OCCUPY WALL STREET POETRY ANTHOLOGY

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

CREATED BY THE PEOPLE OF OCCUPY WALL STREET

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

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

WE LOVE YOU.
POETIC INTRODUCTIONS

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Poems Are The Ultimate Weapon Of The 99%

An Introduction By Danny Schechter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We are here in the spirit of Russia’s Mikhail Lermontov whose Death of the Poet was a Je accuse after the death of the great Pushkin in which he addressed the inner circle, the 1% of that age, condemning, 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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Taking Brooklyn Bridge
by Stuart Leonard

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

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

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

And this unrest began to churn within me,
as I watched the fall of the people, watched
as the great common people were being baited
and cheated by robber barons who would
delight in rekindling the gilded age, to gloat from
their palaces at the miserable, and I wondered
how this could be, how I could be watching the country
I grew up in, the heirs of independence, the tough,
decent, imperfect, hardworking people I venerated
lose the freedom that so many before us fought and died for.
There was a silent book on the shelf, your book,
Walt Whitman, I had kept the exact same copy
I discovered as a youth, inert on the shelf, the song
you taught me muted in the dark, and I was the same
as that book, a song stifled in the closed pages,
serving no one, a dusty decoration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many more come clambering down and you
can feel the tension rise, the police growing in number,
the people marching, earnest, a point has to be made,
the bridge has to be taken, and then we see the barricades
before us, the crowd jamming together as those behind us
keep coming forward, the police now closing in from both sides,
we are trapped not quite half way across the bridge,
and many are firm that they will not just leave,
some climb on dangerous girders to escape as others
call out to them to be careful, others sit and get ready
for their arrest, some are confused, not knowing that they
would come to this end, I see an older man, the first I think
to be arrested and there is both strength and weariness on his face
as he glares at the police with fearless eyes, and though as it turned out
we had been stopped there and would go no further,
our true momentum was not halted,
I knew we had triumphed, because we had taken action,
the people had risen, and with no violence or hatred,
we had shown our willingness to risk and struggle for our liberty,
and while it might seem a small thing to some,
an event to go largely unnoticed, not as bloody as a battle, or news worthy as a riot,
I knew that we had come to the Brooklyn Bridge and given it the meaning
poets had sought to give it in their words, we had brought
the rough, sacred spirit of democracy to the Brooklyn Bridge,
we had restored Whitman’s song to 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
3. 
splayed hooves click through death’s graveyard
   running panting clicking
humans scratch together word fragments
   car(e)-i? bou? Who? Try caribou rights
Globally, people are pawing with ardent green pens
   fervent foundations of community rights
   & shattering ground swells of nature rights
   birthing offering hoping

Nine Black Robes . . .
By, Steve Bloom
September 2011

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I’ll finish reading in a leaky basement in Toronto, because I said I would, I’ll finish an advanced degree because I came all the way there, and I will finish that mountain of debt, or it will finish my dear self. So I turned to Air and Breakfast, a terrific site whereby city folk can rent out their very own bedroom to strangers. I don’t have a spare bedroom, an empty bedroom, or god knows a couch, but technically I have a bed and 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 soul without a phone” he texted, which is how I knew the method by which he was subtly putting down my general hygiene.

“I changed the sheets! They’re Clean!” I insisted to Jun Ning Shao, my voice rising to a squeal. I’ve had two people cut me off, siting as evidence my failure to ‘strip the bed’ upon leaving another’s residence. Nobody EVER told me about this strip the bed thing. I know about ‘wash the dishes’, not that I always do it, and believe me Thank You and Excuse Me figure largely in my very speech pattern, they are that innate, but Folding and this Bed Stripping are 2 things that can send you hurtling into a social darkness just as surely as bad math. I’m just adding the math part because there’s a late nomadic mathematician, as in dead (though he probably as often late) who traveled the world visiting small groups of mathematicians and 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. Its not always your big day.

**CALIBAN PROTESTS**

By, Edgar Garcia

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

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

**99%**

By, Najaya Royal

*Age 14*

*Brooklyn, NY*

What if the sky was yellow and the sun was blue? What if money did not affect if you have a home the same time next year? Impossible, right? We are the 99% that are not rich We are the 99% who do have to worry about bills getting paid each month But are the 99% with a voice that can be heard all around the world Even though we are frowned upon by the 1%’ Though we are the reason the 1% are rich I mean who else lunch money would they steal and be able to get away with it We are all against bullies So it's about time we stand up to the biggest bully of them all We were born free
So why can't we all live free
Why can't 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

Invocation 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 benefitting 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 degradations
After the bait-and-switch called Free Trade
After the drug violence fueled by our cocaine habit
Do you really believe they’d leave families and ancestral lands
For a life of drudgery in the icy heart of the North?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rhymes & Sayings
By, Serge Matsko

1. you OWS Me

2. Mr. UberPoor-UberRich
... breaks in two & fall in ditch.

3. sub-crime mortgages
for sub-prime people
4. capitalism -you never full,
you're always hungry as a bull,
you're always rude, you're always tough,
you'll never get a word enough.

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

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

5. police state for police!

Bail Out What?
By, Eliot Katz
October, 2008

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

WOLFMAN LIBRARIAN AND THE TREMBLING PAIR OF ACTOR HANDS
By Filip Marinovich

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

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

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

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

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

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

you are scaring yourself too much
Wolfman END OF HORRORS SHOW 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
I'm 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 PersiaCheeked 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--office--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 and 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 ows, 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, unsprouoted and forgotten.

Conscious-cidal worlds rise- not Zen but

hiding failure- preaching lies of choicelessness.

Fate, faith, speechless deafness cause one's

mind, soul, heart to close tight. Even the

brain splits; cleft in right and left hemi-spheres, ears lost but for loud media.

Power owns divine thought, and says to

consume as a way of life and to
conform and be carelessly brutal.

   Power owns divine thought. Break down!

**Occupy Flats**

By, Lara Weibgen

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

What a shitty world, where desire means fantasizing
about your own desiccation. On the subway platform

   green anemones in the hair of beautiful women

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

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

Don’t just say “capitalism,” salt flats:

I’d like a personalized answer, for once.

Look, I know I sound cranky, but I’m for a lot of things,
especially things that light up or move very slowly or are unreal.

Some of what I’m for is real, though.

For example, next summer I’ll get a kitten

   & eat violets while screwing tenderly & breathlessly

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

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

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

You’re the pessimist, taking up all that space

   without letting a single thing flower.

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

But this morning I was a scholar, or at least I was trying to be.
My dissertation is about conceptual art in the Soviet Union: why it was so sad & what it has to teach us about failure.

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

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

What I’m saying, salt flats, is that when I think of you, I mean of being you, I feel a little sick. No offense. But what if instead of being you I could just be with you, you know? We can work on this dryness thing together. Grass will grow, stallions will come galloping in, the earth will feel more like an earth, & after a while, your indigenous peoples will come back.

I’m not saying this needs to happen right now, I know it’s scary, but I think we should start planning— for your sake & mine, for the stallions & Troy Davis, for the sad conceptualists of the world & women everywhere with anemones in their hair.

Have It Your Way

By, Lara Weibgen

I like my men like I like my drinks like I like my stock portfolio.
STRONG.
I like my lattes like I like my jeans like I like my body.

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

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

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

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

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

NOT AFFECTING ME PERSONALLY.
I like my poets like I like my philosophers like I like my emotions.

DEAD.

Because we love each other

By, Lara Weibgen

Because we love each other I eat the whole city & in my bowels it becomes sky.
I take off my shirt & on my breast gleams a lake of purest silver.
My bone marrow is a vaccine. I inoculate every living thing against homelessness, faithlessness, & disenfranchisement.
I walk down the street; people are making love
& inviting me to make love, which I do.

It makes my love for you even stronger.

Everybody I know dies

but no one’s dead.

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

By, Stephen Boyer

*for Kevin Killian and Dodie Bellamy*

gazing into my crystal ball, Angel Ariel

searching for past lives

she hasn’t been forthcoming with answers

soooo I logged onto facebook and took a quiz

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

wandering around Strand Bookstore in a miniskirt flirting with staff

yes I’ll have sex for money

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

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

but Ariel keeps suggesting my interpretations are self involved

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

he didn’t even know what he had contracted

nor time to care about the silver screen

soooo far from everyone that raised him

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

drinking and fucking on the docks

men crashing through the ramshackle ceilings
men fucking on top of the corpses

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

another boy on the train had the same revelation

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

My partner raised her hand and said,

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

And the instructor said,

“So, you got your GED?”

And my partner said,

“Actually, I have a Master’s degree…

…from Yale University…

So what do you recommend for me?”

There was no answer.

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

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

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

I can almost hear it coming.

**Anonymous**

by, Eileen Myles

NO I’M THE POET

NO YOU’RE THE POET

NO HE’S THE POET

NO THEY’RE THE POET
NO SHE’S THE POET

NO THAT’S THE POET

NO THIS IS THE POET

NO I’M THE POET

(repeat)

Listen My Children

By, Stuart

Listen my Children

And you shall hear

Of the Bankers on Wall Street

Who trembled in fear.

The O.W.S.

They were growing in number

And awakened the Crooks

From a greed-drunken slumber.

"What you've done is a crime!"

The Protesters growled

But the Bankers stood firm

As the winter winds howled.

"We're not the bad guys!"

"We're Rich and you need us!"

"And Washington said,

‘They won’t let You defeat us!’ ”.

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

**YES, MR. MONEY**

by, Jack Foley

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

Power

We mean that wall in Wall Street

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 mercenairies. 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 Forwar*

and then there were balloons

**Occupy Planet Earth**

*4 October 2011*

By, Jim Cohn

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

The 99% Club shadow the zombie billionaires
Who believe the earth’s treasures are theirs alone
& laugh in the face of our mortal humiliation.

How insane does profit sound to the billions,
The endless light of bodies, fearlessness of dreams,

Prophets of purpose, multi-incarnation.

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

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

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

Heavy Weight

By, Jack Litewka

Berkeley, Calif.

The granite boulder
lodged in dried mud, gigantic.

Many hands will move it.

ECONOMICS

By, John Oliver Simon

Berkeley, California

My breath rolls in and back out to sea again
bearing no syllables on the roaring tide,
no green bottles glistening with messages:
help, I’m stuck on a desert island with Russ
from the office, with Janey from summer camp,
with seven billion monkeys armed to the teeth.
My teeth are being chipped away one by one
and used to fill cavities in Mount Rushmore
whence four dead white males contemplate unseeing
the sorry spectacle of the commonweal,
measured by money, worthless if not backed by
competent simulation of faith and trust:
money, liquid, crystal, flowing into vaults
and inundating houses people live in.

