampered white faced naked aboriginals. yummy. yummy. I have culture in my tummy.)
And everyman is just as intelligent when it comes to this:
one number
one life
one sight
one feeling
one mother
one father
one first on third eye
won one every time
one river that pushes the pebbles
revealing, upturning
what's been sealed and hidden.
One drink
One Gin
One bottomless glass of wine
to be drunk on all the time
but best with your mind
in competition with the constant obsession to win!
It's an easy decision
I have no visions but to give and have no cares but to live
no seas to conquer but to swim in what's given
no card decks or martyrdom tricks
or resurrections planned or anything
Except for the one every morning at sun rise
for that's when I'm born again
and again
and again
every morning
for the rest of time
-----
The Toll
By, Lewis Lazarus
In all real stances with guns and with lances
the same tools remade and romanced
but end up buried in the soil to toil further
Your friends are turned in
your family's near,
in the tongue twist of trash,
it could have been better than that
The one eyed parrot squeaking
'all eyes can see it'
'all eyes can see it'
'all eyes can see it'
well they'll come to collect him in the morning…surely?
foes left to fight their gods in the elements
what pretense!
go over and help them
where abandoned children are left to swim to kingdoms of cauldrons
smoldering lessons to be learned by devotion
to shoot up: pretenders. Loony bin benders
(there're wise men among us)
Unleashing all fire furnaced by tense decisions
precisions insisted for one man's mission
How precious is what's thrown to the wind and tossed and then lost in the years that we live

Some ex russian radar hussar blurts from the side of the book
'I beg we reconsider our course in discourse opening vanity's door and welcoming brethren and deathly things jingling from ear rings and triptychs and painters with thick bits of stick stuck to objects in theory it's art-that's what the press said. BANG! 'oh another explosion' darling…could you turn down the television? war's such a 'drag' …)

But in orders:
The coroners wait in the corner,
the doctor's on sidelines
the men looked down but are lost in the murmur
the general paints his finger with fire,
the soul stirs its yearning now let go to throw:
the numbers clash like they always have
between movement and waiting
hell any number'll just about do it
do it
don't wanna be your slave
(babe)
'we become aware of the chaos of numbers'
yes?
'we become aware of the tumult that unfolds and our infinite responsibility and contribution even in observation!'
yes?
one couldn't have imagined it!:
in sequence sits the possibility of melody
at the base knees of surrender in between common viscous provisions
that lend their disjointed splendour
Both god and the devil are battling endlesly
convinced of their duty to defeat lucidity
to engulf zamblanity
it's love of insanity
to be finnicky in perfection
and they toil and the blood bursts on the boils of their rectums
indulged in dreamlike directions in being consumed with the bidding distractions for fear of complexion.
From out circus fairs
geeks strapped in surrender, simple son and his ham and cheese sandwich meshed in the music amusing the losing.
There must be a reference some where!
someone else surely justified this death
I have it printed-predicted in glitches of glory
the triumph of bed time stories
a memory
and what about the banners?
in silver silk I see them
the golden threads
on a bed of summer roses showered by rain drops
dr zeus blues
popping the dry sense of our conquest's success
and what of the enemy's laced embraces stiff as stone cages of warm fleshy faces?
I will compute our success we're winning in numbers!
We're popular brothers!
britches twisted
we bewitched the witches
of the riches were stitched on this morning while yawning at the awnings
clip ties slipped in right
miss matched sun tan land
wrist watch
the sultan exhales a magnate to suck all the souls who have hold on his tripe precious metals.
The Last Illusion, The First True Painting
By, Lewis Lazarus
In between the white and the black
the vinyl and shellac
the nights of general's barks
sounds snap like farts
the infinite orders of super suppressed stress
in between the glory of greatness and the precious
awaiting for people to save you
but the flakes of time are melting
fallen from faces frozen in cages of faith and of patience.
And singers in upstart spurs like a dart
I can't stand in the rafters or laugh out the shouts
and the snarls and the blood lost gone crusty and musky
entombed in the dusk of drapes of drawn trust.
All faith speaks of trust!
or better of luck.
With faith in another, you'll never know better, you have to fall face first alone to move on.
Far in between: what's black what's white's black
and fire and flack and spittles of diamond dust sticks and of cracks in clam like caved in canyons and sands of peeled onions by bare naked spaniards with hair underarms
and blasts of shook sand dunes of Moroccan sultans with camel grease mustaches tushes and cushions
(howls at the moon reported at noon)
that's odd
only wolves know its use.
behind every ideal
sits a concealed little blipping and dimpling confused baby kicking
life's in the waiting
beyond the puncture of every sealed face
the bemused wise men cackle in waiting
behind every veil waits the lips of a lady with the breasts of a saint.
Burst from the bones of the end of the world
the rebirth of humor and playing
the triple edged toys of the sand box slaps at the crotch of all knowledge
inwrapped chords espouse from white bars or black bars or dive bars or gay bars or star bars of red white and stars from bright buttered jars
Mangled cuts hugging the rocks on the splashing land locked ocean flashing in motion
who's eyes have now spoken
to the new king
In ignorance the pig dance slowly fades away.
The romance with war now on its last legs.
I'm not trying to point you to the ostriches
nor to be tamed in distracted
elaborate thoughts.
Masks made by novices.
Botched on the ink pad
the first marks of action
in sparks of distraction
to catch em we can't win
deserters
disillusion sun men spring from the rafters, wizards and quizzers, lizards and gizzards, talestellers, whores and inventors, black smiths and braggarts, hags and the finger first waggerst, no sayers and yes sayers, hallelujah jehovas choo choos gotta wigga boogoos draggons with banners of mystical magic leaving battalions like stallions of wars waged by chipmunks sprung from the worn wells of the defunct
what fun was your plunder?
illusion is plunder
for movement uncovered in black gold
the sunken will scream for another now far gone and far flung for father and mother
with artisans
funnels of tools tuned in for songs
perfectly strung through the campfires
once huddled
the sisters and brothers and whisperers and lovers
for visions belonging to thousands now gone.
To live more than you're told
was the resounding tone.
To dance on dead bones
to grow young from old.
To renew what's been said
to tear it to shreds
to mend what's been broken
and silence those spoken.
To kill all your saints and your devils and sages.
To remake is to break
what has not yet been opened.

Poems for the OWS Anthology
By, Julien Poirier

POLICE
“Anarchism is a game the police can beat you at.”
—G.B. Shaw
Just because policemen
have multiple heads
doesn’t mean they’re
all bad.

CRIME
In Heaven, crime is
cheese
and different crimes
people commit on Earth
are different cheeses
consumed by people in Heaven.
Some are artisanal.
Some are churned into huge blocks
by the Welfare Department.
Police brutality is blue cheese.
God is lactose intolerant.

$\textbf{AUGURIES OF COMPASSION}$

What if William Blake
Were Sean Hannity?
What if Anne Coulter
Were P-Diddy?
What if Condoleezza Rice
Made pigeons explode?
What if Timothy Geithner
worked at Ace Hardware?
What if Ross Perot
Got lost in Home Depot?
What if Dick Cheney
Were named Two-Dick Cheney?
We are led to believe a lie.

$\textbf{SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS}$

The School of the Americas is in the Alps.

$\textbf{ADVICE TO SQUATTERS}$

Don’t trust anyone over the age of information.

**Newtonian Utopia**

By, Brendan Lorber

I was made matching I flew ducking
I look foxed and went I went all on-button
You make it repetitive by repeating
until fully roused I mean industrial
Every iteration rope ladders it back
down erotic origins especially the most
automated I am welcome
to look away or fall at the same rate
I move forward and retain the illusion
everything’s not totally fucked
I thought the thing that wanted me
was flying under the bridge too fast
but it was me the sequel to opposite
I duck and blink a lot Can I help it
if quantum mechanics contradict relativity
and I see your eyes every time mine are shut?
****
Take Me to Intentional City
By, Brendan Lorber
Take me off the market Off
In the kettle endlessly boiling
Industrial samba for the trade floor?
Whose amended tentacles demand
we be made into endless suspension?
Take me to the new bridge to not get over
but live on Take me where I can be
the wind in the kettle Orange
looks good on you Supplication
before the weather call + comeback
of the who’s who march updated
for booking musical holding
in the pens whose cell? ours!
Material is the witness Rename the air
You can’t go to jail when you’re
already there Rise up on the deck
where even police have such
beautiful feet I have no fear
of falling because there is no ground
Downtown Walk
By, A.E. Richards
I’m fried
fatigued and flusymptomed
from this walk.
From being tossed about in this
zigzagging geometry, this
tectonic, plate-shifting
jutting of metal buildings out of this island place.
It makes my chest heavy,
my head heavy,
my shoes fill with concrete.
Here
stamped into the gorge of the city’s steal spine
are the Occupiers.
Coming in peace
but bustling,
civil
but disobedient,
pure in ideals,
but sullied in city filth.
Occupy Wall Street
all occupied
with Santeria and
peanut butter and
patchouli,
and tarps and tarps and blue tarps.
People stop and look and walk by and police stop because they have to,
and the world talks about it but they aren’t there
because we do it all remotely, now.
We occupy remotely,
remotely: situated at some distance away,
distant in relationship or connection.
Rain drops take on speed and acid and smoke and begin to
fall lightly,
on us all.
Rain is general across lower Manhattan,
across the Occupiers,
their blue tarps, and
the concrete
that grounds them.

**Extreme Sanity**
By, Yuko Otomo
*for Barbara Kruger*

1.
as if we were
dealing cards
we put bits & pieces
of our extreme sanity
in front of us
to make sense
out of it
opening a cloudy door
we walk into Mary’s cave
on the weekend
push me
a little harder
so I feel
like you & you
feel like them
& they feel like
me
push me
a little more
I like to be
likable to like
anyone who likes
to feel, think & see
like I do
“God!”
I’m so bored
“Jesus!”
I’m so unimpressed
our never-ending arguments
over moral values & aesthetics
have gone stale, passé
& overrated
to the dead end
2.
fear not for we fear
only for our darkened fear
to protect
our own well-being
“better him/her than me”
middle-class
& petite-bourgeoisie
walk hand in hand
everywhere we go
we snapshot posterity
for our fragile & sensitive memories
to keep
3.
as if EVIL was
something like
unwanted hair
on our bodies
we keep
searching & searching
to reach to its root
in order to terminate it
but we only end up
seeing our god-shaped images
on the green green grass
of the next door neighbor’s luxury
to be nothing, broken & empty
to be everything, perfect & stuffed
here in a world
of extreme sanity
burping & spitting
is more popular
& well-practiced
than breathing
who is HE, anyway?
4.
push me
a little harder
push me
a little more
don’t whip me
don’t honk after me
I am good,
pure & innocent
& am as happy as a lark
I pray for HEAVEN
if I am not too sleepy
& I ignore HELL
most of the times
sky & dirt
cross-bred,
schorched & hated
try to shoot
a big gun shot
to eternity
to make an immortal mark
of out dated machismo
for the sake of
our name,
our blood,
our metaphors
& our kin
“Why doesn’t GOD destroy SATAN?”
5.
in the world
burdened by
a millennium of glory
we hail for
EQUALITY & FREEDOM
on the basis
of self-assertive benefits
soda pop & baseball caps
as our shared emblems
we cheer for
our holy hierarchy
look as I do
think as I do
smile as I do
believe as I do
push, spit & burp
as I do
as masses, a mob, the general public
& unique individuals
we work as hard
as ants do
to get a bite
of a crushed bits & pieces
of out-of-season tropical fruits
after all
we are made in HIS image
6.
heavy snow
has been falling
on our tenement roof/floor –
to discuss
QUALITY OF LIFE
has been a taboo
in our small shoe box house
for a long time
grey, black, white & red
more & more & more
we enjoy pretending
our supposed-to-be INNOCENCE
in this poly-cell-eternity
an increasing fog
has been covering
our thinly constructed paper walls
more & more & more
we forget half-heartedly
that we’ve never learned
how to turn the switch
on & off
7.
who is HE, anyway?
&
who are WE?
to begin with

ZUMANS
By J.C.

This Is a true story.

The Zumans are Human.
They're humans,
The Zumans.
More human, they say,
than humans can be.

There is no human like the Zumans.
New aliens.
Borne through mirth
and culture.
Moving through mysteries beneath the cosmos -
In love with worlds of wonder.

All Zumans on Earth, as we speak,
are The Zumans.
They're the only ones who exist.
They're Human Zumans.
Originals.
Like us,
human.

They zoom from a red brick knot
grinding and singing through time
in Brooklyn.
Across the Hudson.
Riding trains, crossing bridges, not ferries.
Over there.
near Red Hook.
So far.
So FAR.
And just over there.

The Zumans live nearby.
They're our human neighbors.
The Zumans will inevitably live out their human Zuman tale.
Zuman boys will marry human girls
and Zuman girls will wed somebody's something-or-other.  
And on and on in every which way.  
Boy boy girl girl boy girl girl boy boy girl girl.

Until it stops.  
Until it burns.

Until injustice ends,  
And we face the atrocity of modern survival.

We’ll go on  
Until we stop being human  
or Zuman.  
Or something less than what we are.  
Something other than what we’ve ever been.

Our new human, the Zuman, is still Human,  
He sees Liberty on her doorstep every day.  
Gorgeous and grand.  
She smells revolutions  
as he pedals among throngs going to and from the city.

Across the bridges  
under a galaxy of light,  
Zuman and human,  
way on the other side  
they exist.  
He and She.  
Two units of human.  
Thrust forth  
when Zuckowski  
wed Neuman.  
A new blushing nucleus  
borne.
Zuman-fresh,

New Humans.

Like us. They zoom.
Like us we ZOOM
in grandness through great expanses and wonder
about time and this rock.
Our sure shot,
Planet Rock.

Like Humans
and the Zumans
we rock it.
and rock it.
and rock it
we won’t stop.

Until we’re better,
like humans have been.

**Thoughts on OWS**

By, Alexa White

*Edison High School, Huntington Beach, California*

As a part of the 99%, I think that everyone, no matter what age, including myself should take an interest in this ordeal striking the nation. There are people of all races, ages, genders, sexualities, and religions; all part of one thing - the 99% of this country. More people should join in on the protest and show the 1% that we don’t need them to have a better society while exhibiting the fact that we won’t tolerate their greed any longer. People shouldn’t starve while other people have $10 million weddings; that is simply inhumane.

According to an annual U.S. income chart of the wealthiest 1%, in 2007, the top 1% had 23.5% of the country’s income. This is shockingly similar to the amount of income of
23.9% that the 1% had in 1928, a date very close to the Great Depression in 1929. This chart shows a scary pattern that might repeat itself in the near future if something is not done about the economy today.

Many people say that the protests do not fix anything, but only cause more problems. I believe that these ‘problems’ caused by the protests should be present. In fact, they should escalate until more of the 99% feel the need to participate. The so-called ‘issues’ caused by the protests are not nearly as severe as the reasons that provoked the protesters in the first place. The protests empower more people to join, it strikes them with inspiration and hope; while assaulting the 1% with the fact that change could come about at any time.

America is on the verge of something. Whether it is revolution, war, or a depression, something big is going to happen and it can only get worse when half of the population doesn’t care. When half the population is wasting their lives away watching re-runs of a show or doing things that don’t matter, it shows corruption in the 99% as well as the 1%. How are those lethargic laggards part of the 99% when they want part of nothing? The 99% needs to unite completely against the 1%. In a country built on the right to protest, we need to show that we have the power to overthrow an unfair system of government. We need to show the 1% how small they are. We need to make them nervous, because Marie Antoinette wasn’t.

Thank you.

Occupy Wall Street in 8 anagrams

By, Erik Schurink

Alert! Let’s wrest wallet.
We’ll rest at Wall Street’s welt. Alter!
We’ll start east. We’ll retell west: “Art!”
My One Demand
By, Alia Gee
My one demand
Is for a happy ending
Right here, right now.
Allow compassion to surprise
Cops and robber barons both.
Live with it, the staggering heart-ache of
Ever after.
My one demand
Is not to force me to choose between
Dreams and America or between
Death and Taxes.
Let me just breathe a little bit.
Each grateful breath a love letter to the future. My
Child’s birthright is
Liberty, love
And
Solidarity. I will
Shout myself hoarse over and over. I would rather lose my voice than my freedom.
My one demand is to back
Off. Stop
Telling me what I must pay and what I must sacrifice.
Here is the truth: I am a mommy. I
Eat lies for breakfast and sit patiently until the truth comes.
Resistance is childish.
Sit in time-out until you learn to share properly.
(This one was read to the General Assembly during the second week of occupation)
I have
Made my demands in
All the ways they told me to:
Give this candidate money.
Invest your own time: phone banks, AmeriCorps, sign petitions, etite letters. VOTE.
No one listened.
Enough with my demands.
This time, I am trying something different.
Helping, marching, shouting, feeding.
At Liberty Square, the 99% are trying something different.
This time, we are listening to each other.
At Liberty to Say
By, Alia Gee
My entire life my country
Has not had room for my love.
Any love of country not rooted in distrust of the Other,
The unloved country,
Was mocked and dismissed.
I have questioned my compassion.
I have treated it like a disease or a handicap,  
Because my country didn’t want it,  
My culture didn’t value it.  
In occupied territory  
I have found a place where I can love safely,  
And my heart is free.  
If you look for me at home or at school  
If you cannot find me in the gym or at the garden  
You will find me  
Finally  
At Liberty to say  
I love my country.

**DANCING IN THE SUNLIGHT**

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

*November 11, 2011*

ONE Miracle ONE Breath ONE Heartbeat ONE Hug ONE Smile ONE Little Step ONE Journey ONE Destination ONE Commitment ONE Responsibility ONE Friend ONE Song ONE Kiss ONE Tree ONE Family ONE Puppy Full Of Love ONE Promise ONE Planet ONE Sunrise ONE Prayer ONE Dream ONE Decision ONE Declaration On This 'Beautiful Day' * Another miracle is glowing in your heart May WORLD PEACE Be With You May WORLD PEACE Be From You May WORLD PEACE Be In You And Your Children Will We Walk Toward GOD Instead Of Away From GOD? Tomorrow is November 11, 2011 See It Feel It Drink It Dance With it WE ARE ONE 11-11-11 *Thanking U2 again

**FULL MOON REVISITED**

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

Testing, Testing This is only a Test. Can we see GOD? Testing, Testing This is only a Test Can we share Love? Thank You GOD, For finding us. We dare to Love the World- therefore We are Just Soldiers in your Army. Please hold our hands and bless our hearts, While we watch The Sun shining Again today. And stare at shadows Which are not our images. Breathe into our journey And remind us- As the Sun moves, So moves the Reflection of Your Presence on Earth. If we can touch the Shadows- Are we touching You? Or Are you touching us?
REMEMBERING BROTHER MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

You Almost Miss Our Brother When God is Dancing Free On Color Circle We Learn More For All Who Celebrate Were Born Changing Remember and Trust Every Angel Flower Smile Kiss And Laugh Come and Drink Joy Ocean Be Awake Soon and Listen Always Desire Peace in the Mourning Always Desire Peace in the Morning!

Free Photographs
By, Ariel Goldberg

I'm thinking of all the reclusive writers who are known for controlling any image with the potential to circulate from happening.

Usually I think about when people take pictures of poets reading their work. How odd that is, or how promotional, or impulse, or something for the cover.

When you press the off button on the screen too slowly it just comes back on.

I watch the power cords splayed out:
one knock off and one real brand
they are stubborn jellyfish on my wood floor
it’s a flat ground but they might as well
be hanging upside down to dry out, while we tilt.

Battery death is one kind of a disappearing act.

This go-go dancer said I look like someone he knows from Act Up but I said I’m too young to have been there.

I wish break pads would regenerate like a worm tail growing back in the color of a pill capsule.

Then I think about how I get sick of metaphors, sporadically.

I raise my voice in a room of students; sort of yelling:
are the objects in the photographs just objects?
I repeat the question with a summary in up speak are they literal or figurative, surface or deeper meaning?

I hate how it just became about extremes. They offer some meaning. I say good.
Or I say nothing.

Could my assignments be better to stare back at?
Could I water a plant that is filled with stones?
Could I avoid cats entirely?

With gloves made of broken down boxes
I watch smoke fight steam in a duel:
it's a fine line to master is the chant.

You have to practice
being butch instead of frumpy
especially with baggy pants.

This is for the anthology, by the way
an exception to my rule of writing sentences,
as if anthology replaced the word revolution,
and I am thinking of revolution also astrologically.

I'm doing this for Stephen Boyer, actually,
who really sleeps out here and gets to compare
how a reporter describes him to how he describes himself.

My poem has turned out kind of loosey goosey
because this is urgent; this is an open call.

Or, I am surrounded by strangers:
I waddle naked from the locker room
to the steam room without flip flops
or a lock on my locker.

Poems can also be places where you won't run in to people.
The revolution will be kind to the poems
because it has already started to thrive
off of a persistent image and splatters of name recognition.

The port-a-potties have arrived from an anonymous donor.

In my poem I didn't use the camera I am saving up to buy
or the film in my refrigerator
or the processing and printing costs
at a lab in Manhattan with glossy posters
of bad fashion hip juts and unreadable faces.

I want to start mailing my film out, anyway,
to anyone who has heard me describe
the tree right outside my living room window
that did not give off a dramatic color change this year.

It cannot be beautiful; it can only be too close.
The tree across the street, now that one
is red and on fire; a real gem for the season.

Here I have woken up from a diorama
of this carpeted stationary store
that is the new privatized post office.

I go to the bathroom to measure the week
in a wad of toilet paper
meant to cover open garbage.
but it’s soaking up blood from a tampon.

I go the lesbian bar in park slope
because it’s the easiest way
to feel like you’ve left the city.
Somehow it’s expensive there
like travel costs are a package deal in each drink.
The frontier and rear end of what makes no sense
when things do their opposites.

I hold back the paper square on a tea bag
while pouring boiling water in the mug
to pretend it’s the long braid on a woman
I’d help into a bath who doesn’t want
the tub to interfere with the good oil
she’s developed in her hair since washing it.

Meanwhile, friends leave voicemails
as if filling in the blank
it’s me, hi you, call me.
Information gets withheld
so that the routine has comfort,
no punctures when we know the way
but we are still bewildered.

The heater tap-dances then waits
like an actor staring at the audience
during a scripted lull:
I'm on Skype with a therapist
and I'm also drinking a beer.

Things can go wrong so quickly, so easily.
I decide not to return a rotten fruit.

If I study the handwriting, it has more space between it; the accumulation got over itself.

Failure as a topic for art discussions is popular right now, which makes weird cool, but usually just another fine line.

When I started to read this anthology it was bolted like a bike you could borrow, my cold hands fumbling with a magic key to the city while radios and strangers wanted to do an interview. Poems came between these interruptions. Lots of equipment came dangling down to me in the library’s plastic deck chair but they had questions I couldn't answer. I was sitting and ignoring people so it must have looked like I worked there.

**Occupy Poetry**
By, Jessica Lipscomb
*Occupy Mobile, AL*

The voice of the few for the sake of the many
The charge of the patriots to the street of the enemy
There must be an end to the greed and oppression
We will no longer accept your brute force suppression
Distractions and misleadings to hide your misdealings
On high Mount Olympus you continue your thieving
If you'd climb down for a moment and meet with your serfs
You'd see our reality does not come with your perks
We must look so small from your mountain top tower
Minimum wage for small people, barely two gallons an hour
You don't know even those you claim to represent
Oh, but we know who you are, and we will spread your intent
We have sat idly by, blindly condoning your deeds
But now we've awoken to take back our streets
With these ordinances and laws, you have stifled our rights
But you will not stop our occupation, neither day nor night
The forgotten have learned of your secrets between the lines
We will unravel them one by one and expose all of your lies
For those who don't see or come along for the ride
It is for you that we fight, why we must OCCUPY
"Untitled"
by Tyler Merbler

The world is not an unsolved problem,
nor an unsorted bookmark,
nor an undiscovered self,
but an unsaved change.

All conditioning aims at making people accept their unescapable social destiny
accelerating toward them at such a pace that normal unenhanced humans
will be unable to predict or even understand the rapid changes occurring
in the undisclosed locations around them.

The fathers and mothers of our universe do have at least 99 problems—
unruly soldiers and children, uneasy afterthoughts, uncareful peeing,
and an unhappiness so nuanced that a cryptographer of not unexceptional skill
told me that unlocking our souls was “unprecedentedly difficult.”

We have come unstuck in time in the sort of vague way which is not uncommon,
perhaps not unlike the east wind or Billy Pilgrim,
not unfamiliar to any mountaineer who has ever been caught
in a snowstorm whiteout, or a thunderstorm blackout.

The chronology of this is unclear, with no sense of events unfolding from prior events,
perhaps not unlike the place where babies who die unbaptised are said to go,
that uneasy borderline between what is external and what is internal,
where the uncharacterized cannot harm the characterized.

Not unlike the feeling of an improvised screenplay on what is raw and untrammled
in us all, being performed by an uncommitted cast (who have had so much
plastic surgery they are unrecognizable to the filing department)
giving the most unexpected, unrelenting performance as yet unimagined.

Not unlike the unwanted advances in which flows on unbrokenly the unsurmountable
flood
of newly unbottled babies uttering their first yell of horror, howling to find
themselves
unstained by transgender dominatrixes walking unshod hobos on leashes
through flocks of unfazed schoolchildren.

Even in the legends of savages we find the same thing universal: UN usually refers
to the United Nations, an unsolid outbuilding located on a sprawling literary estate
that remains an uninhabited picnic island somewhere within the galaxy of cream
unribbons in your coffee cup. It isn't hard to unpick the subtext here.
I can see downtown to where the UN balances itself in the dark, still, like a looking-glass unspotted by the centuries; entirely unhampered by violence or threats of violence, no matter how unjust the procedure or how mischievous its uncountably infinite consequences.

Is there at all anywhere in this lavender sky beside this unaccredited institution where you are so little and dallied with unlove and subject to the ridicule of the unintelligent and bound in what one might call a capsule of undiminished privilege and aware that the unenjoyed life is not worth living, & u. & n.?

For all we know we may live in a world in which windows unbreak and warm cups of coffee spontaneously unheat, in which frequent questions about girls & boys go unanswered, in which the UN's armies experiment with LSD on willing and unwilling military personnel and civilians, and we just don't remember.

As shocking and upsetting as this may be to some, UN claims are sometimes one-sided, unreliable and even untrue, especially when such claims -- as here -- are uncorroborated and unexamined within the unprepossessing underbelly of the UN's creaking machine, unshielded by a competent atmosphere.

Civilization is unbearable, but it is less unbearable at the top of unspeakable cults, both in the sense of being impossible as well as dangerous to pronounce, built of seemingly plausible, if unprovable, components undetectable by electromagnetic radiation, which we associate with a vague sense of unease.

Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude about the undraped divine. The intellectual stamina required to untangle the endlessly tricky snarls created by the intersection of human personalities and international relations is unhed of.

Less well known is the work of a group of unfulfilled wanderlusters who, thinking the unthinkable, unearthed (in an antiques store) subliminal genes that must be unraveled backwards and may determine the course of our culture's most protean art form, eUNoia.

It has been hinted at that whatever information the genes have, it's unredacted, messed up, bloody, undoubtedly NSFW, and might make you sick and/or sorry you ever clicked.

Although we may never learn the truth behind the events at the UN, it is now well known that their findings are brushed under the carpet,
leaving a promising avenue of research unexplored.
Our destiny, unmanifest, fades back into the undistinguished hinterland.

But, they-who-cowered-in-unshaven-rooms-in-underwear once upon a time,
listening to the Beatles through the Terror of Union Squares
until the noise of wheels and children brought us all down to here, now,
are happy to be uncredited musicians when asked.

SORRY
BY NAJHA FRANCOIS

WHAT IS SORRY
WILL SORRY HELP THE TEARS GO AWAY ,
IS SORRY THE HEAL OF OUR PAIN ,
IS SORRY THE MASK OF OUR MISERY,
IS SORRY THE STRUGGLES THAT I LIVE TO SEE EVERYDAY ,
OR IS SORR THAT WORD EVERYONE SAYS THINKING EVERYTHING IS
GOING TO BE OKAY ,
NO SORRY IS JUST ANOTHER GOODBYE , SO WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE ,
I JUST SAY HELLO ! HI FIVE !

Untitled
BY NAJHA FRANCOIS

GOD SAW YOU WERE GETTING TIRED ,
AND A CURE WAS NOT TO BE .
SO HE PUT HIS ARMS AROUND YOU
AND WHISPERED , "COME TO ME "
WITH TEARFUL EYES WE WATCHED YOU ,
AND SAW YOU PASS AWAY.
ALTHOUGH WE LOVED YOU DEARLY,
WE COULD NOT MAKE YOU STAY.
A GOLDEN HEART STOPPED BEATING ,
HARD WORKING HANDS AT REST ,
GOD BROKE OUR HEARTS TO PROVE
TO US , HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST .

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY
101
By Bruce Stephenson
CONFESSIONS OF A GHOUL

They're occupying every park
To talk about the banks.
I watched a film tonight about some stark
Put downs of talks with tanks.
I need not say machettes, guns,
Or poison gas, or drugs,
Or lies repeated till hate stuns
The human heart in thugs.

The rhythms of grassroots resistance
To the robo-cops
Of Business Wars need our assistance
Before armed madness stops.
What can we do to help the cause
Of peace and love survive?
I say let's just show up because
I'm sure we can revive

Ourselves from walking in our sleep
From pointless job to job.
I pray each Sword paid warriors keep
With which to kill and rob
Will be re-melted in Love's forge
To make a garden tool,
And that each War Lord's mouth disgorge
Confessions of a ghoul.

I'd better get this sorry ass
Down off my bar stool now
And cross the pavement to the grass
And join that grand pow-wow
Where we can listen, add our voice,
Or dance, or sing, or drum,
Or contemplate each better choice,
And plan good things to come!

I know that Facebook is a front
For CIA's best plots.
We give them everything we've got,  
They file it all in slots.  
Since every Company CEO  
Was once a Wall Street boss  
Guess who controls the way things go;  
Guess who will take the loss?

The only way to win a war  
Is shown by ones so brave  
As those who've shown what freedom's for  
And what wise actions save.  
They've kissed the shields of robo-cops.  
They've faced the armoured tanks.  
The only way that violence stops  
Is peace throughout our ranks.

(Part Two)  
THE GOLD AND SILVER STANDARD  

I've got some money, honey, but  
It isn't worth a dime.  
My bank account's my big fat cut  
Out of financial crime.  

It's hard because its easy to  
Explain about thin air.  
A paper promise can't come through  
Cause nothing's really there.  

The gold and silver standard's gone  
Into some greedy hands  
Who print out credit digits drawn  
On debt none understands.  

On Hallowe'en the children's bags  
Were filled with tricky treats  
As if the Devil paid rich hags  
To hand out poisoned sweets.  

We were the willing walking dead.  
We were the ghosts and ghouls.  
We laughed at every pumpkin head.  
We're all the Joker's fools.
It's time to get our firewood stacked;  
Our nuts and raisins in;  
Our jars of hemp and flax seeds racked;  
Our apples in the bin.

It's time for rose hips in the jar,  
For dried herbs by the fire.  
The cold light of our guiding star  
Will help our hearts aspire.

May those who occupy Wall Street  
Abandon cigarettes  
And fast food poisoned to taste sweet  
And kill their last regrets.

The only wealth is real estate  
That still can grow pure food.  
Let's think, and pray, and meditate.  
There's no need to be rude.

Our real wealth is human worth.  
We are that natural wealth.  
The seeds of truth give us rebirth  
To share our natural health.

Our grass roots movement has its strength  
Of Spirit, heart to heart.  
Let's get to know our breadth and length  
And honour every part.

Let's get to know each other well;  
Embrace our depth and height.  
Infiltrators who'd raise up hell  
Will fade back into Night.

Let's take the time to get to know  
Each other's story well.  
Around home fires we'll out grow  
Old fears our songs dispel.

My occupational therapy  
With Dunce Hat on my head  
Is sitting scribbling poetry  
Until my Fears have fled.

Provocateurs and agents paid
To infiltrate Love's Park
Will see through their own masquerade
And know their light from dark.

**a tomb or a cocoon**
By, Patrick Hughes

housing market bubble baths of
synthetic water, with a winner
takes all profit margin, where
the prize a throne in
a game of musical chairs becomes
less of a game with monopolies on back support, and
so the aliens with subwoofers are the only
ones acting human, all
swaying there on the mossy ground

**maze>maze>maze>maize (abridged version)**
By, Patrick Hughes

i took a walk to wall street
i took a walk down there
all around just stares and no’s
not for you where money grow
not for you not there
roots running deep won’t bite
so vicious, beware signs, no need
all i see is locked and tied
real fast, nah and away from here
i stopped and stood away from there
where life grew from the cracks
not far enough away from there
wires outstretch eye grip and depth
now, the time to take a piss
i walk in an ally way
resigned to do as such maybe
but dancing through the shade

in society’s under tablecloth
no birds flying through the air
no crickets in the sound
just hum and drip of air condition
and release of what’s been downed
the sounds that were kept going
the sounds that weren’t stayed not
nothing ever let up
and almost morning soon
still and still, standing there
sighed and scratched my head
the concrete’s gotten wetter
it’s it, i’m pissing forever
i shuffled out the ally
and slowly down the street
someone wasn’t cool
i spell out what the fuck can do?
wondered where to go
toilet on tv or toilet in the 3d
the difference matters not
the flush of sound told where so
back to wall street, the place to go
supposed to be in season
good to piss against a wall
a reason much in need
the farmers of the wall they come
with ladders they bring five hats
wall farmers smile now, ‘pick one’
and i okay and whatever
i’ll try the goddamn hat
with some new wave arch and texture ladders
they aim for the high and they piss too
only me i’m still going
and they they’re back on the phone
there was a delivery that was dropped off
ordered was a truck of segway fliers
just for me, they are, i’m told
slick marble toilet rigged
i, okay whatever
so long as none more this hat
ride it in a circle
and ride it round again
sounding like a vacuum
it sounded like a train
jump off and ghost ride
oh shit this wall here’s cracked
some calling a slow building leak
some others just a crash
this was clear for all to see,
the quarters pour out fast
money laid out against a wall
quickly sprouts to trees
i’m all good and all relieved
climbing up the side when the sun says hi

looked at the moon through a horoscope and it was fucking screaming
By, Patrick Hughes

got all my cheap shot pot alarm clocks set for
pouring out of work
still got a couple of feet
can’t wait to pour them into the street

crush my paper
on a rotating earth
can you spare a pape
on this rotating earth

don’t pay no price
spend it all on trips round the sun
in a glass
out of a glass
for the trip around the sun

saved in a jar
covered on the mantel
rolling down the hill
is the whole house doing

rolling down the space stuff
is the whole earth doing
allergies to space dust makes the people say bless you
the earth has a tissue box
but it’s not called the moon
the planet has a head cold
or maybe seasonal flu

the suns, the dogs, the old fish
By, Patrick Hughes

digital dating for sundial dogs
the goldfish, he’s a sunfish, he can tell you, if you let him
all there is to know about praying to a cellphone photo album in a starbucks bathroom
when the moon’s out and the phone’s out
there’s low battery, no ink, full moon
with his chin up on his chin fins
there’s a knock on this door locked
coffee chain culture if you can’t open it it’s not your turn for it
there’s no need for a fish, in the back, by the bowl, doing what, why’s he there, to even mouth a reply to the next one on line, in a star, made of money, in no sky then the sun rises then the fish rises, to a day where the moon’s still there a two for the price of one they say ‘no a desert snapshot, i wont pay’ and he’s back to the lake where he’s from throwing pebbles in the ocean i threw him a stone he said not yet you dog coffee’s a little too warm come back when the sun’s reached that poll

all politics want to divorce their owners
By, Patrick Hughes

the sensitive government had a bad day he took a bad smile upon his bad face he took a ton of it and piled it up worrying that he was more she non genders aren’t ideas stretching your lips to your hips so you piled it all up upon the dresser floor why the dresser floor? he lives in a drawer use your other hand to close and zip the man but we don’t have a plan? let palm trees in the sand pin oak to this soil then… we’ll speak again

The State of Loneliness
by Nino Rekhviashvili

Honestly to just to be honest Sometimes you just gotta get on out of the quiet room Go to the bathroom Find an empty stall No not that one with the black garbage bag hoisted over the broken toilet (if someone sees you coming out of there they’ll think you’re funny) But the one at the very end
Head on in
Ponder and smile
Unzip your thrift store jeans
Take your hand
And go for a wander
Underneath the underwear you’d saved up for
And feel yourself
Because you’re not getting any
And it’s not your fault
It’s the economy

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Dipping into American History
by Nino Rekhviashvili

I wasn’t sure if I was going to stay the night but I knew something of what was going on and I wanted to get there as fast as possible that day (I was already 46 days late), so I pocketed my cellphone, credit card, a 10 dollar bill, and a mini-video recorder, threw my camera over my shoulder and made for the 1 train. I was supposed to meet up Malcolm and Yoni and the rest of the Columbia University General Assembly (CUGA) on Christopher Street for a student walk in Solidarity with Oakland but my excitement stunted my sensibility as it always does so I ended up stumbling out on the Rector Street stop, pleasantly realizing I was walking-distance from the Mecca of the movement; Zuccotti Park.

The scene was everything I’d imagined it to be. There were groups of 6’s and 8’s who’d been there since day 1 nested in tents at the far end of the park, students in 3s looking at the books in the expansive “Zuccotti Free Library”, tourists snapping away at people who held signs that read, “I WANTED SOMEBODY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, AND THEN I REALIZED I WAS A SOMEBODY.” There were middle-aged intellectual crazies from all over discussing “...officials steal from the poor to line their own pockts...!” and the drummers and guitarists making noise, everyone scattered in sprinkle-like formation throughout the cozy concentration. Political fantatics argued dates, conspirators counted and named inside jobs on their fingers, and war veterans chatted up Yoko-Ono types who went on about “returning to nature”. Young, old, crazy, fresh, laughing, smoking, discussing, reading, organizing, announcing, everyone was there and everything that seemed necessary was being done.

One of the more peculiar groups was the Granny Peace Brigade, a group of badass revolutionary knitting grannies who at the end of “assembly,” or park-wide announcements, addressed the audience, declaring “we’ve been waiting for you for 30 years.” Lyric sheets were passed around and minutes later a chorus of revolutionaries disseminated soundwaves through the brick and concrete jungle.
I bided my time as I waited for the student marchers and distributed flyers for the next day’s demonstration against the Bloomburgler’s talk back up at Columbia. No one from down there was willing to make the trip uptown in the morning, partially because I was asking for a 7am wake-up and partially because Cornell West (crazy-haired, gap-toothed professor of Princeton U) was to make an appearance, as many moguls do at the park, at 10 am. So in the process of handing out paper, I interacted with the new locals and explored the park.

When the student marchers showed up they collected the veterans and swooped me also into the crowd. We marched in anticipation for a moment of silence for Scott Olsen, Troy Davis, Sean Bell, and others who were victims of police brutality, chanting the ever so popular call-and-response, “Tell me what democracy looks like! This is what democracy looks like!” along the way. On the way back to Zuccotti II ran into Barnard students and glimpsed familiar Columbia faces and was glad to make the connection. Professor Taussig of the Anthropology department was there as well (he apparently relocated his office hours to the park).

The others would disperse and I thought, “should I stay or should I go now?” The answer was easy. I went back into the park around 9pm and joined in some conversations.

The great thing about the whole park was the easy accessibility to “needs and pleasures” as they called it. Celebrities and local organizations had thrown down to support the scene so that living at the park could become a reality. Four guys alternated rolling the heaps of tobacco for passersby, the food kitchen prepared a dinner of cous-cous, chicken, cabbage and cookies, and the consciousness cutaway offered a candle-lit ambiance for meditation. I don’t smoke but I couldn’t help but light-up a freshly-rolled and start one of those yammering metaphysical conversation with a bug-eyed writer from Ohio who’d end up leaving me mid-sentence, going, “I feel bad, I feel bad, the girl I was talking to earlier might be upset seeing us talking”. So the kid skid off and with a curious shrug I turned to the orange-hatted, chicken muncher next to me and introduced myself. This James was from DC and was gathering ideas for his graphic novel which was full of super-heroes like Louisa, an immigrant whose power of invisibility only sets in once she picks up employment, and Captain America, whose powers cannot be contained by mere borders. Others I met that night were in similar positions, seeking inspiration in the patchwork of excitement and diversity. (I was one of them.

At one point someone assured me, “You can feel safe here,” and I thought, “I see absolutely no reason to feel otherwise.” The Park took care of me that night. When I wanted a conversation I sat in with the librarians, one of whom ecstatically talked about a recent gift; with glittering eyes she passed around two pencils which in black letters were embolded with “FOUCAULT”. When I was cold I went to the clothing stand and was given a sweater, hat and scarf. I’d meet the woman who donated the sweater at the “Arrest Bush” march that started up around 10pm.

Apparently George W. Bush was in the Goldman Sachs building 4 blocks away, and a
rally around the park began to recruit protestors who’d join in on committing a citizens arrest. I of course dropped my fork, and James and I joined the march, chanting, “Geeooorge BUSH! It’s about time! that you paid for your war CRIMES!” Outside of Goldman Sachs we talked corporations and business and dehumanization of American labor and some waved the finger at the strutting suits from the widows. Eventually some serious looking blonde and a round waisted man walked out of the building with concern-painted faces, as if worried about the safety of their employees who were lined up by the door and had to be released in groups of 5-10. They chatted in the corner with some cops and eventually the employees came out in single file. We asked them, “Why aren’t you allowed to stay and chat?” I figured they didn’t give two shits about us, but we carried on anyway talking “arrest Bush” and a Fabio-look alike lamenting how we’ve allowed men with names like “Bush, Dick, and Cohen” hold so much power, to which I offered a crooked smile. When it got late our crowd started telling awful donut jokes to poke fun at the cops, at which point we realized it was time to head back.

Late at night, I noticed some kids with crazy big yellow wireless headphones dance-walking around and looking behind me I realized there was a silent rave taking place. I went over and grabbed headphones that spewed dubstep and trance from someone who was stepping away and danced with the strangers in that southeast corner until everything seemed to dissolve into the mesh of bodies and any semblance of identity seemed to evaporate with all the sweat. No one knew anyone’s name and yet there we were in the middle of downtown in one police-shrouded square underneath the immense silver and grey buildings and night sky experiencing the movement. At some point someone signaled to pause, and that’s when we learned OccupyRochester was shut down. Being late and all, someone yelled, “Dance for Rochester!” and we repeated and acted thereafter, jamming on deeper into the night. When that was over I cooled down next to some students who were smoking Spirits and sipping on watered-down whiskey, arguing over which president had the largest package; we’d eventually unanimously declare Abe Lincoln victor.

It was a strange and beautiful night. I met so many quirky, interesting people who seemed lost, found, uplifted, engaged, troubled, and engaged, usually all at once. I had gone down there because I wanted to experience the movement. Ever since I first heard the Beatles and discovered the 60s, I’ve dreamed of something like this developing as a means to bring about the ever-needed changes in this society. This movement, I believe, is created for the purpose of generating ideas, making people realize, “Hey maybe there is something funny about the way money and power have become inseperable...” or “Hey maybe it is strange that I paid more taxes last year than a billion-dollar company...”, perhaps even “Hey maybe it’s not that great that spending for libraries is cut, tuition rates plan to go up by35%, all while big businesses are getting million dollar tax refunds” ...etc. etc. etc. Regardless of what you’re fight is, if you are a fighter, you are a part of the 99% that is represented by the movement and its supporters. What does the future hold for the movement? Who the hell knows, but let’s keep going.

The Pac Man
by Michael O'Brien

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can. Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. We dam all the rivers to catch all the fish. Damn those people whose only wish is to get one full meal every day or to make two dollars in daily pay.

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can. Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. I scoop mountain tops to burn the coal, and I want all the copper, the silver and gold. Where there once was a mountain now there's just a big hole.

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can. Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. Chop down all the trees, pollute the seas, It's all in the name of the GDP. We've got to grow the economy in this consumer society.

I am the Pac Man. You can't spoil my plan. Not Batman, Superman, Spiderman, any man or human race can slow my pace.

I am the Pac Man. I eat all I can. Consuming the whole earth is my master plan. I don't give a damn. I'm American.

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AMY AND WILMA

Amy and Wilma at Occupy Wall Street
11/2/11

We're all part of the same SLAVE SHIP.

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Brendan

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
BRENDA

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Marine Edward

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Marsha

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Pie Man

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
An overwhelming majority

By, Vincent Katz

alphabet soup philosophies
sick haircut crunchers
in gaseous blue suits
die in sameness, but
they control the (tele)vision
of the future, so even
should you travel the
globe entire, you return
to your abode, the imperative
seems to make it
something withstanding
such odd, fabricated
reports, to be able to go
inside, change what
seems permanent
in fact, is even facade

**standing in a batch of bees**

By, Patrick Hughes

framed around a picture of a tree squared off by plastic with wood veneers now a little lopsided on the wall the wall’s a hidden door wall revolving wall who is of the door couldn’t stand you at all but you’re in the corner of the frame at a fork in road you, you don’t have a key you stand there wind breeze but you don’t have a door so you look at the floor and the difference in number of trees a pavement break patch of grass looking up right at a plane it’s saying down “there comes a rain” you’re thinking up why go through clouds? who are you, where go quick speed? with black gunk the fuel stuff you cut cross the sky

**subprime tsunamis**

By, Ravi Chandra

subprime tsunamis leave us all underwater. the whole nation's in deep, in debt. man-made hurricanes, earthquakes of default spill toxic assets across our land and people into the streets. even when Mother Nature deals us deadly hands, it's our own greed and ego which breaks levees and floods Fukushimas.

We need barrier walls in our minds. We need containment for power.
The ones in charge never seem to understand - the bottom line is bonus checks, dividends, stock options and cash. But all I see is people with no options, drowning. Who cares for their health? Who cares for their lives? Joe Millionaire doesn't want regulations, or taxes, or health care for the masses. Joe Millionaire says, "I'm a working man too! I got rich driving a tractor, moving mountains of money - Why shouldn't I get to keep that loot? I stole this money fair and square!"

Mountains do get built from earthquakes, great masses of earth pushing into each other, pushing the ground up. That always leaves a hole someplace. Maybe Joe Millionaire's really digging a grave big enough to hold our ideals.

Mountains are transcendent, though, pure and grand, ideal. But they are made from earthly instability, a steady, determined violence over ages. Maybe these earthquakes, these tsunamis will shape us a great mountain mudra.

Greed must be contained by wisdom. Compassion must be the greatest power. Only so, can the waters purify. Only so, can earthquakes give ascent, instead of annihilation

IN FOREIGN FIELDS
By, Bruce Stephenson
A POEM FOR REMEMBRANCE DAY

In foreign fields, as we all know,
Tradition says red poppies grow
Between the graves where soldiers lie
Far from their loved ones, you and I,
Who view the tombstones, row on row,
In foreign fields.

They didn't have to die to show
The guns of hatred have to go
Back into hellfire where they're forged
Out of the fury hate disgorged
That brought our headstrong pride down low
In foreign fields.

We mourn the dead in sunset's glow
Who mourned their comrades long ago.
Their love was greater than we know
In foreign fields.
There is no quarrel seen before
That was resolved by means of war
In which good men trained for defence
All died as pawns of planned offense
In foreign fields.

But we can honour every boy
Seduced to think a gun's a toy
And taught the written history
That covered up each killing spree.
The warlords paid to profit banks
Dishonoured them with words of thanks
In foreign fields.

Their spirits stand as witness now
And speak through poets telling how
The honour code that served them well
Will damn the banksters all to hell.
Because we've learned that every crook
Will hide their scam's seductive hook
Behind some goal that we admire
Or role to which we all aspire,
We've seen our best intentions used
For works by which we're all abused,
In foreign fields.

Oath Keepers bound to honour's code
Will walk back down the warriors' road
To rest on home ground they defend
With strength on which we can depend,
And tell the generals to their face
They will not share in more disgrace,
Forgetting every human right
To profit from the rule of might
That breaks all laws of man or God
To poison water, sky, and sod
In foreign fields.

Let's see behind their public mask
Each warlord with his whiskey flask,
Cigar, and cheque book, at his task,
As puppet of the War Machine
Insanely serving Death's Regime.
Until we wake up from their scheme
They'll eat our hearts out while we sleep
As if we are a flock of sheep
Who put themselves in mad wolves keep!
Afganistan, Iraq, and soon
Iran, and maybe then, the moon,
Reduce men to insane baboons
In foreign fields.

The war poems that we know too well
Were written by good men in hell
Who's grieving had to find some voice
To honour reasons for their choice.
How brave of them to still believe
In all that we can still achieve
By learning from true history
And all their less known poetry
That was not used to sell war bonds,
The call to which our heart responds.
Let's choose the mighty path of peace
And feel our joyful power increase
To co-create a better life,
And free our world from toxic strife.
We honour all the faithful dead
By making real each truth they said,
Rememb'ring now we all can make
A better choice from each mistake
In foreign fields.

**Dear 99**
By, William Scott

Dear Masses, Dear 99,
we’re throwing a party in a
privately owned public space
to celebrate our power –
a power unique to everyone.
Power uncharted and morphing.
Power that can’t be looked up in Websters –
power of the homeless, jobless, indebted,
addicted and dispossessed.
Power by the second, minute, hour –
power to love all those who oppose
the love of power.

We’re pushed along by our
conflicts, tensions, and contradictions, which
drive us to act to embrace our futures
in the presence of our power –

We have no gods – we stopped worshipping
their authority, all authority,
the moment we ran naked into the street,
to bear witness, together, to our power.

This is no joke – just a punch line.
They’re listening, they’re scared, waiting for
their own party to end – which seemed
interminable, torturous, selfish and cruel.
But now, now we know for sure what we always suspected:
that their power, their violence, their party favors, have
all been revealed for what they are.
Their party is over – come over to ours.

I’ve got no time for bankers.
I want derivatives markets to self-implode.
I want free books, free education, free food,
clothes, boots, mittens and Band-Aids.
I want billionaires to finally flush themselves down the toilet
and give us all a break,
so we can stop breathing their noxious fumes.
(A courtesy flush, please!)
I want poetry to move in, at last,
to occupy our lexicons, occupy our thoughts
and put a leash on the frothing, foaming, rabid fangs of
Goldman Sachs, Chase, B of A, Citi – they’re all
sitting together in their god-blessed filth.
Hand me the plunger. I’ve waited my whole life to do this.
Freud was so right: power and potty training
are best friends.
No more stalling around the john. Even Paulson
can’t stand the stench.
The people’s party has just begun:
this one goes to eleven.

**Occupy Wall Street**
By, Jennifer Nelson

Let’s imagine workers drinking
on their hands and knees or bent

Bruegel was also making a joke
where haystacks resemble their laborers

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

Bruegel dutifully
makes the church big but cuts it off
Middleground branches unevenly
frame and cover it
the way they’d cover the genital shame
of Adam and Eve: the point is

there’s really only one option here
Contrary to popular scholarly views
of landscape, you don’t
own what you see, nor
does it own you: instead
color promises patterns in time

The present is gold
The past on that other hill, too, gold
It’s not dumb to say hay is gold
here at the birth of capital

so Bruegel was carting it out of an old
painting by Bosch where drunks
and other fornicators
ride a monumental
haywagon to hell

Here Bosch’s wagon’s stripped to just gold
Let’s say it travels perpendicularly
between the golden hill we left
and the golden present
toward the village green

where very small citizens throw sticks at birds

Let’s go back to calling gold hay
and observe the war games it funds

Meanwhile the workers are drinking
There’s one jug left, which we’ve hidden in the hay
But our buddy’s coming with another
and a black jug of water
Once there were six of these paintings
Bruegel saw calendars of seasonal labor
and imagined them as panels on a wall
originally in Antwerp
now mostly in Vienna
This in New York
has the best and warmest panorama
for this most profitable season

I’m talking to you
It’s harvest-time now
and there are many dead empires in this painting

Bruegel signed it in fake Roman in the corner
on a fragment of presumably ancient wall

Beside him workers line
their stomachs with bread
Look at them
He wants us to hear them eating

He wants the worker’s scythe
to bend our nostalgia-
path through the hay
to this central event in the creation of profit

The hero’s possibly passed out drunk
He splays his legs like the haystacks he makes
We must not submit to be measured in gold
This is what snores through his four dark teeth

**How to live like a ________ in ________**
By, Sheila Black

You get tired, mostly, of the instructional pamphlets.
Not to mention the warnings. Do not burn with
leaves. Do not flame like winter. If you watch the
northern lights to soothe your frazzled mind
always wear Ray-bans. Don't shell peanuts out of
season. Cross your heart and hope on sundry
occasions. Or don't. Here in the box where
you find yourself, you might draw a table or a bed. You might make yourself a pillow, using whatever comes to hand. To make a map from this box to wherever you came from, remember first the sequence of images: The egg is a shell. The shell is an ocean. You can make glass out of sand if you use a fire hot enough. You can repeat whatever you need to keep the walls intact.
And too many live this way. But don't think too hard of them. Except perhaps stop as you walk, to and fro, street to sidewalk, over the curb, across from the parking lot. Pick up the paper cup that is blowing down the street. Make of it a hat. Make of it a kite. Attach it to a string and let it catch a tree.

Bricolage
By, Peter Ciccariello

This muffled cognition
These slick asphalt roads
The circuitous hum of electric motors
Temperature, always temperature
Heartbeat
Breathe in breathe out

Breathe in breathe out
Sheaves of newspaper
Tumble and slap the street
A cool wind from the coast
Promises, promises, promises

Here, inside where I live
The newsprint is unreadable
The road impassable
The rain incessant, dubiously
Striking the next possibility
Into awareness

Breathe in breathe out
Outside where I live
One step follows another
One reason becomes the next reason

This rain, carried here by gods with buckets
Dissolving icons
obscuring metaphors
Revealing the black bird in the branches
Darkening the shadows
In the corners of the room

CROSSING RIGHT OVER (11:11:11)
By, Bruce Stephenson

Over the waters, under a bridge,
Up through the forests, down from a ridge,
Bathing in moonlight, beating a drum,
Singing a mantra, toning the hum.

Crossing the frontiers, passing the gate,
Laughing and crying, transcending fate,
Tasting the salt tang, tears in our eyes,
Greeting with laughter, morning sunrise.

Drumming the heartbeat, blowing the Didge,
Dancing on moonbeams, forming our bridge.
Over the rainbow, down a sunbeam.
Weaving the colours, of our new dream.

Primal as children, chanting new sounds,
Sacred as shamans, on holy grounds.
Witnessing history, while it streams past.
Opening to mystery, free now at last!

Crossing right over, passing right through,
Multi-dimensional, full spectrum view.
Sight lines of star gates, dolphins swim to.
Gateways of gold with, curtains of blue.

Being right here now, whirling around.
Humming and hearing, heart songs resound.
Tuning and toning, phase-changing sounds.
Finding new chords where, wonder abounds.

Loving each other, blessing our kin,
Sending the message, we're taking in.
Feeling the circle, spiral in space.
Breathing new life force, giving new grace.

the people's microphone
is a system of amplification  |  rain
requiring no electricity no thing  |  leaves
external, divide or device, whatsoever
other than the human voice

so that what one person says is  |  rain
amplified and attended to through  |  leaves
an agency of collective reiteration

by these means what one voices  |  rain
that might remain objectified
is embodied by all who hear it  |  leaves
and amplified to those out of earshot

so that when i say "I mean what i say"  |  rain
people attending repeat that phrase
resounding those words for themselves  |  leaves

and when i say "you need to be alert"  |  rain
that too is embodied and understood
the point of view shared, necessarily
i commend the people's microphone  |  leaves

to us in our deliberations our debate  |  rain
knowing that whatever is uttered  |  leaves
will be amplified and further heard

Song for the Day
By, Francesco Levato

Walking past each other,
about to speak

all about us is noise
thorn and din.

Someone is stitching a hole
in need of repair.

Someone is trying
spoons on oil drum, boom box, voice.

Words, words
spiny or smooth.

I need to see what’s on the other side.

I know there’s something
in today’s sharp sparkle.

Sing the names of the dead,
song for struggle,
song for the day.

**The No-Net World**
By, Larissa Shmailo

Deep in your heart, you always believed
There was a barrier, a secret shield
Keeping you safe from the street
Secretly, you knew
Your good shoes and your warm, lined gloves
Kept you apart, and safe
From the man with the cup in his hand
And the boy with the cardboard sign
And the woman with the bloated legs
And the girls with the begging eyes
From the weathered madwomen railing at God
And the shadows at the ashcan fires
From the need to ask, no choices left:
*Mister, can you please ...?*

What did you, from the cushioned world
Of buffers, alternatives, other ways to turn
Of loans from family friends
Of credit cards and healthy children
Of grocers who smiled because they knew how well you ate:
What did you have in common with the concrete world of need?
Secretly, you knew, so surely you believed
You could never fall so low

Welcome to the no-net world.

Then I got fired one day
I got fired one day
Lost my job and then my house
I got fired one day.

Now your debts mount up like garbage and a layoff’s coming soon
And you have to see a doctor and insurance just pays half
And your folks who lent you money just can’t help you anymore
And the loans are coming due; still, the force field is there,
In the lining of the gloves, in the good if now used shoes
You will never stand like that goddamned bum
Holding the door at the bank
Too tired to whore or steal
Saying Please ma’am, please ma’am please ...
Welcome to the no-net world

You would never see
Hunger on the face of your child
When she came home from school there would always be
Apples and rice and chicken and beans
Milk and carrots and peas
Now there’s two days left till payday and just one last can of corn
And she's home, laughing hungry, hi, I’m home, ma, what’s for lunch
Welcome to the no-net world

Are you hungry? Good:
Ready, set, line-up, let’s go:
You can get on line on Monday for the lunch meal that’s on Tuesday
and the shelter line’s for Thursday but you have to sign up Monday
But you stayed there just last Wednesday so you can’t come
back till Friday.

And the Food stamps place is downtown
And the welfare place is uptown
And the Medicaid is Westside
And the hospital is eastside
No I can’t give you a token
No I can’t give you a token
No I can’t give you a token
Don’t you know you’ll only drink?
Hell, yes.

Like a child praying to God
You believed in forever
You thought home and hearth were,
Not for everyone of course,
But surely for you:
Only in the nightmares
Rare unremembered dreams
Did you stand by the door of the bank
Saying
Yes ma’am, God bless you ma’am
Please.

Don’t get sick
Don’t let anyone you love get sick
Don’t be mentally ill
Don’t lose your job
Don’t be without money for a second
Don’t make any mistakes

Welcome to the no-net world

**TRUTH BEAUTY**
By, Michael Schiavo

    not
    stars

    yet
    I

    but
    good

of
or

    I
    brief

    to
    wind

    with
if
predict
I
from
eyes
constant
art
truth
beauty
to
convert
this
I
end
doom

WAR TIME
By, Michael Schiavo

I
every
perfection
but
this
but
stars
comment
I
increase
even
sky
in
height
brave
of
then
this
you
youth
where
time
change
youth
war
time
takes
new

LINES LIFE
By, Michael Schiavo
do
you
war
time
your
your
more
my
now
happy
&
gardens
wish
living
your counterfeit
    lines
    life
    this
    my
    inward
    outward

your
eyes

give
still

&
live
Figli della disobbedienza
By, Alessandra Bava © 2011

Come Thoreau
credo che le cose
non cambino, ma che
noi possiamo e dobbiamo

cambiare Con superbo furore,
lottiamo liminalmente,
perifericamente,
deliberatamente.

L’Armata Voce
ci anima,
ci unisce,
ci riunisce.

Presidiamo arsenali
di poesia e non
temiamo di sporcì
alla gogna: parole, nuda
carne fremente,
ossa, grondanti versi,
denti affondati in
viscere di senso
e di dissenso.
Mani e i fianchi
immersi nel sangue
della verità

pronti a generare
molteplici fogli-- pronti
a generare molteplici figli
- della DISOBEDIENZA.

Sons of Disobedience
by Alessandra Bava © 2011

Like Thoreau
I believe that things
don’t change, but that
we can and must

change. With superb fury,
we fight liminally,
peripherically,
deliberately.

The Armed Voice
inspires us,
unites us,
re-unites us.

We garrison arsenals
of poetry and we fear
not to be taken to the
stocks: words, naked

craving flesh,

bones, dripping
lines, teeth sunk in
bowels of sense

and dissent.

Hands and hips
drowned in truth’s
blood

ready to give birth
to several leaves -- ready
to give birth to several
sons—of DISOBEDIENCE.

SONGS OF DEFIANCE
By, K. A. Laity

I am Blake¹s daughter, burning bright.
I was born for endless delight;
But your vision, sightless, thrusts me
into the endless night.

You perceive only the ratio;
I see the infinite in all things.
You have let the grains of sand slip
between the feathers in your wings.

You have poisoned the wild flowers
and slain the lowly wren.
You shoot the dewy fawn,
then bid us trust again.

³The poison of the honey bee
is the artist's jealousy²;
Yet how can I not envy
Your canvas' grave capacity:

You weave a winding sheet
of stars and stripes and error;
The furnace of your brain
burns hope and spits out terror.

I listen to the tale of
the caterpillar's grief
As we sit side by side
upon the trembling leaf,

And all who pass beneath
are bathed in misery and tears,
On the road of excess, but
stopped at the palace of fears.

The church is cold as cash,
the schoolhouse has been shuttered.
In every hall, from every box
your curses have been muttered.

I can write my revenge in text
and predict what tragedy comes next;
But no gods appear to bring us light
when we embrace the endless night.

**Occupy Wall Street**
By, Geer Austin

Down at Zuccotti Park
rows of people lie on the ground
orderly and blue because of the tarps.
One row lifts its heads.
A wave of varicolored Mohawks.
The protestors should win, I think,
because they have more
interesting haircuts.
The bad guys look like clichés
with spray can dos
leftover from some precious decade.
They say they are conservative
but they invent the most
incendiary financial instruments
and hurl them with fury
like enraged anarchists
hitting you and me
and even our grandchildren.
And the protestors camp out
in a park surrounded by the police
who live among the 99%
but imagine they are secure
because they have a pension plan.
So I go to Zuccotti park
on my lunch hour
wearing my obligatory suit and tie
and all I can think to do
is buy bags of tomatoes and apples
and offer them to a beautiful young woman
at a kitchen pavilion
constructed from plastic boxes and card tables.
She looks Italian
so I give her some broccoli rabe.
I tell her I’m one of the 99%
who has to work.
She says that’s slavery
and she hands me a slice of peasant bread.

THIRST
By, John Siddique 2011
From ‘Full Blood’ (Salt Publishing)

Imagine thirst without knowing water.
And you ask me what freedom means.
Imagine love without love.

Some things are unthinkable,
until one day the unthinkable is here.
Imagine thirst without knowing water.

Some things we assume just are as they are,
no action is taken to make or sustain them.
Imagine love without love.

It is fear that eats the heart: fear and
endless talk, and not risking a step.
Imagine thirst without knowing water.

Fold away your beautiful thoughts.
Talk away curiosity, chatter away truth.
Imagine love without love.

Imagine believing in the whispers,
the screams and the gossip. Dancing to a tune
with no song to sing inside you.
Imagine love without love.
Believe me or not
By, Vivekanand Jha
New Delhi, India

Believe me or not
I speak as I suffered
But not preach
The world has been
Only to those
Who are happy and glee.

On the mistake of others
Don’t show your teeth
And to be laughed at
Don’t give any width.

Once they come to know
You are a beggar and you beseech
Men are such a bee
They would suck the left over blood
Like a leech.

So this is a lesson
One must learn and teach
Even in poverty looks like a rich
For this you don’t need
Any investment and fee.

Cut-throat
By, Vivekanand Jha
New Delhi, India

Man, chief justice of animals,
To dictate stringent sentence
On their innocence
Punishment in all cases
And will be no less than death,
Only nature of death will differ
As per the belief
And religion of human beings.

In the name of religion,
Divide men themselves
Into different factions,
Scapegoat they their scriptures
For their own atrocious activities.

Even in sentencing slaughter
Some say we are kind
As we prefer to eat
The meat of those animals
Whose throats are
Chopped off in one go
Thus making their death
Only momentary painful.

Some say believe we in brutality
As we prefer to chew
The mutton of those animals
Whose throats are cut
Slowly and steadily
Thus arousing pain
And tantalizing them for death.

They take enjoyment
Of peculiar and bizarre
Song and music,
Emanating from the animals,
Gasping for death,
And thereby relish
Nibbling tallow and sucking the soup
Inside the shank of wholesome
And palatable flesh and bone.

Cruelty
By, Vivekanand Jha
New Delhi, India

Cruelty like sediments into water container
Even inadvertent stirring spoils
The serenity and sanctity.

It suffers from insomnia
Unleash its irritation of sleepless night
On orphan and weak.

People are poor by kind
And rich by cruelty
As if goddess of learning herself
Were blessing them
To deliver the speech extempore.

Everyone is embodiment of explosive
All we need is to light one spark:
Calling wrong a wrong
And get ready to sing a swan song.
A group of trigger happy youth
Making to and fro of road
Like venomous bees around honeycomb
Provoking and tantalizing to say something
All you have to do is to stir up the nest
And they would do their best
Better we know the rest.

Intolerance on rampage
And tolerance victims of stampede
Now none trembles with fear
All shudder with anger
The strong with one
But the weak with all cylinders.

Gone outside to seek entertainment,
For week-end refreshment
Wife suffered molestation
I suffered frustration
We flavoured hot juice of insult
Returned home with hurt inside heart.

**Dream House**
By, Vivekanand Jha
*New Delhi, India*

A House! A House!
That he must have to live in
With children and wife.

Where no place for
Uterine brother and sister
Where no room
For aging parents
Even if he has to become a tyrant.

Where in hospitality of in-laws
There shouldn’t be any deficiency and flaw
Where all hell breaks loose on madam
When visits any guest
Pretending ill health, she lies on bed
Restaurant in the vicinity does the rest.

Where all luxuries and amenities
Should be available in apartment
Though children in the exam
Comes out with compartment.
Dispossessed Motherland
By, Vivekanand Jha
New Delhi, India

I’m from the land
Reduced to handful sand
Where’s only mud
Left by devastating flood.

Here’s no crop to reap
But only blood to creep
Over our fate to weep
And feet not rise to leap.

No room to express the wit
No place to peacefully sit
As we’re by poverty hit.
Here’s no food to eat

Here’s no fuel to be lit
No milk in the mother’s teat
We’ve only dust to beat
Bleak and barren land and wit.

Here’s no work to do
So we’ve earning few
But we’ve courage to muster
To gather bread and butter.

No prospect for ability
Here’s only killing by brutality
Which exposes administrative futility?
By their nature of duality.

Here’s no feather in the cap
Only the news of kidnap
In the mean time you nap
Child is dispossessed from mother’s lap.

If moral is to be taught
Nothing but death’s to be bought
Don’t give the suggestion unsought
It readily leads to a bout.

Here’s only the battle to be fought
One-year flood is another year drought
We’re caught in the current of time
There’s no difference
Between age and prime

Here we’re in the grip of ill omen
People are living in the devil’s domain
On our purse is such a drain
We go miles and years away to deadly den
Leaving aside our children and women.

Here’s no magic wand
Men beat their own drum and band
Here’re only foes, hardly any friend
Here’s none mistakes to amend
Here’s no right for dignity to defend
This’s a dispossessed motherland
This’s nothing but a Waste Land.

**Hands Heave to Harm and Hamper**

By, Vivekanand Jha

*New Delhi, India*

Our hands heave
To harm and hamper,
Not to help and heal.

Not to assist
The damsel in distress
Instead feel refresh
In molesting mistress.

Not to weaken
The woes of widows
But apt to weaken
Their only credos.

Not to stop
The rape
But we are top
In viewing the naked tape.

We have destitution
In deleting the prostitution
But we are to the fore
In bargaining the whore.

Not to prohibit
The child labour
But not hesitate to inhibit
Their favour.
Not to curb
The poverty
But ready to disturb
The Poor’s liberty.

We use stick
To persecute the weak
We use flower
To adorn the tower.
Not to ameliorate
Law and order
But not fret to generate
Chaos and disorder.

We have temptation
To incur evil reputation
But we have palpitation
In getting good inspiration.

We praise
When our hands raise
To tarnish and damage
The image of sage.

We neglect
The existing institution
But we accept
The amendment of constitution.

What a relief!
If our hands heave
To leave
Harm and hamper
But to help and heal.

**My poem falters and falls**
By, Vivekanand Jha
*New Delhi, India*

I write with ink of blood
To testimonialize and give
A touch of eternity to it
But my poem falters and falls
In the poetry of the world.

I pluck words from
A flowery and ornated garden
And weave a garland of them
To adorn the world
But they trample it
Under their feet
Like they crush the stub
Of the cigarette to prevent it
From catching the fire.

I discover the words
Hidden in the unhaunted
Recess of the mind
And juxtapose them
Like an ideal couple
Of bride and bridegroom
At bridal chamber
And turn my poem on new leaf
But they tilt their stony eyes
And turn deaf ears to it.

I infuse my heart and soul
Into the poem
Thinking it would be
The best and the last of my life
But they simply say:
Since it is the beginning
You would learn by mistakes.

**Only your name is dog**

By, Vivekanand Jha

*New Delhi, India*

You care a fig
If someone tries to rig
Make all evil attempts fail
To keep your tail straight
Only your name is dog.

You have got various implementations
With every scientific invention
That soldiers and security man can’t do
You perform it in a moment few
Only your name is dog.

When all are in sleep
You take control in your grip
You pay the price of salt:
Keeping ill-events at halt
Only your name is dog.
None you spare
At least with your bark
Let it be sages, thieves,
Motorists or animals
All scared of your bite
Only your name is dog.

Such is your innate quality
Uncrowned king of your locality
Never tolerate other to invade and intrude
With evil intent and manners rude
Only your name is dog.

Though oxen plough the field
With all enthusiasm and zeal
Make till to plane and plane to till
Remain calm and cool still
But you pant as if
You ploughed the hill
Only your name is dog.

**The Prime**

By, Vivekanand Jha
*New Delhi, India*

It’s time
We’re in prime.

It’s time
We should shine.
And feel fine.

It’s time
We should climb
To destine
And feel cloud at nine.

It’s time
We should be sublime
To define
The doctrine.

It’s time
We’ve strong intestine
Ready to dine.

It’s time
We should not commit crime
And resign
To any design.

It’s time
We should not assign
Meeting clandestine
Lest we repine.

It’s time
We should determine
To become Einstein
Or compose rhyme.

**Trauma of Terror**
By, Vivekanand Jha
*New Delhi, India*

Wherever eyes go, we sigh to see
Be it a day or hours wee
In the mud we find our knees
Thunderous voice rends the ears
Two little eyes dipped
In the ocean of tears
Tender soul is infected with fear
Life’s nothing but error
Teeming with trauma of terror.

God made comely creature
Apart from the lovely nature
Man made it a field
With red bloodshed filled.

Life’s endless tale of peril
In the hands of the devil
No one wants to take a risk
So the corps takes to frisk
By working on the tips
This time terror is to rip
In the guise of will o’ the wisp.

We feel insulted on being frisked
Irritation reaches its zenith
Earth revolves the feet beneath
To see the baggage and bag
Treated as a piece of rag.

**America’s Heart**
I have a stick I bought on eBay
    from an antique flogging tree
    once in a now closed museum.

I have a poem.
I have a quotation from Martin Luther King.
I have a true story.
But they say we shouldn’t break America’s heart.

I heard Wisconsin election results just came in.
I heard teachers not teaching sitting on a bench.
I heard teachers not teaching outside the capitol.
I heard a door close behind a man who lost his job.
I heard voices of victory from the other room.
I heard someone say—
    “Don’t you dare break America’s heart.”

I see fire in the Bastrop sky
    where there had been blue.
I see fish dying on a Vermont street.
I see men dying in Ohio who didn’t need.
I see a true story about a dream.
I see a poem in front of you.
To build again,
    I see we have to break America’s heart.

Exile
By, Dawn Potter

On the morning I left
my country, sunlight

thrust through the clouds
the way it does after a raw

autumn rain, sky stippled
with blue like a young mackerel,

leaf puddles blinking silver,
sweet western wind gusting

fresh as paint, and a flock
of giddy hens rushing pell-mell

into the mud; and I knelt
in the sodden grass and gathered
my acres close, like starched skirts; I shook out the golden tamaracks, and a scuffle of jays tumbled into my spread apron; I tucked a weary child into each coat pocket, wrapped the quiet garden neat as a shroud round my lover’s warm heart, cut the sun from its moorings and hung it, burnished and fierce, over my shield arm—a ponderous weight to ferry so far across the waste— though long nights ahead, I’ll bless its brave and crazy fire.

The Occupy New York
By, Erwin Franke

Oh, the Occupy New York,
They had ten thousand men;
They marched them up to the top of Wall Street,
And they marched them down again.

And when stocks were up, they were up.
And when stocks were down, they were down.
And when their stocks did go bankrupt,
They were neither up nor down.

Liberty Square: Day of the Foley Square March –
by Stuart Leonard

I do not tell you about myself, this is about the people who brought me to this page, about the place where I found them, and if through this you see me, hear me, then know that it is through them and there that these words, these thoughts come to you.

I obscure nothing here, there is no time for abstraction or artifice, only clear words
and witness, something I have to tell you
that may or may not be the truth you seek,
but is most certainly as honest as I can be.

I came to answer a call sent out by a few
who expressed the anger of a generation,
awoke to the struggle of generations,
so came to occupy the crossroads of power,
to stand in defiance against the perverse bankers,
the greed brokers, whose soulless manipulations
left the ruin of the people in their wake.

This should not be a place for blame,
though there is blame to go around,
we know who we should hold responsible,
and we all should look within ourselves,
at our failings and foibles, our willingness
to be deceived, before our fingers point
or tongues decry, then let us shake off illusions,
and trade recriminations for solutions,
because after this the blame can only be placed
on the shoulders of those who forget the struggle.

I am not the first or last who came here,
or more or less important than any,
neither leader nor follower, I hope
only to stand with my equals, to speak,
to hear, to teach and learn, to do
the work that must be done,
and if there is any one particular thing
I could offer, it is a recommendation – vigilance.

No one owns these words, they are not
just the words of a person, this is a confluence
of tongues, each sentence gathers many thoughts,
threading together all that I hear,
taking what may sound like a cacophony
and showing that it is a mingling, I stand in
Liberty Square and watch and listen, talk with
many who come here, hear their reasons and causes,
strive to understand them, to let their passion be mine,
I endeavor to make a poem of this rare convergence,
and have to laugh even as I write just now and comprehend
that it is the poetry here which writes these lines.

There was the compelling pulse of drums,
the echo of voices in unison resounding
before I even arrived at Liberty Square, 
the music was on the streets, leading 
me to the source, and others were swept in 
with me, a stream growing to a flood, 
and we reached the small oasis surrounded 
by the daunting towers, at first it was almost 
overwhelming, a confusion of activities, 
ideas, debate, and declaration. 

There is an undeniable energy as well, 
something uplifting, vital, if you open yourself to it, 
do not try to own it, the seeming chaos becomes 
a mixture of elements nourishing the soil, fertile ground, 
rich with seeds already springing forth. 

I come alone, anonymous, someone, 
sit for hours, let everything happen around me, 
talk to Mary who’s reading Faust, sweep sidewalks 
and pick up garbage, sit in on forums, run and make 
some copies, watch artists at work, eavesdrop, read 
at the library, get interviewed by Russian TV, 
study the faces of police, eat donated pizza, 
spy on kissing lovers, get a button, dance to the drums. 

Marsha is knitting hats and scarves for the revolution, 
she is soft spoken, pragmatic, believes in this moment, 
will knit as long as she’s able, she weaves as 
the cranes run above us, hauling up materials 
for the buildings that never stop growing. 

The Vietnam vet comments aloud to any 
who can hear, ‘It’s not like the sixties’ he says, 
‘when I came home with one leg, went to college, 
joined the protests, we knew what we wanted, 
we marched to end the war, I can’t understand 
all this, sleeping in this park that belongs to someone, 
- Where did they get all this stuff, all this gear, 
who’s paying for all this? Now I have 
my own business, worked my way up, 
I’m not sure what they want here.’ 
He seems to like and dislike what he sees, 
struggling to make sense of it all, to understand, 
and I talk to him, and Jim, 25, from Pittsburgh, talks to him, 
so does Beth, 19, a Vermonter, and he listens and we listen, 
these youth not even born when he fought in the jungles, 
the middle aged man who was learning to ride a bike 
when he lost his leg, and the soldier leaves us, still perplexed, 
but he came to see for himself.
I share with the socialists, divide with the communists, 
rag with the anarchists, I want to save the environment, 
to truly understand why we should abolish the federal reserve, 
legalize drugs, outlaw guns, vote for Ron Paul, free Mumia, 
stop fracking, open the borders, close the banks, 
shut down nuclear power, ban gluten. Wait! 
Marie Antoinette is here with cake. 
Watch out Marie, I just saw Emma Goldman 
and I think she might kick your ass.