I Approve This Message

By, Les Anderson

Santa Cruz, California

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

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

FOURTH OF JULY POEM

*By, A. D. Winans*

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

$$ Men Haiku

By, Adelle Foley

*Oakland, California*

Occupy Wall Street

Break down the financial walls

Get ready to run

**Waiting Eye**

By, Edgar Lang

I was born poor through no fault of my own

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

But I am grateful for something I've known

That in my poverty, I am not alone

The needle's eye, the needle's eye

Waits for a rich man to come by

If he brings a camel

He can give it a try

I speak with the wisdom of an educated man

But from the perspective of a farmer working barren land

Where the fertile soil is on the other side
Of a divide designed to keep a baron's wealth inside

The needle's eye, the needle's eye

Waits for a rich man to come by

If he brings a camel

He can give it a try

The needle's eye is lost in the hay stack

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

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

He snuck through the needle's eye, now Heaven welcomes bank execs

He did it when the needle was stuck in my arm

Injecting treatment while they foreclose on the barn

My insurance doesn't cover the chemo

This cancer's turning me into a scarecrow

Still I believe what I heard from a man of faith

That the Lord has said our inheritance will be great

The needle's eye, the needle's eye

Waits for a rich man to come by

If he brings a camel

He can give it a try

The People We Don’t See

by Richard Krawiec

The married couple sell their bedframe,

$25, to pay off most of the water bill,

$29 - 2.80 for water, 26 taxes, fees -
sleep on a mattress on the floorboards
beneath a small, Army-issue wool blanket,
beneath a window translucent to gray
skies, traffic. Their two sons awake dressed
in sweatsuit pajamas, beg to bump the thermostat
higher than 50 degrees. “Get dressed,” mother says,
pouring cereal from the 3-pound plastic bag
into mugs they can rinse and use for juice,
rationed plates to ration dish liquid. The oldest
boy swears at the ripped dungarees, gift
collected from the food pantry, along with
laceless sneakers which almost fit. The other
loves his fatigues despite the grass stains
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 ADMIRE OTHER BOYS' MUSCLES. GIRLS OTHER GIRLS'
BREASTS. BOTH WANTED THE BUMPS. WANTED TO SWELL-UP,
GROW-UP, TO BE SOMEBODY BIGGER, beautiful, BUMPY.
BUMPS MEANT POWER, ROCK 'N' SEX, WHITE TEETH, wheels,
DRINKING BOOZE FROM PAPER BAGS, LIFTED ARMS AND pecs ALL BUMPY.

114. SCAR HUNT

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

43. A MAN CAME OUT OF A TREE

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

75. MEMORIES: steam

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

The Coming of Christ

By, Raymond Nat Turner

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Carved in marble, etched in granite,

Rich tapestry cut from the same cloth—

Nicknames notwithstanding, their name

Is legion:

The Father of His Country, The Sage of Monticello,

The Great Emancipator, The Great Communicator,

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

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

Tricky Dick, Dubya—Lynchin’ Bains Johnson resonated

Deepest…until…

Jesus Christ came back

Not as a organizer

Of Sleeping Car Porters, rejecting George…

Not as a Socialist

Blessing Harlem speaking truth to lunch bucket crowds …

Not as a pistol-packing terrorist
Pointing her people at the North Star…

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

Uncomfortable with slavery…

*Not* as a *Muslim* minister spitting fire

At mass murderers, posing as victims…

*Not* as a *Baptist* preacher pinning the

Emperor’s clothes on fine lines of love…

Jesus Christ came back

From a manger on Madison Avenue,

Slinging slogans and selling snake oil

Labeled “Hope” from the back of the

Wizard’s wagon—good Chicago shit

Lincoln, Jesse, Oprah and other orators

Have hooked hope-fiends on for hundreds of years…

Jesus Christ came back

Temptation-walking the Potomac,

And calibrating his cover story

To “Beauty’s Only Skin Deep:”

*Rosa sat, so*

*Martin could stand, so*

*The State Machine could run—*

Amok with *seamless* precision

Jesus Christ came back

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

Jesus Christ came back

With jump shot, crossover and slick behind-the-

Back ball-handling skills for bitch-slapping Black

Caucus, liberal-labor apostles who stood on ice,

Crying freeze- dried tears on his warhead and

Singing obscene songs about “Bombs bursting

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

And tamed them in tongues:

“*Tamp down’ your expectations, for there are

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

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

Jesus Christ

Came back as a professor impersonating Iceberg Slim,

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

Is that why his combat boots have lipstick on them?

**REVOLUTION**

by ava bird

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

what we deserve, right?

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

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

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

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

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

you push out souls and ladies, where is your revolution?

for a good time, call your congressman!

by ava bird

For a good time, call your congressman!

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

strange bed fellows:

sleeping with his dicks in oil

his pricks in big pharma, doctors, politicians and

even bigger dick tricks

in the military industrial complex

In building 7, he fucks for missiles,

he’s a cocksucker for war,

blood lust,

pope robes to bibles,

fables and fag hags in gowns to fuck us!

Is it 4:20 yet?

Earth Day yet?

Is there a revolution yet?
Let us Rise

against dicks in politics

wars incorporated,

empires,

gods and other vampires.

**Testosterone the terrorist**

by ava bird

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

his dad thinks his butt doctors an ass,

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

he wonders about sexuality

and wants desperately for it to be sacred

but he’s scared shitless of commitment and children,

yet he loves his religion,

mind controlled, he fucks for a living,

donning a suit and tie,

tied around his neck as a noose,

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

Say miss, can I ask you a question?

whats with all the consumption?

your pill poppin and fuckin for favors,

your prayers to a misogynist god

and worship of a doctor who hooks you on drugs,

she votes for thugs in congress
and smiles sweetly at banksters gang bangin bitches, the teachers and nurses,
needles poked for swine from swines and pigs at the trough….
when will we have enough?

**voting is for fools**

by ava bird

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

Propostions by prostitutes for votes for clowns,
wolves in suits,
pimps in pursuit of a old ladies loot

And a young womans womb…

I registered to vote and all I got was a phony story
about a bunch of dicks landing on the moon,
tricked and poked by pricks
pimpin vaccines to teens with HPV
& HIV in Hepatitis C vaccines for the fags
to die getting fucked in the ass without any lube.

I registered to vote and all I got was a con job by cocks and cocksuckers,
dicks and ho’s
gangs bangs through legislation,
corporate rapes
and jokes known as popes tax exempt to molest.

I registered to vote and all I got was a tax write off for millionaires,
food shortage scares,
slaughterhouse murders, more prison cages
and wars that continue to rage.

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

rigged elections, 9/11 fabrication,

a banksters planned housing recession ,

a crashing dollar, economic desperation,

domestic isolation,

and the hatred of the whole wide wonderful world.

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

the suit of a clown and an unspeakable tragedy.

And

What did you get when you registered to vote?

**Communique From The Center Of The Universe**

By, Richard Woytowich

*(Zuccotti Park, October, 2011)*

We are here, where the markets tumbled;

We are here, where the towers crumbled.

Here, the brand new towers rise;

Here steel and glass once more touch the skies.

Here they built a place to mourn,

But here a new world's being born.

Here the mind and heart converse;

Here wealth and poverty reverse.

Here is the universe's true center;

Abandon all greed, ye who here enter.
We are here; We are the 99 percent.
We are here; We will not be moved.

**From the Liberty Park Kitchen**

By, vivian demuth

Mic Check!

Kitchen workers grab your
economic-justice gloves.

We slice homeless bagels
and foreclosed cakes
for the hungry-for-food
and hungry-for-change 99%.

We pour jugs of water
into utopian containers
for grannies for peace
& American Indian Movement marchers.

We sweep the park grounds
for the sake of clean feet
and the 1 % Mayor.

At night, we pee at Mcdonald’s
sleep near jackhammers pounding
and a caucus of trees
with our 3rd eyes & brains
wide open.

**The Whole World**
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 crowdsourced
blowing an explosive up its ass
don’t let your fear of extremism
block the joy that wants to breathe
deeply, and expel a vitriolic shout
the bursting out inside of you
a truly raptured sense of shame
at all that vanishes into air
truly, dying doesn’t heal you
nor the pre-lived self-present masses
but in the interstices
in the banal shadows, amidst the suits
some ones are learning to speak
mic check! the moment is fresh
the first bloom of spring
primate propensities at bay
with no behind the scenes
all seeks all in front now
no regulating the media
the whole world is watching

**GIANT ROLLING WAVES**

by John Curl

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

confiscating inventory

draining swamp around stock market

national guard joining strikers

the president's last swindle

carpenters run through the Senate

forest fading into jewels

bear wander through prison ruins

workers collective selecting foreperson

purgation of dawn metal

smile into the great calm

flocks of hearts flying home

community absorb corporations

inside this circle of fire

**LIBERTÉ**

Adrienne Rich 2011

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

Ankles shackled

metalled and islanded

holding aloft a mirror, feral

lipstick, eye-liner

    She’s

a celebrity    a star attraction

a glare effacing
the French Revolution’s
risen juices  vintage taste
the Paris Commune’s
fierce inscriptions
lost in translation

In Utopia

By, Charles Bernstein

In utopia they don’t got no rules and Prime Minister Cameron’s “criminality pure and simple” is reserved for politicians just like him. In utopia the monkey lies down with the rhinoceros and the ghosts haunt the ghosts leaving everyone else to 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, I 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
Shacked in a pyramid waiting for the death charge
Bound and gagged and blindfolded for twelve long days
As outside your prison the revolutions rage
Shackled and outraged in Capitalism’s jail
Gagged and bound by the Federal Exchange alpha male
What will it take (revolution?) to get the mind stable
What will it take get food on every table

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

Into the streets where the people won’t be scared

Into the streets into the streets of old Cairo

Down with the tyrant down with the cop-pharaoh
Secret police riding camels wielding clubs and guns
Communication going dark but people kept coming
Prisons of Egypt didn’t keep them down

*Prisons of Egypt turned us all around*

This verse is like luminous beads on a string
Verse like the shifting sands with a scorpion’s sting
Verses are the cries of people in the bowels of corruption
Verses ululate souls of those crying out in insurrection
Everywhere the call and everywhere the response
The examples of our companeros and companeras leave us no choice
Here on U.S.A. continent soil
We’re in it together in rhizomic interconnected coil
Rebellion, rebellion, a line is drawn
No more privilege no more degrading scorn
Of the people who struggle and inhabit this world
This is the season to reverse the bankers’ pact-with-devil course….