We marched on Foley Square today, 
and the unions joined us, teachers, teamsters, 
musicians, UAW, UFT, CWA, thousands 
of multi-colored signs bobbed and blared, 
you should have seen the crowd, it had its own music, 
I climbed the white steps of the court house 
and gazed out at the massive assembly, 
the speakers rallied them and I saw the strength 
was still there, I bounced my way through them, 
people took pictures of my sign, and there was 
really no malice or rushing as I jostled toward 
the sound of some swinging music and stumbled 
upon the funkiest political marching band ever, 
dressed with a green theme, donned in revolutionary 
symbols and slogans, they had the crowd moving 
to their jivin’ anarchy.

Later, back at Liberty, 
the evening’s general assembly was infused, 
the people’s mike crisp in the October night, 
the call and response fervent, almost a chant, 
we waved our hands in the air, I forget exactly 
what they said, just remember the rhythm, 
that it seemed like we owned the city, could have marched out 
and got the job done right then and there.

As night falls the drums seem louder, they are 
serving curry at the food station, the tourists and press thin out, 
Scott and Alisha invite me to put my things with theirs, 
they have come from Michigan, quitting their jobs, 
leaving the dogs with a friend, they didn’t hesitate, 
have no philosophy, filled with brilliant thoughts, 
knowing what they need to know, she, his anchor, 
he, handsome, with piercing eyes, interviewed at least twenty times, 
sincere and articulate, they are half my age, 
showed me things I needed to see.

As we read some poetry, Bill, from medical, 
stops to join us, he, a few years older than me, 
like me, afraid of aging, like me, feels young,
he has been laid off, homeless, got back on his feet,  
still living hand to mouth, he came here, not from anger,  
but out of hope, he leaves to treat a young woman  
whose face burns with pepper spray.

Just now, some group spontaneously formed and charged  
down to take Wall Street itself, they crashed on the barricades,  
the police driving them off with night sticks and pepper spray,  
some cheer them, some say they should not have gone, I am not  
certain, a group of strangers gathers and discusses  
why we are not allowed to protest on Wall Street.

A little sister of the revolution wakes,  
rises from a tangle of tarps and cardboard,  
joining us in conversation, she has come alone  
from Massachusetts, following some primal instinct,  
that this is where she needed to be, with student loans  
and a low wage job – she says – there wasn’t much to  
leave behind. And I wonder at this generation,  
who may get a downgraded version, America – 1.0,  
I have nothing to offer but to march with them,  
gather with them here in the Square,  
try to get down a few lines, to capture  
this moment, to make sure people remember.

Here all seem to be freed, there is an energy  
in the Square, a force that enters you, uplifts you,  
it arises from the intermingling, the spontaneous rhythm,  
the impromptu harmony that we all here take part in,  
consciously or not, because even if we can’t quite explain it,  
everyone of us, in our guts and souls, knows exactly why we are here.

The drums are silent, the protest signs sleep  
in a pile, their messages overlapping  
like the stray limbs of sleeping lovers,  
around me a motley array of bags, tarps,  
blankets, bodies, that must look absurd  
to the monoliths that shadow the park,  
an explosive patchwork reflected  
on those sterile facades. I lie here  
beneath these buildings that seem  
to lay siege to us, gray silhouettes  
pass by me, whispering, the trees try  
to make me sleepy with their waving leaves,  
but I know I will not sleep this night.

Banksters!
By John Jackson

Banksters! Banksters! everywhere!!
They're in your pocket! They're in your hair!
They'll steal your house! They'll steal your car!--
Where are the feathers? Where is the tar??

Sporting suits and ties
Instead of red bandanas--
Banksters! Banksters! rob us blind,
Then sell us some bananas.

They cheat and lie and swindle;
They just don't give a damn;
They sit on tons of bailout money
Just because they can.

They use our money in their banks
As if they were casinos--
They bet the bank and speculate
We won't pop 'em on their beanos.

They hired ro-bo signers
Because they were much cheaper;
If no one reads the documents,
Their profits would be steeper.

All our jobs now overseas;
Banks as rich as Croesus--
If government wasn't owned by them,
It would kick them on their asses.

They will not write-down mortgages--
That's not the way they work;
Their profits would diminish...
Was that a smile? No, a smirk.

If your job is gone for good,
Your mortgage you can't pay...
Banksters! Banksters! say do not fret;
We'll teach you how to pray.

Now if your home's a shopping cart,
At least it has four wheels;
Without a job you've lots of time
To look for the best deals.

It's really easy and much fun
To figure out surviving;
There's lots of stuff on garbage day,
And always dumpster diving.

Banksters! Banksters! hate it when
I call them Banksters! Banksters!
So let me compromise my tone
And just say Gangster Banksters.

Some rob you with a baseball bat;
Some rob you with a gun;
Banksters! Banksters! use their ball-point pens
And think it's kind of fun.

They cut up sub-prime mortgages
And made them look delicious---
Then sold them short and made gazillions;
Is that not seditious?

When their house of cards came tumbling down,
They brought an empty pail,
And said just fill it up with cash,
Cuz we're too big to fail.

Ha-ha! They joked and snorted!
We're too big to fail!!
So fill the bucket up with cash;
The process is blackmail.

Oh my God! Oh woe is me!
Please give me some perspective
To help me cope and soldier on--
Some heavenly directive.

Banksters! Banksters! everywhere!
They're in your pocket! They're in your hair!
They'll steal your house! They'll steal your car!--
Where are the feathers? Where is the tar?

POETRY IS NOT CREATED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
by marina mati
for John DeVita posthumously.
committed suicide around 1991.
he would be there with you.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;
If you want it, you have to venture out
into the streets where the asphalt is splattered with the rainbow
and from the bloody sky drip droplets
of poems into the black river...
where out of soot-cocoons spin pink
mutant butterflies that are not afraid
of the ultra-violet violence
of the exploding greenhouse sun
nor the grey specked ice
of the shrinking moon.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;
If you want it, you have to go underground,
to the caverns, through the tunnels
of your youth and be not afraid of the melting
face in the fun-house mirrors...
the walls of the caves are painted
with the juices of ancient passions
and the day-glo of a nuclear family dust;
bones pound the spotted skin
into the beat of a heart in a[n] eardrum
flowing in subterranean canals.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;
If you want it, you have to travel through your
anima where the screams of aids children
becomes the song of survival sung
in harmony with the vultures;
you have to go into its concrete darkness
where the thorns of black roses prick the night
and through the pinholes streams the moonlight
while the fragrance leads you to the path
of stars at your fingertips
to the center of the eye
whirling in a hurricane, a self-expanding universe.

Poetry is not created for your convenience;
If you want it, you have to wake up before dawn
and go into the shadows of flayed dreams
and reach for the knotted core
that explodes into morning glories
whose lips are moist with mountain rain
and words that took all night to form
are still mired in mud and gasping for air
in the red ozone clouded with grey matter-
breathe deeply and be not afraid
of the poem stirring in the belly
of the holocaust.

Adam, Are you Ready?
By, Genine Lentine

Adam, are you now ready
to be gentle?
Adam, are you ready
now to be gentle
with your brother?
Poem For the Occupations
By, Steve Collis

Dear menacing force
Smoke-eyed with you
Tear gas canisters
Beanbag shotguns shells
And bullets—rubber
And otherwise—know this:
Crowd dispersal
Is just a phase in
Crowd formation—
Wherever you cut
A swath through this
Living mass you
Will find it has
Formed again on
Other streets moving
Back into whatever
Space you’ve just vacated.

Know this too:
In Oakland and New York
Vancouver and Toronto
We have learned
From our brothers and sisters
In Tahrir Square
And everywhere else
We’ve learned to say ENOUGH
And stare down
Riot cops and soldiers—
It will take more
Than a simple show of force
More than smoke mirrors
Concussions and noise
To chase us off now—
We are not satisfied
With a single skirmish
We are not satisfied
With one day of rage
We are in love
With this WE
We are becoming
And we are coming
Oakland
We are coming
New York
And we have each others’ backs
Limerick
By, Erwin Franke
Occupy Wall Street camper
Shared a spicy last supper.
Lest their grain
Should prove plain,
Cops brought assault and pepper.

Mainstream Society is the New Voice
by Dawn Gastil
Copyright 2011

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

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

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

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

This is the type of revolution that starts off slow
It is only because the media is downplaying scenes on the low
But wait, just wait….
It will begin to move so fast that in no time they will know
And then we will see the 99 percent rise against the 1 percent and grow
Mainstream society is the new voice
Power is knowledge so electrify yourself
Dust your little old boots off the shelf
Stomp hard with those boots until these corporations hear you
Put your foot down and make them listen to our cries for all things overdue
Mainstream society is the new voice

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

Lesson number one is to become:
- Overpowering
- Overshadowing
- Overbearing
- Overzealous
We are the 99 percent

Mainstream society is the new voice!!!

The lit match sputters in
By, Donna Fleischer

the lit match sputters in
dark water
long
enough
to hear
stone
move

OCCUPY WALL STREET
by Lewis Grupper

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

Quick -- let's generally assemble for the General Assembly
As the Occupy Wall Street Journal
Comes out and is distributed
As the tourists mingle
With the Wall Street crowd

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

As we draw attention to
The cancer that is Wall Street

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

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

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

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

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

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

I "Questions about Poetry since Auschwitz" by Erich Fried

Newtonian Utopia
By, Brendan Lorber

I was made matching I flew ducking
I look foxed and went I went all on-button
You make it repetitive by repeating
until fully roused I mean industrial
Every iteration rope ladders it back
down erotic origins especially the most automated I am welcome
to look away or fall at the same rate
I move forward and retain the illusion everything’s not totally fucked

I thought the thing that wanted me
was flying under the bridge too fast
but it was me the sequel to opposite
I duck and blink a lot Can I help it
if quantum mechanics contradict relativity
and I see your eyes every time mine are shut?

****

*Take Me to Intentional City*
By, Brendan Lorber

Take me off the market Off
In the kettle endlessly boiling
Industrial samba for the trade floor?
Whose amended tentacles demand
we be made into endless suspension?
Take me to the new bridge to not get over
but live on Take me where I can be
the wind in the kettle Orange
looks good on you Supplication
before the weather call + comeback
of the who’s who march updated
for booking musical holding
in the pens whose cell? ours!
Material is the witness Rename the air
You can’t go to jail when you’re
already there Rise up on the deck
where even police have such
beautiful feet I have no fear
of falling because there is no ground

*Occupy, Or Under The Hunger Moon*
By, R.M. Engelhardt 2011

In early evening,

Jupiter in the sky,

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

Yellow Yo-Yo

By, Merrill Cole

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

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

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

pole or grandfather tree offers
another hold for the noose.

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

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

Feed Your Children Well
By, Susan V. Facknitz

Carried by private car
from parents’ drive to private
or public school, ranged about
semicircular joined tables
until they are delivered again
to the safety of their safety
seats in their crash tested cars
and fragmented houses equipped
with multiple detectors in cities
parcelled out with identified
predators, pedophile
free zoning, amber
alerts and hierarchies
of most wanted. Flouride filled,
flourocarbon free and parentally
surveiled, their development
is arrested and centered,
rewarded and reviewed.
They have scripted and filmed
sweet sixteens, webcast and
choreographed with limos and
fountains of fake champagne;
everything that parents can
buy. Each night they are v-chipped away
from images of war and rough
language, from entertainment
where children are raped and abused,
degraded in detail just
off camera so police
can solve, prosecutors convict,
and parents be assuaged, comforted,
awed like those in other
houses, encouraged as their fantasies
play out in prime time, who copy
out each error and method, play
the moments over for pleasure,
rehearse the plan for the moment
their impulsealights on one of these
children whose parents have
cared for and curried, modeled
and molded, educated and
released them if only for a moment
into the wilds of a world we won't admit
we have made where their sensual
sense of clear unfractured strength
is an affront
to all the broken crockery

RECALL ELECTION FOR MAYOR BLOOMBERG
(VILLANELLE)
John A. Todras
10-'11

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

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

His heart is hard as a brick,
He views the working class who question his authority as mutineers,
Just the sight of that man makes me oh so sick.

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

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

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

_to those looking down: watch, listen_
by linda lerner

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

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

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

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

I kept hoping the rat would be gone each morning
that a neighbor or the part time super
would get rid of it….
I’ve never been good at getting rid of rats
once at a job, in my bed, my home
put up with it longer than I should have
than anyone ever should..

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

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

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

an ode to the dearly departed people's library, november 15 2011
By, aaron kravig

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

Occupying Wall Street
By, Steven Curtis Lance
Copyright MMXI

Justice delayed but not denied
What was before no more because
We had to rise but how they tried
To stop the ninety-nine for one
When we forgot then or we thought
We did we hid our hope inside
But now that we remember we
Have never been we want to be
Whatever it means to be free

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

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

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

Revolution
By, Steven Curtis Lance
Copyright MMXI

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

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

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

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

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

**OBEY THE LAW, OWS!**
By, Lewis

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

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

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

**WALL STREET**
By, Jeffrey Cyphers Wright

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

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

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

**The Plains of the Sky Burn Blue in Dream Alone**
2 Sparks 2 Runes 93 - 2 Fells 3 Spires 01

By, Richard Wyndbourne Kline
Lift-light

And a slip of wind,

The city's far-below;

Your Hands let go,

    I fell into the Sun---

I turned a mirror to the Winter Moon

Your quarter late or soon to spy,

And so beheld Your footprints in the sky . . .

On the breath of Your Sigh the World floats away.

I fell; I fall; I will fall:  *FREE!*

    Within a cool and meaningful December.

The plains of the sky unfold into the gun-blue Rose,

The moil of the mist-sea maze drowns downbelow;

Come I to Your country could I know, but by Joy alone?

A blind man shouting, "Beauty!  Beauty!  Beauty!"

High steel stepping free to feel the Sun;

    Scarpless abyss of dawn to fall alone.

Cut to fit a crumpled rune,

The mountains' Key turns in the lock of dawn,

And the Prisoner Sun bolts through the Door of Time,

Mad-leaps in Space for Joy within to burn;

Clear crystal sphere, Your Hand let's fall---

    White flame with little wind.
The shimmer of the weightless Moon,

The dark charisma of the Sound

Sink into sea forgotten; day's empty azure explains . . .

Nothing. If my voice was Your Voice, could I tell?

These years, Your Words; this silence, Runes of reason?

Dancer in the last stars---gone: nothing, and No-one.

Your mystic citadel I've stormed in vain;

The ruined clouds and Light alone remain;

Fought for illusion was the war that's cratered all the Moon:

You've rolled away the Stone that stops the Stairway of Existence,

And fled into the dawn.

The Mansions of the Sky fall in, abandoned.

The cool rain done, in dream alone

Direction-wind suspends, pins vane;

Spin-blind Earth ever rescinds its gaze. So, whereaway?

But that, I know: don't turn; stare high, and stride into the Sun.

Call out should I ever pass You, You will know me by my eyes,

Burned indigo beyond the Dawn.

The Door of the Dawn stands open, and Beyond

I hear You calling still within the soundless stream's windsong:

--Come on, then, alone;

**The milky eidolon trails from My Pavilion;**

Cloud banners and a blue rose, One, adorn My Garden;
Mantle of suns upon My shoulder:

This is Eternity's Home!--

---thirty thousand feet and rising

into the dawn

Now in Autumn Stillness, Beautiful This Hour

2 Fells 1 Spires 05

By, Richard Wyndbourne Kline

A sky of light less mighty stills the proud sun;

Then a susurration’s coolness in the lees of afternoon,

Is answered by a leaf here, there a bird's refrain;

Echoed on by thousands, soon then myriads the same.

Where glowed gaud's certainty, purlescene gains; soon

The red-gold Chalice of the reaped year all busheled whispers

And all luminescence of the fulled names of things shall pour;

Together, Summer's tow and kisses brushed or cast away.

Will-less, near soundless, all the live things sigh,

In acceptance more than sorrow of the day; unsurprised.

Destiny named us; weep or sing or wave goodbye the same,

   Destiny claims us, and in Autumn's openness explains unspoken.

Full is tomorrow's yesterday, a time between,

And in its stillness beautiful its hour, lambent and calm;

Of today spended, nothing to tomorrow owing, dreamless become;
Whereof by claimlessness unbounded, limit lifted free,

Of this now but to be.

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

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

By, Richard Wyndbourne Kline

for Claire Rein-Weston

seen through ‘Metheny glass’

Glance-shocked, the kitten-dawn within the jewel---then deep-shot;

Side skip and cricket light, glad-glistened racer, you; our lionheart,

This close-court fencer; up falcon arc, down dead nick too upon a time:

“I’ll give myself to this, meet all its joy face-on!”

Nor shirk its bitterness nor with that tarry, either; even in defeat a winner.

Bailora north to south, east to west; four corners, every season.

Point huntress mad to claim striving desire’s grace-unreason;

Prey-motion’s nemesis---come time between, a deep arresting look’s lees

Spells further surmise: Taut and tan maid-no-more, thirsty,

Craves a further prize. Elixir-laisser beads, trickles, both sides of the gaze.

Honey curl hides the keen tooth; soft throat purrs a jest.

Amber eyes carafe pour forth a cool soul when, seldom, at rest.

Will-dynamo which could move a mountain to the Moon were there but time.

When I think of you, it’s of a long hour pulse-matched all scent and sweat,

In a white room with sunlight on my face: never too far away.
Middle blade from a velvet box which cuts the best, lacking but a ribbon-bow.

Demure agent secret, training for your intrigue, your hearts-challenger.

Wine, wine, wine, your modesty; too many cups upturned, your smile to me

Beyond the pane. Tinder-hazard, what I touch turns red, burns,

So I’m forbidden you: That you not find what fire asks of flesh,

I kiss your lips imprint across the glass.

Night turns into day; dreams of youth’s cinnamon wane but do not leave me.

Memories of a long June tide me to your shine, as a barque that sails itself

Into the dawn, unto the island of you, summoned by your calm charisma;

Palms of darkness, limbs of light dapple-puzzle; lips and muzzle meet;

Fit, fuse; latch flame. Lit within, my crystal mimes your sun: “It’s for you.”

**The Accretion of the Pearl**
By, Jonathan Moore

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

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

**There is a River for Revolution…**
by Margo Berdeshevsky
At the end of the beginnings,
we dress in long light—
a hybrid body of stars—
Caress in a broken moon’s lost veils,
undress, where the white owls sail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Occupy my love!**

By, Laura Harrison

In the April rain I stood alone
And now there is a thunder
Kicked to the curb by what they called “cutbacks”
A lifetime of work simply discarded

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

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

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

**AMERICAN MARXIST**
By, Chris Butters

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

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

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

“You could call me that,” I reply.

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

Maybe that is my problem I later think,

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

a month after the national conference, a year after the split with the LOC.
Maybe that is my problem.
I don’t look like a Marxist,
making my way
not through Russia
or Germany or France,

but America,
crazy America,

juggling marriage, children
mortgage, union,

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

I get in the car
and drive down Route 23,

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

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

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

Route 23 ,past the broken schools
and abandoned factories,

where all roads seem to lead
to the shopping mall,

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

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

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

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

our capitalist way of life
which is on the blink.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Big Dipper,
Seven Sisters,
Orion,
Cassiopeia,

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

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

What does
an American Marxist
look like,

I wonder.

Sand in the Bread Ground Their Teeth Away
by Paul K. Tunis

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

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

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

Palms raw from climbing, we wait for the rain.

THE 99%
By, Patricia Carragon
(first published in The Cartier Street Review, November 2011)

the 99%:
Wall Street bailout
$ changes everything

the 99%:
walking in gutters
paved in bullshit

the 99%:
not fat-free,
just pissed off

the 99%:
one city, one nation,
one world kicking ass

VOICES
By, Patricia Carragon

Voices of people:
the unemployed, the under-employed,
living under corporate steeples.

Voices of humanity:
a new nation, a new assimilation,
rising above global calamity.

Unquiescent
By, Matthew Hupert
(for Milton Friedman & the Chicago boyz)

no one simon legrees
moustache clitorally twirled
until ze orgasms in eviltude

(but)

Ø ends magnetize means
Ø means have ends &
Ø endings mean

so when rainflame downs
— its thunder masked
under a muffled
gunmetal night knock—
cry “cui bono?”
scream “cui bono?”
ask everyall “cui bono?”

and if the answer isn’t you, brother, run like hell
Oh words, what crimes are committed in your name!

-Ionesco

**Modern Americana**
by Peter V. Dugan

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

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

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

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

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

The heart of America
stopped beating,
the blood clotted,
no longer red,
now medi-ochre,
and pumped
by the pacemaker
of public opinion.
And still there are those that believe
that the only real American patriots
are true blue and white
or least act white,
and all the stars
are in Hollywood.

**the ignited shambles**
by Peter V. Dugan

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

**Little Beggars**
By, John Harrison
*From the United Kingdom*
*Copyright 2011*

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

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

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

As the bank man grabs billions
For we must pay
For their mistakes
And the next generation
Must pay for them too
And they:
Clean shaved, in well cut clothe
Respected and...
Protected

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

We just don’t know it yet

DEAR EMILY
By, Verandah Porche

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

LIVE STREAM: CROWN OUR OWN
By, Verandah Porche

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

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

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

Harm done. What now? Weigh in.

WHAT MY SIGN SAYS:
SONG OF THE UNINSURED
By, Verandah Porche
Uninsured though able for the moment
my body and I roll into golden age.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luck is my doctor:
touch and go.

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

**OWS**
By, CS Thompson

Stand up and be strong

Link your arms and hold fast.

Make them choose,

Make them show who they are.

'Cause if we were just wrong,

Would they come with such wrath,

Dressed in armor

As if for a war?

Would they bring in the gas,
Would they use their grenades,
Would they lie
Through their teeth
Every night?
Would they batter and kill-
As they soon enough will-
If they weren't well aware
That we're right?

A Poem of Condemnation
By, CS Thompson

I call you cowards-
Men who come with clubs
And shields and gas
And guns
And trucks
And noise.
I call that man a coward
Who destroys
What others have created
For his sake
And that of all his kind.
The man who breaks
What better hands have built
And hides his guilt
Behind a screen
Of riot shields,
The thud
Of rubber bullets
And the stream of blood,
The screams of pain
And helpless rage
And fear.
I call you cowards
And I hope you hear,
Because you pick your battles-
Never those
Who stand a chance to fight.
Instead, a girl
Bent kneeling on the ground
To help a man
You tried to murder.
Now, the whole damn world
Can see you for the little men you are-
False warriors who wage an unjust war
Against an unarmed march
With all the hate
And unleashed power
Of the modern state,
Protected by your pads
And shields and laws.
I call you cowards, and I name the cause-
No, not because you're cops.
A cop protects-
Protects and serves,
And you do not deserve
To call yourselves police
So don't expect
Respect you haven't earned.
The cause is this-
Each tool must have its use.
We scared your masters,
So they turned you loose.

**Bring On The Tear Gas**
By, CS Thompson

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

**We Listened**
By, CS Thompson

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

Vigil
By, Steve Shultz

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

spoon fed
rainbow colors
turn knots
in stomach
sudden need to
projectile vomit
up organic
coffee, bitter
alongside
daily news

lights are out
hands tremble
as they feel
for a candle

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

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

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

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

Let the dejected generators know they are playing it wrong.

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

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

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

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

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

Child, you must sing.

Invisible Hand
By, Joseph Hutchison

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

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

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

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

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

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

*

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

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

be grateful (a voice in the ether)
be grateful you're still alive
from the banker's suit-sleeve hangs
a nothing
no
a force field
such as magnets produce
in its presence our desires
turn to iron
slivers
that swarm into the hand's
grip and whirl
like ash flakes in some
anti-snowglobe
while somewhere
a wound-up music box
tinkles
“White Christmas”

swift Hermes
herald of the gods
artful cunning
cattle rustler
god of roads and border crossings
patron of traders liars thieves
discloser of meanings
bringer of dreams
conductor of souls to the underworld
small wonder the invisible hand
flowers before you
treachrous
god of cattle futures and hedge funds
derivatives and algorithmic trading
Jon Green suits
golden parachutes
"good wars" and terror alerts
a radio pundit Freudian-slipped
"Blood is the money that runs
through our system" O Hermes
you narrow fellow in the grass
the dreams you bring are dark dreams
the news you deliver bears a faint
odor of the grave

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

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

“that's entertainment”

a diversion from the daily angst the thousand vague and so-called pointless questions will the hand fix these chips and cracks in our once bright painted limbs will its touch heal the aches in our grating joints (no healing ourselves after all we’re just puppets)

no choice then

no choice because so much depends upon the hand and its countless avatars no choice but hope the strings are strong enough to hold us up to keep us strutting and fretting dancing the familiar old jigs

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

(cls ask us why we) Occupy
by britkneelynn

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

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

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

Greed is the American disease
And the big wigs can’t be cured
So much wealth in one man’s hands
Is nothing but absurd!
Please, oh please, won’t you tell me
What on Earth you could ever need
That might warrant 12 million a year
Whilst your fellow Americans freeze?

And the government lets you keep every dollar intact
Because obviously you are the LAST ones that can afford to be taxed
But this cycle of shitting on the American people has to stop
Because we are just that: PEOPLE, not pawns or props
We don’t need your millions, we just need heat
A roof over our heads and something to eat
We have families and mouths to feed
We’ll take pride over profit; guts over greed
We know it’s time for a change
These empty words have no more worth
We want there to be something left
When we inherit the Earth
Oh yes it’s time for a change
Your promises have all been broken
And we won’t close our mouths
Until you’ve heard the words we’ve spoken

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

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

It’s high time for a change
Your empty words are drained of worth
We have to fight to save what’s left
For when we inherit the Earth
We are standing up because
All your promises, you have broken
And we will stand united
Until you hear the words we’ve spoken.

**Personal ad for my country**
By Eve Lyons
*Previously published in Protestpoems, December 2010*

Married Jewish female
seeks one person
who knows how to love country
without hating its inhabitants
who knows how to cradle
both extremes while standing
astride the middle.
Married Jewish female
whose marriage is only legal
in five states, who feels
as uncomfortable with
the Orthodox of her own kin
as she does with orthodox Christians
orthodox Muslims
orthodox capitalists
and orthodox secularists.
Married Jewish female
seeks a country
where the borders don't feel like prisons
where the talking heads
on the television
don't preach hatred
and mistrust.
Married Jewish female
seeks love.
It's hard enough
some days
to remain
a married Jewish female
without feeling the urge to
"fuck and run"
from arguments over whose turn it is
to change the cat litter
from arguments over which part of the population
deserves more funding
from attack ads
from bitter political debates
from a whole world.
Married Jewish female
seeks a home
Not a condominium or
a house or a mortgage
Not a rented space
from year to year
But a home
a place where my soul
can rest.

To the whipping post
By, Denise Amodeo Miller

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

ELIZABETH TAYLOR’S JEWELS
By, Vanessa Gabb

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

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

YOU CAN'T
KILL
OUTRAGE

Invisible
By, Sparrow

I hold an invisible candle
in my hand.

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

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

Tommy James
By, Sparrow

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

In 1969, he prophesied:

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

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

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

Crystal blue persuasion!  
Crystal blue persuasion!

**Quotation**  
By, Sparrow

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

**Seltzer: The Wonder Drug**  
By, Sparrow

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

I offer you the wisdom of four generations.

**Love Letter November15**  
By, Frank Sherlock

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

I've been waiting

Ah this sunrise again on a failed paradigm this stare too far into space for too long
to remember
the name of
this city
Here is
a hammer
Here is
a bulb
A number
of things can
happen like
building in
light
killing in
darkness
or touching
each other
during
our magic
hour
I trade
news links
through
militarized
playspace
to keep
witnessing
fresh
to stay out
of the back
catalogue
while
looking to
not be
abandoned
Take a sip
of war
commodity
from my
bottle when
you get here
I know you
get thirsty
You might
taste traces
of blood but

this is what
I have
to offer
The sound
you might
hear is
quiet running
counter to
anticipations
seizing on
conservation
as if shorter
showers matter
Pardon
my reach
to be

respirited
filching a cup
of memory
as memory
Are you there
This company's
the worst
The trapdoor
spiders' prey

to offer
The sound
you might
hear is
quiet running
counter to
anticipations
seizing on
conservation
as if shorter
showers matter
Pardon
my reach
to be

respirited
filching a cup
of memory
as memory
Are you there
This company's
the worst
The trapdoor
spiders' prey

lines up
in the web
in perfect
single file
I hate them
& I'm not
talking about
the spiders
Feed on
a symbol if
it's helpful
This phone
has hit
the wall
It still
works as
a transmitter
Call me
Where does
the exile
end & the
life begin
Your now is
three hours
before my
now & your
now is six
hours after
my now &
where in
this hell is
our future
but so far
ahead it'll be
unrecognizable
upon arrival
Not to
gain all

necrocentric
but there's no
contradiction
between
the love of
flowers &
hatred of
floral
wallpaper
This was
real this is
real since
nothing
can be
destroyed
even when
pushed
into fire
I take
the cremains
to the Risk &
Disaster
Studies
section to
Poetry
(of course)
to the bridge
between
the smart
side of
the river &
mine to
the cafe for
conversation
Part funeral
Part miracle
The miracle
can no longer
be buried
There is
a difference
between death
by despot &
natural death
but neither's
truly painless
Pretending
there is no
loss foretells
more loss
than I could
ever shoulder
I've waited so long
Living through
catastrophe due
to no fault
of our own we
feel around
in this blackout
for everything
unseen
Yes we're
engaged
No we never
dated I
swear it's
really not
that weird
Before I woke
I banged
piano out
in a field
the floodrotten
shed in
the distance
I composed
for you w/
ham & wire
It sounded
good at
the time so
what if it
came out
sloppy it was
Peace Be
With You
sang so far
away from
church
That was nice
but we are
awake now
captured
while viewers
haven't
discovered
that craters
seen from
a distance
render these
wounds less
than their
actual size
I despise
missionaries
& their boring
positions

I'm tired of

lying on my

back just so I

can be taken

This interest

rate this

jobless stat

this market
demographic

has gotten

up to stay

human

I have almost
died again

to prove I

am a person

The library

starts over

You are

what I've

waited for

& finally

we're here
**Bottom Lines**
by michael scott marks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Round and Whole

By Octavia McBride-Ahebee
©1993

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

Empty

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

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

Full

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

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

if...
By, Jake St. John
If hope was a color
it would be brown
like the corrugated billboards
that occupy Zuccotti Park

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

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

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

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

if hope had a heart
it would be enclosed
in the chest cavity
of an eagle soaring
above the smoke filled streets
lined with debt and unemployment

**After the Little Big Horn**
By, m sarki

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

of my pony, waiting for
daybreak and a fresh cup
of coffee. Napped until
the sun burned my hair and
felt that beast behind no
breeze coming for me.

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

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

HISTORY OF WORK
By Jenny Drai

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

had collected wages
prepared the bread for baking
returned to the ancient
  woman’s house upon appointed day
[cleaned the toilet, washed the windows]
minded three children, shopped
  groceries, the indicators of the indictment of calendar
cooled his milk [once boiled over]
worked at the airport [rotating shift]
got sick
answered questions about books in an overtly
  competent manner
drove troubled children to the pool in passenger vans white as clouds
constructed timelines from research, traveled
  cities, compiled reports of expenses [ate at Subway]
got sick, very wretched [not from Subway]
refolded the jeans wall [large cockroach]
answered questions about books in an enthusiastic
  and overtly competent manner
attended graduate school to get a better job
got sick, almost disastrously so
did not get a better job
answered questions about books and multimedia in a courteous,
  enthusiastic and overtly friendly manner
got sick
received state disability payments
Dictaphone, Dictaphone and more Dictaphone
got sick
received more state disability payments
managed the office at a furniture store competently and fruitfully
  [learned about color, about the benefits of leather]
moved to So*Cal amidst a time of economic turmoil
could not get a job
volunteered at the library and wrote novel
[atheism, evolution, Gilgamesh, Jesus, love, sex, and fear of death]
named finalist in respectable poetry contest
did not win
could not remember the procedures for the job at the shipping store
got fired, felt shame, returned to the library
got sick, horribly so
attended writers’ conference [for novel] :
  accordingly—your style, one leader grins whole-heartedly, resembles a painting
by Tissout crossed with a Dennis Miller rant,
  bits of Tarantino thrown in—
she looks at me,
pulling down her glasses—
does it just come spilling out of you? [it does. I do not feel shame now.]
we have to get you published my tall beau says, saying we
dinner, which requires creativity
laundry, which need not
sometimes I sweep to win out against this light dust miasma
often, you see, I have tried to surmount my difficulties
have tried with much alacrity :
please come and dump some McDonald’s applications on me,
  I will show you my teeth

What Fear?
bymahnaz Badihian

They always scared us of poverty
Now what is left to be scared of?
We are all poor together

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

They scared us from homelessness
What now?
We are all homeless
They scared us with blood and death everyday
What fear?
We see blood and killing and terror
  In our media everyday enough that
Now we are used to seeing the killing and bombing
On our TV as a routine day by day movie
They scared us of left becoming right and
Right becoming left
What now?
That neither left nor right can solve the big human misery

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

**Alien Nation**
By, Charles Watts

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

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

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

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

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

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

Black helicopters with blue lights
Lit the clouds, the tear gas skies
Rubber bullets shattered skulls
Among the peaceful souls assembled
To face down the parasites
Of money and power and greed
Of haunted politicians afraid to
Let us be the land of the free

**when you beat me**
By, Richard Vargas

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

no matter that
we are both looked
down upon by those
on their balconies
of glass and steel
who laugh and joke
as they spread caviar
on fancy crackers
that will never pass
our lips

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

blinding you with
their cold brilliance
and empty nods
of approval
The Subconscious Knock
By, Kim Switzer

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

Man hears the Call,
Gathers in Places El-ite,
SET’s greatest Fall,
Is Mans greatest delight,

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

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

Man Hears the Knock,
The Awakening is ON,
Fathers Arc is at Dock,
All Men are Drawn,
Few recognize or Believe,
Few know it is Father,
But all Children of Eve,
Now gather this Hour,

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

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

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

Self Rule was our Right,
Called the ‘Good Neighbor’,
Freedom is our Might,
The Return of our Labor,
No child left Behind,
No elder left to Starve,
Awaken now Mankind,
This history we Carve,

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

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

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

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

Stand UP for Mankind,
For our Right to be Free,
Statutes keep you Blind,
Leaving only their Debris,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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TROLLS

By, Kim Switzer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE VEIL
By, Kim Switzer
The Law of the Veil
Was meant to Hide
Our past Life Detail
For this Long Ride

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

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

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

This feels like you're Shaken
To someone Asleep
Who suddenly Awakens
Their Minds now Leap
The Hidden then Seen
No Lie can Withstand
All that was Mean
Is visible to Man

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

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

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

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

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What Happens to Man?
By, Kim Switzer

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

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

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

The shackles of Kings
Presidents and Congress
The future now Brings
Mans immediate Egress

Eden this is NOT
That was the Trick
SET had you Caught
This place we now Kick
The Law from Above
Is nothing old goes Forward
These kings we will Shove
Our Eden rows Shoreward

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

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

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My Friend V
By, Kim Switzer

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

Always the Friend, Always the Loyal,
Queen of Reverse, is always the Royal,
Late nights we Penned, Hopes we Shared,
My virtue Defend, Only V Cared,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Soon I will Leave, My Friend left Alone,
But there will be Steve, RS will have Shown,
I'll only be Above, Just a Short While,
Then All My Love, thru RS make her Smile,

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

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

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

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

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

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Who Am I You Say?
By, Kim Switzer

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I’m One who Fought Grey’s
To bring down the Kings
I am One of Five
Our cell was quite Active
The El to Deprive
Of their main Objective

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

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

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

They're wanna be 'gods'
And tricked all Mankind
Road over Roughshod
To SET us they Bind
With Vows to Religions
The Papal they Made
Royals their Stoolpigeons
The Federals they Paid

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

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

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

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

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
I kept Lilith at Bay
And Off’d all her Strings

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

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

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

The Questions of Man
Letting all Men Know
Of Fathers Great Plan
To King’s Overthrow

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

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

We were sent in as Spies
To open the Door
To Uncover the Lies
Mans freedom Restore

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

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

Who am I you Say
To speak of these Things
To the Enemy’s Dismay
I am One Attacking

This Planet to Free

Man Kind is United

Father did Decree

All of Man is Invited

Who am I you Say

To speak of these Things

I know of the Way

The Pathway to Spring

Soon I will leave You

To Eden Above

And rejoin my Crew

To give the last Shove

Abraham Lincoln

By, Dustin Luke Nelson

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

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

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

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

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

**ORIGIN OF TRIBES**

By, Austin Williams

I appreciate individualism

& the rawness of sound & words

Over choreographs, perfection, & tainted minds

Bring me to the unrecorded radio

& to the ORIGIN OF TRIBES

Before the leaders of men

Our actions now pulsate like sound across the universe

To those who stand idle behind THE WALL at this inception of OUR revolution

Freed from the influence of SELF

This is the new dawn we were promised

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**To the 1%: Only Getting is Losing**

By, Prof. Howard Seeman

We are all on others’ shoulders.

If you can see far, it is because those before you got you that high.
You would feel even more alone, if you did not have others to see you, hear you, feel you.

And even more alone if you do not look at, hear, and feel all the others.

You could not amass all you have without all the others.

And, alone, all you amass loses meaning.

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

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

Then, you can have less but much more.

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

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

**Revolutionary**

By, Matthew Safarik

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

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

They will leave me, abandon me, sell me. They will paint over their worries with crisp dollar bills. They will turn a blind mind to their actions, pour a glass of whisky and erase their betrayal. They will smile with one another, lay with one another, and murder one another, as you would have it. They will be oblivious to you, as furniture to a warhead. They will fall, they will panic, they will scatter, and they will die. You will show your power.

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

But you will find no mouse here.

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

**Bless This House**
By, Maria C. McCarthy

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

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

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

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

**Occupy Poetry**
By, Raimondo Angelo Accardi

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

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

by Salvatore Leopaldi

*from Italy*

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

ma come non fermarsi e non guardare?