Rise up Cairo rise up Port Said
Rise up Alexandria rise up your need
Rise up El Karga rise up your voice
Prisons of Egypt gave you no choice
Rise up U. S. of A., rise up your voice
Capital’s prisons everywhere leave us no choice
It’s the universal paradigm it’s the only game in town
Support the occupiers of Wall Street, don’t let them down
Out of darkness out of tyranny

Prisoners everywhere could be set free

We won’t be sleeping on the shifting desert sands

Til freedom of all denizens come to all lands….

We’ll occupy Zuccotti Plaza beamed around the world

Sleep on the concrete, wake up on consecrated soil

Where bones of slaves and workers and victims of war

Will haunt the USA 1% spooked psyche right down to the core….

_In memory: Allen Ginsberg_

**GAIA REGARDS HER CHILDREN**

By, Alicia Ostriker

Ingratitude after all I have done for them ingratitude

Is the term that springs to mind

Yet I continue to generate

abundance which they continue to waste

they expect me to go on giving forever

they don’t believe anything I say

with my wet green windy

hot mouth

**Imagine the Angels of Bread**

By, Martín Espada

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,

gazing like admirals from the rail

of the roofdeck
or levitating hands in praise
of steam in the shower;
this is the year
that shawled refugees deport judges
who stare at the floor
and their swollen feet
as files are stamped
with their destination;
this is the year that police revolvers,
stove-hot, blister the fingers
of raging cops,
and nightsticks splinter
in their palms;
this is the year
that darkskinned men
lynched a century ago
return to sip coffee quietly
with the apologizing descendants
of their executioners.
This is the year that those
who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands
pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth that sprouts the vine,
the hands canning tomatoes
are named in the will
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;
this is the year that the eyes
stinging from the poison that purifies toilets
awaken at last to the sight
of a rooster-loud hillside,
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;
this is the year that cockroaches
become extinct, that no doctor
finds a roach embedded
in the ear of an infant;
this is the year that the food stamps
of adolescent mothers
are auctioned like gold doubloons,
and no coin is given to buy machetes
for the next bouquet of severed heads
in coffee plantation country.
If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.
So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread.

I am already ashamed

By, Penelope Schott

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

**Give Me Back My Pony**

By, Feliz Molina 9/27/2011

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

My Little Pony

used to be nicer and prettier

when everyone had a job

didn’t need student loans

and had a home.

My Little Pony swam offshore

to secret islands, Seychelles

and sparkles in offshore accounts

generated 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,
wafts 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, trombones, 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 kendra 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 virtueous democracy.

Democracy for whom?

Virtures from where?

We manufacture death without objection.

Sweat genocide from our fingertips.

Stamp our approval of extinction along the sides.

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

Closed hearts, and blind minds.

Proud only of a hard day's work,

Bills of death in our pockets, and

The banner of obliteration held high above our heads.

Here, we manufacture burial grounds.

Mass tombs for the outcome of our productivity.

Is this our pride?

Is this our wealth?

Are these nuclear atoms our halos we falsely earned?

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

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

We manufacture false hope on machines of adversity.

While the foremen smile and shake hands with the cooperative.

We manufacture our own ruined reputation.
We are the source of our decline.

Right here in this factory of minimum wage henchmen

Smile now and regret will follow.

**Opportunity Knocks**

By, Germ

Opportunity.

Hear it knock

Fenceposts into rural soils with

Hammers of prejudice.

Racist barbed wire of segregation.

Seperate to keep unjust order alive and kicking.

Borderline insanity on desert oceans.

Dwell not in our free state.

Crowd not our equal streets.

Banished are ye to your third world.

To your clay huts.

To your arid, deprived oasis.

Hope not to live among equals

For you hold the wrong heritage.

Ha! Blasphemous mutiny against our fellow brothers.

Life denied through the eyes of the badge.

Opportunity....

Hear it knock.

Hear it beaten.
Hear it deport.

Hear it hate.

Hear it exhort.

Hear it blame.

Here, it's short.

An Ode To The Cause

By, Germ

Minds are locked behind unlocked doors.

Standing on ceilings made to look like floors.

Ballrooms are packed with tiresome feet.

While others are dancing atop burning sheets.

Paper dripping ink like black and blue blood.

Papyrus stained walls are covered in mud.

Ancient riddles awaken to whisper us truth.

On how to break out and start up the coup.

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

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

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

To correct our mistakes and dry up our eyes.

Sacco and Vanzetti, martyrs to the craft

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

As long as this anarchy is alive within me

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

The light of a new dawn shining on a new day
And imaginations captured by the black flag I wave.

So answer the call, make way for the peace
By abolishing the army, the church and police.

So set your sights high for now is the time
To let your voice be heard and may your words always shine.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDER THE WIRE

By, Doren Robbins

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

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

There's not much left to go around. And when it finally happens here, the armed robots of whoever rules in the name of which ever ocracy or ism will let us know who gets what.

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

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

By, John Colburn

From Occupy Minnesota

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

2. We thought our daydream might flicker.

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

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

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

3. We knew deadlines in the guts

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

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

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

One for Overcoming (the self)

By, Stu Watson

Transit tempos of future imitation

cause in air abruptly cool

some fashion—a means of holding out for form

and giving all away when debt—
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--

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

**For Allen Ginsberg**
by, Kate Wilson

I’ve been a desperate wanderer like you,

failing to meet the ends of dreams in days

except in dreams, where clouds swathe

peach bodies and we love as completely

as the gods we’ve made in marble and stone,

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

tireless, fearless
against generals, bureaucrats, politicians

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

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

corpuscles hiss from the splutter
flare from the pyre drafts

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

ingénue face-splitting smile
Buddha-girl California smile

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

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

her last outcry: “I’m alive”

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

from torso to torso
blogs mocking her even as martyr

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

manic, anorexic, insomniac
fortified by parties and red wine

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

gladiator of the courage of the vulnerable
novice of no past at the boundary of history
saint of the collateral orphans
paladin weeping for a planet of metal

nova emptying its burden of souls
stranger arousing the genital wind

auric-haired bride Marla
wrapped in the black abaya

like the dawn blistering past blood beyond the background

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

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALISA ZINOV'YEVNA ROSENBAUM
by, Mike Cecconi

fuck you Ayn Rand
we are all majestic

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

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

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

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

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

fuck you Ayn Rand
physical achievement is largely luck or cheating

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Right to Bare
by, Ian Bodkin

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

they reside in this
my violent whisper.

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

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

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

WEALTH MANAGEMENT
by, Cynthia Atkins

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

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

ROOMS
by, Cynthia Atkins 
“In my Father’s House there are many mansions.” [John 14:2]

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

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

WAYS OF DRILLING
by, Lee Slonimsky

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

**ILLINOIS PENSION ACCOUNTING**
by, Lee Slonimsky

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

**THE PEACE MOVEMENT**
by, M. G. Stephens

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

We all know about Abraham, the great religions emanating from his skull, but what about Isaac, where is his world taken into theological thought,
mulled over by the great philosophers of the world, dissected and long discussed? Isaac endured his god-thirsty father’s knife and blood-fanatical intentions.

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

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

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WAR AND PEACE
by, M. G. Stephens

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

THE ACT OF FAITH
by, M. G. Stephens

From point A,

s
h
e

l
e
a
p
s

AS IT IS
by, M. G. Stephens

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

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

THE OLD CLOCK
by, M. G. Stephens

Even when I am
almost always
wrong

 Twice a day
the broken clock
reads correctly

Sometimes through no
fault of my own
I’m right
LIFE HAS LOST ITS BEAUTIFUL RHYTHM
by, M. G. Stephens

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

NEWS OF THE WORLD
by, M. G. Stephens

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

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

PUBLIC NOTICE
by, M. G. Stephens

Sandie Redhead is a blonde

THE CRISIS
by, M.G. Stephens

The new speaker of the house takes the gavel

Ten thousand blackbirds fall from the sky in Arkansas
THE DECLARATION OF PENGUINDEPENDENCE  
by, Filip Marinovich

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

    Penguins hooray!

Fathers huddled together in  
    subzero farenheit  
father temperatures

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

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

    Curious gender  
    reversal

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

is it zuccotti park where you are?  
by, Gus Franza

1
my u’wear is ripped and the spa-ghetti boils over  
wine’s too expensive so  
we won’t drink toasts  
look! it’s dawn  
and the fat policemen are coming  
why are they so fat?  
to sling us hash of order.

2
zuccotti never dreamed of this  
sorry mr. z but the flags  
are up nobody’s playing ball today  
no eminences are coming to this rigamarole of postmodern products  
you’ll have to put up with us  
saxophonists
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 florescent lighting
rendered unable to impart its secrets.
this Wild
the Wild that
seduced us
conceived us
carried us for nine months and through all eternities
that
bore us
and
birthed us in Hot Blood
onto the Earth's surface
heaving with Tectonic Breaths
that
birthed us onto
this Earth
Earth who with
dirt rocks and root
teeth fur and carbon
and
saline water
nursed proteins into
protozoa
and
fed dinosaur flesh to hungry sediment
and
filled our mammal bones with
marrow and
filled our narrow minds
with
god and Language and
strung our idle thumbs with bow and arrow and
kissed our mouths when they swelled with avarice and poison
and
it was thus
that we killed her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I Have a dream that involves making moves if you can gather what I mean
And see the unseen, look past the touch screen
And keep your life clean -Because to me WINNING…. Isn’t what 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
your punk politicians will try to make us die.
Tsunami comin’ this way can’t be stopped
Rich man, where you gonna hide?
where you gonna hide?

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

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

Obese SOAPOPERAS dominating bottled water and ceramic piggy banks
ordered female neck bones mortgaged
along with foxnoose cows. OCCUPY.
Gloomy postmodern goys kiss and tell, conspirators and blistering
GRANDIOSE IBM products mistrusted heartbroken saxophonists
who reguritated urban jungle hall and ceiling graffiti artists. 0CCUPY.

Hi-ho! Complaining Wall rats strangled highly placed muscular lads while
naturally corrupt politicians made cucumbers risky bets
and distinguished barbershops spotted HAIL MARYS in a skywide combative atmosphere. Damn
the noise! OCCUPAY.

Right shoe! Right shoe? Right shoe$ Not in our lifetime had absolute memorialized dregs

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 sí mismo
con exclusión de cuanto pueda serle extraño
concretar a lo esencial
como dijo mi amado hermano:
hay mucha tibieza en este lugar!
estamos todos muy cómodos
en una práctica anodina
como ranas de experimento
y es esta pestilencia la que me motiva y me rebela
y cuando uno surge de la media
debe estar dispuesto a la cruz
I´M A SHAREHOLDER

SHOW ME WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE
by, Lara Weibgen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God and The City
by, Floyd Salas

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

But where the cross of stream and blood was
rust coats the kidney and stone
on the altar of a dry creek
Where sweat made a halo of holy water
out of his hatband
and eroded the dirt in his cheeks
judge and barrister
stamp barrels of ink
with the thumb of the law
on the parchment
of a notarized oath
spend out their salaries and seasons
in the puzzle of its labyrinthine print

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

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

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

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

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

The Pledge of Aggrievance
by, S.A. Griffin

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

The War
by, S.A. Griffin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The War is getting younger all the time.