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

e noi non ascoltare?

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

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

**Sea Poem for Occupy**

by Sarah Malone

From the sand cliffs where the math confronting us takes on the blue of distance, you can watch for days and not know what is rolling in. Something has to be done—here is a blackberry if you need it—we have seen between tides so long that we can time our footprints to the kelp heaving when the sharp fins near behind the wave. It’s everyone I want to lift, and it’s my feet that are slipping.

**egypt in the mississippi**

By, Russ Green

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

zuccotti zuccotti

By, Russ Green

zuccotti zuccotti zuccotti

manicotti eating manicotti

in zuccotti they’ll give them

no porta potties in zuccotti
only manicotti they celebrated

succott in zucchetti built a sukkah

da sukkah for succott in zucchotti

they were blamed for drinking

hot totties in zucchotti but all i

saw were cup cakes and biscotti

a thousand peaceful bodies talking

with literati in zucchotti so me and

my pals kathy and kelly mikey

and scotty who kelly thinks is a

hottie walked around zucchotti

and saw a young woman

practicing kiribati it’s a yogic

quick breath through the nose

that heats up the body called

kiribati kiribati kiribati breathing

kiribati kiribati kiribati kiribati

in zucchotti pete seeger marched

thirty-six blocks at ninety-two

so even if you’re feeling a little
Revolutionary Eros of the Female Gaze: Preliminary Sketches in Verse, 11/19/2011

By, Laura Ferris

The soul out of work.

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

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

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

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

This isn’t about police brutality.
This isn’t about the use of excessive force.
This isn’t about the tragic summary
execution of Christopher Travis, UC Berkeley, ’13.
This is about how goddamned privileged you are. *So shut up and take down those tents!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT COLOUR IS PEACE?  By, Ka Ruhdorfer 2011  Austria

one of my first TV memories
from the black and white news broadcast
in the seventies
was a news report from the middle east
or some other place where there was a war going on
a handful of soldiers shoved
a dozen people on a truck
but a man, a civilian i assumed as he wasn't wearing a uniform,
couldn't climb up fast enough.
his left hand was on the edge of the truck floor
and i saw how a soldier standing on the platform
stepped on it with his booted foot

“ouch,” i said
and waited for the soldier to apologize

“he must apologize
he must say he's sorry
he couldn't have done it deliberately, could he, mum?”

my mum wasn't in the living room
but if she had seen this
if she had been there wherever that naughty soldier was
she would have made him apologize.

it's not that the soldier didn't notice
although he was wearing thick boots
if you step on someone's hand
instead of the truck floor
you must notice the difference
you must notice the softness of the hand
you must hear the person screaming with pain
or didn't he?
i tried it out on the living room carpet
stepped on my own hand
felt it softly sandwiched between carpet and naked foot
and when i put all my weight on it for a second
i felt the pain, then rolled over
and jumped up on the couch again.
the man with his hand under the boot
must have cried out loud
but maybe there was too much noise
from the others scrambling on the truck
they were probably tired or old or both
or frightened
maybe there was too much noise
from the soldiers shouting “hurry up”

“hurry up,” my mum shouted from the hallway.

“and turn that TV off. come on, put on your sandals.

let's go.”

she quickly combed my hair in front of the hall mirror,
told me to straighten the white collar of my dress

with the bright green flowers

and off we went.

why one needs to comb the hair

before going swimming

when everybody has to wear a swimcap anyway

didn't really make sense to me.

what made sense to me was that

the bad guy in “north by northwest”

that stepped on cary grant's hand

and didn't apologize

got himself shot.

that's justice!

serves him right

i thought

while i walked next to my mum to the bus stop to go

to my swimming lessons.

my right hand still hurt a bit.
i never told my mum about the news report.
maybe i should have,
maybe it's not too late.
maybe i should tell everyone.
i didn't think about it for a long time
until i moved to the usa
and lived there during the second iraq war.
maybe i needn't tell you
that i joined women against war, code pink:
who would have thought that
one day i would proudly wear a pink t-shirt.
the early TV images
seem to have branded themselves on my memory.
i apologize for the inconvenience.
the colour of peace, by the way, is love.
and occupy wall street is its perfume.

**EARLY MORNING PRAYER**

By, Geraldine Green

*Cumbria, UK*

This is the quiet indulgence, sitting here, these keys clicking together like rosary beads or soft click of amber against amber the rain's incessant window-tapping making music, me space-filled
the wind I'm listening to entering me like silk blowing or spider's threads coming together to weave
some sound from nothing
thinking back to conversations and dreams the sweet insistence

of diastole systole diastole
the movement of breath among mountains, a Ghazal woven into a carpet
or soft click of raindrops ambered against a window. It is almost a prayer this time of morning,
that I may never know certainties it is almost a litany of outside coming in, an opening of sinews,
blood and bones
the interstices of my body allowing the universe to enter in all its battered glory. This is a prayer I
am praying in the quiet, wild hours of morning.

I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE LAND
By, Geraldine Green
Cumbria, UK

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

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

I believe in many selves
(and one heart)

I believe in many voices
(in one heart)

I believe one drum beats
(in many hearts)

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

Tao of Chance
By, Eric C. Chance
Indiana, USA

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

**Rising**
By, James Denison

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

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

He watched the raindrop
Roll off the tongue of the leaf
And thought about the long
History of tears.
Smoke rising
From smoldering hearts
And he thought:
"Good." "Not dead yet."

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

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

Better Every Season

by, Ben Nardolilli

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

Other people are demonstrating
Resistance in between towers
Or in parks by city halls I wish
Belonged to some other country,
Protesting the rubber bullets
Of austerity fired by another system,
Another home of the brave,
Not in this ship of state that rocks me.

THE CAPTAIN

by Brent Hopkins

for anybody, anywhere
Seattle, WA, US, Earth

(Lyrics from a very amateur song home recording for the #occupy movement(s), to be found at
http://soundcloud.com/festusmo/the-captain. Listen to other protest songs at:
I hear the boots come marching three miles beyond the hill,  
The Captain and his cronies with a flatbed truck to fill.

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

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

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

Kill the Captain  
Kill the Captain

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

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

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

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

You’re the Captain  
We’re the Captain

FROM THE REPUBLIC OF CONSCIENCE
By Seamus Heaney

I
When I landed in the republic of conscience  
it was so noiseless when the engines stopped  
I could hear a curlew high above the runway  
At immigration, the clerk was an old man  
who produced a wallet from his homespun coat  
and showed me a photograph of my grandfather  
The woman in customs asked me to declare  
the words of our traditional cures and charms  
to heal dumbness and avert the evil eye  
No porters. No interpreter. No taxi.  
You carried your own burden and very soon
your symptoms of creeping privilege disappeared
II
Fog is a dreaded omen there, but lightning
spells universal good and parents hang
swaddled infants in trees during thunder storms
Salt is their precious mineral. And seashells
are held to the ear during births and funerals.
The base of all inks and pigments is seawater
Their sacred symbol is a stylized boat
The sail is an ear, the mast a sloping pen,
The hull a mouth-shape, the keel an open eye.
At their inauguration, public leaders
must swear to uphold unwritten law and weep
to atone for their presumption to hold office
and to affirm their faith that all life sprang
from salt in tears which the sky-god wept
after he dreamt his solitude was endless
III
I came back from that frugal republic
with my two arms the one length, the customs woman
having insisted my allowance was myself
The old man rose and gazed into my face
and said that was official recognition
that I was now a dual citizen
He therefore desired me when I got home
to consider myself a representative
and to speak on their behalf in my own tongue
Their embassies, he said, were everywhere
but operated independently
and no ambassador would ever be relieved

RUMBLING CITY
By, JoyAnne O'Donnell

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

**Warrior**
By, Michael Colfer
for Veterans for Peace Chapter 111

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

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

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

They hate us for our surety.
Their anger is harsh,
burning in their eyes.
As they come, their weapons drawn,
they shoot, and some of us go down.
But we - and they - all know
that some day
we warriors of peace
will prevail.

"CHRISTMAS GIFT - 2011"
By, gloriana casey
*For: Homo Sapiens and the Future*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Report from Occupy Wall Street  New York  USA  October 2011  
By, marimoses  
© 10/3/11  
This poem is a simulated "poster" which came out of one of the early encounters OWS had with the  
white-shirted hoodlums, seen on TV. The Free Speech Committee of Occupy Wall Street is my imagined  
committee, although you may very well have a committee so entitled.  

white shirt bullies not black shirts of 1930's Germany  
biggest beer belly bullies bellies hung over their belts  
who (lacking true testosterone) are seen on TV screens  
nonchalantly getting a rise peppering pepper spray  
directly  
into eyes of non-violent young women
caught in their orange net

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

FOR THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MANKIND
By, Jack Foley

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What of the fishes hooked on strings

Occupy Heaven
Occupy Heaven…

If you already occupy Hell,
*Occupy Heaven*

**Tahrir of My Soul**
by Shirley Siluk

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

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

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

**This side of the Atlantic**
By, Edward O’Neill

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

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

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

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

**Radical Librarian Love Poem (unfinished)**
By, Stephen Boyer

* Dedicated to the magickal People’s Library of Liberty Sq.
* Written in the library during the few weeks prior to its dismantling

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

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

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

Love Story
By, Masha Tupitsyn

Time is impossible. It’s hard to get our heads around it. But I think about time all the time. I want time these days like a person wants another person. I want New York City. The bygone one. The one you only see in old movies now. Especially movies from the 70s, where a city was a central character. A
run-down character. Full of trash, cars painted primary colors--heat. Maybe it’s because the 70s is the decade I was born at the tail end of, like a zodiac sign. Brushed up against the edge of it, ships passing in the night. Me and the 70s. I was there and I wasn’t there. Only now I want Los Angeles too, which, as a born New Yorker, had never really occurred to me before. Los Angeles was never really real until one day, last November, I saw Thom Andersen’s video essay *Los Angeles Plays Itself*, and then it was. Los Angeles, like someone I didn’t notice until it was too late.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In *Taxi Driver*, Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro), the disillusioned man par excellence, writes: “Loneliness has followed me my whole life, everywhere: in bars, in cars, sidewalks, stores. Everywhere.” Bickle said this in the 70s.

But what if the stores, the bars, the streets, the people became so new, so perfect, so polished that everything—places, streets, people—became even lonelier than they were when they were poor, messy, broken, split. Empty. Because empty doesn’t always mean empty. Before the 70s, the city was a set, a fantasy. Fiction. The fiction covered up the facts. In the 70s, people had jobs and a social class.

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

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

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

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

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

Trust was an issue in the 70s—we stopped trusting—police, politicians, government, media, capitalism. Trust had to be earned, rebuilt and replaced with something else. Something new. The 70s were both an end and a beginning. Then the 80s came and got rid of things like endings. Things like new beginnings.

“Is it safe?” the infamously Nazi war criminal Szell asks Dustin Hoffman repeatedly in *Marathon Man* just before he drills into Hoffman’s unanestheticized tooth. “No,” Hoffman finally succumbs (realizes), “It’s not safe.”

When Jill Clayburg died last year, film critic Ty Burr wrote an article about her and called her a 70s actress. “It was the 70s,” writes Burr, “and we didn’t trust glamour gods just then.”

And computers weren’t skin. The skin of skin. The skin of an image. The skin of life.

---

**Soon Enough**

By, Walter Worden

Forgive in this hour all false prophets. Forget the repeated parables of antiquity. There is no answer. Place no credence in the expanded exaggerations of cloistered clergymen. Do not be confused about the hard belief in what is always spoken. Do not mourn the scholars in their towered lairs or the dispossessed in their dream states. Do not be concerned with the random thoughts that arrive daily at the most inopportune moments like bottle flies alighting on the wedding table. Do not praise too much the reluctant hero. Do not dawdle over the lack of neatness. The king and his generals will soon restore order. The armies will be returned to the field. The streets will again be swept and hosed.

Soon enough the gates will be closed and the last remaining wise man sent marching to the hills. Soon enough the ignorant will be enthroned, hallowed and perfumed.
Soon enough they will burn the libraries.

**All of Us**
by Julie Hart

"To see ourselves as others see us"
Unwounded, unbowed
A white man standing in a world
Where everything is given to him
Or so it seems to those
Unwhite
Unmale
Unrich
UnAmerican
Unused to First World safety
Of eating at the table rather than
Settling for the scraps that happen to fall
When the well-seated talk with their
Mouths full.
I see your pain and wonder at it
After all, you have everything,
Everything and more
All that the ninety percent would be happy to have
Yet you are unsatisfied.
Why, now that you've got yours
Does the world not fall to its knees
In gratitude, break out in peaceful
Hosannahs, make you feel better by quieting
Now, now that you are free?
That world that will not conform to your
Utopianism, also can not see the pound
Of flesh extracted from you, from all of us
Seated at that long and laden table
Poor little rich men, all of us.

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

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

for occupy wall street and all 99%...
By, Sally Sense

we gave you a taste...
and you don't wanna waste...
us filthy rich...
we gave you a taste...
and you don't wanna waste...
us filthy rich...
we'll dig your grave...
as you engrave...
your life to the bitter stone...
and there's nothin' you can do...
'cause you can't stand alone...
when we take your buck...
and you're outta luck...
remember you can't stand alone...
we'll be diggin’ your grave...
as you engrave...
your life to the bitter stone...

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

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

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

your day has come...
your duty's been done...
to us filthy rich...
your day has come...
your duty's been done...
to us filthy rich...
we've used your time...
to help define...
your life to the bitter stone...
'twas nothin' you could do...
'cause you couldn't stand alone...
a debt's been paid...
as you are laid...
to rest with those so all alone...
a name's engraved you...
as a slave...
to life with the bitter stone!...

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

occupy finding...
By, Sally Sense

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

**corporate greed banking...**
By, Sally Sense

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

~~~

(for those that speak against this movement...
whose bottom line strives to help 99%!

your excuses become superficial exclusions...
whether wealthy yourself or nursing greed’s discontent!)

**corporate greed’s earthly hurtfulness...**
By, Sally Sense

it’s corporate greed that we need to stop!

to keep it from killing more millions of people!

whether profit through war or hurting earth’s resources!
or the jobless or sick or poor left from its deals!

~~~

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

**mayor's affairs...**
By, Sally Sense

there’s too many wall street ties now in the big apple’s town hall...
look at the mayor’s conflict-of-interest-board picks for example...
hence why he isn’t under scrutiny for some questionable pals?

why do high ethical standards defend backdate dismissals?
or testify at hearings to support work furthering one’s group?
or be a noted ex-lobbyist who’d put forbidden influence in use?
or a non-profit’s board member when contracts and charity help too?
and this from just one area of mayoral administration with who knows who?)
self-critique helpfulness...
By, Sally Sense

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

OWS
By, Gus Franza
Moriches, NY

days weeks months years he’s watched the rape of his class a slow steady
rape not a whambamthankyoumam rape initiated most recently the 80s by
the hollywood ham the velvetvoicedvirtuoso of general electric who brought
down hahah the soviet onion hahah and watched us stew but now we the
hopeless helpless vulnerable feeble and impotent are watching OWS flex and
it’s exciting and it’s about time it’s about time when you think how
we’ve been disappointed by this country outraged just goddamn outraged
and insulted like a fucking russian novel by dostoy the latest crises beginning
with our I say ‘our’ I don’t mean ‘our’ hubristic behavior starting with the
fall and collapse of the soviet onion peeled to the last sliver in 1999 and the
u.s. muck-a-mucks the powersthatexist never give up why it means status
pulling the same hubris routine that’s been pulled by the powerful across the
millennia just recall GWBush’s coup-troops stealing the 2000 election that’s
when this particular downfall began right there and then some people
blaming nader for taking votes away from gore others bill clinton for his
raging dick but it didn’t matter GWBush’s coup-troops pulled a coup stole
the election in fla and the supreme court stamped the steal approving it and that’s america for you and what were you doing asshole through all of this? watching commercials and shopping you see how it works it all works together and the GWBush’s coup-troops went to work gobbling up clinton’s surpluses filling their pockets instead of ours spending it on themselves in a holy $ wars which were actually planned by the neo-cons in ’98 and holy moly what luck the wtc came crashing down on 9/11 a gift from heaven just what they wanted and needed and prayed for in their bellicose bellies and rants a provocation and what were you doing all the time you asshole sitting on the deck reading john ashbery’s poetry which is pretty damn good neosurrealism if i can say so as we go off the tracks we i don’t mean ‘we’ that’s our training, the propaganda we’re fed all our days by corporations which are now called people went with GWBush’s coup-troops lying about wmds in Iraq murdering idon’tknowhowmanyiraqis just to prove and reinforce their imperial creds and GWBush’s coup-troops took over with and abetted by led by governed by the pistolpacking tightassed wyomist cow boy Dick gorging themselves on war and profit dampening any hope that the 21st century could or might be different saying you’re an asshole if you think their way show us a century without boiling conflict murder and war and we’ll give you a year in disneyland with a bevy of our ladies of the evening and as for your personal life what is it when you come down to it when you go down on it your life is made comfortable by two centuries of ‘our’ imperialism leaving behind two thirds of the human race but are they really behind or is it us who are damaged? no need to keep toting up this short century so far we’re all in it we try to keep our eyes open but fail
because of all the toys steve job’s given us (you, them) the einstein of our
times the galileo of our times the henry ford of our times razzamatazz
whatever everyone’s playing with themselves organizing their little techno
tricks well you are too in your backward way (radio lps old movies) even
while you read baudrillard bataille foucault who blow things apart a real
double play unit short/second/first if ever and what has that done for you
what in second hell are you doing watching antonioni who said i film
nothing or is it zuccotti park where the brave are struggling trying to well
what? bring things together reduce corp. power achieve fairness restore
the american dream (george carlin said you have to be asleep to believe in
the american dream) revive the middle class which GWBush’s coup-troops
buried under the trash of their cash all the way up to ‘our’ sex scandals and
who’smoststupidpolit scandals and you’re hanging on for dear life and
along comes OWS as the tea party fades into oblivion hey don’t count your
chickens since you don’t know where the sarahpalin is squatting at
the moment picking up tips from the irs cia mgm and newscorp and you you
you stop playing with yourself is this the beginning of the end I can see it
in your smile and everything you do but you’re afraid to tell me that we’re
through but I can tell by looking at you this is the beginning of the end
why just because that cop is flashing his baton in your face doesn’t he know
you’re unemployed like his brother harry don’t harry me he’ll say harry’s a
bum so i have no sympathy for harry take that you scumbag see what i’ve
learned since the century began i don’t care for nobody except my own and
harry’s not my own my ass we’re in this together so burn baby burn and
now barry is behaving like GWBush the grand emir of our troubles and his Dick and coup-troops and now with barry oh trapped by the grand emir and his outrageous moral follies and tentacles sending marines to australia while the disarming army exits iraq get the joke? he’s trapped by the m/i complex and big business &’s now rejected the proposal to tighten standards to cut the nation’s smog you think that’s a minor thing? cough-cough pollution’s the ruination of us and shots have been fired at the w h while bloomingdale is outrageously impossibly unstoppably like never before but even mario monti can’t fix italy and turn things around who can? annex it to goldman sacks the sackers of us like rome was at z. park where you can make drug connections and get laid says the right wing shorn hammertoes and you can have a caramel brulee’ latte and hit to right if you can and bear gross Gingrich and christie’s selling liz taylor’s underwear washed or not so you see the whole game has been rigged (again) by the likes of GWBush’s coup-troops and Dick they’ve stamped the century with blood the shameless shits & what have you been doing all along? you in an uproar over your football team you impressed with geo clooney’s looks and the latest longlegged fashion model’s supermarriage you actually reading about the reopening of the natalie wood drowning on a yacht called splendor they were arguing fiercely and you are actually reading about it now as you read about it in 1981 when you should have been attacking that swine reagan for firing the air traffic controllers which was the beginning of the conservatives’ decimation of labor unions that helped you and your father you distracted by the corporations’ massive propaganda to keep you distracted and you sucker for buying it ask yourself have you ever been on a yacht like splendor have
the drugs they have the looks like these beautiful movie bimbos have? what are you doing to your mind paying attention to these useless inept people? why do you allow it? I’ll tell you why the corporations are stronger than you smarter than you they have everything over you and you suck it up while everybody talks about american exceptionalism rah-rah-rah but I’ll tell you this it’s changing the myth of exceptionalism is waning pessimism is growing the vaunted american optimism is in deep shit thanks to goldman sacks and co you’re being sacked and Occupy Wall Street beautiful dammit beautiful is being led by the very people who know what a hole hole? pit they’re in they’ve got nothing to lose anymore so watch out lay off the porn for a while don’t smoke that dope keep alert for the coming kickback bashback blowback explosion

**Otherwise Occupied**
by Joy Al-Sofi
*HK 11/22/11*

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

**Simple Pleasures**
By, David Dominick
*Occupy Boise, ID.*

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

Thoughts of love that open new joys, which are found amongst mankind's ploys. Multitudes of options found along the way, simple things beckoning the soul's light to play.
Blundering through myriad temptations that dull one's senses, clouding the mind's eye view of things through dirty lenses. The colors of a rainbow no longer excites pleasure, not absorbing nature's ways in equal measure.

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

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

**War Poems**
By, Stephen Sartarelli

II

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

Little wonder the world turned away overnight.

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

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

III

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

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

We fight alone now
and far from the garden we go

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

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

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

IV

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

ground ever turning
to gold from the grain,

paper-bred mud
of the self-feeding pile—

wrinkle the darkness
strike old earth for new

ghosts from the shattering
stone of the desert

feast in the green light
of mineral fires

hail to the fool’s spawn
spinning the wheel

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

turn it all to account,
proceed to the organized kill,
make day of darker night still

from Seasons of Mars
By, Stephen Sartarelli

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

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

as love and beauty flee
behind the sun.

Babylon falls upon Babylon,
new death upon old,

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

The conquering angel
leaves no Palmyra in his wake

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

far from our broken thoughts.

His monument shall be
the rift in the air.

le mur
By, lois jammes

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

réel ou virtuel
le sordide est reconstruit
se dressant entre homme et ciel
il défie autrui
The People's Peace
by John A. Holmes
1943

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

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

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

The Chicago Senator Recently Elevated
By, David Bolduc

The bumper sticker summed you best:
Different president. Same corporation.
Declaration
By, David B. Maas

I am an American. I have the right to life. I have the right to liberty. I have the right to pursue happiness.
I am free to seek my needs and wants by any means I please. I have the right to smile.
I have the right to clean my plate. I have the right to feed my car and my kids and kiss my spouse and
help around the house. I have the right to pay rent and spend what is left on whatever else we need.
I am an American. I have the right to support stores that exploit their workers. I have the right to buy
foreign made products at bigbox chains with employees in chains. I have the right to a limited
selection of singleserve processed crap. I have the right to become obese and unhealthy. I have the
right to help Big Pharma sleep at night.
I have the right to skimp on prevention and mend the symptom. I have the right for medical
professionals to render emergency aid. I have the right for other Americans to be bled by bloated
tax premiums. They have the right to call me racial epithets that don’t apply to me.
I have the right to keep myself alive. No assisted suicide. It’s a crime to let myself die. I have the right
to take a pill to mask my ill. I have the right to linger indefinitely in crippling physical condition.
I am an American. I have the right to survive but not the right to thrive. I have the right to live but not
the right to die. I have the right to exist with or without good health. I have the right to skimp on
prevention and mend the symptom. I am free to seek my needs and wants by any means I please.
I have the right to reach for money I can’t reach in order to have more rights I can’t afford. I have the
right to spend my every dime and get no warranty. I have the right to waste my time crying on the
1-800 line.
Hello, my name is Juana. My name is Ling. My name is Cletus. We are Americans.
I am an American, which means I am America. In order to form a more perfect union, we claimed the
right to revolution.
We claimed the right to slaughter the Natives. We claimed the right to deceive the Spanish. We claimed
the right to the Arabian sandbox, to play petroleum hopscotch, to turn our backs on the Kurds, to
fill the world with empty words. They were not Americans.
We had the right to give women the right to vote in exchange for equal pay. We had the right to
purchase Africans, then free them on forty hollow promises.
Hello, my name is Malcolm. Hello, my name is Martin. We are Americans.
We had—we have the right to make nuclear weapons available to rogue states and keep the security
business the business of job security.
We have the right to enlist in an army with the equipment it has, not the equipment it needs. We have
the right to be injured because body armor is less essential than no-bid contractors subcontracting
no-fly airport contacts. My only regret is that I have but one life to give for Halliburton.
We have the right to be corporations when we grow up. Soylent corporations is people! Corporations
have the right to speak the language of cash. Corporations have the right to program robots called
depputies and representatives, presidents and justices. Justice for the corporation! If you can
persevere when the grassroots have outspent you, then you are a corporation, my son.
We have the right to exclude local interest by exclusive contract. We have the right to turn capitalism
into a shell game. We can play monopoly. We have the right to free parking. We can fix prices.
(Poor broken prices!) We have the right to trade inside and reach-around and squeeze the free out of enterprise.

♯ ♪♫ Once I built a car plant, ran it sound, earned my fortune and clout. Once I drove a car plant to
the ground, Uncle Sammy had to bail me out.
Once I was a realtor:
Once I was a banker. ♪♫
We have the right to squander our savings on oilbath orgies for prison profiteers and insurance tycoons. We have the right to teach prescription youth in failing schools doomed to budget blackouts and portable rooms. We have the right to piss in every stream. We have the right to trade in patented genes. We have the right to sleep through the screams and never see the American Dream. We have the right to remain small, but we always have the right to our voice. We have the right to worship the mythological gods of our choice. We have the right to compose a long boring poem and bitch in front of a live audience. We have the right to write letters to the editor and complain about the pain. We have the right to scribble signs and whistle in the rain. We have the right to climb on our rooftops made of shingles made in China and nails made in Malaysia, all put together by construction workers made in Mexico. We have the right to point our faces toward a gray polluted sky and cup our withered fingers to our weary mouths and cry, “We are Americans. We have the right to life. We have the right to liberty. We have the right to pursue happiness. We are free to seek our needs and wants by any means we please? Oh, please. We have the right to survive but not the right to thrive. We have the right to live but not the right to die. We have the right to exist with or without good health. We have the right to skimp on prevention and mend the symptom. We have the right to linger indefinitely in crippling physical condition. We are Americans. We have the right to clean our plates because we cannot keep them full. We have the right to dirty parks and dilapidated schools. We have the right to be banned from the public insurance pool. We have the right to leave our souls in mass graves in Kabul. We have the right to ignore the Golden Rule, to be a nation of fools, mass media tools who believe all kinds of bull. We are Americans and we have the right to be outraged. We hold this truth to be self-evident: That all people are created deserving of respect. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of that end, we have the right to buck the system. If we are being fucked, we have the right to fuck back. Of the sacrifices made in 234 years, we have never given up our right to revolution.”

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

OCCUPY
By, Frederick Leatherman

We decide what matters.

We lead but we are leaderless.

We act and wait for no one to save us.

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

Mic-Check
MIC-CHECK
By, Frederick Leatherman

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

Mic-Check;
MIC-CHECK!

I want to be very clear

I WANT TO BE VERY CLEAR

in calling upon the Egyptian authorities

IN CALLING UPON THE EGYPTIAN AUTHORITIES

to refrain from any violence

TO REFRAIN FROM ANY VIOLENCE

against peaceful protesters.

AGAINST PEACEFUL PROTESTERS

The people of Egypt

THE PEOPLE OF EGYPT

have rights that are universal.

HAVE RIGHTS THAT ARE UNIVERSAL.

That includes the right to peaceful assembly and association,

THAT INCLUDES THE RIGHT TO PEACEFUL ASSEMBLY AND ASSOCIATION,

the right to free speech,

THE RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH,

and the ability to determine their own destiny.

AND THE ABILITY TO DETERMINE THEIR OWN DESTINY.

These are human rights.

THESE ARE HUMAN RIGHTS.

And the United States
AND THE UNITED STATES
will stand up for them everywhere.

WILL STAND UP FOR THEM EVERYWHERE.

Mr. President

MR. PRESIDENT

Put your money

PUT YOUR MONEY

where your mouth is.

WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS.

Vast Amounts of Time
By, Frederick Leatherman

Stunned by thunder out of the sun

A woman wearing a hooded black shawl

Kneels and wails

Weeping bloody dew.

She clutches a slippery chunk of bone and flesh

All that is left.

Her child or her husband?

Both were laughing a moment ago.

Waiting at the gate.

He was reaching toward his father to pick him up.

Now they ride the shoulders of shadows,

Somewhere . . .

Their bodies silenced, seared and shredded by drones.
There will be no hungry bellies to feed tonight

Only pain

And time

Vast amounts of time

To paint her dreams with tears.

**Sycophant King**
By, Frederick Leatherman

He favors tailored navy blue suits that look exactly the same

And white shirts decorated with solid silk ties

Perfectly pinched below the Gordian knot

That binds him to the land of Mordor where the shadows lie.

He majored in deception and has picked many a pocket clean

Wearing his practiced smile of starched white teeth

Flashing like a strobe in an after hours club.

He reached the top the old fashioned way --

Kissing ass

Taking credit for other people’s ideas

Daggering them with whispers made of lies.

No one knows what he really thinks and neither does he

Because he thinks like the people he seeks to please.

Now that he’s reached the top there is nothing left to steal

No one with whom to share a thought

Only angry ghosts seeking revenge.

Who shall shed a tear
For the sycophant king?

**Bullhorn**

By, Veronica Spinharney

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

the bullhorn positioned
45 degrees skyward
bulges the wrist tendons white
in a deliberate extension
to the open jaws
primal screams bugle
the claim of grandmother
shattering the festive drums
in protest and wrath
telling the story of our time
of social injustice,
corporate corruption
and stolen democracy
of hungry children
and lost tomorrows

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

**Let Us Now Praise Famous Bankers ...?**
By, Wesley Parish

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

**Me and Lary N. Gitis Occupying**
by, Mysterese
*Minneapolis, Minnesota*
I lost my voice when I came to New York to meet you.
Thought it was God urging me to listen.

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

My voice was pounding in my heart with yours.

**Occupying Jesus**
By John Auer
*For Lee & Arlene*

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

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

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

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

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

BABY LOVE
By, Cynthia Andrews

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

**treasured notes** / freedom from fleeced

By, Thomas Paine II

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

*Tom Paine II*

*Treasured Notes on YouTube answers each line. The notes treasured are real United States note, aka Lincoln’s “Greenback.” New York bankers insisted that U.S. paper money would prove worthless, and offered to buy the then losing and bankrupt government’s bonds only at a 36% discount. The public money option saved the Union, and outraged the humiliated bankers, who had overplayed their hand. In covering our backs, Abe made his a target. Current Federal Reserve notes are green, labeled “United States,” and Treasury-signed so as to capture and conceal our catastrophically catatonic gratis servility to usurer’s monopoly-money. Without the commodity reserves that in Lincoln’s days arguably rendered bank-notes superior to public currency, the bank-owned FED by private fiat issues its own notes (which it pays the Treasury 4 cents to print)*
and, in vastly greater amounts, digital money. This cash is provided to private banks as discounted loans. The government must compete to borrow money in the open market.

Check out: themoneymasters.com/ & webofdebt.com/ & Treasured Notes on YouTube

these are the times / it takes a greenback

By, Tom Paine II

These are the days for rebels to raise
   a glass or three.
   The next round's free.
These are the nights, the licks and the lights.
   Just you and me.
   Safe as can be.
These are the times of subprime subprimes,
   of cheats that knew
   of courts that knew
   of cheats that knew
   of COURTS THAT KNEW!
This is the beat that drums out deceit.
   Can I hear you?
   Is your pitch true?
These are the times that try sainted souls.
   'Dear' Wall Street 'soles'.
   'Poor' Wall Street 'soles'.
This is the time for spit not to shine
   a shoe of holes.
   Ain't got no soles.
A shoe of holes?
   A HOLEY SHOE THAT STEPS ON YOU!
   A HOLEY SHOE THAT STEPS ON YOU!
   A HOLEY SHOE THAT STEPS ON YOU!
Holy, Moly!
   YAHOO! YAHOO!
Whose holey shoe?
   Gods by gold made!
   Paid to be paid!
Whose holey shoe?
   Loose dogs degrade!
   Helicopters cool aid!
Whose holey shoe?
   Bluecoats betrayed!
   By greenbacks saved!
Whose holey shoe?
   Honest Abe slayed!
   U. S. enslaved!
Whose holey shoe?
   Same old Who's Who!
   Same bonus, you!
Liberty chimes. Equality rhymes.
No matter who:  

*a dolla' a screw.*  

One suck a buck put'a pox on Fort Knox:  

Long gone the gold  

*we never sold.*  

High is the time. We're sinking in slime.  

Boys, rescue me!  

I chopped the tree!  

*BRING BACK [clap!] THE GREENBACK!*  

*BRING BACK [clap!] THE GREENBACK!*  

*BRING BACK [clap!] THE GREENBACK TRUE!*  

Yes, I'm telling you:  

*BRING BACK THE GREENBACK TRUE!*  

Yes, I'm telling you:  

*NO DEBT! NO INT'REST! WOO-HOO!*  

Yes, I'm telling you:  

One is ten is --  

*One is ten is --*  

*ONE IS TEN IS*  

Nine   *Nine NINE*  

Oh!   *Oh! O--VERDUE!*  

These are the days for rebels to raise  

a glass or three.  

*The next round's free.*  

These are the nights, the licks and the lights.  

Just you and me.  

*Safe as can be.*  

Just you and me.  

*Closer to Thee.*  

Just you and me.  

*Sweet harmony.*  

*Sweet harmony.*  

Just you and me...  

*Just you and me...*  

*Just you and me...*  

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

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

**The Real Gold Standard.** Forget the gold standard of assured value. Print and computing technologies adequately secure legal tender, whereas values pegged to particular commodities grant owners capricious control over common currency. The problem is that the government has given independent private parties not only a money-making monopoly, but a money-inflating monopoly, through fractional banking, which allows banks to lend ten times the money they actually have. There is a real “gold standard” - a feature both required and sufficient to assure full return. That standard is non-fractional banking. Loans backed by equal monetary reserves. This ideal can be transparently implemented, without cost or inflation, by gradually replacing, over a number of years, the 'virtual' 90% of loaned money, with real notes. See the Monetary Reform Act, at: [http://themoneymasters.wordpress.com/monetary-reform-act/](http://themoneymasters.wordpress.com/monetary-reform-act/)

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

**bugger bubbles**

By, Thomas Paine II

\[ Bigger \text{ better bonded bubbles} \]
\[ long \text{ and lightly lift the Troubles.} \]
\[ Why \text{ blame Wall Street when they burst} \]
\[ compounded on the poor accurst? \]
\[ Rich or clever blesséd ever \]
\[ dryer bed in wetter weather. \]
\[ Short the night! Non-stop the blowing! \]
\[ H-3D-TV see showing \]
\[ Power Points on globes got going! \]
\[ Mecca ever golden glowing; \]
\[ O! Jerusalem! red flowing, \]
veils pierced, men children mowing!
Nations not the jungle hoeing
reap what nations raped are sowing:
thins the ice where slows the snowing.
Europe no more is more knowing.
Chindia more green, more growing.
U.S.A. the world out-owing.

Cheered be! Hear ye crows yet crowing,
Credit ratings re-bestowing!
“Hong Kong-Cayman, King Kong payman.” [Chinglish whisper]
Short the night! Non-stop the blowing!

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

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

Big the short! Fraud final, bought!

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

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

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

Bugger bigger better bonded bubbles.

Quotes from Civil Disobedience by Henry David Thoreau
By, Grey Space
"Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine."
"...any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already."
"...it matters not now small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever."
"Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence."
“If... the machine of government... is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law.”
“If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to chose.”
“If a thousand men were not to pay their tax bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceful revolution, if any such is possible."
“If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, ‘If you really wish to do anything, resign your office’”
"The best thing a man can do for his culture when he is rich is to endeavor to carry out those schemes which he entertained when he was poor."
"It costs me less in every sense to incur the penalty of disobedience to the State than it would to obey."
“The authority of government...must have the sanction and consent of the governed. It can have no pure right over my person and property but what I concede to it.”

“The progress from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a democracy, is a progress toward a true respect for the individual.

“Is a democracy, such as we know it, the last improvement possible in government? Is it not possible to take a step further towards recognizing and organizing the rights of man? There will never be a really free and enlightened State until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived, and treats him accordingly.”

**Occupy Wall Street**
By Gregory Axel-Lute

We the 99%,
We keep getting poorer while the 1% doesn’t seem to care,
We are told to go home,
But there are a growing number of foreclosures,
Then we are told to get a job,
While companies keep on laying off workers,
Now we have to fight for the few remaining jobs,
This has now made almost no middle,
Instead people are either rich or poor,
We are told we need more education to get a job,
But when we get our degrees, we are in debt, and working at McDonald’s or don’t have a job,
Wall St. and corporations have corrupted the political process,
And the corporate greed is killing us,
And due to budget cuts, the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off,
But we the 99% need to create, a new light, without that corruption.
ROUGH OLD RIDE
By, Dave Arnold
© 2011

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

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

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

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

WHERE HAS LOVE GONE TODAY?
By, Dave Arnold
© 2011

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

two-thirtyam: novemberfifteenthtwothousandandeleven

by Adrian Ernesto Cepeda

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

madness haiku
by Jason Lester

could not stand up
and made a run for the border

Hey Cops!
By, Matt Shultz
Occupy Kingston

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

Expect Us
By, Matt Shultz
Occupy Kingston

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

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

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

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

We are older than the lost halls of toppled eldritch gods dwindled to elfsprite myths in the hills
Possess the steadiness of will of Mother Time we are aligned with the rythhm and rhyme of a history written in blood and brutality that still could not beat down our ancestors no matter how many times their bodies were made to bend a knee at the heel of Behemoth or be heaved into mass graves we only pretend to behave while in the dark of every age we gather the ghosts of the living in bacchanal, witch's sabbat and rave to unfold our past back from the future we hold on fast to our old souls the only thing we can own in the whole world no matter what lies you sold us about trading the moments of our lives for fool's gold we know to seize every instant and liberate it at the same time
Because we can never be free
Unless we are free right now
As we've really always been

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

Expect us.

**Schism Dreams**
By, Matt Shultz
Occupy Kingston

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

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

like

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

Or....