Nobody should look that young.

Nobody.

The War Is Over
by, Burt Kimmelman

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

We two old lefties head off to catch our train back home,
and it’s then I remember that heady day when, out of nowhere
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, mat-
erial batters
being seen to nothing

the mattering of
manners bantered

like light's umbrage
sees there's no matter

to thing of

3

of plural and obstinate

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

of relative and general
of particular ands

Tsunami
by, Kelly
for Occupy New York

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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-shooted down on the wide white steps. A buzz swarms, flashes, fizzles and dies.

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

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

A pitiless stupid neon equation traipses by, its coiling right-to-be won by the CEOs again, suburban-watering their multi-colored penis-chomping tulips that look like dental vaginas, and order...
year-long supplies of sugarless chocolate, decaffeinated coffee and the “chopper-of-heads” pâté.

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

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

No!!!

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

Favela Tweets
by, Phil Baumann
@philbaumann

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

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

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

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

The sparrow tweets a symbol And a Call is Answered.

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

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

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New Civilization Rising
By, Craig Louis Stehr

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Fight Song**

by, Star

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

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

Decisions are a luxury, but these are heavy times.

We must keep moving forward and keep our dreams alive;
we must keep moving forward, and maybe they'll survive.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This highway will look beautiful it's fading blur

just like our government would look lovely as it burned.

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

I'll fight a little stronger if you understand;

I'll fight a little stronger if you understand.

**Movement**
by Lisa 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,
erking
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
collection 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 reeducation. 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.

over flow nothing.
isolated, political
become stormed, capital.

**Voice of Jah**
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 clutches 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!  
– Once & For All

An excerpt from EVERYDAY WRITING: A Deconstruction of the Human Hive  
By Nathaniel Watts

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

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

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

Completed 11:26pm
NEWANGELS
By, Edward Mycue
For Jane Mycue

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

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

Last Days of Disco
By Ayesha Adamo

[read at Poetry Assembly at OWS on 10/21/11; from the forthcoming play Chaos and the Dancing Star, which is set in the late 90’s rave scene]

Bright gold blinds fast in eyes that love the gilded
Your stunning silhouette: it’s you that’s black
Against the sun. And I can stand the flame.
And we could sit here on the edge of something
But only if our feet can stand the sky
The truth is: we’ll be falling harder now
A pair of cigarettes against the night
Biting our lips and crossing into sorrows
The city that never sleeps will be put down
A dog with gilded coats and mangled limbs
The green the gangrene that mocked us senseless
Bought up the final square foot of a soul
It’s precious real estate now out of reach
But I won’t soon forget its pink-lit halls
I’d pay in all the glitter I have left
And dark’ning memories of the mirrorball
We’d watch the New Times Square outshine us all.

EARTHQUAKE
By, Kelli Stevens Kane

(This poem was originally published in The Mom Egg.)

Note from the author: I read this poem at the OWS Poetry Assembly on 10/21/11. It was my first experience with the power of the human mic. When I wrote it, I didn’t realize that this poem could be about starting a revolution. My intro at OWS was this: "This is not/ a poem/ about starting/ an earthquake./ The earthquake/ is a metaphor/ for change./ Right here./ Right now." This poem is from my manuscript, Hallelujah Science.

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 and make money galore?
Or should I jump in?
Even though I do not know how to swim.
NO! I need to sing a good hymn.
Because life ain’t that dim

Letter To Travis

By, Dr. Ed Madden

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

my former student Anna, hair dyed black, arms crossed
over her tie-dyed purple tee, leaning

on a not-quite-life-sized bronze George Washington
(the one boxed off at the MLK march
earlier this year, unfortunate fodder for FOX to spout off
about respect and legacy and shit like that,

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

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

now over a cluster of punks in sleeping bags, just down
the lawn from the one for gynecological

marvel J. Marion Sims, who Nazi-doctored black
women, then ran off to New York to experiment

on destitute Irish immigrant women—such difficult history here,

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

about George this morning on NPR, his whiskey distillery
back in business, though without the slave labor,

that story after the one about Occupy Washington
clustered near K Street. The front pages
of the local papers are Gadhafi’s slaughter, the body stashed
in a shopping center freezer, GOP

would-be’s descending on us for another debate, the state fair
ending this weekend, its rides and fried things.

I’ve got the list of what you guys need, Travis, gloves,
storage tubs, “head warming stuff,”
water, and I plan to drop by later with supplies.

For now, though, I look out my window,

the weather beautiful if cool, *fair weather*, the dogwood gone
red and finches fidgeting among the limbs.

Too easy, probably, to turn all pastoral at times
like these, to tend my own garden,
the last tomatoes ripening up, collards almost ready,

needing that chill to sweeten a bit.

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

he’ll lose his job come the new year,

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

not the rich—individual responsibility and all that.

I want to believe in the joy

and resistance I see there on your face, Travis,

the will revealed in Anna’s crossed arms.

I want to believe it, I want it to last, I want it to win.

I’ll stop by later with gloves and water.
AUTO-TUNE
By, BEN LERNER

1
The phase vocoder bends the pitch of my voice towards a norm. Our ability to correct sung pitches was the unintended result of an effort to extract hydrocarbons from the earth: the technology was first developed by an engineer at Exxon to interpret seismic data.
The first poet in English whose name is known learned the art of song in a dream. Bede says: “By his verse the minds of many were often excited to despise the world.” When you resynthesize the frequency domain of a voice, there is audible “phase smearing,” a kind of vibrato, but instead of signifying the grain of a particular performance, the smear signifies the recuperation of particularity by the normative.

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

2
Caedmon didn’t know any songs, so he withdrew from the others in embarrassment. Then he had a dream in which he was approached, probably by a god, and asked to sing “the beginning of created things.”
His withdrawing, not the hymn that he composed in the dream, is the founding moment of English poetry.
Here my tone is bending towards an authority I don’t claim (“founding moment”), but the voice itself is a created thing, and corporate; the larynx operates within socially determined parameters we learn to modulate.
You cannot withdraw and sing, at least not intelligibly.
You can only sing in a corporate voice of corporate things.

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

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

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

4

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

Rite of the Gift
By, Carolyn Elliott
OCCUPY PITTSBURG

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

Hear us, your children

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let us move the gift unfettered
through the world.

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

Ghost Flowers
By, Carolyn Elliott

OCCUPY PITTSBURG

I am dreaming of new death
and old life.

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

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

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

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

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

Here we are ghost flowers,
bruised and blooming in the banker's park.
Here we push up from the ground,
thriving on the rot of the dead world.

Devouring its organs and skin.

They think we will leave
in the winter.

They think we will flee
the wind and the ice.

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

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

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

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

**The Unimagined**
By, Carolyn Elliott
**OCCUPY PITTSBURG**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The world I can't imagine
looks like the steam rising from cups
  of soup in our hands at the food tent
it sounds like the drums throbbing
  our hoarse voices chanting
it tastes like the roofs of our mouths
  as we wake in the morning
  with purpose and meaning.
it smells like the smoke from rolled
  cigarettes
it feels like the embraces of our friends
  in this village

It wants to be born.
It has all urgency and tenderness.
It is pushing forth at the seams of ourselves,

This world we cannot yet possibly imagine.

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

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

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

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

Sleep is a kind of death worth going back to.

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

    That’s all I know.
For I am autumn wrought.

**Marguerite Duras**
By, Feliz Lucia Molina

Your war isn't so different from mine except
I'm not in a war, just watching
The world occupying the world
In New York, online pigeons are solidimitations of themselves
The same ones in every autobiography
But isn't the air the oldest proof of history
are we breathing the same airt through the Internet;
to click and search for you makes me the Gestapo
Drag them to the Brooklyn Bridge
where seven hundred are kettled for spectacle of course.
That it's possible to occupy from afar
So long as one is nowhere Marguerite, did you know
we no longer need to exist physically
that you are as good dead as you were alive?

That I'm making finger guns and shooting
For freedom from too much freedom
In the same autumn, anxiety and
code breaks your war lead me to.

**CRAIGSLIST MISSED CONNECTIONS**
By, Cynthia White

THOSE who think that love and protest politics are mutually exclusive are encouraged to view the YouTube video from Occupy Wall Street of a young man on bended knee in Zuccotti Park proposing marriage (“Deb, will you occupy my life?”) to his girlfriend. The following poems about the romantic repercussions of the demonstrations were “found” this month in the Missed Connections section of newyork

**Beautiful Asian**

I was all dressed in blue for a reason.

Standing in front of Capitol One Bank

at 6 av at about w39 st

on Sat Oct 15 late afternoon.

I was with my work partner
standing in front of the Bank entrance
when you and a friend stopped
and asked us a question.
I thought you were so beautiful
that I was speechless.
The Occupy wall Street march
was coming up the Street
and you asked us a question about it,
and then all too soon
you were gone and the air
seemed a little cooler
as if the Sun had suddenly
gone behind a cloud.
If you recognise yourself
please please please
get back to me so that
I can at least know
if you are attached or not
You are a Cop

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

Wall St. Protest. Black/blonde Mohawk

You were at the occupation protest
in Zuccotti Park on Saturday.
You must have been about 5’8”-10”,
black skinny jeans,
fitted white button down shirt,
black skinny tie, with a black backpack,

and leather jacket.

I first saw your blonde/black mohawk

with a black bandanna around your head.

You were in the drum circle shouting

“All day, all week, occupy wall street!”

I tried to approach you,

but thought it would be too awkward.

I doubt you’ll see this,

but if anybody knows this guy

or sees him,

please tell him to look here.

Sorry for posting this.

I just want

to get to know you

**Hoyt/Schermerhorn G**

This weekend.

You had
an occupy wall street poster.

I had

a book.

**Librarian at Occupy Wall Street**

You seem pretty great.

It seemed like a bad idea

to even attempt to flirt

when you’re trying to do

something substantive like that,

so I thought I’d just post here.

Just in case you might see it.

**Occupy Rosa Mexicano**

Hi Rebecca,

Do you want

to

get

a

drink sometime?
Jonathan

**Wall Street Horse Sense**  
By, Richard Woytowich (richwoyt@earthlink.net)

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

“Don't let anyone soil this street”  
Said the Mayor to the blue – clad forces;  
Yet piles of dung lie all around -  
Guess no one told the horses!

**Everybody**  
By, Sparrow

Everybody, I heard you.  
Everybody, you whispered.

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

**Socialist Poem**  
By, Sparrow

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

It belongs to  
The People.

**Total Capitalism**  
By, Sparrow

A little  
capitalism  
hurts no  
one (e.g.  
if I sell  
you this  
poem for  
23¢) but  
Total  
Capitalism  
crushes  
the earth's  
soul.
Awful Fart
By, Sparrow

What an awful fart I just farted!

Unlike my beautiful farts of 2003!

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

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

The diver has a shadow.

Two small men hugged greenly.

Red is not thought of hair or leg.

Bones crisscross an unknown universe.

—and yet—and yet—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Things that are optional:

vanilla wafers
soap
surgeons
glucose
string cheese
poetry
tattoos
strangers
streets named Broadway
boardwalks
jelly fish
the word presumption
walks near water towers
pictures of water spouts
brides
shadows
blisters
shoe horns
horns in general
generals
the relationship of space and teatime
saliva
the word territorial
precluded assumptions
roaring numbers
the song after CPR
so we sat sipping cordial as if nothing would shake the crystal nothing to eat except
brides and saliva hi hi a rest home at best sip sip clink it was just before midnight
just before the generals sent in the drones just before the heat-ray crowd-control device
just before the tents were mowed down cell towers turned off the switch incinerated
residents scattered books on paper burned just before the crescent moon the vestibule
still with its umbrellas the day only in shadow not rain

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

LXIII Untitled (Auras)

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

Oh, if I were good enough to glow.

I wanted to take his fingerprings to hold them until the torrential time when all would be
reckoned and counted when the judges would gather the glasses and match them with
silos and missiles with intentionontiles in finally the crucible blame of destroyers herded in
gather and corral the roundsome sorry I wanted to take his equilibration and shove it into
his humpy arsenalseahold bloody clouds and all

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gather and corral the roundsome sorry I wanted to take his equilibration and shove it into
his humpy arsenalseahold 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 ventilate when we should filter first.
Some us like to listen.
Some of us like to talk: “Mike check.”
Some of us walk unchecked and unafraid.
Some of us would like to get laid; right about now.
Some of us like how we look doing this.
Some of us like that the pizza is free and keeps coming.
Some of us are just slumming until the Right thing comes along.
Some of us Left the building about the time that you were born.
Some of us are a bridge over troubled water, all our dreams are on their way.
Some of us don’t believe in guvmint; peppermint’s another story; and as for wondermint---.
Some of us found love.
Some of us love this town. 
Some of us would love to be here. 
Some of us would love for you to be here. 
Some of us would love to be there but the bars get in the way. 
Some of us be here now, 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 be here now but since you’re here already can I borrow your sharpie? my sign’s not done. 
Some of us have hearings about our fines. 
Some of us have lines to read in the pageant of history. 
Some of us got it in the face and lay there screaming, quite the best days work we ever did though the hardest; nobody even knew our names. 
Some of us came to take pictures but the white collars broke our camera (just like Sonny at the wedding) so we’re taking mental pictures for those not here, and if they’re sorta fuzzy at the edges, well at the center too, we haven’t slept for four days you try it sometime. 
Some of us have been there and done that, it’s your turn; but I like your style, kid. 
Some of us have been gone so far it looks like time to me. 
Some of us care. 
Some of us take care. 
Some of us need care, but they cut back. 
Some of us move verrrry carefully. 
Some of us don’t care, but it’s been thirty years since they put on this show, and it’s free. 
Some of us have been here for 500 generations and still can’t figure out what you straw-brained occupiers think you’re doing to the place; can’t build a fire, catch a fish, potlatch worth a shit; nothin’. 
Some of us think all you pissants outta be arrested . . . they day after you throw the bums out. 
Some of us are mad, quite, quite, mad, without a doubt. 
Some of us look s-i-m-p-l-y mahvehlous. 
Some of us are of good cheer. 
Some of us fear for the rest. 
Some of us appear a little . . . off. Or a lot. (Took it in the head at one of these time was.) 
Some of us mind the children; I mean that’s always needed, isn’t it? Some of us sell papers to make change: “Overhead on apples is too high; I’ve got an MBA.” Some of us do plein air, people just hold that pose. Some of us sit and spin before we let go. Some of us layer.
Some of us are enthused.
Some of us are free spirits.
Some of us know what those once meant, and you’re both right about it.
Some of us recite the work of dead white bushy-bearded males out loud
while we grow up;
    some of us already are such, or nearly.
Some of us finally found the wine shop, “Friend, where have you been
all our lives?”
Some of us want to know what you expect.
Some of us expect you’ll never know what you want.
Some of us expect you’ll never know if you’re not here.
Some of us reflect (it’s the duct tape, we’re getting brassards).
Some of us reject any destination.
Some of us deflect bullet points; banner headlines would be better.
Some of us shall expectorate the quintessential mead of the assembled
after due masticulation.
Some of us would be down on it if we knew what it was.
Some of us have the answer, and would be happy to let you have it.
Some of us brought our own, thanks.
Some of us brought our own thanks. For taking the time.
Some of us know it’s always the one on bass who knows what time it is.
Some of us are on the bus.
Some of us were in the bust.
Some of us just drive the bus, but we’re going your way.
Some of us are under the bus, and you know the sonnsofa-1-in-a-100 who
threw us here.
Some of us do outreach, let me give you a hand.
Some of us brought PBNJ with the crust trimmed; for 500. (Thanks, Mom.)
Some of us are packin’ and fight fire with fire; and see, the fuse
took the match some time ago,
    about the time they pinched m’ brother’s head off, mmn-hhmm.
Some of us wouldn’t do that if they were you.
Some of us would.
Some of us would understand, but don’t recommend it, friend, cuz
they’re the 99% too.
Some of us have a verse for that.
Some of us are averse to that---or were; now, we just don’t know.
Some of us just learned the two-finger salute, they sure know how to
do these things flat out
    Over There; they keep in practice.
Some of us knew what “Basta!” meant before the resta yah, yah need some help.
Some of us face off.
Some of us scoff.
Some of us know the law; it’s not enough.
Some of us’ll write new laws, just tell us what you want. (I mean
these are for you, not for us.)
Some of us eat your food and walk away laughing; not realizing that
freedom is infectious.
Some of us foment.
Some of us fomite.
Some of us form up, but 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 what fororwhen 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 tatts and studs.
Some of us are in the Zone.
Some of us are mystified at that; but whatever.
Some of us took Mystery 101 already, we’re just here to audit.
Some of us whistle; some of us sing; some of us drum along.
Some 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 unneehstand.
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...
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 methen 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...billiesang... 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 feel good
I wanna feel good very time I think about … anything I can think of
I want to be double dipped, full up, schmeared, with good news
I tell you I want to look at the sky
And not think about “chem-trail” conspiracies
I want to feel the wind in my hair
Without wondering what kind of toxic crap is being carried along in it
From the sewers of India, China’s deserts or Japan’s nukes
I want to wake up, turn on NPR and hear about wonderful things
Expanding forests, glaciers coming back along with fish populations
Safe cell phones that pay YOU to use them
Free food being given out and rent reductions running rampant

I want to hear Obama talk
About giving back trillions of dollars to the people
Closing Guantanamo, giving up on nuclear power

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

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

I want to hear about how every person entering the job market
Says the same ding-dong thing,
“Gee, I don’t know which of all these jobs I want?”
AND “Say, why don’t all you companies take a number for crissakes!”
And, mind you, I want the good news to go on every frickin’ day
I want to hear how millions are giving up smoking
Taking up Pilates, volunteering for charity work
That everyone has two chickens in every pot
A good, well-built, American car in every garage
And by that I mean one that gets 500 miles per fuel up
Takes a 50 mile an hour crash with no damage
Or injury to its passengers
Lasts as long as you frickin’ want to keep it
And gets free tune-ups, brake jobs and tires while you own it
I want to hear about scenic passenger trains making a come back
How scientists are being listened to … Hello!!!
Got global warming on the run
Replaced oil, nuclear power and natural gas
Found a way to prevent alcoholism
Using the cure for cancer that we already have
And have begun to terra-form the Earth for god sakes

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

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

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

I want to hear about bastard banksters making micro loans and giving grants
That defense departments have been shut down!
That research and development funding
Is going to making better computers
Cars, planes, trains, tractors, shoes, lights, batteries, houses, cities, colleges, schools, basketball and food courts!

I want to hear about better understanding
Between religions, races, politicians, historical enemies
I want to hear about borders being erased, hatreds evaporating
Ignorance giving way … reason running rampant
And every form of love being accepted by everyone everywhere!

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

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

TROUBLE AT THE POLE
By, Kevin Killian
A black cat crosses the path of the earth,

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

Black cat, ladder, next thing you know a mirror will shatter,
seven years bad luck of Obamomics,
And that was the mirror in which a man could once see
not only the sky but his right to make a living,
raise a family of two kids.
Uh-oh, a border collapses, toss a pinch of salt over your shoulder,
the salt the ancient Romans mined from Appian ways,
the salt we pressed into ancient earth to deprive our enemies of crops,
it was like a hydra growing heads the shape of brussels sprouts,
liberally,

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

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

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

Teeth sharpened from thousands of years making toys for us,

the sons of men under their women.

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

listen
By, Burt Ritchie

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

winter 2011

Occupy
By, Bob Holman

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

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

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

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

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

Thrill
When I open the window The world rushes in
But I am already gone I am not there
The world looks all over But always forgets Behind the door

A Real Stage and Like a Punk Festival or Something Cool and Loud Salsa

Dear Shirley,

This is your first morning in New York and this poem lasts as long as life
And the Twin Towers are burning in the sky and the Chrysler Building
is keening and

The Empire State all gray and stolid is etching its shadow in the neverending breakfast
We call the sky.

Of course all the New York poets are already out writing poems, Walt and
Frank haven't even gone to bed, and we are all feting Elizabeth Bishop who,
coincidentally, and believe me, everything

In New York is a coincidence, breathing and walking and even this poem!
and your being here on the Day (here we go again!)
Senorita Bishop turns like a left turn right turn 100 years old today, sing it!