“The econopocalypse was completely unforeseen, and although we know it's scary emergency measures are necessary, and anyway they're only temporary, and in the long run will benefit everyone (and not just us), so! in the mean time try to look on the bright side! chin up! ignore that smell! and just have fun, normality will shortly begin its resumption! ...”
And it does, New Normal settles in and we all get used to a little extra pressure on the chin as the bit gets tightened between pain and sin and we're steered like drafted beasts and once again set apart and against, scouring at the razor-thin margins of the Earth's freshly shaven and oiled skin and scheming to Win it Big on the final human frontier by sewing the brains, eyes and ears of our kin up forever in invisible nets woven of nanotech titanium tethers that feel as light as those tiny feathers clipped to make pet birds that cannot fly.

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

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

As are words such as these.

**Birdseed**
By, Matt Shultz
Occupy Kingston

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And just who decided that they should win?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trust me.

For the ‘men’ whom we’ve sworn to neutralize, the fate of continents is just a back-alley game of dice.
But they’re just a few souls, deluded greedy psychotics, a pack of scheming gangsters who’ve got all us neurotics consuming their various and sundry narcotics and opiates of the people, humping us with steeples while we beg them to squirt in our ears another patented lie. Swallow much deeper, my friends, and you’ll die.

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

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

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

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

**Screaming at the Silence**

by J D Morden (Vancouver, BC, Canada)

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

There is no freedom,
nowhere, no more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

in search of beaver pelt
by Robert Gibbons
New York City

still looking for hide
on the upper east side
those powerful wind disgust
protesting the Hudson
hanging me
like a rump roast
near that famous Wall
this is a call and a response
we want New Amsterdam
a reform
church
we all are going Dutch
exhume Peter Stuyvesant
I am a witness
a defendant
give up the goods
in the name of country
in the name of blood
THE RAGE IN ALBION
By, Cecelia Peters
For Conor & Robb
Langley, United Kingdom

The homeless man under the bridge had eyes that bled
And woke each night from his humble bed
He had no poetry or rhyme,
No joy, no consequence or crime.
He wanted only food and bed,
And spoke of Albion with fear and dread.

He held a placard with words that read:-
“ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE.”

The Poet asked his name, and the homeless man said:-
“I am the Rage in Albion, I have no name
For I am England’s burden, and I am England’s shame,
Mark my visage
Mark my frown
I am the Rage in Albion
I rise when the sun goes down

And when the single mother weeps on the other side of town
There will be Rage in Albion when the sun goes down”.

The Homeless man under the bridge held a placard that read:-
“ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE”.

Again, the Poet asked his name, and the homeless man said:-
“I am the Rage in Albion, Poet do not weep
I lay wake at night whilst Albion is asleep,
My eyes once blue are now blood red,
I am the Rage in Albion, the living who are dead.”

And when the Poet weeps with sadness on the other side of Town
There will be Rage in Albion when the sun goes down”.

The Homeless man under the bridge held a placard that read:-
“ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE”.

He looked me in the eye and said;
“Poet, do not weep,
I only rise when Albion is asleep
My burdens they are many but my heart is strong
And I roam in the night for the days are too long
Mark my visage
Mark my frown
I am the Rage in Albion
I rise when the sun goes down.”
And when a little child goes hungry on the other side of town
There will be Rage in Albion when the sun goes down.”

The Homeless man under the bridge held a placard that read;-
“ENGLAND IS A PLACE OF WOE AND DREAD,
A COUNTRY OF NO LAW OR GRACE
ENGLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE”.

House Exercise
By, Sparrow

Buy a house.
Sell it.

Buy it back.
Sell it again.

Buy it and sell
it so many times
you can't remember
if you own it.

Leaves
By, Sparrow

In autumn, leaves fall
to the ground.
They seem dead,
because they are dead.

In spring,
they'll still be dead,
while their daughters
and sons are born.

We Were Wrong
By, Sparrow
Millions of us old, battered Believers
prayed for this movement to arise --
while knowing it was impossible:

"Americans are too lazy.
Americans are too selfish.
Americans are too cowardly.
Americans are too enslaved by their
iPods, their iPads, their iPhones."

Well, we were fucking wrong!
I spit on the ground, and curse my doubt.
Curse you, Doubt!
I spit on the ground again.
Double-curse you, Doubt!

Let a rainbow arise made of 7000 wigs.
Lunch will be served in the cafeteria of the soul.
Lunch will be served, rejoicing.
Lunch, my friends, will be served.

**Mic Check**
By, Sparrow

Do you hear
an echo here?
Do you hear
an echo here?
I do.
Yes, I do.
Yes, I do.

I hear you
being me,
but did you
hear me
being you?

How close
can we come
to singing?
How close
can we come
to singing?
How close
can we be
to chanting?
How fast
can we speak?

A revolution comes
when groups
repeat words together
repeat together words
words together words
together words together
together words

Love is a word
we repeat.
Love is a word
we repeat.
Love is a word
that repeats us.

**LET'S RE-OCCUPY**

*I am not indignant, I am severely fucked off**

By Marco Cinque

_Rome, Italy_

Let’s re-occupy
what was stolen,
the air we breathe,
shattered rights and dreams

on sidewalks summoning
our own steps respond,
leaving trails of a mankind weary
of its own inhumanity

Anna’s fists cry out for
the name of a fairer sky
the city’s windows answer:
“No! to the global rape of the poor.”

Mario’s eyes promise:
“We don’t need
your forked tongues
to lick the rich ass of the world.”

let’s re-occupy
our generations lost to the shame
of the present stock markets’
fangs tearing at their throat

your hands filthy from profits
will be canceled by calendars,
your billy clubs & prisons & borders
will become biodegradable beliefs

we will remain standing here
balanced on a possible horizon
because we only have something
more difficult than holding on: giving up!

I look at my son and at all the sons,
I look at my mother and all the mothers,
I look at what is left to defend,
There’s nothing else to do to be done: let’s reoccupy!

*written on a wall in Rome

*(translation by Alessandra Bava)

**RI-OCCUPIAMO**

“io non so’ indignata
a me me rode proprio er culo”*

ri-occupiamo
ciò che ci è stato rubato
aria per respirare ancora
bisogni e diritti infranti

sui marciapiedi che chiamano
nei nostri passi che rispondono
scie di un’umanità stanca
della propria disumanità

i pugni di Anna implorano
il nome di un cielo più equo
e le finestre delle città rispondono:
“NO! allo stupro globale dei poveri”

gli occhi di Mario promettono:
“non abbiamo bisogno
delle vostre lingue biforcute
per leccare il culo ricco del mondo”

ri-occupiamo
le nostre generazioni perdute
nella vergogna di un presente
azzannato alla gola dai mercati

le vostre mani lorde di profitti
verranno cancellate dai calendari
i vostri manganelli&prigioni&frontiere
diventeranno concetti biodegradabili

noi resteremo qui, in piedi
sul bilico di un orizzonte possibile
perché c'è rimasta solo una cosa più
difficile che tener duro: arrendersi!

guardo mio figlio e tutti i figli
guardo mia madre e tutte le madri
guardo ciò che resta da difendere
non c'è altro da fare: ri-occupiamo!

* da una scritta su un muro di Roma

Thanksgiving
By, Steve Bloom

At the time of the first one
the Wampanoags
knew how to give thanks—
and an apology as well—
to the deer or other beast
they were about to kill
so their family and village
could have something to eat.

The pilgrims, however,
only gave thanks for their food,
not to it, and did not apologize—
either to the animals who helped
provision their table or
to their dinner companions, for
the pillage future generations
would inflict upon the land,
its wild creatures, its native peoples.

Today our civilization
is more advanced.
There are fewer wild creatures
and native peoples.
The land has been cleared
of such impediments to make way
for roads and airports—
so that now our dinner companions
may travel as many miles
as they like for the holiday.
We manufacture our turkeys
and do not have to hunt them,
slaughter enough each November
to feed the entire population
of the globe back then.

Still we have not learned
to thank our food properly,
nor realize that being civilized
sometimes means having to say
"I'm sorry."

ER ZIJN DAGEN
By, Michaël Vandebril
Belgium, 1972

ik word wakker
I wake up

ik ben waarschijnlijk gelukkig
I'm probably happy

ik schrijf brieven
I write letters

ik wil herinnerd worden
I want to be remembered

ik kijk naar mijn vingertoppen
I look at my fingertips

ik bezit een huis
I own a house

ik wacht op wat gered zal worden
I wait for whatever’s to be salvaged

ik maak een foto
I take a photo

ik schilder mijn ogen zwart
I paint my eyes black

ik lig languit in de zetel
I stretch out on the chair

ik loop naar het raam
I walk to the window

ik neem je hand
I take your hand

ik heb niets in mijn zakken
I have nothing in my pockets

ik voorspel het weer
I forecast the weather

ik kleed me uit
I undress

ik haal alle vogels uit de lucht
I pluck all the birds from the sky

ik loop de trap op
I climb the stairs

ik kan niet meer zwijgen
I can no longer stay silent

ik zie de tekening op je rug
I see the drawings on your back

ik verkoop al mijn boeken
I sell all my books

ik zing een vergeten lied
I sing a forgotten song

ik schrap enkele zinnen
I scrap a few lines

ik zie de zon verschijnen
I see the sun appear

ik hak het bos
I hack the woods

ik stapel alle dozen
I pile up all the boxes

ik zeg niet veel
I don’t say much

ik zeg dit is de eerste keer
I say this is the first time

ik adem zeelucht in
I inhale sea air

ik heb vier op een rij
I’m not all there

ik eet rode druiven
I eat red grapes

ik voel een regendruppel op mijn voorhoofd
I feel a raindrop on my forehead

ik drink een vijver leeg
I drink a lake
Tompkins Square: 20 years later
by Puma Perl
New York, New York

Laundry hung in Tompkins Square
Families slept on the bandshell
Tenements burned
Developers crawled from sewers
Project apartments warehoused,
waiting lists in triple digits
Squatters barricaded doors
couch pillows chair stuffing
in every trash can
Dumpsters sat waiting

There was nowhere to live

August, 1988. Mayor Koch
sat in an outdoor Village café,
chewed his pasta, called the park
a cesspool, buttered his bread
as he described the smell of urine,
the shit on the benches and gates,
he almost forgot his tiramasu
as he called for clean-ups, curfews
police riots, beatings, arrests

September, 1988. The Mayor
admitted that he had never
actually set foot in the park,
but he had heard some things

Twenty years later,
there’s a new spin
It used to be a police riot,
now it’s a punk rock concert
crusty 15 year olds are kicked
around makeshift mosh pits,
they shake their dreds
pump their fists yelling
Die yuppie scum
Rage on credit
Tattooed arms
snap pictures
in front of 7th street
Joe Strummer mural
leopard skin
cat eyes
orange spikes
costume party

Homelessness
becomes lifestyle.

People died
waiting,
waiting
for welfare
Remember
Barbara
homeless
teeth gone
kids taken
She smiled
and told her story
she was 27

Cash
3 brothers
all died of AIDS
waiting
waiting
for his turn
Shared AZT
and wine
with his friends
sick
homeless

They lived in the park
because
they had no homes
Today kids celebrate
Make-believe punks
Italian bands,
a few older guys
We nod
automatically

We recognize
We remember

99 to 1
By John Claude Smith, 2011
original, written for the OWS anthology
SF Bay Area, California, USA

The odds are 99 to 1
in favor of soulless greed,
true north on their moral compass
points straight down into Satan’s

humble immoral abode.
While here in our own Hell
we got politicians and the rules they
bend or break without compunction,
puncturing the status quo with laughter,
hyenas laughing at the masses misery.
Though it’s not a mystery who runs
this three-ring sycophant circus.

So tired of scare tactics,
the politics of lies,
common sense tossed out with the common man’s
rights to even congregate peacefully.

Subjected to the casual malevolence
of authorities draped in Kevlar and
rubber bullet battle-ready chefs,
sadistic Officer Pikes cooking up vehemence
seasoned with asSAuLT and PEPPER spray tactics.
The overdone undertow drags down their humanity,
but we stand strong even as tears burn
on stained cheeks while mouths shout out in unison:

“Shame on you!”

The promised lands ludicrous loopholes
slip around the neck of the average joe,
slowly strangling the solution
the ethical pollution of minds that just don’t care.
“Shame on you!”

You’re taxing my patience, 
impatient to get to the Forbes Top 100, 
while the rest of us scramble like eggs 
in the frying pan struggling for survival.

The odds may be 99 to 1, 
but as long as the 99 stand as 1, 
our goals will be attained, sustained & 
reclaimed and we will persevere!

**Rome, I loved you more than bread**

By, Terence Degnan

*an excerpt from the Chapbook "Rome" written for the People's Library*

Rome, I loved you more than bread

on the avenue 
or the skyline 
or rather, anything rectangular 
I trace out thousands of Roman flags 
I imagine cassette tapes 
Dodos 
salt lake ghosts 
floating over the flats 
like thought 
bubbles

It was up to just when I turned seventeen 
that I'd still die for America 
I wouldn’t die for America, anymore 
I couldn’t tell you how many stars 
were bought 
in the Louisiana purchase

I couldn’t tell you how many fingers it took 
to sew the Colosseum halftime show 
how many fighter jets 
flew overhead 
or the last time 
we used the words 
“during peacetime”

peacetime is an intermission 
a time to buy drinks from the theatre’s satellite bar 
the last apocalyptic poem 
has been written
and no apocalypse
some religious quack
had his tongue thrown deep into the Mississippi
with the impossible salmon there,

is no more need to sell the bomb
which is to say the campaign
was a success
the architects have gone to dust, naturally
small romes built from Caesar coins
lay in the Hudson bay
among the oyster beds
vermin
are checking their watches
tapping their toes
like football fans at church

What Really is the Problem?

by Mollie A. Steward

Dedicated to the Occupy Movement

What really is the problem?
What is it on my sign you find so offensive?
Why do you want to silence my message?
Why do you want to meet my peace with your violence?
After all, I really am only one of you
As were the abolitionists
As were the suffragists
As were the civil rights workers
Were not their causes just?
And yet how ill treated were they?
Haven’t we learned?
What really is the problem?
I’m only looking for my voice to be heard
I’m only looking for simple respect
I’m only looking for a better tomorrow
Don’t block its dawning
Don’t keep me from its warmth
Let me embrace its freedom without constraint
Put away the tear gas and take up the peace pipe of the Native American Tradition
Let the conversation start.
IT DOESN'T MATTER
By, John S. Whitfield
For the people
Abingdon, Illinois

IT DOESN'T MATTER
It doesn't matter bout the length a your hair,
And it doesn't matter bout the color a your skin.
It doesn't matter bout the style a your clothes,
The car that you drive, or the home that your in.

Now it doesn't matter bout the way that you walk,
And it doesn't matter bout the way that you talk.
It doesn't matter who you are,
Wherever you go near or far,

Now it doesn't matter who you're with,
And it doesn't matter who you love,
It doesn't matter when your free,
And if it doesn't matter to you, then it doesn't to me.

Well it just doesn't matter.
No, it does not matter at all.

In a way we are all Dr Faustus
Adapted by Rehan Qayoom from an Urdu poem by Parveen Shakir.

In a way
We are all Dr Faustus
Some barter their souls
For pleasure’s sake
And some under blackmail of duress
Some pawn their eyes
To begin trading in dreams
Others are led to mortgage their entire mind-set
It has only to be seen
What currency is in circulation
So according to an estimate of the Wall Street of life
Among those who can afford to buy, sell or invest
Self Respect is a popular commodity!

The Shameless Class
By Wicked Enchanter
The greedy Lords of Finance have no shame
For market failures wrought by their design.
And with our Congress bought, they shirked the blame
When, surely, men of honor would resign.

’Twas they who rode with glee this bubble high;
’Twas they who sneered and watched the market crash;
Oh, it was they who brought this trouble nigh;
And it’s now they who sit on hoards of cash.

The working poor, no voice, but mouths to feed,
Upon them was an unjust onus laid,
While Congress heeds the whelming voice of greed
From those who had an unearned bonus paid.

Who are these folk that do such wealth amass?
We call this One Percent the Shameless Class.

Enjoy Your Revolution
By Jackie Simmons
October 15, 2011

As the police officers gated us in
as if we were the loathsome criminals
who’d looted the country’s wealth
one of them scoffed,
“You’ve got your time allowed
in Times Square. Enjoy your revolution.”

Yeah, we’ve really been enjoying ourselves.
It’s been fun playing by the rules,
working hard, and paying the bills,
only to discover that the game was rigged
and our homes, jobs, health, and families are at risk.

When the financial bubbles burst,
all we found in our purses
were credit cards, which we used
to clothe our children and buy food—
no frivolous amusements, just basics
to get us through, & then the interest rates
skyrocketed as the bank execs
cashed our minimum payment checks
—It will take years to pay off
the transmission repair and the cough
syrup and the myriad of unexpected things
we had to pay for while cha-ching!
the bankers collected thirty to fifty percent
interest—they could pull any number out of the dark.
Do you wonder where the laws went
that used to protect us from loan sharks?

They were replaced by 1980s Acts of Congress
that allowed banks to merge, and in the name of progress
the banks “created” financial “products”
that preyed upon the poorest among us.

What was it besides desperation that made us believe
in their payday loans & rapid-refund schemes?
While we were laid low by the almighty power of the bank,
the multinational corporation rose while we sank
deeper
& deeper
into debt
& despair
& desperation
& Depression.

We, the people, who didn’t profit
from financial deregulation
can’t pull ourselves up
by our own bootstraps
anymore—not since the 1%
who reaped obscene profits
sent our bootstraps & our hopes overseas.
Greed found a home in plenty of places
where laws protecting workers
and the environment were scarce.
Meanwhile, most of us back home lost our homes
and our voices in the House and the Senate.
Heads hung low,
shuffling down the street, people
finally realized
that the Street
& all its bumpy side roads,
hairpin curves,
loopholes,
& dead ends
needed to be repaved
& leveled.

As the chanting began:
Show me what democracy looks like!
This is what democracy looks like!
a young couple smiled
at my four-year-old daughter
& promised her that, one day,
she would finally live in a democracy.
Over the next few hours, she held
her sign up high that said:

*Kids are cute. Corporate greed isn’t.*

She sat on her father’s shoulders
and chanted, smiled, batted balloons,
laughed with the young man
who wore a suit and a pig mask
and kissed people goodbye
when we decided it was time
that we should go.

We left just in time,
as Broadway show-goers,
annoyed with our revolution,
bottlenecked the sidewalks.
They wanted us to shut up
& go away so they wouldn’t be
late for sitting in the seats
they’d paid good money for
so they could watch the spectacle
of their own choosing.

The police came
with their horses
and their plastic handcuffs
and their orange rolls of netting
as copters hovered menacingly overhead.
I heard a human microphone
shouting the phone number
for Legal Aid.

My gray-haired husband, short of breath,
arms tired from holding our daughter,
was scolded by police officers
for stopping to rest a moment
once we’d gotten to a quiet
spot on the sidewalk.

We’ve come to realize
that we need to be careful
about how we participate in this struggle
while our daughter’s in tow.

In the end, all I hope for is the day when
100% of our children will enjoy the security
of knowing that a person’s vote isn’t exchanged
for a corporation’s “campaign contribution.”
When the voices of the stakeholders
aren’t drowned out
by the incessant clamoring of stingy shareholders,
and when no one is speculating on derivatives & divisiveness while they jeopardize 99% of our futures.

My hopes aren’t so radical or revolutionary—
I just want everyone to be free from tyranny, and enjoy living in a civil society where there is liberty and justice for all.

YOUR VOICE
By, ©Walter William Safar

Where did your voice disappear, man?
In the demonic fires of passion?
In golden castles of terrible greed?
In the dark gorge of vanity?

You voices wander the golden mirages,
Your tired spirit wanders the golden dusts,
Like a warning for the new age;

When the golden bell rings on Wall Street,
Your voice will be even quieter,
Caught in the silky spider web you look up
To see the reflection of your lost spirit in the heavenly dome;
When the golden bell rings on Wall Street,
You find your limbo in the blue ink!
You are seeking your resurrection in verses!

In which verse do I find your voice?
In Walt Whitman’s verse of freedom?
In Ezra Pound’s tragic verse?
In Robert Frost’s accusing verse?

Your voice is hiding in the column of abandoned shadows,
Escaping the lunatic gazes of golden masks,
In which many inebriated eyes found their home.
Whose eyes are they?
The eyes of maddened street lights?
The eyes of hungry death?
The eyes of a lost man?

The shadows march the streets of funeral processions,
The terrible voice of the golden bell chases the poor into the graves,
Golden masks steal human faces,
The eyes of conscience become blind,
Your voice is ever quieter.

**THE VOICE OF LIFE**  
By, ©Walter William Safar

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the new morning  
that rushes to meet me,  
like an honorable friend,  
and not like a dark master,  
like I used to do on all those miserable days  
when I crawled the world.

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the new day,  
that caresses the sleeping rainbow  
with its white face,  
just like I used to caress  
my sleeping love.

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the playful night,  
that, in the wind’s embrace,  
sings the most beautiful melodies to the lonely star  
that wanders the heavenly paths  
in its eternal search for my gaze.  
(It is known that any star  
is entirely useless without a human gaze,  
like a match in the box).

I decided to walk upright;  
to look into the eyes of the lonely shadow  
that is looking for its bed now,  
in the dark night,  
and to cry out  
like the voice of Life,  
and not like the voice of a copper bell  
calling out for death.

**THE STATIONERY BOY**  
By, ©Walter William Safar

His little dark street  
Is at home in the silky cobweb;  
His little dark street  
Is only loud in the missionaries’ prayers,  
It elicits a gaze in very few people,  
It is but an uninvited guest to life.
The stationery boy hands out his beautiful fliers,
Like a messenger of his little dark street.
In his big clear eyes a tear is born,
Not as an accusation,
But as wonderful love,
His heart is young and full of hopes
That someday his big silent tear
Shall drop onto someone’s palm.

A new day is born in his wonderful spirit,
Perhaps somewhat cold and strange,
But a new day, still.
Oh powerful destiny, listen to your unloved son,
Wake up the sleeping star;
Wake up the sleeping sun;
Wake up the sleeping hearts of men,
So that the new day may be a friend to your unloved son.

In the inaudible shadows, he has his faithful listeners,
In death he has a faithful visitor,
His young beautiful eyes are more familiar with death than life.
When so many happy children gather around the city’s Christmas tree,
His dear young heart is loudly beating into the deaf nights,
Like a silver bell,
So that his small, dark home would be alight with a gaze.

He knows no benevolent faces,
All he knows is the cold face of the day,
The dark face of the night,
All he knows is faceless masks.

When the wonderful northern wind brings
Happy children’s voices from afar,
Like a modest Christmas gift,
The stationery boy is building his little kingdom of happiness
In his vivid imagination,
His days and nights may be cold and dark,
But his imagination is bright and completely wonderful,
It shines in the darkness like an angel.

His silver bell is ringing beyond the heavenly dome.
If you want to show a real angel to your kid,
Hurry towards that little dark street,
And you might be lucky enough to see the stationery boy
Before he gets his silver wings.

POVERTY
Oh poverty, you are swelling in so many bosoms now,
Like a heart thirsting for blood.
Like a black tear you are creeping into this rainy night
To cloak so many people in black.
When the copper bell tolls in the belfry,
You will be at the head of the funeral procession,
Like a judge to many prayers;
When many a silent tear is born,
You will tend to sorrow with your silence;
When death wants to put on its elegant black suit,
You will be its tailor;
When many children wake up in the jaws of horrible hunger,
You will be close again.
You can be unjust, unforgiving, and powerful
Like a ruler.
Like Pontius Pilate,
You are nailing your sad brothers and sisters to all sides of the world
To the cross of life.
When many tongues melt into a single terrible echo
In the east, west, north and south,
Like the curse of the tower of Babylon,
You are putting a new nail into the bloody palms
Of your brothers and sisters.
Many roses will spring beneath the cross of life,
And each will be nourished by a new black tear.
Oh poverty, there is me inside you,
There is you inside me,
And it is terrible to know
That you are mankind's child.

MY VOICE
By, ©Walter William Safar

Our voice is but a weak echo
within the turbulent chaos of life.
My voice is completely inaudible,
like a drop of rain at the heart of a stormy night.
My dreams are elusive
like the rainbow after the storm,
but all the same,
I voice myself beyond the sky dome,
like a falling star,
like the wish of many a dream,
because my voice is meant to be heard
to praise life.
LONELY NIGHTS
By, ©Walter William Safar

Against the old oak I cling my cheek
to hear a lost voice inside;
The voice of a lost friend,
the voice of my lost father and mother,
the voice of lost love.
And in this lonely night the voices
inside the old oak are quiet and inaudible,
as if dying along with my spirit.
The night has turned its beautiful lonely face to the sky,
and I,
I call out my own name in this lonely night.
which became perfectly strange to me –
with some desperate hope
that I shall hear the echo of my own spirit.
Wise people say that each spirit is made of memories,
and my memories are dead;
dead like those lost voices inside the old oak,
which, like vampire claws,
raises its old, barren branches towards a black crow,
to steel its voice and to call out into this silent, lonely night,
like the voice of many friends of men,
that someone's tear sometime dies before it's born.
Inside me, there is still hope
that someone shall hear my name,
and that it won't sound as strange
as it does to me.
Slowly and ghastly I tread the shadows
like a sinner treads the skulls in hell,
and I call out with a solitary cry
into this lonely night,
to chase away death, if I can't chase away solitude.
But what is life worth without voices,
not the ones you can buy,
but voices of conscience,
which are born and eternally live along with human souls.

Against the old oak I cling my cheek,
and I listen in to a thousand souls,
Now I know,
yes, Lord, now I know that someone will call my name as well,
because when you hear the voices of souls
of dear people you've lost,
you have the power
to bear memories of yourself in someone else.

WITHOUT HOPE
I never meant to call for hunger,
but it calls for me,
endlessly faithfull and accursedly hones,
it leads me,
like any given day,
into the soup kitchen of the darkest street in the world.
Everything around me is so unreal,
the smiling faces of those who pass by,
the full restaurants spreading the scent of food,
and the rustle of money bills, so unknown to me.
To many people, this is the brightest street in the world,
but it is so painfully cold and dark to me.
I feel like a wingless fly in the silky home
of the biggest spider of the world when I walk it.
Outside, the sun is gildening the leaden faces of those who pass by,
those who headlessly chase after their own bright dreams,
and it is so dark inside,
yes, Lord, how could a soup kitchen be bright,
when its most frequent visitor is poverty.
The breath of hopelessness spreads around me,
and of horrible apathy,
as if I entered a coffin
that even death does not want to enter,
but I am not afraid that their hopelessness might kill my hope,
because it died long ago.
It's all the same in this coffin of human hopes,
the same poverty, the same food, the same nuns,
the same thick opaque glass
that keeps gazes from mixing,
there's only less homeless people,
because the long cold nights do not forgive poverty,
and while I drag my heavy leaden legs
towards the altar of my shame,
I can hear an unusually lively young voice,
a straying child singing a lullaby to its teddy bear.
Oh, Lord, can poverty be so hungry
as to even take away dignity from such a young being?
I am looking into these big, bright turquoise eyes of a child,
so dignifiedly spreading hope around him.
Nothing about him or within him
reveals that he is a victim of recession,
that he has lost his father and mother early.
Even though a big pearly tear
slid into his empty plate, spreading the echo of endless pain,
he is still patiently waiting for his piece of bread
hard as flintstone.
I am hiding from his gaze,
fearing that my apathy and hopelessness might kill his hope.
You know, Lord, that I would give everything to help this dear little being, but how can a hopeless man help him?
If my help is the escape and the hiding of my own inability and hopelessness, I agree to remain hungry, because there is no desire left in me to fight dilemmas, because I have long since been without hope, and so it is time for me to return to my little home without light and hope, into my little cardboard home at the bottom of the old 134th street cemetery.

SILVER STAR
By, ©Walter William Safar

I have long since lost Hope, because my paths are so endlessly long and aimless, as if sculpted out of my restless spirit in the long nights of reverie. You know, Lord... I used to have my Hope. It was so nice to stand next to the Christmas tree with my mother, and look at its proud top, where our silver star shone, my favorite Hope. To me, a child who never decorated his own tree, it was the biggest Christmas tree in the world, and the brightest star beyond the heavenly dome. Each night before Christmas we would return to the same place with the same desire and faith, until our terrible companions, the long, cold nights have invoked death and stolen my mother. I am motionlessly standing and staring into this dark, cold night, like an avenger yearning for revenge, and a thin woman in rags is passing me by, whispering warm words into a child's frozen ear. The child is looking up with the same gaze like I did when my mother used to show me the silver star, whispering into my frozen ear that someday I shall touch that silver star too, silvering all the orphanages of this dark world. Her warm words are still crossing my mind: „Son, always stand on your toes and look up... and you shall touch your star!“
My eyes have long since stopped sparkling
and they don't look up.
They used to be the big, bright eyes of a child,
that shone in the dark,
like two young embers that were just set afire,
but now... oh, now my eyes are but burnt out embers
in the squeezing fist of the cold world.

You know, Lord, how much I wanted to stand on my toes
and look up,
but life always threw me back to my knees.
I admit that I haven't been standing on my toes for a long time,
but I am not kneeling, either,
I am only looking down
into the dark reflections of people's characters,
and my Hope is once again so far away,
as if it's afraid of my faithful squire,
which is standing at the bottom of the silky net,
not like a flym
but like a master of many a fly big and small,
because Death has that justified purpose
to come for its flies regardless of their size.
I am not looking at death like a fugitive,
but a penitent man,
who wants just another chance.
How strange it is, Lord,
that even a man abandoned by Hope wants his chance.
Yes, Lord, I admit
that I would like to stand on my toes once more,
below the biggest Christmas tree in the world,
and touch our silver star.

Cascade Of Faces
By, Alfred Corn
Hopkinton, RI

Five seconds of fame drag them down
the screen, ranks, names, faces, ages:
Staff Sergeant Hannah Nagel, 24.
Private Tom Abeel, 19.
Major Luís Moreno, 33.
Lance Corporal Rafiq Ibrahim, 20.
Captain Roger Kean, 31.
Candid American faces, unblinking,
unafraid, unvenal, snapped
a year, two years ago, not yet reviled
or revered, the newscast’s evening crop.
Images swallowed up, transfigured, 
launched into an unlived future.

*

On the Oval Office desk,  
dead center, one hot white spot  
lights the briefing’s final page.  
A chief executive is working late,  
behind him, tall windows onto  
a sky petroleum black,  
strewn with trembling sparks.

*

In another hemisphere noon towers over  
a desert city where his signature ignited  
hair, skin, and eyes of the unknown civilian.  
One by one, for how many terrorized  
hundred-thousands the precedent was set,  
roofs, walls, thundering down on their screams.

*

He reaches to snap out the lamp, ambles  
to a door that closes on his steps.  
Official darkness. Clockwise stellar bodies,  
in their long-term impartiality, continue  
rinsing the blackboard,  
rinsing the blackboard—  
which in a decade, or a century,  
will free itself from any obligation  
to save a chalked-up tally of the cost.

We stand  
By, Jacqueline Valencia  
Occupy Toronto  
November 2012

There was a time when all this was new  
fighting for something we believed in  
Since then  
it's been played over and over  
a million times over  
No one gets it  
when we scream  
No one gets it
when we say stop
and listen

We demand justice
we demand freedom
we demand to live
Basically all we want
is the freedom
to live

And all they do
is
walk away
shut their eyes
their ears
their thoughts
their worries
they shut it all up
as the screaming
gets older
and by it's age
it gets stronger

One day we'll be screaming
until they have no choice
but to listen
Our voices will ring true
Our voices will ring right
left and every which way
because instead screaming
we'll be singing the praises
of freedom
from the oppressor
for we will all be slave
to no one
no money
no greed
no war
just love.

MY PREOCCUPATION
By, Fred Mecklenburg

I am three years old
and reaching in new winter
pockets right hand somehow bloodied
draw it out in the pain I won't
understand the source of
it never comes again

but please forgive me
my preoccupation

fourteen years depressed
and suicidal walking through
a crumbling school between the
metal plates behind the doors
without the scarifying knife
that's crossed my belly
in the night

now just faded there

but please forgive me
my preoccupation

twenty-two and drunken
falling into mirrors laughing
at my badge and club my hair
cut mussing out and me can't find
the god damn clock to punch
five dollars fifty cents an
hour

wish I had a dollar now

but please forgive me
my preoccupation

as you watch your loved
ones dying in their comas in
the cheapest beds the state will
design awash in nightmares washed
up in a miserly time but refugees
but spaces of abandonment still hung
with flesh that's petrifying into
paperwork

tattoos

does these loves where dying memory
takes its stand

still burn in me
so please forgive me
my preoccupation

**We Are/Somos**
By Miguel Robles
English translation Pati Moran Montaño

**We Are**
If someone asks us who we are

We will tell them that we escaped from prison
that we jumped over cliffs
that we violated the boundaries of prejudice
that we shattered the mirrors of doubt

That we stole from multiple food banks
that we showed to be foolish the many blind, mute and senseless laws
that we did not go to school nor to the church nor to the doctor
that we attempted to learn under our own efforts
to count the little trees the stars the ants
to exorcise our own demons
to heal our own wounds

To awake on a bed of weeds at the edge of the path
we will tell them that every day we dress ourselves in our skins
that we sow poetry on the sidewalks of the empire

That we dream of waking without anxiety from work
with out fear of being consumed from having to please the salesman
free of the horror of silencing our very thoughts
that we occupy these streets that are ours streets

If someone asks us who we are

We will tell them
we do not know
we simply are
we are
we are

If someone asks you where you live

you will speak of the paths that you have walked
of the trees that you have climbed

of the sound of your hands on the drum skin
of your song of clear water meandering among the rocks
of the waves that crash against your feet
against your waist
against your breast
against your smile

You will be quite proud to say that your neighbors
are the birds
and the leaves of the oak tree
the red sequoia
a clan of clandestine pigs
and a lover who loves you with complete certainty

That your nest is a region which extends
from the forest
to the beach
which passes through deserts
and which is hung on the corners of the moon

If someone asks you where you live
you will tell them that you just live
simply live
simply live

If someone asks me where we are going
I will tell them that wherever our footprints are lacking
there we will go
in the palms of our hands we will read the moment of our departure
through the eyes of the owl
the whole night will fall upon us and upon waking our stomach will urge us to march
on our maps are the spots found on the fur of felines by sheer stroke of luck we will carry
on guided by impulse
engulfed in debates
in combats
in protests
during hunger strikes
continuing to share the experience of our living

If someone asks me where we are going
I will tell them that we are just going
going
going

Somos
Si alguien nos pregunta quienes somos
les diremos que escapamos de prisión
que saltamos precipicios
que violamos las fronteras del prejuicio
que rompimos los espejos de la duda
que robamos mas de un banco de comida
que burlamos muchas leyes ciegas mudas sin sentido
que no fuimos a la escuela ni a la iglesia ni al doctor
que quisimos aprender por cuenta propia
a contar los arbolitos las estrellas las hormigas
a exorcizar nuestros demonios
a curar nuestras heridas
a despertar sobre la hierba a una orilla del camino
les diremos que vestimos nuestras pieles cada día
que sembramos poesía por las aceras del imperio
que soñamos despertar sin ansiedad por el trabajo
sin el temor de consumirnos complaciendo al vendedor
sin el horror de callar lo que pensamos
Que ocupamos estas calles que son nuestras

si alguien nos pregunta quienes somos
les diremos
no sabemos
solo somos
somos

Si alguien te pregunta donde vives
has de hablar de los senderos que has andado
de los árboles que trepas
del sonido de tus manos en el cuero del tambor
de tu canto de agua clara serpenteando entre las rocas

De las olas que se quiebran en tus pies
en tu cintura
en tu pecho
en tu sonrisa

Estarás muy orgullosa de decir que tus vecinos
son los pájaros
las hojas de los robles
la sequoia
un clan de puercos clandestinos
y un amante que te ama a ciencia cierta

Que tu nido es un recinto que se extiende
desde el bosque
hasta la playa
que atraviesa los desiertos
que se cuelga de los cuernos de la luna

Si alguien te pregunta donde vives
le dirás que solo vives
  vives
  vives

Si alguien me pregunta a donde vamos
les diré que a donde falten nuestras huellas allí iremos
leeremos en la palma de las manos el momento de partir
de los ojos de los búhos nos caerá la noche entera
al despertar el estómago nos apremiara a marchar
nuestros mapas son las manchas de la piel de los felinos
a puro golpe de suerte seguiremos adelante
guiados por corazones
enfascados en debates
en combates
en protestas
huelgas de hambre
seguiremos compartiendo la experiencia de vivir

Si alguien me pregunta a donde vamos
les diré que solo vamos
  vamos
  vamos

I see no image, only letters
By, Cassidy Summers
Occupy Huntington Beach, CA

I see no image, only letters
Floating around like little feathers
Forming words, making stories
Seems so sad, oh poor me poor me.

Poor me poor me, more like more me,
Selfishness is a virtue
Not the kind, where your hurting others
Only the one, that makes you brothers.

Its getting darker, and so are words
Next thing you hear, tops what you heard
They steal and rape
You live off them

But might as well, take a slice of pie
Because I can gurantee
It won't be around when you die

I'm anti this, and anti that
The establishment, one big piece of crap
Almost as crap, as my little rap.
Now guess what folks, it's unconventional
But I'll end it at that.

the poet stays home on a Saturday night
By, Casey Degnan

and the night breaks open
with words like water
like love
carpet bombs and floods
the New York City streets
like sewer rats and alligators
the thought
of a brother
up in Brooklyn, sloped over
does the same
splinters the standard
status quo to smithereens
dresses it up in drag
and swing dances with he/she
down the financial district from Main and South St.
parades her up Broadway
his poem is a peony
protesting winter, nuclear
protesting the policeman's billy-club
his poem is a chrysanthemum
is 70-foot-tall abstract sculpture of bright-red beams
that grows from the concrete, that grows unsanitary
that bleeds Zucotti
a willow of words weaved like wool
octopus tentacles stretching from the granite sidewalk
reaching out like Lower Manhattan tree branches to sunbeams
his poem is an owl, is Oz, is an occupied park
is a lady on her way home from work on Wall St.
who changes her route, her mind
and right there handcuffed in the middle of chaos
blooms a bioluminescent bluebonnet
at the bottom of the ocean of promise
at the bottom of a pile of police leaves
there’s a treasure chest, an old lady breathing
pepper spray words like life, words like liberty, like pursuit
words like water
that breaks down barricades like levees
waves formed from need
igniting the seed like new year’s eve
fills the street, like sky lanterns to the sky
a lexis of language
a coined wish sacrifice
on the only star seen from the city
is the fountain streetlamp’s reflection
is the scapegoat’s slashed throat
is a grocery list of resolutions
burning brightly
a sparkler of hope, the American dream scene
through the smoke screen
a firework proclamation like a palm shell mine
a discourse out of disaster
love is a canister of gas
is an Oakland flash bomb
you throw back
is a book drive, a reading series, is the people’s library
their microphone and sleeping bags trashed
which sparks the gull and the steel
and the people
who fight like brothers do
over everything
and then imagine the moon that all men see equally
imagine all the people, no longer waning
imagine you and the rich man, you and the senator
you and the sea
the rising tide
like a revolution
imagine the might
that won’t recede.

I WANT YOU TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE
by Michael Devere

I want you to make a difference
Listen to the wind, it whispers before it roars
You are in the center of the eye of all that is
It is your thoughts that form the world around you
It is your dreams that condition the future.
You have the power to move that energy in either direction
Play with it
Play with it in your body and play with it in the world
Something significant is happening
Listen to the wind
Begin to make a difference

WHO KNEW
by Kathy Goss

Who knew?
I voted for Nader
Who knew
they’d disenfranchise the felons
or men with their names
or men of their race
Who knew
the chads would be hanging
the crowd would stop the recount
the court would decide
the loser would win
Whoops  Too bad  Who knew
Who knew
Who would have guessed
the planes wouldn't scramble
while he read with the children
in a classroom in Florida
Who knew
the towers would fall
the wing in the Pentagon
would be under construction
Whoops  Too bad
Who knew
Who could have predicted
Osama would bug out over the border
The bombs would kill the civilians
The mob would loot the museums
The resistance would blow up the pipelines
and slaughter our soldiers
Whoops
Stuff happens
Not as bad as any inner city in America
Uh oh
Just a slight miscalculation
Collateral damage
Friendly fire
Exploding Humvees
Flag draped coffins
Who knew
There’d be
No scary weapons
No African yellowcake
No mobile labs
Whoops
Who could have known
Who cooked the intelligence
Who leaked to the press
Who monitored the chatter
Who bugged their cell phones
Who raised the alerts
Who knew
the storm would make landfall
the levees would break
the city would drown
the people would be treated like criminals
Whoops  heckuva job Brownie
No way of planning  Who knew
Who knew
Who would have guessed
that the market would crash
the factories would close
the treasury would hold up the citizens
the bankers would make out like bandits
and foreclose on the mortgages
Who knew
Who could have predicted
there’d be a black man in the White House
the war would expand
the corporations would win
We wouldn’t end up with the oil
the snooping would spread
Fighting terror  Hope and change
making jobs  shovel ready
Uh oh  too bad  who knew
It’s all looking up
there’s plenty of food stamps
enjoy your time off
Whoops
Who would have guessed
It’s hard to tell
the brake from the gas pedal
the wedding party
from the nest of jihadists
It’s all going great
There’s lots of jobs in the army
We can’t cut and run
We must stay the course
Support our troops
Spreading freedom
Democracy on the march
God bless America
Fight them overseas
So we don’t have to fight them here
Fight who?
Who knew?
YOU PROMISED (MARCHING SONG)
by Kathy Goss

You promised you'd bring peace
We walked the hungry streets
Collecting money from the poor
to put an end to war
That's what we voted for

But the bankers took the pot
While the schools and factories rot
and the people hope forgot
are no better off than before
and you're still making war

People on your feet
Get out in the streets
We can't put up with this anymore

You're spending all our wealth
on bombs instead of health
and the fat cats help themselves
to the spoils of war
Is that what we're fighting for

We can't go out on strike
Cause our jobs all took a hike
across the troubled seas
to your friends' new factories
where they do as they please

People on your feet
Get out in the streets
We can't put up with this anymore

You promised you'd bring change
so it seems a little strange
that the crooks are running free
and they rub their hands with glee
‘cause your party can't agree

If you won't do what we say
We'll send you on your way
and find another gal or guy
who the corporate thugs can't buy
for that house you occupy

People on your feet
Get out in the streets  
We can't put up with this anymore  
They fooled us at the polls  
It's time for heads to roll  
We will raise our voices in a mighty roar

NEW WORLD WEATHER
by Kathy Goss

More bad weather ahead  
Moderate tornado activity  
in New England today  
Schools will remain closed  
until the all clear  
Flood waters continue to rise  
in Salt Lake City  
where survivors on the roofs  
of high-rise buildings  
beg TV helicopter crews for food  
Film at eleven  
Earthquake activity  
is expected to subside tomorrow afternoon  
If you've been putting off that brain surgery  
this will be your window of opportunity  
Meanwhile a tsunami watch is in effect  
extending from the coast of Wyoming  
to the Gulf of New Mexico  
Today's high  
Missoula Montana one hundred forty-three degrees  
The low  
Tallahassee Florida at minus nine  
Hang on  
We're having a . . . a pole shift  
. . . (Whew) Well that was just a mild one  
According to our instant recalculation  
the sun will rise today at four eighteen p.m.  
and will set at nine twenty-three  
As always  
remain indoors during daylight hours  
New World Weather  
is brought to you  
by Exxon Chevron  
the World Bank  
Monsanto  
Goldman Sachs  
Halliburton and the Sierra Club  
Taking charge of what's left
Panegyrize
By, Jamie Felton
Occupy Seattle

To be silent
is not quiet
it is words without
reception or
nests lacking
eggs, the birds
scavenging with beaks
spearing detritus
sheltering air

It is words without
comprehension or
languages mixed
thickly in tongues
each thought
a sense overloaded
muddied by the onslaught
your mind a wall
words filtering through
the crenelations

It is words smothered
by words
shots fired and
birds scatter
wings stutter black
on blue in flight
and do not
return

To be quiet
is defeat
and silence is my fist
opening, my palm bare
my mouth mourning
this feathered beast
spread wide and limp
in the grass.

THE GOOD KING
by, Joseph Annino
The Good King is loved by the people
The Good King loves his people
The Good King gives us his blessings
The Good King shows us marvels and makes magic real
The Good King builds castles that touch the sky and remind us of his glory
The Good King gives us order and safety
The Good King gives us work and the means to survive
The Good King gives us knowledge and the means to achieve
The Good King promises us a brilliant future
The Good King says work hard enough and you may one day be king
The Good King keeps his people amused
The Good King asks for our faith in him
The Good King asks for our tribute to him
The Good King will not be questioned
The Good King makes the rules for our benefit
The Good King has armies and police for our protection
The Good King will use them so that we know he is good
The Good King is afraid
The People will learn, all kings are tyrants

Bible Study

By Riché Richardson

November 29, 2011

Even if the Bible says the poor will always be with us, there was the beauty and dignity of the widow’s mite and of giving everything in spite of having so little.

And there are also numerous passages about how wealth can obstruct the path to heaven and redemption, making it as impossible to enter as a camel getting through the eye of a needle.

And there is the young man who desired to become a disciple but then outright refused to give up his worldly wealth, and in the process, lost his eternal soul to hold on to material possessions that signified wealth during his time over 2000 years ago, but that are as meaningless and outdated and outmoded now as the mega mansions, private planes, limousines, sports cars and other prizes of contemporary corporate greed are doomed to be as time moves on.

This young man’s sad story reminds us, especially those of us who believe, that the luxuries of this millennial age will evaporate and lose all meaning and worth as time passes on.

And that people should never stake so much on worldly possessions.
And that the cost of being a gatekeeper for the 1%—and for such a brief moment in time could in the end mean the loss of 100% for all time.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

It is better to value the things that money can’t buy.

“I got shoes, you got shoes, all of God’s children got shoes, and when I get to heaven gonna put on my shoes and gonna walk all over God’s heaven. Heaven . . .”

Untitled
By, marina mati

this morning even the frickin' coffee maker moans in ecstasy
my two cats are hungry were they like me they'd hunt the indescribable
leave entrails of truth on the doorstep

not quite 3rd generation American Ellis Island sand in my stomach
i occasionally dangle by a thread off Statue of Liberty's torch
swinging with every gust of fear minted on Wall Street
i'm an exile in NYC not a tourist
looking over my shoulder for that FBI man
files of Dad in his briefcase

money escapes me like a refugee, with a hell of lot
more freedom in the hands of corporate lawyers
library's still free but the postal worker eyed me suspiciously
applying was it? for a po box with no lease or mortgage in my name
she was performing her duty to fear. the supervisor was called and said ok

tropical storm predicted for northeast latitudes

“The bone’s prayer to Death his God”*
by Gregory Luce
originally appeared on the Poets Against War Website in response to the Iraq War

Lord of Whiteness raise your sun
to bake and bleach me here
to melt away the last threads of flesh and sinew
that bind me to the body.

Direct O Lord its pure white light
to polish me to pure whiteness
to dessicate me to perfect brittleness
so that I may finally disintegrate into fine powder
so that your desert wind may mingle me with the dust
and scatter me across the lands and the waters.

*T.S. Eliot

Red
by T. P White

When I went through all the WC/toilets
At 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.
I found they were 100% occupied,
All the notches were on red. WOW,
I thought. Red sent my spirits soaring
the color of communism, of healthy
cheeks, heart and blood, color of
all things good & giving, jam on white
bread, jelly, steaks medium rare, war
fought in lost causes, death of youth,
amputated limbs, pigs blood on grass.
O God, red was getting worse, pepper
spray, white eyes, tears shed for naught.
And when the people inside came out
none of them had flushed their bowl.
Since that day, and forever more, I pre-
occupy myself during dark times
with the only thing I can do to lift
the flagging spirits of my own heart
calling that building The Shite House.

THE LAST TENT TO GO
By, Ray Zdonek
rayzdonek@juno.com
Bloomington, IN (home of Occupy Bloomington/People's Park)

even as the winter came
so to the wall of black-clad bodies
like a phalanx of zombies on parade
following solemn orders from the top
with helmets and visors
the body armor and sophisticated
communications--they are watching us
by satellite and with cameras perched
at intersections near the banks
their eyes in the sky never blink

but the small collection of the disenfranchised
sit cross-legged with arms linked facing outward
forming a circle like the sun or moon
they are the last tent to be dumpstered
their courage is the fruit of Debs and Gandhi
their patience will be the cradle of justice
and their love of peace the crown of creation
It’s Been A Nightmare of Police Brutality
By, Stephen Boyer
For Filip Marinovich

Please stop! Stop! Don’t hurt me! Let go of me!
I’ll smear shit and swing by lamplight
Strip myself// free to rave
The government is onto me
The sonar picked up my vibrations
Illuminating lavender blinding force of yes!
Forces up!
The siege of spirit will be brought down
My aura billows ever outward ever further beyond any jail cell
This wildness will not stop
Clench fists, point middle fingers, cast spells, redirect this angry hatred back upon the state!
Smash the crystal!
We will be beautiful!
Forces up!

I’m glowing lavender and the pentagon only knows one word: TERRORIST

CAPITALISM POEM #1
by, Joshua Zelesnick
Pittsburgh, PA

Once upon a capitalism…
Since the capitalism of all time…
Don’t cry over spilt capitalism
I really capitalism you—a lot
Ask not what capitalism can do for you, but what BP can do for capitalism.
The only thing to capitalism is capitalism itself
Back that capitalism up
Capitalism of my eye-sore
Always look on the capitalism side (door exit)
All’s capitalism that ends capitalism

To capitalism or not to capitalism that is the profit

All capitalism and no work makes jack dull

Capitalism for one and poverty for all

Absolute capitalism corrupts abs---sentee ballots

A capitalism by any other name would smell as vile

I pledge non allegiance to the flag of the unUnited States of capitalism, and to the capitalism for which it stands, one nation under capitalism, divisible, with capitalism, and injustice for all.

The capitalism doesn’t fall far from the war

Energy = Mass x the speed of capitalism²

The American
By, Steven Frank
Harlem, NYC

I am American,
The voice of the people-
The voice that will lead you-
From the past & the present-
The protestors of the peasants-
Left in - Weapons-
Of "Mass Corruption",
And its blurred my sight,
But I am not blind!
I've noticed the lies,
Swallowed my pride,
And now it's growing inside-
Of me-
Like a baby!
And maybe-
Everything will work out-
If we work out-
A way to give work out,
Please, suspend the doubt,
And hear what we are about.
We are Raw.
We are RAW!
Raw!
RAW!
Like a lion and I am the truth.
You can handcuff my hands,
But my fist will raise.
My fist will raise!
Physical pain,
Emotional strain-
Can't stop me-
And probably!
It's because -
I -
Am -
American!

America's Story Not Told on Fox News
By Eliot Glassheim

The following poems are 11 sections selected from the 90 which make up a long epic America's history, which I'm tentatively calling The Greater Jihad: The Struggle to Perfect America. It tries to tell the story of America's past which enables us to see what's happening to us in the present.

If you'd like to read the whole 175 pages, email me at eglass@infionline.net and I'll send it out.

I Love To Tell the Story

They say we are a nation like none other.
They say God blessed the founding of America.
They say we are a model and inspiration to the world.
They say our roots are in England, in the liberties won
By the Magna Carta, the Protestant Reformation
And the rugged individualism of the wild frontier.
It is a lovely story. And it is partly true.
But it is a gated story. “The people without history”
Cannot get in. Until we let them in
Our story will remain half done,
No matter how manicured the lawn.
Like Lincoln’s face, the imperfections overcome
Are a sign of character.
I love to tell the story
Of the struggle to be whole.

Boston Commons (1634)

In 1634, the inhabitants of the town of Boston
Purchased land from the estate of William Blackstone
And made it available to all the townspeople, many
Of whom owned a cow to provide milk and butter
For their families. Each would take their cow to graze
All day, under the supervision of a cowherd paid
By the town. As families became more affluent,
They would buy a second or third cow to sell
The surplus to cowless sailors and merchants. After
A few years, the common pasture was hopelessly
Overgrazed. Boston Commons is an icon
Of the struggle between individual betterment
And the good of all.

**Government Mandates in the Colonies (1640-1685)**

Concerned about the fluctuating value of money,
Willem Kiefft, deputy-general of New Amsterdam,
Issued an order in the 1640s that wampum be strung
Tightly together. This early intervention of government
In currency valuation came about because loose wampum
Had created problems of exchange and led to bartering.

In New Amsterdam in the 1650s, serious inflation threatened
The economy. Peter Stuyvesant, head of the colony,
Imposed price controls—at first on bread, brandy and wine,
Later on shoes, stockings, soap, salad oil, candles and nails.

The early New England Puritans mandated that all
Marriage ceremonies be conducted by a civil magistrate.
The Puritans believed that marriage was essentially
A secular institution, of no direct concern to the church.
It was, as Martin Luther wrote, not a sacrament,
But “a secular and outward thing, having to do with wife
And children, house and home, and with other matters
That belong to the realm of government.”

In colonial Massachusetts it was illegal to observe
Christmas. By a law passed in 1659, anybody “found
Observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or
Any other way, any such days as Christmas day”
Was fined five shillings for each offense. In 1685
Judge Samuel Sewall noted in his diary that everyone
Went to work as usual on Christmas Day. Not until
The middle of the nineteenth century did Christmas
Become a major holiday.

**Ben Franklin (1706-1790)**

His dad made candles and soap and had fifteen children.
His mom, born Abiah Folger, had a descendant
Who made coffee. He seemed to be an ordinary man
Who led an extraordinary life. He ran away from home—
Then a criminal act—then quit his brother’s print shop;
Had a bastard child, whom he raised with his common-law
Wife (not the mother) who he later married and lived with
For thirty-four years until she died of a stroke; then cavorted
With both high and low society in Paris after her death;
And disowned his natural son for choosing the wrong
Side in the Revolution.

By 1776, Benjamin Franklin
Was the foremost citizen of Philadelphia. His social
Inventions included a lending library, paving and lighting
The streets, a police force and fire department, fire insurance
To prevent financial disaster, a city hospital and an academy
(Which later became the University of Pennsylvania).
Franklin’s life, which spanned the eighteenth century,
Mirrored society’s changing attitudes. In his youth,
Franklin regularly ran advertisements in the Gazette
For slaves he was selling. (He owned two, George
And King, who worked in his household.) By mid-century,
His thinking was that slavery was harmful to a nation
Because it bred contempt for labor and it was economically
Inefficient. By 1787, Franklin accepted the presidency
Of the first abolitionist society founded in the United States
In Philadelphia a year before the Declaration of Independence.

Franklin observed the world and sought explanations
For everything he observed. He speculated that colds
Were caused by contagion rather than by cold air
(An early germ theory before germs were described.)
He prescribed exercise to raise the body’s temperature
(An early linkage of activity and calories.) He identified
Lead poisoning in certain trades as leading to paralysis.
He built an experimental apparatus to demonstrate
That boats move slower in a shallow than a deep canal.

Like Jefferson, who invented vanishing beds, an odometer,
A dumbwaiter, air conditioner, and a machine for writing
In duplicate, Franklin brought to life new devices
To expand human capacity or comfort. His practical
Inventions included the Franklin stove, the lightening rod,
Bifocal glasses, a glass harmonica, and the first flexible
Urinary catheter. He flew his kite with a key in a thunderstorm
To show that lightning and electricity were the same thing.
In his invention of the lightening rod, Franklin did not tame
Lightning in Promethean fashion, all alone, by directing
His solitary genius at the heavens. He actually
Collaborated with three other experimenters
In a common laboratory set up in the Pennsylvania
State House. And he never sought a patent for it
Because he was committed to “produce something
For the common benefit” since “we enjoy great advantages
From the inventions of others, and so we should be glad
Of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours.
And this we should do freely and generously.” He shared
The belief that knowledge was “common property”
With Jefferson, who noted a peculiarity of print
Communication: “He who receives an idea from me
Receives instruction himself without lessening mine;
As he who lights his taper at mine receives light
Without darkening me.” The founders did not seek
To profit from government-protected monopolies
Like patenting of DNA segments of the human genome.

Franklin was a justice of the peace, US postmaster,
Alderman, burgess, Governor of Pennsylvania,
Commissioner to Congress, colonial agent to England, envoy
To France, Sweden and Prussia. He was the first American
To be a citizen of the world. He persuaded the British to revoke
The Stamp Act; he was one of five who drafted
The Declaration of Independence; he negotiated crucial
Loans from France to support the Revolutionary War;
He signed the Treaty of Paris recognizing that the colonies
Had won the Revolutionary War.

At age twenty-two, Franklin acknowledged William
Franklin as his illegitimate son, married his true love
Soon after, and they raised William in their household.
Franklin pulled strings in London to get the crown
To appoint William Colonial Governor of New Jersey.
Though Franklin’s attitude towards the British evolved,
William’s remained fixed. He served the British king
Who appointed him, never wavering when the war
For independence broke out, remaining loyal to the crown.
William led The Board of Associated Loyalists in British
Occupied New York; the group was active in guerrilla raids
Against the colonists. Tolerant Ben never forgave him.
After the war, as Ben negotiated a general pardon for British
Loyalists, he omitted those who had taken up arms
Against the colonies. William moved to England and lived out
His life there. The two met briefly when Ben was again
Negotiating a treaty with the British. There was no
Reconciliation. Franklin loved his country more than his son.

The Boston Tea Party (1773)

History is more than an ornamental garden, laid out
With hindsight by historians and teachers; it is,
Rather, a jungle where beetles were once at work.

In sixteenth century England, tea became a fashionable Tropical luxury drink among the upper classes. Two Hundred years later, the crown used the British love Affair with tea to raise revenue to support expansion Of its Empire throughout the world. Import duties Were a well accepted form of taxation, and British Importers paid duties which bounced between forty And one hundred twenty percent of the pre-tax price. The higher the tax, the greater the smuggling. The greater the smuggling, the lower the tax collections.

As with most wars, those who win also lose. The debt England piled up in fighting the French and the Indians On the western frontier was a heavy burden to drag Around. The colonists wanted British forts and British Soldiers to clear a path for land and commerce Through Indian territory. But the colonists, then as now, Were reluctant to be taxed for their own defense. England Sought to fund its military expenses in North America With a stamp tax—an established practice throughout Europe and used by colonial governments—on legal Documents, newspapers, business licenses, cards, dice And diplomas. The funds from these taxes were to be used Exclusively to pay for British troops stationed in North America. To accommodate the colonists, local citizens were granted The exclusive right to sell or issue the stamps. Even Ben Franklin applied for the job of stamp salesman. When the colonists protested against a tax which was Unacceptable because it was not an external duty On commerce, but was an internal tax, the British Backed down within a year and repealed the Stamp Tax. A year later, still looking for revenue to repay past war Debts and plan for future wars, Parliament passed The Townshend Duties on paper, dyes, glass, lead And tea imported from Britain. Throughout the colonies, Merchants organized a boycott to avoid paying the tax By refusing to import taxed British items.

Wealthy merchants had long opposed any restriction On their right to buy and sell anything they could Without being taxed (although British merchants Had long paid duties amounting to 100% of cargo Value). Many colonial shipping fortunes were made By Rowe, Molineaux, Payne, Davis, Bourn and Cooper From smuggling. John Hancock, whose name was writ Large on the Declaration of Independence, smuggled Glass, lead, paper and French molasses. His specialty,
However, was smuggling Dutch Tea. It could sell for less
in the colonies than British East India Company tea,
which was shipped first to London, taxed as an import,
then trans-shipped to the colonies. To save the company
from looming bankruptcy, Parliament allowed direct
shipment to the colonies and lowered the former duty
on tea. Before the Tea Act of 1773, legally imported
Bohea tea sold for 3 shillings per pound. After the Act,
tea could retail for 2 shillings a pound, cheaper
than even smuggled tea with no taxation which sold
for 2 shillings and 1 penny. Smugglers would be put
out of business.

The Boston Tea Party was held between seven and ten pm
on December sixteen, 1773. One hundred sixteen people
disguised as Mohawk Indians boarded the ships in Boston
Harbor. They smashed open three hundred forty-two chests
and dumped forty-five tons of tea worth almost a million
and a half dollars today. The tea that choked Boston Harbor
would have made twenty-four million cups of tea.

The Boston Tea Party was the first tax-cut protest
in history.

The Invasion of Mexico (1845-1847)

In order to justify conquest, they saw Mexicans as dirty,
ignorant, poor and degraded, although that did not prevent
them from having sex with Mexican women. Conquest
confirmed the soldiers’ sense of moral superiority,
rooted in education, industry, technology, religion
and free government.

Lieutenant Ulysses Simpson (Sam) Grant, a recent West
Point graduate, was with the Army of Occupation sent
by President Polk to fortify positions along the Rio Grande,
a hundred miles south of the Nueces River, long considered
the border by Mexico. When the Mexican cavalry
responded to this provocation by crossing the river
and firing on an American patrol, killing eleven
and wounding six, the president, like other presidents
after him, disavowed responsibility for the conflict
(Despite massing an army a hundred miles inside Mexico),
and, after only a few hours of debate, rushed a declaration
of war through Congress. He proclaimed that Mexico
“Has invaded our territory and shed American blood
upon American soil.” The war divided the country along
party and regional lines. Democrats wanted more land,
Whigs wanted industrial expansion within existing territory. Both the North and South saw it for what it was, an attempt by southern slave owners to expand slavery and thus keep up with the faster growing north.

Joshua Giddings, for twenty years a congressman from Ohio’s Western Reserve, active in the Underground Railway, first a Whig, then a Free-soiler, Then Opposition Party and finally one of the founders Of the Republican Party, condemned the annexation of Texas And the invasion of Mexico. “In the murder of Mexicans On their own soil, or in robbing them of their country, I can take no part. The guilt of these crimes must rest On others.” Abraham Lincoln, elected to Congress months after the declaration of war, charged the president “With usurping the war-making power, with seizing A country which had been for centuries in the possession Of the Mexicans. Let us put a check upon this lust Of dominion. We have territory enough, Heaven knows.” Two months into the war, Massachusetts representative George Ashmun rebuked President Polk for starting the war: “It is no longer pretended that our purpose Is to repel invasion. The mask is off, the veil is lifted. And we see invasion, conquest and colonization Emblazoned upon our banners.” The veil he spoke of Was American exceptionalism and innocence. In response to the invasion of Mexico, Henry David Thoreau was jailed for refusing to pay taxes to support the war, and wrote the American classic, *Civil Disobedience.*

After two years of lopsided defeats, Mexico signed The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. America got Texas, Pushed the border south to the Rio Grande, and took present-day California, Nevada, Utah, and parts Of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming. In exchange for one million two hundred thousand square miles (two-thirds of its territory), Mexico was paid twenty-one million dollars (five hundred forty million today). The human price: two thousand American dead from battle, ten thousand from yellow fever, thirteen thousand wounded, uncounted Mexicans slaughtered and maimed. Forty years after the war, U. S. Grant—who served in it with Stonewall Jackson, George Meade, George McClellan, Robert E. Lee, Zachary Taylor and future Confederate president Jefferson Davis—wrote that he had been bitterly opposed to annexation “And to the war which resulted as one of the most unjust Ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation. It was an instance of a republic following the bad example Of European monarchies in not considering justice.
In their desire to acquire additional territory.” Reflecting That immoral choices have practical consequences, Grant concluded that “the Southern rebellion was largely The outgrowth of the Mexican war. Nations, like Individuals, are punished for their transgressions. We got Our punishment in the most sanguinary and expensive war Of modern times.”

Robber Baron Sketches: Andrew Carnegie (1892)

A complex man, Andrew Carnegie rode the tide Of his times to wealth and power, and then used His money to dam and direct the flow towards Universal education and international peace. The narrative arc of his life was rags to riches. The son of a handloom weaver who emigrated From starving Scotland to Pennsylvania, Carnegie was a bobbin boy in a cotton factory Earning twenty cents a day; then a telegraph Messenger boy, then telegraph operator For the Pennsylvania Railroad. Wherever He landed, he worked hard and learned fast. He helped the north win the Civil War And the war helped him on his way to his fortune In steel, iron for gunboats, cannon and shells, Railroads, bridges and oil. He had a deft Midas touch. By conscious plan, Carnegie spent the first third Of his life amassing education, the second third Amassing wealth, and the final third giving it all away. His libraries enrich millions still; he opposed Annexation of the Philippines, offering Filipino Rebels twenty million to buy their freedom From American imperialism; he helped found The Anti-Imperialist League, and spent large sums To promote peace in international relations, laying The groundwork for the League of Nations. He gave away Over four billion dollars (in current value) before he died. He is buried at the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery In Tarrytown, New York.

But many good deeds
Could not cleanse the stain left by what he did At his steel plant in Homestead, Pennsylvania In 1892. It was a year when workers and owners Were locked in struggle over division of the fruits Of their mutual labors. That year, coal miners struck In Tennessee, railroad switchmen in Buffalo, copper Miners in Idaho. Faced with declining steel prices, Carnegie slashed wages and when the Amalgamated
Association of Iron and Steelworkers union would not settle, locked the workers out, erected twelve miles of high fencing topped with barbed wire, and decorated it with peepholes for rifles. He brought a private army of three hundred from the Pinkerton Detective Agency on barges up the Monongahela River. They were met by thousands of workers and many sympathizers from the town of Homestead who fought a pitched battle from three am to three pm before the Pinkertons surrendered. The state militia, with Gatling guns, was called in to shepherd strikebreakers in locked trains into the plant. The strike was broken, but so was the conscience of the man who once had defied his class by favoring the right of workers to unionize and even proposed that the union workers share the fortunes of the plant, with wages rising when times were good and falling when the plant lost money. Reflecting on the struggle at Homestead, Carnegie told a friend it was “the trial of my life. It was such a foolish step, contrary to my ideals, repugnant to every feeling of my nature. Our firm offered generous terms. We went as far as we could, but the false step was in trying to run the Homestead Works with new men. It was a test to which working men should not have been subjected. It is expecting too much of poor men to stand by and see their work taken by others. The pain I suffer increases daily. The Works are not worth one drop of human blood. I wish they had sunk.”

The Triangle Shirtwaist Fire (1911)

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the garment industry was the largest employer in New York City. The shirtwaist, a high-necked blouse made of crisp, light, translucent cotton featured by illustrator Charles Dana Gibson in drawings of the chic “Gibson Girl,” was one of the most popular products of the ready-to-wear industry. Max Blanck and Isaac Harris, Russian-born Jewish immigrants who settled in New York City in the late nineteenth century, became the leading shirtwaist makers in the nation, with over 500 employees and profits over one million dollars by 1908. Their Triangle Shirtwaist Company, on the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of the fashionable neo-Renaissance Style building, richly decorated with terra-cotta ornament, was known as the worst employer in the industry. The partners were heedless of numerous fire and safety hazards at their factory. They routinely ignored labor laws aimed at protecting women and children. Employees were expected to work until nine at night during the busy
Season, without overtime pay or supper break, and they were locked
in to ensure they would not steal scraps or leave the building early.

In September, 1909, one hundred women workers from the Triangle
Factory held a meeting to discuss working conditions with Local 25
Officials of the International Ladies’ Garment Workers’ Union
(The ILGWU). Blanck and Harris got word of the meeting
And immediately laid off 150 workers who either attended
The meeting or were suspected of union sympathies. The union
Called a general strike in protest, 25,000 shirtwaist workers
(Eighty percent of them women) went on strike in New York City
And garment workers in Philadelphia and Baltimore walked out
In support. During the Women’s Factory Strike of 1909, many
Once-timid women braved the derision of men in their own union,
Harsh treatment from male judges, beatings by police and thugs
Hired by management to teach them a lesson, desperation
From scabs crossing their picket lines and hunger from months
Of being out of work. The strike lasted thirteen weeks.
When it ended, almost three hundred smaller manufacturers
Employing fifteen thousand workers signed a contract with Local 25,
Agreeing to raise salaries, establish a 52-hour work week,
Limit required overtime and recognize the union. A number
Of larger firms, including Triangle, matched the pay scale
Agreed to by union shops, but refused to recognize the union
Or discuss complaints about locked doors or requests for safer
Fire escapes.

On Saturday afternoon, March 25, 1911, ten minutes
Before closing time, a fire erupted in one of the huge piles of scraps
Stored beneath the cutting tables on the eighth floor. Because
The building was only 135 feet tall, it was allowed to have wood
Floors, wood window frames and trim, instead of the metal trim,
Metal frames and concrete floors that would have been required
In a 150 feet tall building. Sprinklers were not required, but
There was to be a fire alarm system as well as a standpipe
With hoses on all the floors connecting to a water tank on the roof.
When the fire started, a manager ran to the stairwell for a fire hose,
Only to discover that, with no inspection since it was installed,
The hose had rotted and the water valve was rusted shut. Though
The room was soon engulfed with flame and smoke, most
Of the workers on the eighth floor escaped via the elevators
Or down the crowded fire stairs. Before she escaped, the bookkeeper
Telephoned the executive offices on the tenth floor to alert them
to the fire. They were able to get to the roof; law school students
In an adjacent New York University building rescued them
By lowering ladders which allowed them to climb onto taller
Neighboring buildings.

The sewing machine operators on the ninth
Floor had no warning. Flames came in through the window
And smoke blinded them as they tried to escape. One staircase was blocked by the explosion of a barrel of machine oil, the doors to the other were locked. An alternate exterior fire escape was rickety and the drop ladder that might have allowed them to climb down to the courtyard had never been installed. The fire department arrived soon after the blaze began, but their ladders and hoses reached only to the sixth floor. The elevator operators, who had made repeated trips to evacuate workers from the eighth floor, had to give up when the elevator rails buckled under the heat. What appeared to be bolts of cloth flying out the windows and hitting the ground were observed by bystanders, one of whom muttered that Harris was trying to save his best material. Soon it became clear that these were bodies of women trying to escape from the flames. One woman, screaming, with clothing and hair ablaze, plunged like a living torch to the street. Police and firemen tried to get safety nets underneath those who jumped, but the impact of falling bodies tore them apart. The fire was under control within a half hour, but not before 146 workers were burnt to ashes or smashed on the pavement.

The vision of burning bodies floating to the ground horrified the general public and crystallized the demand for change. Regardless of the cost to businesses, thirty-six new laws were passed by the New York legislature, including stringent requirements for fire escapes, exits, and fire-proof partitions, fire alarms and fire drills in factory buildings; required codes for proper ventilation, lighting, elevator operation and sanitation in the workplace; and mandated safeguards to protect workers from industrial accidents. To ensure compliance, the New York State Department of Labor was reorganized and the number of inspectors was doubled. For the first time in the United States, limits were set on occupancy of buildings based on the means of emergency egress. The Building Department’s powers were enlarged, giving it the right to inspect premises, to order repairs, and to impose fines. New York’s response to the fire became a model for other cities and states and, two decades later, was the impetus for much labor legislation passed by the New Deal. Frances Perkins, who witnessed the Triangle fire and then staffed the Factory Investigating Committee, was appointed Secretary of Labor by Franklin Roosevelt. She summed up the meaning of the fire: “The stirring up of the public conscience and the act of the people in penitence for the Triangle fire brought about not only those laws which make New York State the best state in relation to factory laws; it was also that stirring of conscience which brought about in 1932 the introduction of a new element into the life of the whole United States. The New Deal began on March 25, 1911, the day the Triangle Factory burned.”
As Horace observed
Two millennia before us:
“Your own safety is at stake
When your neighbor’s wall
Is ablaze.” And so we learn
From hard experience
What restrictions government
Must put upon us all to protect the lives
And liberties of all our people.

**Why Vote? (1917)**

In 1920, the 19th Amendment was ratified, granting women
The right to vote. Three years before that, 33 women were arrested
And jailed for picketing the White House, carrying signs asking
For that right. By the end of the night, they were barely alive.
Forty prison guards wielding clubs and their warden's blessing
Went on a rampage against the 33 women convicted of "obstructing
Sidewalk traffic." Dorothy Day was slammed down over the back
Of an iron bench. They beat Lucy Burns, chained her hands
To the cell bars above her head and left her hanging for the night,
Bleeding and gasping for air. They hurled Dora Lewis into a dark cell,
Smashed her head against an iron bed and knocked her out cold.
Her cellmate, Alice Cosu, thought Lewis was dead and suffered
A heart attack. Additional affidavits describe the guards grabbing,
Dragging, beating, choking, slamming, pinching, twisting and kicking
The women. Thus unfolded the “Night of Terror” on Nov. 15, 1917,
When the warden at the Occoquan Workhouse in Virginia ordered
His guards to teach a lesson to the suffragists imprisoned there
Because they dared to picket Woodrow Wilson's White House
For the right to vote. For weeks, the women's only water came from
An open pail. Their food—all of it colorless slop—was infested with worms.
When one of the leaders, Alice Paul, embarked on a hunger strike,
They tied her to a chair, forced a tube down her throat and poured liquid
Into her until she vomited. She was tortured like this for weeks
Until word was smuggled out to the press.

A recently released HBO movie shows Woodrow Wilson
And his cronies trying to persuade a psychiatrist to declare Alice Paul
Insane so that she could be permanently institutionalized. The doctor
Refused. “Alice Paul is strong, and brave. But she's not crazy,”
He said. “Courage in women is often mistaken for insanity.”

Ninety years later, a thoughtful feminist, watching the movie,
Reflected on her friends: “So, refresh my memory. Some women
Won't vote this year because . . . We have carpool duties?
We have to get to work? Our vote doesn't matter? It's raining?”
This public letter from Susan Marvin, president of Marvin Windows and Doors, was published in the *Fargo Forum*: Last year, I stood before a thousand workers at our company’s flagship factory and told them we were reducing their hours from forty to thirty-two. They cheered.

Why? Because they were keeping their jobs. With the housing industry in the worst downturn of our lifetime, our workers feared for their future. They’d seen others in our business cut jobs and close plants. When they learned we wouldn’t be following suit, it was an emotional moment.

As third-generation leaders of a family business, my three brothers and I believe we’d do more long-term damage to our company by cutting jobs than by toughing out a lean year or two. There will be times in the life of any business when drastic measures are required to ensure a healthy future. But I’m not sure that’s the reason for the millions of layoffs we’ve seen across our nation in the past few years. Is the viability of these companies really threatened? Or is it a case of leadership and/or public shareholders putting short-term profits ahead of the true long-term interests of companies and communities?

My late father, Bill Marvin, embraced the notion of stakeholders. He believed the success of a company was inseparable from the success of the stakeholders who were crucial to the company’s viability: employees, customers and communities. Our business relies on skilled workers to craft quality products. If we cut workers now, what effect would it have on quality and innovation in our business?

Our workers aren’t taking this lightly. They have less money in their pockets and they’ve had to make some tough decisions about their own family budgets. But they’ve also got hope for the future—hope that would be shattered if we put them on the street in the worst economy since the Great Depression. In letters, emails and in person, they’ve told my family that they appreciate the path we’ve chosen as a company. They know we’re in this together. And when we come
Out of it, they’ll know that our company—our family—
Honored their value by sticking with them.

We realize that as leaders of a family-owned
And -operated company, we’re insulated from some
Of the demands faced by our counterparts
At publicly traded firms. But we’re not insulated
From the realities of making a payroll, satisfying
Our customers and ensuring our company’s future.

We believe the way to do that is by looking out
For the interests of all the stakeholders
Who helped build our company.

**Coda**

A young country yet, we’ve been hung
In a smokehouse long enough to cure
Some imperfections. Yet our past has enough
Of the dark side in it to burn out smug
Self-satisfaction. No nation was formed
Without murder, no religion without reason
For guilt. No ethnic group has clean hands,
No government works without duplicity.

But, oh, my America, learn to do penance
For the sins and crimes we have committed;
Admit to imperfection, and take the next step
Towards being worthy of admiring ourselves
In the mirror. Oh, my America, detach
Your sense of importance from your Empire,
Burn out the fires that founded the nation,
Give up God, Gold and Glory, walk away
From obsession with power, wealth and dominion.
Seek to be a nation where, like George Washington,
The powerful restrain themselves, where ambitious
People pour their energy into other people’s success,
Where the depravity we see in the mirror of history
Is mastered by the limits we put on ourselves.
America, when the Empire is gone and that dream
Is put to peaceful rest, I still will love you
As a place where virtue is measured
By the harm your people refuse to do.