So if this poem is as long as life and if Elizabeth is 100
What does it mean

What does it mean is what we always ask of poems,
but since they are already out ahead of us they only have time to briefly
turn around in their kickass gym clothing and fashion week accessories
and shout Whatever! and tumble on directly and
digitally into a future
where St marks Poetry Project and Nuyorican and Bowery
Poetry Club,
Poets House, Poetry Society and the Academy and Max Fish and
all other holy spots like Taylor Mead's bathtub
and John Giorno's mouth and Anne Waldman's energy closet
all sit up with Langston Hughes and Allen Ginsberg Julia de Burgos and rest assured
That's the motto of the day, "Rest Assured"
as your yellow taxi turns the boogie-woogie criss-crossstreets into Mondrian, as MOMA becomes yo momma, as Harlem beckons home
And Cai and I will read at the Club at 6,
and who knows who will show up. Which
is the other thing for sure, that who will know who, as I know you, as the poem
is now out of sight, and to read it you must catch it
which means you write it, like Eileen Myles says
and like Ellison Glenn and Beau Sia say Write it in the sky
which is now prepping lunch and your table is ready, oh so ready
to spin

I am sick
by, 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
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Be the CHANGE You Want to See in the World

To the Bankers . . .

By, Christopher Bernard

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

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

SON OF A WORKING MAN

By, Santo Mollica

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

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

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

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

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

Letter to the NYPD on the 9th Day of the Wall Street Occupation
By, Eric Raanan Fischman – 9/26/2011

Here is your badge. Here is your gun.
Taking pictures or video is a violent crime.
When in doubt, arrest. We’ll sort it out

later. If you see some young women,
pepper-spray them. If a man asks you why,
stand on his neck. It is okay to give men
concussions, but women must be dragged
by the hair. If you meet a man in a suit,
protect him. He is not a protester.

They may pay your salary, but we pay
your bonuses. If a well-dressed woman steps
off the curb, wrestle her to the ground.

Don’t worry if she is press, we’ll sort it out
later. Freedom of speech is temporary
anyways, and not valid below 14th street.

Here is your armor. Here is your baton.
Talking to officers is a violent crime.
Declare that anyone not on a sidewalk

will be arrested, and hope they break that rule.
When in doubt, use deadly force; your uniform
will protect you against prosecution.

Your quota is three empty mace cans
a week and ten spent clips. Keep your hand
on your holster at all times. If you see

a suspicious backpack, prepare to draw.
Remember: this is war and they are the enemy.
Your life is more valuable than theirs.
Love in Autumn (Blessed Are the People)

By, Matt Deen  
*Brooklyn, NY*

A griefstorm, an eyeswell,  
Tumble in on rolling gusts to dwell in the minds of sunken saints.  
Where were the blisswarm days swept away  
Before the chilled and pummeling melancholy of factious concerns?

Where are the mountains whence cometh our help? I submit they will not appear. Not here.  
Not in the earth of excess, but of abundant verdure where good and evil cannot sustain,  
Nor law contain,  
Our joy unspeakable.

I take leave of “I” and become “all,”  
All-powerful, all-sufficient, all-mighty, all in all,  
And all is well with my soul,  
Our soul, the soul of the nourished, the serving,  
And—quite yes!—the loved.

Blessed are the People, for full wealth amasses in huddled masses where it always remains, and they,  
Like trees--from California to the New York Islands--sloughing off their gold, lose their nickel-plated chains.

**Case History...**  
by Christopher Barnes  
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

...laid to rest in classified score sheets,  
bio-toxins in dental floss.  
Brother Alban, sister Victoria  
unaware of our assassin  
in a well-lit room.  
There was a swell in ranks  
- he's a pipeline for the MoD.

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

**Autonomous Revolt**  
by Christopher Barnes, UK  
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

Ronald's characterising was exotically jittery.  
I'm hallmarked 'high pressure'.

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

Scott packed the dormant track
a hijacker with wits.

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

**Long Arm Of Cold Sweats**
by Christopher Barnes, UK
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

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

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

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

**In This Accusative Bout**
by Christopher Barnes, UK
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

In Matt's kitchen,
'hand grenades tub-thump themselves,'
he boasts,
an elbow-roomy spit and polish setup,
in a window-dressed enclosure.
Plonk! They overshoot objectives.

Meeting over.

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

**Responding To A Scream's Blowout**
by Christopher Barnes, UK
*Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.*

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

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

We Houdinied "Her Majesty's Pleasure". A duffel coat, bundled with booby traps - a fizz through these estrangements of power.

The Mark
by Christopher Barnes, UK
Lonsdale Court, Jesmond, Newcastle, NE23HF, UK.

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

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

We'll slap-up High Commanders, well-lined lenders, gerrymandering shufflers - our feedback will be servant class bludgeons."

Wall Street Occupied
By, Peter Neil Carroll
Belmont, California

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

This is Wall Street occupied by maniacs who haven’t abandoned hope for the young, the gray-headed high school algebra expert reassigned by a clever administrator to teach pre-kindergarten classes so maybe she’ll feel so demeaned or bitter she’ll surrender and quit and be replaced by a less adroit but cheaper version so the dollar saved is a dollar unearned; only the students notice the difference.
A scraggily, black-bearded man is singing an anthem of hope while holding a sign written on a scrap of cardboard torn off a box:
BANK OF AMERICA
MAKING AMERICA
HOMELESS ONE CHILD
AT A TIME

Someone starts drumming a bongo, a familiar tune rises, yes, and a hundred voices lift the melody softly, humming through the unsingable parts of the lyrical war cry to the land of the free—repeat, land of the free—FREE, FREE! Even patrolman Miele, armed with pistol, whistle, black baton, who tells me his worries that the young will run amok through Liberty Square, reveals a personal, tentative smile at the outlaws who terrify politicians with our national anthem.

Amidst their soiled clothing, scruffy hair, no whiff of alcohol, tobacco, no drift of weed yields that stupefying buzz of the old-time protests, no distractions, no drama descends beyond the sheer reality of hope. Wall Street, home of the Brooks Brothers’ fictional individual claiming constitutional rights to political purchase, is no random target. The only words these corporations know, reports the Occupied Wall Street Journal, is more. Reversing Jefferson’s self-evident truths, life liberty pursuit of happiness I AM A HUMAN BEING NOT A COMMODITY a woman’s placard announces. They are disemboweling every last social service funded by the taxpayers… IGNORE ME/GO SHOPPING/ GREED KILLS…because they want that money themselves.

Ghosts of the Great Depression—gray men grimacing on soup lines, apple sellers on city street corners, Dorothea Lange’s Okie mother, bread winners no longer bringing home the bacon, forfeiting the love of their wives, young women hoisting skirts over their knees for a nickel. Not here, not now, not despairing, not yet, but hopeful, extravagantly expectant—naïve, I hear the cynics chant, foolish, idealistic, child-like dreamers—all true, of course. They sing, coming at last to the climax, home of the brave.

THE FOLLY OF HONEST MEN
by David Howard
for Esther Dischereit

There’s too much work to shirk –

the work of girls you would like to ask out,
the work of boys you dream of beating up in front of those girls,
the work of

the foreign photographer who watches because he wants to know who you are in order to order
black & white
thoughts. If he asks you will give a false name.
You are true to nature.

He produces a smile the way migrants produce papers,
ruefully. He breathes the day as politicians breathe
acid ink

on a treaty they’ll ignore. The birds pass
over everything you fought for. The folly of honest men,
the honour…

Utopia is meaningless if not criminal (Gerhard Richter).
The sky is redder than engine oil, redder than
the water
fluttering like a fine campaign ribbon
across a country that’s governed by memories yet scared for
the future;

a country that supervises limbo
as if it was one more statue honouring Walter Ulbricht
or Karl Marx.

**The Great Unrest**
By, D.A. Powell

When I lie down I think, ‘How long before I get up?’ The night drags on, and I toss and
turn until dawn. (Job 7:4)

You’d think, bedraggled as I am by the illness of my age,
I’d be able to lounge a little.

That I’d shut out the noise, as others do,
and I would sigh and sleep.

Let me eat Tootsie Pops, I’d think. Let me lay in the moonlight
and grow the opposite of babyfat.

Lie, I mean. Let me lie. I have had to wrestle with grammar
all my life. And what people call ideals.

I used to love ideals, but that wasn’t cool. Plus there was money to be had.
And ass. Scads of ass.

Now I forget. The principal’s your pal and not the principle.
At least I’ve retained that.

Give up your sleepless nights the man on T.V. said. Talking to me.
Like, how did he know?

I could have dozed through half a dozen shows and all the ads.
Even commercial noise
might have eventually been absorbed into my dreams. 
It might have become my dreams.

But it’s hard for me to lie still (lay still?) while I am getting fucked. 
Sorry.

It’s late and you been at me all night and I hadn’t risen from it. 
I was tired.

I’m even more tired.

But now I’m up.

**As I Look to the Sky**  
By, Tenisha Smith

As I look to the sky  
I began to cry,  
Wondering, how can I prosper in a world of lies?,  
As I look to the sky  
Sometimes I ask the angels why,  
Why Can I not break Away from all the pain?  
Why or when will I stop feeling so much Shame?  
Knowing I am not the one to blame  
As I look to the sky,  
I can see what was once a happy family  
Now broken because of this tragedy,  
As I daze in the constellations  
I see my children’s eyes as inspiration, to never give up and keep my dedication  
As I look to the sky  
So far but so near My fears turn to happy tears  
Because I know that we will survive and our time is near…  
AS I look to the sky….

**I know it’s Hard**  
By, Chris Coon

I know it's hard out there when nobody cares,  
Cause I go through it every day,  
Of course it's not fair,

But I'm in this world to stay,  
I know it's hard,  
When you love someone and they don't love you,  
Constantly long for someone,  
But get no one  
Cause that's what I go through,

I know it's hard out there,  
When you have to do everything by yourself  
And nobody is by your side...
Why can't people Love me for me,  
And accept the way that I am,  
I don't understand it,  
So how can I comprehend,  
When all I need is 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...

SESN... Spelled backwards ness at the end of homeless spells homelessnessen,
You see homelessnessen is between homeless and homelessnessen,
Because homelessnessen is where that needle is stuck in their flesh,
But homelessnessen is what put it there
Because of a lack of hope after being homelessen
That is the Sin of the Homelessen.

Now homeless is where I am at...
Not standing still but on a struggle to come up...
While eating chitterlings,
And in mock irony,
I see Gutless pigs walk by me everyday,
Acting like they are the predator and not the prey,
Thinking they are better than me,
But they can never see the truth of harmony that lies within me...
I am no longer Homeless in my head I am now a homeless success,
So you will never see me
Stuck in homelessness.

BALLAD AGAINST MONEY
By, Rebecca Mertz
Friends, I’ve seen your MONEY, and I love you anyway.
I’ve seen you swarthy and warm and full when you’ve got it and I’ve seen you jittery and burning for a little fix of MONEY, always searching for it outta the corner of your eye. I’ve seen your bodies draped in MONEY, I’ve seen my MONEY in your pockets, I’ve seen your pretty head of neatly trimmed and braided MONEY like a goddess jetting out your secret scalps.

Let’s stop pretending that we should work for MONEY!
You might never go to your job again, if you didn’t need that ugly MONEY!
Don’t most of your jobs do very little but generate IMAGINARY MONEY?
And increase IMAGINARY MONEY, and steal IMAGINARY MONEY and make digits shift up and down and up and down, one two three four five six seven eight nine zero one again. Back and forth and back and forth digits shifting back and forth.

Let’s stop pretending that MONEY won’t help!
It usually helps a lot! Bill Gates can live where he wants, he can fly back home whenever he wants and he doesn’t have to worry about sleepy eye-lids on turnpikes or springy sofas covered in cat hair. Bill never gets stabbed in the back with springs, I can assure you. Bill can eat organic if he wants to. He can drive cars green with MONEY, he can ride his bicycle from airplane to airplane. Bill doesn’t have to endure anyone’s cynicism if he doesn’t want to, and I bet he can always afford to give his wife whatever medicine she needs.

Let’s stop pretending that we need to SAVE our MONEY!
You can only save MONEY if you don’t need it! If you don’t need it, give it to this guy over here! If you had to keep your piles of MONEY in your bedroom, smelling like every citizen who ever stuck it in her bra or stuffed it up his ass-hole, you’d get rid of it as soon as you could. MONEY is ugly. MONEY smells like fish sperm. Take your MONEY and get out of here!

Jesus SAVES! but did he save MONEY?
He won’t let you in if you’ve got it! He doesn’t want your MONEY either, he wants your COCK and your BALLS and your VAGINA!
Don’t do anything with them he wouldn’t do. Talking about MONEY is like talking about shit or cum, you’re not supposed to do it, but it comes from us. Let’s stop pretending it’s rude to talk about MONEY.
I’ve got about twelve bucks in my pocket. I’ve gotten MONEY from my wife, and MONEY from my lovers, and I’ve even found MONEY on the street. I’ve gotten MONEY from machines and from corporations and from universities and friends and artists and I’ve gotten MONEY from just staring at a computer screen. You’ve got MONEY, too, I know you do, I know you’ve been keeping it secret and sometimes I hear you mention it in passing, or give it away like it was nothing.

Let’s stop pretending that the MONEY is coming!
The money will never come because the MONEY is not alive. It’s not gone and coming back, it’s not hiding, it’s not gestating or lurking somewhere waiting for you to find it.
MONEY is IMAGINARY! But someday you might get lucky, and someone might push the right button to deliver you from all anxiety, and

You might someday be filled with IMAGINARY MONEY. You might have as much as Bill —someday! Then you can pay back all your loans. Then you can work in the job you like. Then you can fuck whoever you want. You can buy your mom a big house on the beach and you can bury your dead how they deserve. Someday you’ll be awash in MONEY and you’ll be able to have your hair however you want it and look really good in your clothes and apply to as many graduate schools as you want! You can even lay in the surf if you want to, day after day after day, when the MONEY comes, it’ll be just like heaven!

IV

Dear Ellen, you are a star. You have the power to shine a news light on everything you touch. You could really help out around here.

You could buy my parents house back from Bank of America, my father could die of in the garage, carving sticks into saints.

You could pay for my brothers and sisters to go to college and get mediocre jobs, or even art school, or film school, or maybe you could just give one or two of them a job.

You could give a million dollars for a poetry foundation and employ my friends, and me,

You could give a few million to get a campaign going for same-sex marriage in the whole country.

You could sell a couple houses and build some GLBT public housing, or few hundred AIDS clinics in rural, mid-western states.

Dear Ellen, you could talk more about Portia on your show. You could do more than look like a lesbian. You could do more than cry about teenagers.

Dear Ellen, my grandfather cancelled our subscription to Time Magazine, when you were on the cover, because you were on the cover.

Dear Ellen, you could be a super model. You could have Lesbian Makeover Day on your show, you could start a foundation to pay for gay weddings, you could publish young adult fiction about how great gay people are.

Dear Ellen, why don’t you construct your show as a scathing critique of the histories of hatred and violence and abuse and rancor against people like yourself? Why don’t you scream more often?

Dear Ellen, don’t you know the Clintons? Haven’t you asked them why they fucked us over? Haven’t you asked them to explain the World Bank, September 11th, Bosnia? Haven’t
you asked them why they haven’t screamed yet?

Dear Ellen, haven’t you been able to ask anyone about the monopoly of media organizations? The willingness of news organizations to fuck the tiny American children bodies up the ass, squeeze their necks tighter and tighter until they explode from blood and piss and cum and come and come inside American ass-holes, whispering “Luke, I am your father… Lucy, you’ve got some explaining to do…! …Yep, I’m Gay!”

Ellen, didn’t you ask about the audacity of stripping the helmet off the pale, wiry head, to excommunicate the blackness so literally, to say, “I meant to fuck you, but I didn’t mean to enjoy it.”

Ellen, did you ask about the exploitation and rampant misunderstanding of forgiveness in our culture?

Ellen, don’t you want to assassinate someone? Don’t you want to smash in their hypocrite faces, or your own face?

Dear Ellen, you don’t know what you’re missing, being poor, but I know the limelight is rough. I’m praying for you to be able to do more.

Don’t worry: WE ARE ALIVE. You and me. The dead outnumber us, we can scan their pictures for details of how they did whatever it is we want to do; we are captivated by a google-able past of geniuses and savants and mad men and women and drug addicts and inventors and autistic scientists who saw the future. Click and click and click falling in love with porn stars and prophets, we scan lists of people we never met who might mean something to us someday, or AGAIN, we scan lists of names and screen-names, just to discover what just happened: flagellating ourselves for falling seconds or days or a few weeks behind the global news, we move our mice at light speed into future after future after future, until we have fast forwarded forever: the life’s montage soundtracked with the ever-shifting playlists of our most-recently played. Don’t worry: WE are ALIVE.

You and me. You can cut out photographs in magazines and paste them to plastic furniture until you know exactly what you wish you were, but you’ll still find yourself alone, sole spectator of a universe beyond your control. You can recycle as much as you want, you can vote all you want, you can pray all you want, you can remember all you want: what matters is this moment, this perception, this participation in THIS MOMENT. Jesus said I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE, and he said something about grape vines and branches and eating his flesh and being his body, a body of a billion atoms miraculously evolving in synchronization! But WE ARE ALIVE!

Don’t worry, Catholic Church! We ARE ALIVE! Don’t worry, Republicans! Don’t worry Capitalist Fuckers, NRA HOMOS, Sycophants, Rapists, Thugs, Media Conglomerates, Priests, Preachers, “Ex-Gays” (whisper): Don’t worry. You are alive. And there is tomorrow. There is tomorrow for understanding tomorrow for not-fucking, there is tomorrow for forgiving your parents or your bosses or whoever you need to forgive to be who you are, and love yourself, and
vote Progressive! Don’t worry, Suzanne, Julia, Margie, Deanna, Jodi Foster, Leonardo DiCaprio, Anderson Cooper, ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

BE GAY! Don’t worry. We. are. alive. We are the best technology out there. We own the rights to ourselves, we have the patent on HUMANITY and whatever your name is now, they can’t reproduce you without a few glitches. Some second of time or some millimeter of space will distinguish you from Dolly the Sheep, Leoban, or Mystique or Bad Angel. You are here now. Whoever is with you is with you whoever is against you is against you And I am here now too and I am with you and they are accusing me, too.

Don’t worry: the alphabet, the transmission of ideas into language, transmission of language from me to you, Jesus Christ, THE WORD MADE FLESH MADE DIGITAL by Mel Gibson, it’s all just a time machine, the first guy whose presence radiated from person to person to person to text to text to text to colony to colony to colony to: You and me, and now I am using my own WORDs and flesh and keys and brain and blood and hair and living room and chair and resin and pipe and fingers to get these words to you somehow.

Remember holding hands?
Remember being children?

Close your eyes until you get there.

**Wild Things**
By, Michelle Higgins
(*mother, writer, blogger*)

Maybe Occupy Wall St
Is better suited to poetry than prose
A primal scream
For justice
All at once too immense, too marginal
To wear the formal attire
Of the academic essay
All bow ties and footnotes
Or the carefully phrased report of the bureaucrat
Where humanity is lost in the maddening logic of bottom lines and flow charts
And the cruel joke that is trickle down economics
Leaves the pockets of the few overflowing
While those of the many
Are weighed down by nothing more substantial
Than loose change

These voices cannot be tamed
Into neat lists
Punctuated by dot points
As demanded by the pundits
Who sneer at the masses
From the comfort of their talkback towers
All the while seeking to whip the occupiers
Into a state of submission
These real life wild things
Who the 1 percent
Wish to send to bed
Without any supper

**sycamore**
By, Alex Tamaki

we see th
uge syc
the storm
ays

oted aft
er be a
tree
rath
the sycamores

I’d rather be that

all of
all of when those
trees

those
could
be wing

those words

are nothing.

they fall apart.
if only in the shattered.
those shades of dark.

exciting, ex amore,
this is not a dream

Against interpretation
By, Alex Tamaki

I am reading
against interpretation

against a fallacy
argument a vowel sounds
in need an erotics of art.

you are I am Van Gogh’s eyes
we say the child would become Monet
calcification.
your canvas,

twenty-four frames
every second it is blank,

sunflower seed,

shell

waiting

for

the bridge

waiting

for you to paint it

la tristesse durera toujours
la tristesse durera toujours
la tristesse durera toujours

A Poem for the Owls
By, Matt Proctor

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

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

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

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

**Commencement**
By, Shelley Ettinger

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

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

We're the two women
my lover and me
middle aged out of shape dykes Chicana and Jew
Louisville Slugger by the bed safety's sake
who knew we'd use it for our neighbors who are Sikhs
who are Mexicans Koreans Haitians Chinese
we rushed down the stairs to do what we could
which might not be much but turned out enough
at least showed the Singh's 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 Singh's
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 Singh's
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 Singh's 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 they will not be conquered, so you will not be conquered.
It was the first drop in the history of rain to strike a human face, long before the first murder, from which grew a giant tree of blood. This is a man-sized form of a man pressed in mud written by a pen that snares animals of flame, waters reflecting muscles of cloud that flex compassion mercy.

Once there were no such things, and then there were such things, and now there are no such things, but there will again be such things for we have written it thus with our own bone on our own skin. We are writing it thus with our own bone on our own skin.