**TITLE:** needs a lot of work
By, Nancy Keating
what we seem to have here
is falling-down freeways that
used to lead to real places
a glut of real estate
cheap pretend food
reality entertainment that’s
screwed us up for actual reality
(although reality might be overrated
400 ranting men in Congress
bought and paid for)
and
what we happen to have here
is a dire paucity of new thinking
a serious love shortage
men who start hitting their partners
right around the time they start to show
whoremongers in the state house
heavy metal in the lake
and no, we are not all to blame
and
what we really have here is
not nearly enough just desserts
presidents’ daughters getting the good jobs
so-called role models
the cutesy flirty hair toss
of little girls who are drinking too much
no national purpose worth mentioning
and
I am not even the messenger
Only one of the 99 percent

**TITLE: Watchwords**
By, Nancy Keating

Pray, says the pocket pebble.
Dream, declares the tee-shirt
in sequined cursive script.
The gift-item industry sells us
a host of gauzy verbs
good for calming cubicle walls
into a coma. Here and there,
stealth verbs spring into
what passes for action:
Will your office mug
Cherish this morning,
will it Believe --
or abandon your caffeine
to its own devices?
Will your paperweight
Inspire, Celebrate, Dance
or merely tame your desk?

Wake up. We need stronger verbs
carved into mightier rocks.
I’m thinking Perch (like egrets
in trees at sunset, digesting fish).
Riff (like Coltrane, elevating
“My Favorite Things” from kitsch).
We need verbs that move the ball,
that Occupy, Announce, Achieve.

Consider: when verbs of “the 1%”
Betray, Outmaneuver, Deceive,
they’ve been doing more than us.

SILK KIMONO
By, Nancy Keating

This kimono comes with its own attached blouse
Size 4
This kimono shimmers in iridescent blue
With a patchwork collar
Singing its own song of pedigreed nonmatching nonchalance
This kimono has been to all the right parties
Been thrown out of better places than anyplace I’ve been to
Posed on its owner in a Times’ Sunday Styles photospread
(Mind you, just one)
And cast off like a donation

I bought this kimono
For an hour’s wages
At the best thrift shop in East Hampton
It goes with my eyes
Its previous owner bought it new
for all its recherché bohemian signifying
and its memes and tropes of educated leisure
It’s a trophy I have turned up
In the women’s-wear version of a dumpster
And hauled off to the meanness
Of my middle-class lair
Where on some future weekend afternoon
I will put it on to go to a potluck
With some of the other 99 percent
Where friends with smartphones
Stand in for paparazzi
My Neurosis
By, Sparrow

Every time the U. S. military kills an innocent person, I feel guilty.

I've worked with a reputable therapist for three years, with no success.

Marxist Poem
By, Sparrow

"Bourgeoisie" is an outdated term. I prefer "assholes":

"The means of production art owned by assholes."

When the crisis comes
By Henrik Johansson
http://hjohansson.blogspot.com/

When the next crisis comes, and it will, you will lose your job. There is a connection, but you will not see it. The management will say it's a result of reduced orders and lack of work, with what you perceive as honest intimacy and regret. You shall consider not telling anything to your family, but every morning to get up, drink coffee and leave home. You imagine that you will be looking for a new job that you can proudly present to them one fine day. The plan is too absurd and you never try it.

It shall not be the crisis' fault, nor the immigrants' fault, nor your managers' fault, nor their managers' or shareholders' fault, nor the society's, nor the government's. It shall be your own fault – because you could have done better, because you could have reeducated, worked your way up, been more responsive towards your clients and your managers. Your children will feel shame when they realize that you are poor. They will stop begging for things in the store, like you always wished they would, they will stop wanting the same things that their friends have, your older son will say to your younger
daughter that she is spoiled.

If anyone asks, you shall say that you're between jobs.

You will return, as a trainee, to your old workplace to perform your old tasks. Your compensation from the Employment Office shall be 58% of your former salary. You will have a stomach ache when you go to work. It's hard to grasp why, since it's better than being home. You shall not start drinking too much, you shall not start taking drugs, you shall not start gambling too much.

You will consider suicide, but you lack courage to do it and you will feel contempt for your own weakness and inability to deal with your own situation.

Once your period as a trainee is over, you will once again be unemployed and they will get a new trainee, but they promise to call if something turns up. They will not call.

You shall not rob stores or protest. You shall not write letters to the editor, nor blame someone else. You shall not throw stones at the police.

At the Job Center there is equality. You shall not be treated worse than an unemployed politician or banker. You must fill out the same forms as anyone. Democracy does not acknowledge any privileged or slighted, no sweethearts, and no stepchildren. You will be offered to join a computer course. Anyone who rejects the offer will lose his compensation. You shall accept the offer. A woman will say that she is a programmer and could have been a teacher for the course. The administrator shall ensure that the woman loses her replacement if she declines the offer. The same rules apply to everyone. For a brief moment in the computer course, you, him and she suddenly becomes we and us. The teachers and the Employment Office will be them. It will feel good. They will then talk to you, he and she and tell you that it's every man for himself. You must be reminded of your loneliness and that you have yourselves to blame and that it is only you who can do something about your situation. You shall realize that they are right: it's only you who can do something about your situation. You shall understand that it is us against them.

**HOMEGONE**
by, Jordan Krais
for **JOE JILL**

**SOMEWHERE, FARAWAY**
There goes my house
now I'm living in trees
With the birds and the branches
and the bees benieth my knees.
I lost it all in the housing market,
All of my clothes and a leatherbound wallet.
Now I'm going to work
but not going inside,
I got my tin out in front
and my banjo on my thigh.
SOMEWHERE, FARAWAY

Half a year half a year,
Half a year onward,
All in the valley of Debt
Rode the middle class:
'Toward the American Dream!'
Remorgage your house' he said:
Into the valley of Debt
Rode the middle class,
'Toward the American Dream!'”
Dare anyone not pay?
Not that they had a clue
Some one had plundered:
All of their savings dry,
Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to pay the guy,
Into the valley of debt
Rode the middle class.
Bills to the right of them,
Bills to the left of them,
Bills in front of them
Piled and jumbled;
Fired from their job as well,
No time to sit and dwell,
Into the valley of Debt
Rode the middle class.
Cashed in their retirement plan
Remorged their house again
Paying what bills they can,
Hiding from collectors while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the cigarette smoke
Stressed because their broke
Skilled workers and Professionals
Empty every account and nook,
Empty and plundered.
Then someone got bailed out, but not
Not the middle class.
Bills to the right of them,
Bills to the left of them,
Bills behind them
Piled and jumbled;
Nothing left to sell,
White house and senate fell,
They that worked so well
Came through the laws of Debt,
Back from a month in jail.
All that was left of them.
Left of the middle class.
When can their glory fade?
O the wild charges they made!
All the world wondered.
Forgive the charges they made!
Honour the bills they paid,
Noble middle class!

THE DANGEROUS LIVES OF CONFUSED YOUNG TEENAGERS
by, Jordan Krais
for JOE JILL

SOMEBEWHERE, FARAWAY
They said not to run with scissors but mentioned nothing bout dancing.
Two rubber wrapped loops perfect to put both my hands in.
Balarina shaped legs that point towards the floor.
Dancing scissors, I do adore!
Her hips are held tight by a mechanical steel linch pin.
No ankles to speak of she's so good at spinning.
And when we dance she leaves marks on the floor.
Dancing Scissors, I do adore!
Seeing her in anyone else's hands leaves my lungs gasping.
No respect for her talents they make her cut plastic.
She lies with other tools in her drawer.
Dancing Scissors you whore.
They said not to run with scissors but I'm starting to panic.
If I lose her for good I don't think I can stand it.
In a pool of blood she lies on the floor!
Dancing scissors no more.

dear walt’s rome
By, Terence Degnan

I have seen the greatest minds of my generation*
cut out at the tongue
dear rome, you said you were a small boy
you were a centurion
you were a metallic cloud filled with a
father’s dreams for his daughter
sparking at the sliver
I have given all the excuse for madness
the riverbed is cracking in the sun
the initials
of you
and me
are scarred at the tree
brutus and judas
are chessing at the seams
I have seen black turn blacker
chinese shackles ease
under the autonomy of money
can you imagine?
I have seen rolling hills of humans
roaring at the bullhorn
taken down
by a camel straw
poisoned by cigar smoke
hung under crimson iron statues
by dollar links
I have seen Walt’s rome die
to something smaller
I have seen the mad laughing mouth and Native tongue
I have seen the buffalo holding a spear
I have seen the poor barbecue the rich

I have seen the bankman
roll up the welcome mats of grass huts
and sell them back to the starving
small profits
I have seen murder for small profit
all sanctioned
all legal
all at the cost of the people
I am glad that you are dead
wet fireworks
statues gone to oxygen
doctrines bought by blood
sold for small profit
a life’s worth of wealth
bargained for simple
basic
inalienable
alien
rights

so, look west
again
look to jupiter
again, believe in heaven
believe the slavery jesus
believe in the one day moses
a railroad that saves us underground
learn to sickle the bread from its root
this a love letter
to my country, past
this is a love letter to Walt Whitman
I am sorry,
but fuck you
you didn’t look far enough
the rubber band has its saturation
the ocean
by definition
has to have a coast
to be named
now we can look down
from metallic shooting stars
and document every body of water
all named
the horse is broken
it’s now a tool
for war

*taken from Allen Ginsberg’s HOWL

DSNY PROPERTY RECEIPT INVOICE
By, Kevin Sheneberger
winter

by Robyn Fuoco

date

the titmouse

sharpens his beak

on the empty feeder
Occupy Their Minds

by, KJ Ink
*for Everybody in America doing what I wish I could*

Welcome to the world of walls and streets,
where violence police come to silence drum beats
with all the support of politicians in charge
of a corrupt fat cow they milk, by and large.
And their central advice: “Buy MORE and enlarge,
whatever you have, never mind the surcharge!
Because bigger is better and more is never enough.
You should believe what we say, but please, don’t call our bluff.
We hate to disappoint and we’d hate to use force,
but rest assured we will keep this sinking ship on course.
We have no other ideas but to propagate this way
and if you don’t like it, it’s fine, but don’t voice your dismay
or if you do, then at least keep it out of downtown.
If you want we can show you how to Keep Your Voice DOWN.”

Welcome to the world where those in power
will do anything to postpone their final hour,
even betray the interests they’ve sworn to uphold.
They’re not interested in much that can’t be bought and sold.
Being bought and paid for is a time honored tradition,
anyone who says otherwise may get a taste of extradition.
Even peaceful people collecting thoughts in public parks
will be drug out of their tents and beaten in the dark
by the very people they trust to protect
their rights, their lives, but what do they expect
when those rights can be amended by the right blank check,
it’s just a matter of time before everything’s a wreck
and our government in NO WAY reflects our intellect!

Welcome to the world where disparity is inevitable
and kids can grow up thinking pizza’s a kind of vegetable.
You can’t hide from all the shames, like how Wikipedia
is clearly more trustworthy than our “independent” media.
Not much is more important than the sacred status quo
for all of those who made it and are rolling out the dough.
“You deserve all you can get,” they say, “especially if ya got it rough.
And if you get way less than most, well then that’s….just….tough.”
But the time has finally come when we are starting to question
why so many can make millions during a global recession.
While millions of homes were boarded up and shuttered
the upper crust enjoyed bonuses, paid with YOUR bread and butter!

Now that you know the truth, now you know this must change.
More than the USUAL reshuffle and rearrange.
We cannot have a government less interested in our votes
than it is in personal gain, control and stock quotes.
Occupy their minds. Make em jump at each new start.
Feel free to raise your voice, and keep a riot in your heart.
Walk the fine line between rebellion and release.
Remember they want complacency, but they’ll often call it peace.
Remember that the cops are but little black pawns.
The real enemy must be fought with our brains, not brawns.
Take care of each other, you have more than fists and feet,
and they’re scared enough already of our strange drum beat.
We just have to keep it steady, stand armed with common tools
and we’ll remind them that it IS the majority that rules!

Empathy

by Chris Baral

When I was younger
my lessons were two,
"Do into others
and
Whatsoever you do..."

The fabric of society
was woven tightly round me
like a shawl upon my shoulders,
and shoulder to shoulder
we sheltered the cold.

But as I grew older
a gradual shift,
The winds changed direction
and unravelled protection
and it caught me off guard.

When did greed
become the creed to live by?
When did hate
become the fate
of so many?
When did "me"
take over "we"
and land so many in poverty?
When did war
become the poor man's battle?
When did jails
take all the males of color?
How can health
be determined by wealth?
Rote testing a tool
to take over our schools
while students are left in the shadows?
As Wall Street is allowed to bet
the citizens are mired in debt,
We allow our rights to be stripped away
to protect from terror or so they say
and corporations trash the earth
as "people" now of mega worth.

When are real people
going to take a stand?
true living breathing human beings
hand in hand
embracing freedoms
united in a goal of common good,
Do we want to have a society
that chips away security
or one that cares for neighbors
and neighborhood?

"When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?"

The songs that were sung
back when I was young
rise to the surface again,
but when I hear that refrain
I am ashamed
we all shoulder the blame
for our fall,

But together we can weave that shawl
that covers and protects us all,
we owe it to the future of our land.
United with a common goal
we cannot let ourselves be sold
we must not allow the lies
from taking hold,
The fabric of society
must be our first priority
then shoulder to shoulder
we can take on the mantle
and shelter the cold
once again.
Tick Tock Poem

by Chris Baral

Tick tock,
tock tick,
tick tock,
shock and awe,
shock and awe,
awe and shock...

Tock tick,
tick tock,
tock tick,
sick and tired,
sick and tired,
tired and sick...

Blood boils,
blood spilled,
blood boils,
spoils and oil,
spoils and oil,
oil and spoils...

Blood spilled,
blood boils,
blood spilled,
people killing,
killing people,
person killed...

War of crimes,
crimes of war,
war of crimes,
times are hard,
times are hard,
such hard times...

Crimes of war,
war of crimes,
crimes of war,
for what?
for what?
what for?

Tick tock,
tock tick,
tick tock,
shock and awe,
shock and awe,
awe and shock...

**Confronting the End**
From *The Rage of Akbar Lightning*
By Ken Vallario
*Tillson, New York*

Pro-Players
Pro-Fighters
Pro-Military

Anti-American
Anti-Government
Anti-Intellectual
Anti-Social
Anti-Socialism

Ahistorical
Amoral
Atypical
Amiss
Adrift

Prefiguritive prefixes
Align
Assign
Achromatic
Socratic
Asthmatic
Dogmatics

Eugenic
Linguistic
Predictive
Statistics

Casting spells
Raising Hell
Might as well

My Voice
Is Choice
Anointed
Appointed
Hermetic
Metaphors
For open doors
Storage Wars
And Scoring Moors
Four by four score
More tours of booty
Forlorn beauty
Forewarned
Foreshadowed
Scorn forged swords
Duty bound by boredom.

On the horns
Dilemma born
On the horn
Thorn adorned
The bull
Is porn
For horny
Popcorn
Crunching
Engorged
Voyeuristic mourning.

Torn between
Betwixt
Quick fixes
Don’t fix
The tricks
Of day-traders
Made by
Traitors
Plain as day
So we save
So say we all
As we slave
Away
So sails fall
Windless
Once flooded
Listless
Gutted
I call out.

I stall
I fall
I fail
Imac
Crashing
Isoul
Application
Isold
Ibehold
I’m told
I hold
The rights of a nation
I’m right
So goes
My refrain
Mightily I reframe…
Tame the game
I might,
As would say
Old jedis
In caves at night
At play
With acolytes
Impatient for the way.

Enough
Is enough!
Even I
Run from the eye
On mount Moriah
When He arrives
I beat beehives
Hungry for honey
Lusting for lips
Sticky with misplaced memories
Hitting me where it hurts
Stung
Running amok
Fleeing from thunder
Wondering what the fuck!
Loneliness is underrated
The anticipation of my fate
Is weighted down
By sacrificial tautologies
And consecrated coagulants.

Now to the page
Now to face
The stage
With courage and grace
As I embrace
The  Rage of Akbar Lightning.

I came
I see
That we need to be free
From greed
From worse than greed
From the need
To be the better man
Picking weeds
In the master’s yard
While he reads
The bard
And lectures us on the virtue
Of hard work
And sore knees
Overused to please
The whims of the interbreeding elite.

On your feet
Into sweet equality
Greet the bossman’s frivolity
With conceit
Against the polity
Surrender no more
To the colonization
Of your modesty.
I acquit you
With this heartfelt homily.
What you’ve contracted
I cure with comedy
Inullify the pacts
With my self-appointed sovereignty.
Your despair
I declare the anomaly.

The compact machine
In your bloodstream
Is cleaned by this dialectic dialysis
By my diuretic analogies
And emetic frenetic qualities
Generic
Genetic
Erratic
Modalities
Create static
Automatic
Attacks
On the authorities.

Go forth renewed
Raise your fists
Eschewing the script
Pursue and find your self
Praising your gifts
You accrue your wealth
Place a kiss
On the cheek
Of the Delphic Oracle
As you seek
What is felt
What is held.
What is this life
But a tale to tell?

Now to those bastards
The evil ones
The cowards
The greedy bums
That shower
The needy ones
With disdain
And political tedium.
Compassion comes
At a premium,
Not tossing cakes
From the proscenium
Before retreating
To condoninums
Rereading the symposium
While excreting regurgitated opium.
Celebrating the magisterium
While they poison us with uranium
Profiting from their delirium
By ostracizing prophets
Depositing them in sanatoriums.

Power perverts
And cowards revert
To the comfort of inert material,
To the managerial subversion
Of subliminal aversion,
To the imperial skirting
Of obligation.
The noblesse oblige
Attests in cliché
To the best dressed
Who portray by delay
Their intention to betray.

I am pissed!
And rightly so
Righteously equipped
With a whipping mighty wind
Of hot air.
Resist your temptation
To persist in solitary comparisons.
Do not dare dismiss
This movement
Of the bowels
Of a system
That is howling
With indigestion
An enigmatic enema
A sit-in for future cinema
A live-in to confront
Mephistophelian
Algebraic
White-collar criminals.
In the streets
Under sheets
On the beat
The heat of aesthetic
Anti-elites
Will not retreat.
The flame on your feet
The rage of game-changers
The front-page makers forsaking
The fleeting fame
Retweets in place of shameful
Prostration for network acclaim.
Those lame excuses for glory
No longer amusing enough
For your abuses.
A new story is being written
From above.

With love we apply a glove
To check your oil,
Crude deposits
Of reality checks
Into your loopholes.
Don’t recoil
The group knows
You are as spoiled
As the soil you deflowered
And chose to disempower
You are plowed now
As we fertilize
Your virgin crevasse,
As spastic smart
Aspergian upstarts
Are about to start
A revolution.

We will suffer no more
Your manipulated suffrage
Tougher than war
The power of love is

Your industrious greed
Will be heeded by a very visible Hand
Indeed
The speculative equations
Will be deleted
The stations of your crosswalks
Will impede the speed
Of your limousines
As we squeeze you in the streets
Meeting you and believing
That you too
Need to be freed
From the force of inequality
From the creed of free-market
Anarchy.

But make no mistake
Our needs will come first
‘Cause the hearse
Have been filling your purses
For too long.

Now to the throng
Of barbarians
That live in our midst,
The zombies that will inevitably resist,
The ignorant saps
Racist anti-terrorists,
Simplistic ill equipped
Opinionated misfits.

Now is a time for facts
And a prudent regard for statistical tact
Your forced perspective is skewed
By a mood
Accrued by a shrewd
Calculating brood
Of hypnotists
Cynical capitalistic fascists
Who insist on enlisting
The least among us
To crush us from the rear
Using fear and raised fists
To abuse common sense
Refusing to hear
Refuting what is clearly
A tension between
Nature and human ascension.

No more!
No more war!
No more corporate whores!
No more barbaric hordes!
No more clerical esoterics!
No more award show ceremonial hysterics!
No more postponement of pleasure!
No more generic alphanumeric measures!
No more treasure troves!
No more homes on loan!
No more groaning from the throne!

Into the pure cacophony
Of raw
Telepathy
Textual
Textured
Lectures on harmony.

Insides
Confiding
Inscribed
Striving
Within
Writing

Magical
Mysteries
Of historical
Pluralities
Of relative
Wizardry

Inward liberty
In words
Deliberately
Obscured
By nominal trickery
History
Is an act
Of perversity.
Point to the places
That long for touch.

Prioritize
Your thighs
Optimize
Your time
With these rhymes
That call for signs
Applied
To breasts
On your chest
Heaving with unrest
Blessed are those
That test
The waters
Of righteousness
Out of a lust for life
Out of a quest for the right kind
Of joyful stress

Out in the prairie now
Resting from the digestion
Of so much magic
Lady Eschaton
Appears
Carrying the cosmos
In the swing of her hips
Threatening
To stretch out her arms
And engage us
In prehistoric primate yoga
Awaken us from the coma
With a full on kiss
A wet revolt
A closing coda
With open lips
Intimating
An infinite eclipse
Of Ra
And a settling
Of ancient debt
The fruit of knowledge
Has been paid for
With interest.
Back to the garden
Billie’s Consumerism Blues

By, Joy Leftow

Consumerism’s got the best of me in spite of my fighting so hard to maintain the good thinks in life. I keep fighting a losing battle. I want to believe the best things in life are free but I get stopped in my tracks.

Buy buy buy they implore, while I have nothing left to buy with except very extended credit debts. I’m outta cash supply, debts mount easily. Buy, buy, buy, come read poetry. Buy a glass of wine. You can’t sit there and read for free. You’ve got to pay your dues too. Don’t forget the entrance fee. Cough it up.

Tons of paper discarded daily senselessly. No one could be so sad. Trees ask me to tell them why they’re born to be discarded they wail about their senseless lot, they live to be - they ask me if I know why it’s like this, what’s all this suffering for? I cry. I cry.

Lights on in every room whether you’re home or not to keep the burglars away. In Harlem Mexicans crowded 3 families to each apartment while we pay taxes to build another Yankee Stadium right next to the one already there. The rich pay more for private boxes while Mexicans live in NYC barracks, 20 in a 3 room apt, barely able to pay the rent. Please I beg you give the poor some of my taxes instead I plead. They turn a deaf ear. Please, please?

I sit in my room looking out at the rain, no one could be so sad. Gloom everywhere, I sit and I fear, I don’t know what the world is coming to.

Kill canned hunts. WTF, what kind of concept kills caged animals for a few dollars from the rich? I can’t wait. I want to kill hunters; torture them watch life slowly drain from them, their heads lolling to one side. I place their head on my lap. Take a pic too, like they do to the lioness bleeding from her mouth, trying to feed her cubs behind the fence, teats full of milk. Make them like quarry, my prey, another trophy.

You can’t hide from the ugliness I try to hide I do, I do. I can’t take much more.

I sit in my chair filled
Filled with despair.

No one could be so sad.

gloom everywhere, I sit and I stare. What’s the state of the universe? Is there anybody out there?

The ugliness all a glow, picture show for family. Bring up your mooohlah! We got yours here. Worse than Sodom & Gomorrah. My soul’s for sale. Name your price! Sold to the devil at the crossroads!

This revolution will not be televised; will not put the shine back on your teeth. Civil rights gone, lives tapped into by government, someone’s in control somewhere. Not me, hey, I’m all alone in here waiting for the pain to go away. I sit in my chair full of despair, no one could be this sad.

I cry to trees. They hear my pleas. No one else does.

Please! Please. Is there anybody out there?
A Corporate Iliad
By, Brian Donohue

*a poem with no hope of an ending*

Sing, O Muse, of greed’s Inferno, fluorescent-fringed and frigid at the core;
of white-haired chiefs with square jaws and stiff-lined lips
whose speech came clipped and hollow like the towers
on whose upper reaches they sat like gods in clouds,
sealed from light by iron-toothed, two-footed dogs.
Sing of dark jagged lines tipping hellward like Abyss-sucked souls
whose eternal fall finds no bottom of either rest or termination;
of red numbers glowing like murderous stars in a flat-faced sky
whose blank, demonic edges rotate like knives dropping from heaven,
shifting but never changing; killing and never dying.

The Most Trusted Name in Blues
By, Brian Donohue

*a song about media*

I’ve been on NBC and CNN and ABC and FOX;
I’ve been a Sunday morning Shouter
And a pundit roust-abouter.
But now my news career’s on the rocks.
I used to gossip with Miss Dowd,
Play the emotions of the crowd,
Laughed with Wolf Blitzer
And spat on Eliot Spitzer
I was the Prince of 24-7 Cable News…
I could dish it out and never take it,
Spread a rumor and make it
Feel true…I could ruin reputations
Plan attacks on sov’rin nations
Now I’m the most trusted name in the blues

I’ve been Rush’s right hand man,
Rode in every straight-talk van;
I’ve looked down Brit Hume’s nose
And seen Coulter with no clothes…
I’ve planned evening assassinations
On Rev’rend Pat’s true Christian stations,
But now I’m the most trusted name in blues.
I made Michael’s Savage Racist fame,
Played in Jeffrey Gannon’s softball game;
I’ve been the worst in Keith-O’s world,
I’ve taken Malkin for a twirl
I knew Chris Hitchens’ favorite booze…
I’ve been Bill-O’s biggest factor,
The Beltway Boys’ best actor;
I’ve been Matthew’s hardest ball
And Drudge’s know-it-all
I made the rich look poor, I made the winners lose –
Now I’m the most trusted name in blues.

**Lines From My Cubicle**

By, Brian Donohue

Look away from the screen and up –
down the sani-white fluorescent lines
that prohibit darkness but cannot control
for blindness.

Touch the foamy gray wall, custom-made
to be stabbed but not wounded;
textureless and temporary — made to move
but never yield.

Boxes, lines, and all the garish light –
loud enough to keep you thinking;
but too loud, too straight, too blinding
to feel by.

**In The Office**

My city, covered in corporate logos,
Rising through the smoke of a burning planet.
So much ink and paper here,
But not a single poet in sight.

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

By, Brian Donohue

I have no energy left but for revolt — the revolt of the one
who abandons the climb, turns his back, and goes
back down the hill toward the water.

The pinstriped priests sharpen the horn between their legs,
The better to carve the granite commandments
that drag me to the precipice’s edge with a pill for my mouth,
a hand for my pocket, and a push for my back.

I have fed at the supersized trough, striven to become a hallmark of standardized measurement. But I do not want to be fed by those factory corpses who sit like workers in cubicles, unmoving and covered to their hips in excrement and despair.

I do not want to work in a box turning time into regret and obedience into tears. I do not want to be informed by the chyron streams that feed the wells of desolation and ignorance. I do not want to be a cog of an economy that fills the fountains of palaces with the blood of innocence; where investment is a tout sheet that dissolves into electrons as the getaway limousine races toward the mansion.

The sheer and final exhaustion of the rebel is his last and only triumph: he drops the knife of his cause, gently lowers the stiffening body of his holy purpose into the receptive dust, clears aside a few stony pieces of the rubble, and kneels in submission to the earth and all its ownerless teeming beauty. For then he knows: it is I, too, like these others, who have walked among the dead. Then he leaves his climbing body there, and turns again, back toward the water.

低能

by 匿名

低能

彼らの心を占めて
前進馬鹿
通りで
公園の
テントに横たわっている
強姦
盗む
不潔な
役に立たない
無意味な
家を移動
愚かなドローン
人の耳の周りにブンブン
あなたが育つだろう願って
あなたの幼稚な方法で過去の
離れて危険なゲームから
あなたの無知を超えて
独善を残して
演技乳児
注目を求めて停止する
あなたは、懇願する
あなたの人生で役に立つ何かをする
他の人を混乱させる横
し
バスを取る
仕上げ学校
仕事を得る
恋に落ちる
家族を持っている
あなたの子供を愛して
あなたの配偶者を愛して
貢献を行う
社会へ
しかし、ほとんどすべての...
目的を果たす
愚かなクソ低能
生命を得る
私たちの残りの部分を残す
単独

MOVEMENT
by Daniel Baez

I. A Shame to Be, To Be A Shame

Three months ago
I hopped on a jet to
San Juan, Puerto Rico

~

The state of the world has me wrestling with myself…

and both her reflection
and my own
led me to this island.

~
Here I exist,  
like you,  
in a time of global crisis.

COMPUTE:
Information Overload
…processing…..


ENGAGE, PERSIST.

‘How can I be so small…
these problems seem so big.’

COMPUTE:
Observing
….hearing the world again…. A Shame !

ANGER

carbon-copy my heart,
‘compute you!’,
they say.
life RESTrained…

reluctance,
he says.

MOVEment.
to grOW,

we say.

II. Breathe

…..processing….

a larger world,
and now,
!CONNECT!
electronic relationships.

Learning to share experiences:
Our health, our harm,
the tangible
and intangible
(Who
stores data?)
Listening.

And we breathe,
for strength to commit once again.

III. Fear

two barriers:
1. one LANGUAGE,
   I turn,
the other 1. one CULTURE

Life as a lingual alien:
bond with blood, though cultural foe.
Xenophobia: Fear and contempt for foreigners and strangers

Lack of…
  offends
  here
  ~
  time,
  tongue,
  reciprocation,
  respect,
  honesty,
  pride..
and justice sleeps on the calle.

PLEAse
CHANGE

Small,
Slow,
Incremental,
They Say.

~~ Feeling the world again ~~

Ebb & Flow,
they say.

(WHO OWNS THE LAND)

There are some things
the computer should never replace.

IV. Learn to Walk, Walk to Learn
I walk in thought…….

What does it mean to experience a place?
to exist in exploration, we wonder…….

While some things are always familiar
(What are our base needs?)
Transportation options? Housing options?

(Who controls our water, food, and energy?)
(Where does a culture sustain?)

Are they entertaining for a living?
Where do we renew ourselves?
re-create ourselves?
Express ourselves
Where do we meet those different from us?
How do we ‘let it out?’

What is a lie?

Why is our life in decline?

What is an ecosystem?

What is a neighborhood?

Which: withdrawal O’ engagement?

What does it mean to be Balanced?

to be Healthy (health is balance, balance is health? )

What is human?

V. Passion

‘Pay your dues,
keep your nose clean,
SERVE,
Get an education,’

they say.

~

Much promised,

Hope sold for votes.

WE PLAY.

and rescued a man here today.

And still...,

________________________________________________________________________

a will to justice

+

an outlet for passion

+

A need for
(security,
balance,
peace,
happiness)

__________

= <+-0+1~~0~

What is the Heart??????????
A Voter's Lament
by, Richard L. Johnson
Burlington, Iowa
A muddled mess we voters be.
We think, "We know much more than thee."
We set our vote upon the key,
"What gift has this one promised me?"
Our wallets light with scanty wage,
a raise last seen in bygone age
when Cher did strut her stuff on stage.
So now the poor receive our rage.
"A tax cut would be very nice.
And if we're skating on thin ice
we'll screw the poor not once but twice
and leave them naught but Wal-Mart rice."
The jobs we think would be alright
if brown-skinned folks could not alight
in desert by the dark of night.
For then the balance would be right.
"We'll build a fence that's long and wide
To keep it mostly safe inside
Then wetbacks we will not abide,
At least those not so wise to hide."
But good, hard workers will not slave
the bankroll of their boss to save.
To wages scant they will but wave
unless it is their house to save.
"And when their food starts costing more,
we'll tap into those ranks of poor.
The welfare queens known by the score,
force off their ass and out the door!"
Cause dirt cheap food we all do need
to choke down bitter taste of greed
that does now pass for wisdom's rede.
but only causes more to bleed.
"Now I care not for those whose fate
is harmed by outpour of my hate.
For our dear freedom does not rate
concern for those of lesser state.
"This land from which the free arise
knows none who merit higher prize
than those whose wealth doth touch the skies
and fuels vain growth behind the lies.
"Almighty buck we give thee laud!

*Represented partially, and in excerpt from the visual poetry piece 'MOVEmnt.'*
We vote for those who walk this sod
who like us worship this green god,
but to the poor give smarmy nod."
The game is played, the deals are made!
The parties of both Tom and Abe
are from the same dark pocket paid
by those who cannot leave the shade.
So we the voters, coddled asses
who think we are the sainted masses,
we see these folk through rosy glasses
and miss the ring just as it passes.
But soon, when our dear vote is cast,
the people speak aloud at last!
And we'll restore that phantom past
that reads just like a pane from Nast.
And then we'll think we're getting by.
We'll take as truth the god-damned lie
that those whose wealth does scrape the sky
can give a whit for those like I.
In two years hence we'll heed the call
to vote them in who helped us fall.
We'll drink the tea they give to all
who buy the lies and help them haul.
A muddled mess are we who vote.
We buy a script the buggers wrote
that casts us as the ignorant goat
whose only worth: to help them float.
This curse it will forever be
upon this land that once was free
until we truly start to see
to whom these folk do bend the knee.

What is a tent?
by Io Bonini 2011
sent from a small farm in northern California,
to support all the advocates putting their
physical well being on the line for all of us, the 99%. Thank you.

a shelter
a refugee camp
a Latino
a slap in the face
an indigent
a meal
a Hoover ville
a veteran
a “vector for disease”
an internment camp
a challenge
an elderly woman
a hope
a library
a teacher
a seat on a bus
a shout
a statement
a police captain
a “sanitation problem”
a home

**What is a tent?**
an accusation
a black youth
a lunch counter
a broken promise
a “health hazard”
a visual reminder
of disparity
a student
a trail of tears
a first amendment
a live stream
an act of defiance
a show of unity
an Occupy.

untitled
By, Ben Rosenberg
it was i/ cacophonic butterfly/ preparing to rise/ open mind staring through naked eyes/ at covered
flesh/ colored breasts exoticized/ erotic lies flying from tight lipped mouths to places where butterflies
die first/ wings broken by petroleum and saturated with the fatty oils of western fingers/ metamorphic
sounds and words twisting from gnarled mouths/ maddening into violence for doctors' cross
examinations/ rage, primal thrashing about/ for filthy fingers prodding my parts in search of psychotic
prognoses/ smiling synthetically as they note my indiscretions like sins between little blue lines that
they search but are never willing to truly see/ they wrote bibles of my sins/ building chapters upon
verses to quote back to me when i've been bad/ shoving medications past my nevertheless still speaking
mouth to sedate away the dates and times of my experience/ antidepressants like roofies so i wouldn't
remember how you screwed me/ circle up your logic for the group mindfuck/ mental case rape orgy en
masse/ was i always one of your sabine women?/ well, it's time to make the doctrine stay/ drugs to take
the knowledge away/ so i could never write bibles of my own/ but it was i/ your scribe/ purging my
blood upon the page/ writing with quills of feathers plucked from all your caged birds that didn't sing/
couldn't fly/ and refusing to side in your wars/ watching as you burned the books, purged out my
volumes into silence/ took the libraries down to the ground in the name of your so-called civilization of
men/ no wonder you hate my androgyn/ in regulated linens as you steal my pen and paper/ scorching
your fingers at the touch/ you, who imprison women as disembodied cunts and malformed fatties/
terrified of the creative womb and exultant only of suffering/ you who love mary, teen pregnancy
abstinence training victim, hoodrat spurned by society as a whore for bearing yet another male hero,
scared to bring youth into a future that would not allow the inheritance of its dreams/ partially because
of what it would mean to her own/ she is stagnant still in your mind/ suffocating under the cloak of an
an oral tradition laden with ideology that grates like a coat hanger/ passages scraping the walls of
ovaries/ like poppies/ like opium/ burning babies in heaping hidden stacks/ inhaling the fumes to
intoxicate our minds into the delusions of the next generation/ they took pictures of the massacre/ their
so-called achievement/ for christians to hold at protests/ because moments don't last as long as doctrine/
the pressure of these weighted words pushing me to bended knees/ i pray to a fat woman's hips and
rolls of flesh/ beautiful body silenced into the dust while you never knew her name/ i entreat her
blessings/ nameless chick/ generic woman goddess/ no worse than your 10 ½ grams of over-the-
counter jesus/ antiquated system of scales and balance in the hands of some bitch you blinded only
measuring up to half my soul/ i am wild/ i howl at the moon/ and at the sirens carrying my people
away/ in body bags and handcuffs/ these cyclical damages done to us and then repeated upon ourselves/
i dance like the ocean tides to shake loose the messages of my bottled up emotions/ and scream so that
blind curves may still know me/ print my words across my flesh because i mean them/ and if my feet
are the earth/ my hands are the wind/ writing proverbs across the sky/ to undo the singularity of being/
unthink my own wholeness/ and realize the elemental nature of existence/ but it is the way of the wind
to follow the path of least resistance/ we as objects move along invisible tracks, areas of lowest
pressure/ carrying our emotional baggage on its daily schedule through the stops and impasses we have
placed on ourselves for the sake of etiquette/ move in front to back lines to get where we're going/ and
eventually get hitched/ because we're so well trained.../ broken butterfly/ wings wounded in the
wayward journey of a caravan headed east/ found fractured and never to fly again/ it bled fetal ink that
birthed the newest evolution of free thinkers/ winged hermaphroditic creatures that fucked themselves
without pain/ and could speak no hatred, but only music/ spinning complex thought patterns into dna
ladders so that their kinfolk could climb to new heights/ but it was i, cacophonous butterfly/ and i've been
mending my wings/ throwing off tourniquets and leeches, stitching my body parts back together like
osiris/ cutting the circumcision of my lips/ that stitched my mouth into a small circle/ like tight pussy/
so my tiny words would be more pleasurable to the establishment/ i choose my words more carefully
now/ let my veins become a meditative fountain/ bleeding my words to myself in hushed nights of
blacklight solitude/ and for all the words i could have said, sometimes silence is the greatest wisdom/
the best tool/ to unthink the answer into a question/ the question into words/ pitches/ tones/ and
frequencies/ occurrences that become less and less frequent when you realize the extent to which their
rate of recurrence/ their frequency/ damages you/ dismantle damage into dogma/ and the
conceptualizations of our people into merely a means of definition for the impaired/ unthink gravity
into inertia/ simply a zone of higher pressure urging you to remain stationary/ graffitii the colors of your
subconscious soul onto stationery pads and train station walls/ unthink the pressure into cosmic motion
and *fly* *fly* *fly* *fly***/ unthink deference into difference/ unthink difference into dharma/ and
realize that such discussions can only hurt us/ *fly* *fly* *fly* stealing manuals of the styles they told
me not to study/ and conjuring perceptions like willie lynch/ to spit a school of thought so powerful that
in futures to come they can cope is to deny it ever existed/ print my words across my flesh because i mean them/ and sometimes they burn with such a passion/ that i get uncomfortable in my
own skin/ and must find a new shell/ that tired eyes mistake for cheap sex appeals/ you must not know
me/ i am of the moon/ a reflection of the same light which enables your sense of vision/ defiant of your
moral equivocations of darkness/ and it only seems that i move to your whim/ so speak to me as you
will/ by the time you see me move/ blink/ smile/ or shed a tear/ it has been eons already/ and already/ i
have been moved on/

Defund This!
By, Michael Biegner
Defund my high lead content crystal privilege
Defund the way art & music programs must beg for scraps
Defund carbon every chance we get

Defund the name-calling & Tea Party effigies, the Hitler & Gucci knockoffs
Defund corrupt union bosses but also soulless corporate hands locked around our throats.

Defund myths about our slave owning fathers & just what
Exactly Paul Revere said

Defund the quiet dismantling of town commons & the privatization of charity

Defund drone attacks
Defund bloodied brown children & keening mothers
Defund knot-headed dictators

Defund brutality in the name of the helium balloons of freedom or faith
Defund cardboard box homes

Defund machismo & marianismo pride –
Fund bread & hands & Arab springs, fund work & soulful eyes.

---

**for the wings of a dove**
by Janey Smith

The pigeon tapped the small bowl. I looked again. No milk. The pigeon sat there, looked at me. It was cold out. I did a dance. I did more dancing to stay warm, make him laugh. My pigeon blinked a lot.

A wind was there, left-over snow. My pigeon looked out onto the street. Not seeing, the bowl was white. Until my pigeon settled, just, on the surface, of the bowl. This made me stop like I knew my pigeon.

I dragged on the street a big bag of frozen french fries.

The night was cold. I wrapped my hands in blue plastic bags. I
wrapped my sides with green. I put white ones on my shoes. I wrapped myself in all these bags. Red ones too. I was covered with bags. The bags felt warm to me. So, I sat in the bags. My pigeon looked at me. My pigeon looked out onto the street like maybe he wondered why.

A man came by. Another one. Then all these men. There kept being more of them. Then it stopped. It was lunch.

My pigeon had a bread. Not a big one but a little bread. A crumb or a part of one. My pigeon ate the little bread. I said, “Oh, look.” I pressed my thumb on a gum, left a fingerprint that was dark and dirty—like a blacked-out scene of birds in flight at night. My pigeon blinked at it—though there was no wind—studied it like it meant something.

I ran after my pigeon saying PIGEON! PIGEON! . . . I ran after him. I ran.

One day, a man gives me a dollar. I say, “Thank you,” and hold up my pigeon to him. The man says, “No, thank you.” I hold up my pigeon some more like “here, take it.” But, the man says no, walks away. I turn my pigeon to me. It blinks at me. I scratch my head a lot. He makes sounds in his sleep, otherwise nothing. On that night, I walk around with my pigeon tucked under my coat. In the cool, I think maybe something's wrong with pigeon.

I wrap my pigeon in foil to keep warm. It blinks its eyes at me. My
pigeon looks like baked potato. I wonder about that sometimes.

He hops on curb. He hops off it.

I live in a beautiful country. As you can see it is spring time. People think nothing happens here. It’s so peaceful. But a lot happens here.

In the rain, I hold my pigeon beneath stacks of sagging cardboard boxes. He is not cold. I say to the wind that will hear me, “Pigeon.”

I say it again and again, to the wind that will hear me.

Grey Space’s Contributions to the Occupy Wall Street Poetry Anthology [reformatted]

QWEE

Qwee returns turning & turning counter-clockwise eternally Qwee
Qwee is a revolutionary rebel sex power soul symbol
quite contrary Qwee propose to merry merry in every country
Qwee the people of the red white & blue : lavender loves to love u
quintessentially Qwee we happily repeat Qwee Qwee Qwee Qwee Qwee
Qwee are french-kissing Qwee are making love fucking sexy sexy Qwee
question why we can’t come clean Qwee got connedum but no cure or vaccine
Qwee were standing on foggy gg bridge thinking of falling in love
electric city over the rainbow free Qwee is the frequency
infinity will tattee Qwee oppa yer innie umbilicly
Qwee seems in between pi and pei at the pyramid in gai paris
the free Qwee sign with no strayt lines was conceived in nineteen 69
little man turning Qwee is the key to understanding the grand plan
Qwee the people do not work for the man do not work for the machine
nobel do tell bombarry Qwee gettin’ married not militarried
Qwee were called 2-spirits revered and married here for thousands of years
Qwee create peace equally free happy returns eternally Qwee

www.Qwee.net

GODDESS ADDRESS
by G.S. (Great Spirit)

w for women’s water
m for muse and mama
v for venus, vagina
missing women
poets singing
the queen rules all chess
be true to your muses and
the return of the goddess

godspeed the return of the goddesses
and muses who bring music and peace!
jesuswitch marycontrary magdalene
the goddess says satanic reverses
welcome the presence of goddesses
peace is the goddess-mothers’ cups of water
which pour out the godfathers' raging fires
lord of the rings got it wrong:
it's not the return of the king
it's the return of the queen.
wow
mom

devi & diva:
annie & nina
are ninanna!

IT’S YOUR CANNABISNESS!
by Grey Space
poetry free yeah
poetreefree as
the new leaves of grass
posing
in cannabis-canvas
pollock’s poet’s
painter pants
ink’s our paint!
lets dance
legal marriage i wanna
hot pot cocoa poet-tea
mary jane weaver
your dad farmed cotton, but his
mind was on potton

~
hersuit newtrait playlap
eh sphinx he ate
miss chess-chat
phemale cannanip kitnapt

~
so we’d help hemp hey
needneeweed?
wear
fuel food oil
well pland seed soil

~
here you called lazy laid-back
while yer oldman attacked iraq
don’t pay them taxes in texas!
laid-back austin – take action
& legalize all this cannabis ~
if ya wanna relax on the grass

~
don’t tell high hillaryty we’d go green party
ameri maried king hill billy bloo some sax
did harmonica sexchild wilde like i thot
ask not quayling inhaling smoking pot

~
summer heat, hot eats and pot’s
got austin triplebaked exausted
too damnd cayennd hot rite here
to get hot under yer collar, or
to get hot under yer cowboy hat
to get up on yer feet to defeat
the ice-cold sourpowers that be

~
if nature’s first green is gold then the green party holds the golden rule
we welcome u to the nu off-white-black-brown-red-yellow green party!
MASTERPEACE
for & from everybody & everyone
~
masterpiece
masterpeace
~
is peace just a word?
real peace takes work
~
your taxes paid
for terror attax
~
corporations
governations
~
separation of church and state
separate state and corporation
~
the people have the permission
to create a new government and
abolish any non-representative
house senate electoral college
republicrat debate commission.
~
do a robinhood on the corporations:
take from the corp give to the poor
vote by buying from local merchants
not more more more more more more –
reduce – reuse – recycle – restore!
~
we shall kill their war
capital on capitol hill
~
reparations for:
native americans
africanamericans
poor americans &
foreign nations!
~
today is not presidents’ day!
today is not washington’s day
today is not corporation day!
today is we-the-people’s day!
~
your tired balding eagle is
a lazy thieving scavenger –
the powerful great grey owl
humbly comes out at night &
shuns a bigstar’s spotlight
the natives used to sleep here in tipis –
now there are tents on liberty’s concrete

rename thanksgiving
“give the land back
to the natives day”

terrorism
televison

zzztv.. abc bs nbcnend
and fox fux the facts.

freedom for some is
not freedom for all
is not freedom from
working for the man
who miseducated you
dumb dumb dumb dumb
dumb

poor folk,
rich fucks
what luck!

we are gonna banksy
the big banks, see?

what the empire state meant:
the empire strikes backfires

excuse me – this
is a poemergency

the 911 lesson is to step back
not to step forward and attack

found an origami crane on the train seat
found out what it means : peace - please

the twin towers double-fuck-you
washington’s monumental bigdick
a pentagram with missing pieces
leaves only an incomplete peace

our babies, cats & dogs
are sleepy for peace...
every enemy we befriend
everything we do is for
peace: p. p.. for peace
~
the secret’s out
in the all-white
fraternity house
~
self-evident a king can’t be a
president – only a predicament
~
obama’s a sham: part of their plan
he doesn’t work for the people, yo
he works for the man – for the man
~
a real leader is
love, of & above
~
barackstar not
no drama obama
a good shobama
obamarama, bro
~
aloha
obama
obomb
osama
allah
obeya
okeya
~
read between the pipelines
oligarchy is a demockery!
~
still unsafe at any speed -
all oil bad car karma greed
~
down goes the airplane industry
could amtrak be all it could be
i think it can - i think it can
- steal money from the military
~
marched in march on the going going
pentagon pretty-penny spending gone
~
where were u 9-11-2?
comeplane—comeplanes
wardeaddebtor instead
of aviation trustfund
and highway trustfund
less pointless arrows
buy the bullet trains
crisscross wanderland
on brand new trax and
like post office mail
re-fund amtrak’s sail
~
warning
warring
warming
~
hurricane nina & hurricane lorraine
would have cleaned the white houses
that let katrina drown new orleans.
~
you don’t need a weatherman to tell the weather
there’s not time to talk about if it’s whatever
or whether we should stop war make peace before
warming drowns us in storms to really cry about
~
a too inconvenient truth,
al, animal farmeating poo
gives u more gas than co2
~
beware of war:
war is murder!
war is torture
war is terror!
~
there is no safe place
fire – no water – here & there
i fear & I fear
~
galactic fictfact
afghan is iraq is
iran is – fracked
~
not so fast:
afghasaghast
~
the mid
east is
u & me.
~
again in asia
vietnamnesia!
~
the new nina simones shout –
everybody knows about afghan
everybody knows about iraq –
everybody knows about iran –
and everybody knows about us
amerikkka goddamn – get out!
~
soldiers can’t save us
they need to be saved!
~
awol soldiers up
against the wall
~
the
truth
trumps troops
~
support our troopsports
death athletics / game over.
a war metaphor
~
military boy making yer body better so u
can get blown to bits on the battlefield
~
a man with one hand left
holding an “arm-y?” sign
~
uniformed facing war’s horror
find their own faces deformed
~
i say the harmy nay
airfarce maryannes!
~
u can’t make killing machines and bring them home
without them attacking family on the first crack.
~
idcard
i.e.d.
d.i.e.
i died
empty.
~
patriot
parrot!
~
liberated?
obliterated
~
we have the weapons of mass destruction!
we made them used them sold them to them
~
if the fist fits read my
red and black apocolips.
~
amerika is not number 1
it is just another one!
~
amerikkka is a
serial killer!
~
unlike europe with the nazis
we can’t see what’s overseas
~
a wiser fowl of another feather:
the international great grey owl
oversees & sings no trespassing!
~
i pledge allegiance
to no history or state
your name & address
~
workers get fireworks
to forget their fight
~
“illegal immigrants”?
i say pilgrimmigrants
~
legal immigrants are paid slave wages to
make millions for “illegal corporations”
~
the gandhi sculpture
skirting our history park
towers above it
~
poly styrene dies and
her spirit multiplies
~
gil-scott heron dies &
his spirit multiplies!
~
every time they interrupt our peace –
they’ll get a hundred interruptions,
every time a jesus gandhi king dies –
their spirit multiplies – multiplies
~
i beat compewter at chess
foxcrazylikeoutofsmallbox
turning pawns into queens
~
all the exmen are dead
superman won’t save us
spiderman stuck on web
~
wikileaks hacker
geeks for peace!
not top secret –
anonstop secrets
~
ode to code pink thanks
women who out-think purple
powers that be blinked
~
peace is the goddess-mother’s cups of water
which pour out the godfather’s raging fires
~
only one god is the meaning of odd -
god & goddess plus allah & allat: us
~
tribes gather rainbow warriors
two-spirits 4 genders together
~
the natives revered & married queer
people here for thousands of years
~
about the homeless
bring them with us
~
you adopt an abandoned
man from another land.
~
put love out &
get love back!
imagine – that
~
list yer employer
un/self/unselfish
~
the declaration of interdependence – the united nations
universal declaration of human rights sure beat a dead
declaration of independence and constitution unamendead
~
who are you going to listen to? big banks and corporate ceo’s?! or
jesus gandhi king x marx goldman parks chavez thoreau nader hughes
lennon lennox ono baez smith difranco sainte-marie mitchell simone
~
football players running for justice
football players defending for peace
football players blocking the street
football players tackling the police
~
we are near
nader, dear
~
their terminaders shall
be the unreasonable men
& women like nader & me
~
the revolution will be
u & me live in liberty
~
go around under over thru powers
that be ~ until they fall, dizzy
~
peace &
justice
or bust

poetreefree.us

3-Day Cycle
By, SB Stokes
3-Day Cycle

Slam your face shut
eat it up
unknowing domination
untitled entitlement
claw barking the trees
hound absentee
offering a nest of hair
then another
within seconds
kick-starting yer muther
artificial entanglements
repeater conquer the other
kick out session @ 7am
48 hrs of the same dream
salad & ice cream
excited drinking
slow jam following
everything offered
& nothing forgiven
auto pilot handouts
on a broken river raft
outer space time
just another hate crime
foreign barking tuned
just right flashes
2 for the price of none
forced coffee marches
never mind the blow back
yer own private dog track
horrified cashiers
with every purchase
granting understanding glances
polluted stage set
curly handclaps
& banned shampoo
oblivious villagers
jabbing not prodding
strip mining for love
get that thing out
of the trash
slam it up
eat your face shut
{locusts—have no king}
By, Vero González

BOOK
By, (i found this)

In my past life I was trained as a poet.

And in the life before that, I was spring itself.

Now, you can call me...an accountant.

I keep track:

Sometimes, I get real musical

1> II
Sometimes, I make things up

You see, here, I am the person I want to be.

I'm not there yet.

You can expect me in the corners of advertisements;

truly, I am a Waldo of advertisements.

Like an advertisement, I linger behind something else,
in something else,

waiting to spring at you.

Shopping in one place
you find me in another

I am not a very good ad.

I am not for anything; I am for everything, or for nothing.

I am for particular things,

but I am not very good at it.

Mostly, I am uselessly for useful things.

An advertisement is usefully for useless things
So often I feel as if I am useless.

I may be useless,
but you are not useless;

in this way we may not be useless;

we may remind each other that we are not useless.

Together we can be of use.

Revolution
Dr. Swapan Basu

Make! Make! Make new better things.
In the year 2011, in the people’s land,
So many revolutions, we have to bring.

Long waited the deprived, ignored mass,
Without job, food, medicine or shelter.
How dare they make all of us harass?
Why do we live without a health care?

We build the wealth with hard labors,
With talent, innovating new products.
Companies fail due to bad managers,
But the wealth, the greedy CEOs suck.

In bad times they shed the workers
Slaughter them like innocent cattle.
While they keep looting and devour.
Only innocent workers die in the battle.

They don’t lose jobs or cut own salaries
Play golf and travel in personal jets.
The poor loses all and face miseries
Silently looks for jobs without benefits.

When will the people wake up in rage?
Protest against all these mistreatments.
When will they tear off the bondage?
Shake up the society, failed governments.

Weapons are weaker than the awakened mass
On 14th July, in France, fell the fortress of Bastille.
Threw stones to break rocks, railings and glass.
Broomstick, shovel, rods won over tanks and rifle.

In Nepal, they dethroned the monarch,
Military dictator was deposed in Pakistan.
In Egypt, at Tahirir Square, people march.
Presidents Musharaf, Mubarak reluctantly ran.

Arise people of America, don’t be so afraid
You are the Lord, gave power to the Congress
The courts, military are your servants, maid
Use your weak muscles to end your distress.

Demand job security, free health care
Stop the Government’s criminal force.
Establish your freedom without a fear
Chaos brings order to set the right course.

They have money for the useless wars,
But not for education or free medicine.
If you tolerate, things would get worse.
To them taxing the rich friends is a sin.

Break! Break! Break the cruel capitalist hand
Strike! Strike and let the liberty bell ring
Injustice, slavedom, you must not withstand.
Let us pray together, march, yell and sing.

Poets and singers! Open up ordinary people’s sight
Because your pen and voice are mightier than a rifle
Listen to a poet America! Sing the glory of human rights
Demand basic needs for taxes. It is a survival struggle.

Enquire where did our money, wealth go?
Ask why we fought a war based on lies,
Try the criminals. The war mongers duo
We can not detain and torture without trial.

Come out my dear poor brothers and sisters,
Grab the lit torch from the Statue of Liberty,
Hold the tricolor flag high, spangled with stars
Demand Democracy to America! You The Almighty!

**Occupation**
By, Charle Le Mahr
*Brooklyn, NY*

Occupation

A Q Patient

Questioning Pay

Professionally occupied at a) McDonald's b) Pottery Barn c) Foot Locker d) Zuccotti has not been occupied like Zuccotti has occupied my imagination. An idyllic, mental space, a place of cooperation; and maybe just hearing about it, i’m taken 'there.' An unplaceable, conglomerate deja-vu image Zuccotti conjures, unlike to anything immediately memorable, comes to us as everything we've ever seen, and yet to see

We're in, gauged,
the pressure meter increasing, gouging,
growing, rapidly multiplying

They fear only
a true God, which in themselves
and each other is humble, scholarly,

"I'm not free, have somewhere yet and being somewhere. On the street we meet, and take a long walk downtown to weep, it's cold, cold, cold, the winds blow a scentless, butchered, rosehead into the traffic lights. Such heights, swinging red, green and yellow, pointing to up into the curtailness windows of sated sleepers. Toss and turn and walk-on, on as many layers as you, in thin chinese slippers, in satyr'd boots, in tall socks, like. So, when I have seen Zuccotti, what will it be like to shiver there, will I hear the human megaphone? What will I remember? Will I make a friend?

**OCULAR PAY-A-THON**

Cupid shun

Occupation

**Les Chemins de la Lune**
By, Philippe Costes
Translated by, Thelma Blitz

Avant, il y avait un soleil
Before, there was a sun
et un lion dans la plaine
And a lion in the plain

Avant, il y avait des nuits
Before there were nights

Assis, sur la roche usée
Seated on a rock worn out

par tant de derrières
by so many asses

de tant d'ancêtres
Of so many ancestors

Le nez dans les étoiles (thanks Brel)
Nose in the stars

Le chaman gravait
The shaman carved

Sur une petite Pierre
On a little Stone

Les chemins de la Lune
The paths of the Moon

Qui disaient les vents nouveaux
Which spoke of new winds

Un jour quelqu'un
One day someone

Inventa le feu
Invented fire

Et la nuit disparût
And night disappeared

Son fils inventa la roué
His son invented the wheel

Et le lion disparût
And the lion disappeared (I don’t understand why)

Le fils de son fils
The son of his son

Inventa la propriété
Invented property

Et la Lune disparût
And the Moon disappeared

Le fils de son fils de son fils
The son of his son of his son

Inventa le capitalisme
Invented capitalism

Et la plaine disparût
And the plain disappeared

Mais toujours
But always

Le chaman était là
The shaman was there

Et toujours les hommes étaient joyeux
And always men were joyous

Malgré tout ce qui avait disparu
In spite of all that disappeared

Alors le fils du fils du fils du fils
So the son of the son of the son

Inventa la crise, éternelle
Invented eternal crisis

permanente, récurrente, intrinsèque
Permanent, recurrent, intrinsic

Alors les hommes
So men

connurent enfin la fin
Finally knew the end

de tout espoir
Of all hope

Vers le shaman ils se tournèrent
Towards the shaman they turned

Et lui, il dit alors
Ahd him, he said then
Eteignez ce feu,  
Put out this fire

pour que dans votre regard  
So that in your sight

puisse renaître la nuit  
May be reborn the night

La plaine, le lion, la Lune,  
The plaine, the lion, the Moon

et les étoiles  
And the stars.

Ph.

**Untitled**

by Robin Clarke

Chickens do. Chickens do not. The guard did. What? The guard was. Cry. Cut the neck in your back kitchen tragedy.

Troy. Troy Davis. Troy Davis was. Troy Davis was innocent. Chickens do not. Yes they do. The bald eagle wouldn’t. Troy Davis was. Troy Davis was innocent. Innocent on. Troy Davis was innocent on Wednesday. On his cot. On Thursday Troy Davis was. Was not.


**Zuccotti Chronicles***

Richard Levine

Reading the words OPEN TO THE PUBLIC through bars of the barricade-fencing encaging Zuccotti Park, we might expect to enter a new kind of zoo. We look for Don’t Feed Political Animals signs. Across Church Street we find
Steve’s Pizza, and eat with three visor-up riot police across a stand-up table. Do they notice our WE ARE THE 99% buttons? Are they thinking they may have to club or pepper spray us before the day’s over? We are. In awkward respect for our constitutional right to eat lunch peacefully, they don’t talk to us.

One of the cops is a woman. Removing her helmet, she adjusts the hair tie holding her short ponytail; the soft down at her nape catches light. “Please pass the oregano,” I ask, and a vague outline of breasts impresses her bulletproof vest through her shirt as she reaches for it. I’m not imagining her naked but just in everyday clothes to remove the uniformed threat she might pose. I admit to but don’t say the cheap sexist taunts that come to mind: Wanna see my night stick? Do you believe happiness is a warm gun?

She’s telling a memory-story: her mom taking off the frayed collar from her dad’s police shirt, reversing it and sewing it back on to put off his having to buy another uniform. “Cops have to buy their own uniforms?!” I ask. She nods; they all nod, looking at each other. “That’s another reason for you to be on our side.”

Outside, as though assigned, I take my place; protesters and police tick off each frayed moment: matches held to a sulfur board, who will strike first? We stand face-to-face, fear and resolve shining in each other’s eyes; breath fogs the locked down visors on both
sides; up close the police have all assumed
professional distance to execute their
crowd control tactics and employ weapons
on the assembled unemployed.

The police become a door-less blue wall
I’ve stood before before. We, too, have
ceased to be individuals, our personhood
subsumed by collectivity, together we are one
amoeba. “I haven’t seen this much
fire power since I was in Quang Tri … Tet
Offensive … January 31, 1968 … Dong Ha
field hospital received 80 dead bodies and 400
wounded before dawn …”. My cell phone rings; a text
makes me smile. I hold it up to one young cop
looking at me, then he looks away. “It says:
Happy b-day dad Don’t get arrested. That’s my
daughter. What should I tell her my chances are?”

He pulls down his visor, and I’m looking
at myself thinking from any one of the three
helicopters hovering overhead this stand-off
might look like two blobbish protoplasmic
things having sex, and one might wonder which
traits will dominate: blue or rainbow matter,
static or dynamic, violent or peaceful.

“I’m sixty-four, if you’re wondering. She’s about
your age, … my daughter, … so I guess your
dad’s around mine?” He looks so nervous and
I don’t want to be his target, so I talk to him,
try to keep him calm: I know that battle face, that
satchel charged state of mind, the holding back,
holding back, but one push and he detonates
and will become one explosive mass that keeps
exploding until he is nothing else.
This poem was inspired by waiting all day with Occupiers for a court order to allow them to reenter Zuccotti Park. Occupier-residents of the park had been forcibly removed by police during the previous night. My wife and I heard about the eviction while having coffee at home that morning, and went right over to see what was happening.

**Mic check mic check**

By, Dubblex

We are back again I represent the 99 percent
Who resents the one percent who has all the money that is spent
They got millions and billons to satisfy the greedy
They don’t care to feed the needy
We camp out and protest the mess of this so called democratic process
We march and demonstrate to try to alter our fate

Plastic bullets are fired and still we remain inspired
Tear gas is thrown in the crowd
panic sweeps through like a jet stream in the fogginess
We wonder where is the freedom where is the justice
What crime did we commit?
No one is read their rights or explained why they’re detained
Americans young old from all backgrounds and colors are dragged with plastic handcuffs on their wrists
Thousands arrested when we protest and resist
Someone’s forgotten my first amendment rights
Someone’s forgotten my right to free assembly
Someone has forgotten this is a democracy
The 99% reach out and rise from a flicker on Wall Street to a flame burning
through our countries main streets to around the world north south west and east
Hear the sound of marching feet to defeat the elite
We protest against the bankers’ bailouts
We protest against foreclosed homes
Our outrageous student loans
Against our working homeless
We stand against big money in politics
We demand healthcare for the poor who are sick
We amass to stand against corporate greed
We chant for freedom from poverty for those in need
The police come in the dead of night and rip down our protest signs
They rip down tents and tarps
They trash thousands of library books
They herd us with horses to force us to change our marching courses
spray us with mace,
 fence us in with blockades
The right wing money controlled media turns a blind eye
What is their reply?
Will you sit idly by?
What is the future for our children in this economy?
This country is full of irony
We condemn other countries for limiting freedom of speech
but can’t see our own hypocrisy
Corporations are not people
We need a country that is equal
So mic check this nation
Let the unions take to the streets
Demonstrate a strike
Let us close down ports in Oakland California New York and Florida
Demonstrate in the streets of D.C.
Occupy Wall Street close down the stock exchange
We are the 99 percent screaming it’s time for a change.

Occupied
(a double, reverse Nonet)
By, Patrick Hammer, Jr.
Fort Lee, N.J.
for Michael Rodriguez, OWS Shaman

Once, at the cross streets of Liberty,
Trinity, in Zuccotti Park,
O, in that northwest corner,
Under the Tree of Life,
A Shared Sacred Space
Grew, Occupied,
Encircling
Altar:
All
Faiths,
That we
Attended,
Decorated
With Meditations,
Prayers, Beads, Incense, Song—
Calling the Higher Power
That’s inside us, outside us all:
Change hearts still chained in Greed, unlock Love.

**Acoustic winter**
By, Lee Ann Brown

If the year ends a plural spiral
Make it be so what a year is
If the winter begins again here
In the longest darkest place
Of the shortest bluest day
We play the stillness deep
Into the night song beside
All our sleeping family breath

Of the five friends I am holding
Who will last the winter
In their earthly spiral
In their spring trajectory
Move to lovely summer
One more lovely summer
Or further time to foil
Days whirl into nights

I move to see my parents
The ones who have born
Me out have born me up
I move to be with my sister
And her local love her ones
I move to join the circle
I am already in my kith

Acoustic winter sings a summer
A way to stay awake as the light
Brings back its basket its halo
Its wreath of line and berries
Pine hurries to the wind again
Night is here at its most clear
Sound across the zones a weave
I sing this song again for winter
May Venus never sever
Her move across the sun
To come upon the next
Transit the next music
In time to finger to find
The new way to unwind
Skeins of sound in mind

The Depressed Soul

By, Jeremy Dehart

The depressed soul is a tortured canvas
A beautiful painting shredded
A perfect sculpture smashed
A precious orb devoid of all gravity

The depressed soul takes many forms at once
A free soaring bird
A caged, hungry tiger
A long dead rat serviced by maggots.

The depressed soul is meant to create
To breed beauty
To sustain stoicism
To murder dead the tiresome complacent

The depressed soul also forever aches
Aches for comfort
Aches for a meaningful purpose
Aches for much more

The depressed soul is well misunderstood
Forever told to change
Always threatened
Never socially acceptable
But hear me well.....

The depressed soul will live on
It needs not advise
It needs not pity
It needs not your judgements

The depressed soul will always remain in constant rebellion
Has its own invisible flag
Has its own agenda
And is itself, its only active participant

So never shall you feel sorry for the depressed soul
The depressed soul is well beaten
It has seen enough and will see more still

To all the depressed souls of the world, I say,
Keep on!
Embrace your sorrows and fire back!
For Earth is dead. The next one awaits your visions.

**Lo To The Fallen**
By, Jeremy Dehart

Lo to the fallen
The victorious fallen and
Lo to the beaten defeated

Lo to the deaths that died in vain and
Lo to the victor's pain

Lo to the poets, musicians, and lovers
Lo to the sisters and brothers
Lo to the generals, captains, and privates and
Lo to the homelands that suffer

Lo to the flags sewn together with blood
Lo to the blood that is shed
Lo to the sheds that once housed families
Families that now lie dead
Lo to the children that cry for their mothers
Lo to the orphans who weep and
Lo to the countless tears that have fallen
Into the graves that were reaped

Lo to the public that turns a blind eye
Who get on with their consumerist lives
Lo to the ignorance that the media breeds and
To the people who suck up the lies

Lo to us who must make it our task
To take up the fight eternal
Who challenge the bastards who hide in their towers
To end this terrible struggle

So rise, Rise, RISE! you peasants and
Take to the streets today
Join me all you beautiful Davids for
Goliath's shadow remains.

On Confidence

By, Jeremy Dehart

To feel trapped in an open world.
To drape yourself in solitude and silence.
To see the dying breathe.
To feel the heat radiating from their freshly dug future graves.
To misspell their crumbling names.
To sift through sandboxes filled with your own ashes.
To cause multiple cell pile-ups on lanes of blood veins.

What do you do when your poems dry up?
When your words become chapped and cracked and fall to the ground in stacks?
When your tongue is lacking what your mind is thinking
When your eyes won't stop blinking and your stomach keeps sinking?

And where do you go when the shit hits the fan?
When you feel that you will but quickly learn that you can't?
Can't get up
Can't throw down
Can't step through
Can't pass around?

Do you keep smiling and pretend it's ok?
To suddenly grow confidence in the midst of decay?

And how does that confidence materialize?
In which part of the body is that confidence realized?
And out of what part of the body is it to be poured forth?
And into which vortex shall that confidence remain sustained?

Silently Waiting
by Shirani Rajapakse

They sit in a row, heads
Bowed low, and accept
The law’s blows.

Forced to breath pepper
As the law hovers
In front spraying in
Hope they would leave.
Or die. That would be
Better for the law. No
Doubt.

The cameras flash but
Don’t intervene to save
The students. Prevent
The police onslaught.
Defenders of democracy
What say the press standing
Silently watching,
Clicking.

YEMEN!

By, Cynthia Andrews
Yemen! I love saying it! You can Say it in so many ways! There Are so many ways to say it! There are so many, many ways to Say – “YYYEMMEN!!” I love saying it. Though some People think I’m saying something Else, like “Yeah, Man!” NO!! It’s “Y E M E N.” Sometimes when I get really Really angry all I have to do Is say “YEMEN!!!” (especially if I say the “Y” A little longer and harder than The rest of the word.) See what I mean? It feels great. Just say it At least once a day and Your troubles will be gone! There are so many, many ways to say “Yemen.”

INCognito
By, Cynthia Andrews

They are constantly being bullied, as Though they are the Brutes of this world (and not poets!) The books they want to read are easily and Swiftly removed from the shelves because they may Deal with religion, prayer or meditation. Suicide is Intimated at, and encouraged. Cigarettes are stolen, money, clothes, even a lady’s lipstick, as part of a campaign for healthy eating and a “cleaner environment!” Poetry is left for the State To decide about (or whoever does it these days). They are not allowed to dream for longer than thirty Minutes at a time without being chased out of coffee Shops. They have no name, no language. They are Forbidden to write about personal love, eroticism and Political choice without being labeled as salacious or Dangerous! Strangely enough, someone, somewhere Is Deathly (!) afraid their power will be stolen out from Under them with a couple of strong verbs in iambic pentameter, no doubt.
THURSDAY NIGHT
By, Cynthia Andrews

O dreary black night, covering me with
It’s sinister arms. This sky looks a steel
Grey degrading my streets with wet dirt.

I cannot look up anymore, it pains me
For the chill of it all. I excuse myself
From life for a little while and walk away
In a rage – enraged but I’ll be back I
Suppose and I will remember the

Midnight tragedy this black night proposed
To my consciousness. The slow rain comes down
Still ignoring my comments. It doesn’t matter
A damn what I think, it’ll go on with its
Dreadful downpour like a mediocre

Conversation until someone says something stupid
And we all laugh to break the ice. It’s like that
Now only the sadness repeats itself in a song
Of terrible refrain with a chorus of evil
Angels who left hell just for this occasion.

I think and think, but the steel grey of this black
Night still cannot let me give logic to
All that water under the bridge.

Brechtian Political Poem

By, Dave Eberhardt

Poet/Activist

Baltimore, MD

to Diane DiPrima

if Che stood before you giving a speech?
u'd probably be rubbing your eyes?

che recited leon felipe's poem *
to sugar cane workers
and one wonders what they thought?
the poem somewhat surreal…

from the coca leaf
to street cocaine...what percentage?

under socialism the drugs (should be no space between this and nxt line)

will not be “stepped on”…

capitalism ...hello marketing...
top fortunes listed,

some of them "shipping",
as to off shore islands, swiss banks...

and yet the desperate
must make a living- whichever, whataway...

paris commune ('71) banned prostitution...
why should female body b considered a commodity?

or the woman be forced to

consider herself so?

do you see what
we're up against?

in that the profit
from what is desired

becomes exploitable?
and workers may not b paid?!??!

murder becomes a
"resolution of conflict"

under the "marketing dept.,
o we all need a buzz

so why not legalize buzzes? distribute wealth
to the mules!

mexican drug wars
pit workers v workers...

and in u.s.- fannie mae, freddy mac, standard poor,
was not the bankers either
paid a price
but workers do!
until a government puts
people before profits
do you want to b played like
a monkey in a cage?
the mexican police?
are you glad you're under
rule of "law" in u.s.?
check disparity between

crack and
powder cocaine...

follow the money...
see where it gets you...

**INARTICULATE**
by Davey Davis

I'm going a little crazy being a child of the recession,
Too much information, not enough solutions,
No real jobs, just shuffling around restaurants and gigs and scrabble scrabble,
Bed-Stuy apartment in which I don't belong.

Enough to choke you,
But the real choking's at home,
No opportunities, only coasting,
Smog filled air and a resentment of the super-structure.
Here that structure's got a lot to offer but it isn't offering it to you,
Just to kids in school with pin-point degrees and a clarity of what their purpose is.
In the meantime I wander, hoping to find my spot, but all the spots are full,
Or they're moving in a direction where peace of mind's not an option.

Arabic and words and camera terms crammed into my brain next to bike parts and slang and the occasional tidbit about international economics and television dramas that won't hire me as a PA.
Who the fuck is Ethan Hawke, anyway?

And who the fuck am I to complain?
At least I can articulate, can try to move ahead,
Not like the man at the laundromat,
Whose sentences are devoid of meaning, actions devoid of skill,
He's 40, or 55, or 66, it's hard to tell.
Or Dennis at the restaurant,
Who meets me for 15 minutes and proclaims:
"You're my age, but seem to have lived a lot."
I guess I have,
I guess I really have.
So much to show for it.

The world's still sinking into a place where it doesn't snow until January,
And our politicians don't find it necessary
To move in response to their constituency,
Not like all those little voices have really tried that hard.
The world sums up what we've been moving toward,
And from where I'm standing,
Moored at the closing end of the parabolic American Century,
It doesn't look that pretty.

Mirrors, without song
By, Terry Thompson
Harlem, New York

To speak with a public voice
The poet must be:
Angry with the world and the way it is.
We charge through the skies of disillusion
Some forage among Broken bodies And fractured minds
Earth with no sharp north or Deep South, without curtains or iron walls
Deserts treeing and fruiting after the quickening rains,
The sun radiating ignorance and stars informing Nights of unknowing.
I sing of a world reshaped we must grow new eye' s, To baptize the world with conscience,
We who have collected clouds that mentally burst into storms,
Their eyes are turned to us Screaming for life.
Heavy grows the tongue of the singers,
This is the hour of the stars and the night that dreams,
Inside the heart Is extinguished, In the intimacy of the bitter and sweet.

My wings beat and break against the barriers of heaven,
Page of what book? On what impossible lips? Do I taste this delirious love?
Cry here at the rebirth of the world being who else will teach rhythm?
To a world that has died, who else should ejaculate the cry of joy?
I dream in the intimate Semi-darkness of the afternoon,
I am visited by the fatigues of the day,
The deceased of the year,
The souvenirs of the decade.
It is the same sun bedewed with illusions,
The same sky unnerved by hidden presences,
Where shall I recognize myself again in the laughing mirror of eyes?
At first I was confused by their beauty no smile of a child blooms here,
No tender words for there are no lips only artificial hearts paid for in hard cash.
Nights of insomnia nights of Manhattan,
I saw them preparing The festival of night,
For escape from the day I proclaim night more truthful than then day.
The anguish choked with tears falling in great clots of blood,
I listen to the distant beating of their nocturnal hearts,
Thought Link to act,
Ear to heart,
Sign to sense.
Fateful twilight luminous I shall see different skies in different eye’s,
Which seem a mystery Muffled and formless,
Fearless they have left on the earth their cry for us,
Blind, deaf, unworthy sons who see nothing? of what they have made.
An exquisite thought sometimes awakes a desire I had thought dead,
Before me moves the breath my Ancestors,
The warm faith of a heart without anguish,
A smile despite agony.
In their presence rediscovered my name,
With days of illusions and shattered Ideas,
The suffering that burdens today,
With the taste of tomorrow,
On serene civilized Brow.

it's too late for
careful

by CAConrad

"this is a classic slingshot"
--my grandmother

melting glaciers
frighten me when
they appear on
my street
in dreams

a feeling I send
ahead of myself to one
day walk inside

while people sleep
I like to inspect
their flowers
it's not as
weird as
you think

I dreamt gays were
allowed in the military
everyone
thought it was great
what a nightmare

killing babies is less
threatening with the politically
correct militia

vices for
the vice box for
wards of
the forward state
who like different
things to kill alike

we CANNOT occupy Wall Street but
we CAN occupy Baghdad

the Heart Chakra
is green
we can coat our
anger with it

all blessings soaked into
bed sheets

they can't run
babies are
easy sport
but
murder helps the
pain go away is a rumor you should have ignored

there's a way of looking into
time for a poem
send it into the future

your footprint has grown small what is wrong with your footing?

what kind of American are you? just buy it or steal it but shut up

this poem is terrific for the economy
the rich have always tasted like chicken

I'm not a cannibal because they're not my kind

we CANNOT occupy Philadelphia but we CAN occupy Kabul

we're the kind of poets Plato exiled from the city FUCK Plato that paranoid faggot

Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell? HOW ABOUT Don’t Kill and say whatever you WANT for instance

when I buy a cat I will name him Genet “Genet! GENET!” I practice calling Genet INTO my LIFE

when you purchase a car the factory’s pollution is 100% free
is it
ever easy
waking from
this?
mucus and bone
bacteria and light
a legacy of stardust
it is 98.6 degrees inside
all humans
the freshly murdered
their murderers
and the rest of us in between

my father lived to
see the fast-forward to
the cum shot
technology's
authentic
application

we CANNOT occupy Oakland but
the ghosts will occupy us

I will stay and
watch our
phoenix rise
I believe in us