It has evolved. Slaves now have their own empires.
Their masters feast to the music of skulls rolling on skulls. They war against logos with fear, anti-poetry and propheticide. Their creed is Mine. They cut out tongues and smash larynxes, but cannot ever silence the infinity of new birds that have guided the sun from night for so many millennia.

Once,

men hurled boulders to smash earth. Women dragged seaweed and sand from the shore and turned hostile purple crags into gardens. We were heliolithic. The strangest motherfuckers to ever walk the planet, gliding across ice-plains, punching through glowing lava rock, singing songs to bring joy and amazement, making a home out of chaos.

We put leaves in our mouths. We tasted life, and flung histories into orbit, roamed the earth to read the shadows of peoples. Some slept in the hands of mountains, some curled against gnarled, towering trunks in dripping jungles, some on ashes, covered in glass, some at the steps of blazing temples, some half-buried in cool sands among scorpions and dragons.

Grammar was the bridge to the ultimate. It was developed by strange, quiet people as warlords built bridges to oblivion with human frames.

As sky-hands braid ropes of eagles and ghosts of suns wander shifting continents of clouds, resting in cool towers to witness the miracles of rains’ mid-air birth, a poet watches the shadow of his breath pouring from the head of his shadow.

It is a word that is a wind that we record on clay, paper, and now forms of liquid, energy and light.

This A battalion of lightning crossing cerebral hemispheres, tumbling down spinal pagodas, flowing through the blood bone and muscles of a hand to fling sparks at a desk in the cold cell of civilization’s midnight, swirling universes built in solitary confinement by millions of pens gripped by hands of all the hues of earth. This

A new translation of an unwritten prophecy.

**School Anthem aka Senioritis, 2000**
By MC Paul Barman

I may be kidding school's just babysitting I knew girls in AP classes knitting
so tedious
Homework is tell major lies or plagiarize encyclopedias
so boring
Fresh-faced teachers want to tickle 'em
but a test-based curriculum excludes exploring
I'll let a mystery gas out of my blistery ass
Just to disrupt the misery of history class
And to entertain your tender brain
When your pain is the same as a fender bender with a train
Analyze the engines
if you gotta go to the rhododendrons
Cut class then serve detentions
Say toodle-oo to the trimmed poodles who
Will grow up to be the adults you now hate
I know what's futile too
Like throwing a spear at Choate
I'm not here to gloat
I want to be used as your yearbook quote
Abolish class rank
pour sugar in its gas tank
Weighted grades really yank my ass crank
And stop up my leak hole
English and autoshop should be equal
Anyway an A is a weak goal
So stultifying
It's hard to hold off dying
I'm spying on a lobbyist
It's obvious
Double teachers' salaries and hire smarter
Discard the 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 superintendent
Repainting the facade and bannister
I'm going to switch your contact lens vial
for a Drosophila Melanogaster cannister:
I found college awkward
another teacher, same old chalkboard
I felt I was shifting bawkward
when I expected to shoot forward
Could I possibly have been more bored?
Realistically, a stressful sideways
Still skipping readings, still waiting for Fridays
School was so damn boring
It left me colder than the o-ring
Which would not expand and destroyed the USS Challenger in 1986
An overhaul is long overdue
I'm 0 for 2, If so are you
Catch the fever from Wallace Shawn
To destroy school til all is gone

Poem for Occupy Wall Street
By, Nia Lourekas
New York, NY
October 26, 2011

Voices on the wind
Chanting
Talking
Communicating peace, truth, and decency for the land of the free
Did I say free?
When was that? How was that? Where did it go?
It’s ours this country of democracy, land of freedom, land of choice
We’re out here again
Claiming what has always been ours
Oh yes we’ve been here before
And there were many before us
Protesting, demonstrating
Raising our placards high, claiming our right to congregate
You are young and clever, you are brave and your cause is just
I feel proud to be here with you
I am proud to watch you
Your cause is essential
Your protest is important
This country is ours and we need to bring it back to the nation of goodness, opportunity, prosperity for all
That America has always aspired to be
We are the 99 percent and whatever we do, it shall be done
Remember to vote your power
You are the world and the world is watching, no the world is joining in
Sing on
Your song is beauty and your hearts are pure
Thank You

poem 4 people’s mic
By, Paul Mills / Poez

a poem

that solves

for X

the equation
of food

that could make hunger

as distant

as the moon

free human beings
from the locked closet
of greed

an imaginary poem
that everyone knows

by heart

more true

than money
and engraved

on the world
like the face

on a grimy penny

if you say it

out loud
dollars
fall silent
finally surprised
finally
satisfied

so tomorrow

stops being

a crime

tomorrow

is not

a crime

**Occupation**
By Alex M. Stein

I saw her on TV, looking all coy and shit
Saying “What do you call this?
What do you call this, baby?”

This?
You’re seriously asking about this?
This precious incubator
Undercover indicator
Of something you can’t wrap your mind around.

This is the fragrant smell of the flagrant foul
The karmic crushing of those who are finally fighting back
This is the ending you never thought of,
Too busy chipping away at the foundation to wonder why things fall over.

This is the place my ancestors built
And your ancestors burned down for the insurance money
This is the sound of human carnage
This is civilization collapsing
Creaking and groaning
Falling not like dominoes
But like a sputtering explosion
From five-year-olds throwing tantrums
Tossing the game board up in the air.

This is suffering made human,
Made inconvenient,
Made invisible to you and your kind.

This is evolution in action
Even though you and your friends think it’s cool
To say evolution is just a theory.
Light yourself on fire, baby
And when your skin is melting
You tell me if you want to debate theory
Or you want me to grab the extinguisher and spray.

What do I call this?
What do I fucking call this all coy and shit
When you’re looking for a label
So you can dismiss this
The way you dismissed everything else that doesn’t fit in your world view
Never mind that you’re slowly killing me
And millions of your fellow Americans.

What do I call this?

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

What do I call this?
I call this America
And I wish I didn’t have to,
You heartless, narrow-minded, myopic, self-centered asshole.

What do I call this?
What do I call this, baby?
I call it the beginning.
I call it the future.
I call it Occupation.

THREE HAIKU’S WRITTEN IN ZUCOTTI PARK
(first one by Sarah Valeri, rest by Dan Collins)

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

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

Victory Friday
Dawn breaking warm without rain
Clubbing tomorrow

Surrounded by cops
Waiting to get arrested
Almost fell asleep

youcaress
By, Bill Scott

It’s all too beautiful, they once said
about Itchycoo Park. Now we say
it’s not yet beautiful enough –
when the park
has only just begun
to sing through our bodies, while
our hands touch, get into, get off
on the touch of other hands, in touch
with granite floors that split apart
from the pressures of our dubious, unfounded
desire.

Du bist der Lenz,
nach dem ich verlangte – but we want more
than everything. Watcha gonna do about it?

The pages of an unbound book
making no legible demands –
their constant demands for coherence
– some sort of spine –
obliterated by the drives, what’s driving us –
more bang (a big bang) for the buck.

Creation hasn’t been clean
ever since it became a dirty word.

In flows and undertows
in the flux of muddy springs
a mutation is afoot – at least meteor showers tell me
every second, how
in the space of these luxuriant bodies, succulent flesh of artic-
tulate longing:

occupation
is
desedimentation of the un-
possible.

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..
weder da cat’s on its quiet pursuit
the unrest of pigeons
as the prison gates open & you are released like a steam engine
into the street – released from your oustem –
& we walk like comrades & i pour the morning’s waste out of a bucket
as the crowd increases from single file to tenfold
rows up & down pathways / cobbles cabals cables
stairways & staring soldiers marching
the organ grinder playing
the draw bridge near collapse
  ah mariposa
the factory awaits its occupants – what is the debt they owe
  we owe?  - heya-ah heya-ah heya-ah

a pipe – a moustache – the gears beginning to spin  in a world of mass production
  where things are produced for the masses
  though some are only for the privileged few
  finely shaved & polished shards of steel
  infinite bottles filled & loaves fresh baked
  fires stoked
  chimneys pushcarts / loaded
  cars washed - garbage disposed of
(yet always more garbage) – days always beginning
children off to school if the season’s right
weggelerollerda  window gates up schlachterha - mer
  curtains up
  blinds up – mannequins – horses – up – pillows aired – blinders on
rugs beaten – butter flies remembering what they were then forgetting
  just as quickly – shoes shined – nails polished
a beautiful walk thru the park at night
the band playing – the globe changing  (color)
junkies all quietly tucked away somewhere
dancers as graceful as flowers
  crack one legged crutch man
no stories about war or war stories
just elevator rides and roll-top desks
typewriters telephones & the printing press
operator operator i am coming to the end of a tunnel
the light is beginning to spread
the evacuation of the dirt that is my heart is in full swing
at all other times i will dial 311
the barber smiles
the sound of lighting a cigarette on a singing man’s knee
like achtspracht breathing
no debt no debate – grief for the moment everlasting

fly away mariposa – away your colorful wings
the naked children are here only to exploit you
to explore you
to touch your fascinating wings -
it was even shorter than anticipated – a quick beautiful twin burst
  too short & me preoccupied with 3 different lives
  & she flew torn & traumatized she flew
but cacophony calculation dark spectrum debt ceiling & me indebted to few men
heart strumming – cycles – disposing of the evenings waste

one stage is flying great distances to approach the indecipherable
  travelling lord i’m travelling tryin to make heaven my home
  rocks – next – i can’t begin to tell you how it looks from where i sit
    lamp trim & burning
  end time dream time
  indecipherable redness that reflects an obvious exit
desperation on every corner
i can’t begin to tell you mariposa –even from here
in this parking lot there is a history of butterflies
guns money jelly rolls
just as there is a history of lost pages – gaps in memory
always lost here in this same cocoon
there is for me @ any rate
the mystery of a smile & why it occurs or when
in all these photographs i look so pensive
angry, disturbed but rarely smiling – all bare knuckled
& @ the end i must shed my cocoon
in a tunnel without end where depth & ceiling are one
as they press in upon me-
nemesis – is me oh butterfly – coal dust - the price i put on things
& i can’t begin to tell you where it all began
but look there & there & there & there
& you’ll begin to see the end.

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

7.
a. in 1896 the world experienced the worse depression
since the crash of ‘29
just when it looked like it was all over
gold was discovered in South Africa
this was a gasp inducing spectacle
the slave trade in America had ended as we knew it
there were ocean liners called steamers i believe
& steamer trunks filled with papers books
& other reading material
there were ice bergs already in meltdown
blues men were starting to migrate north
singing songs of joy joy joy – wonderful songs
about going home when day was done
about moving on – about being betrayed
@ the crossroads
& still now like then some countries don’t have lines to stand in
or crowns to wear as they approach their maker
yet the devil was always a man wearing a gold chain
once disguised as a king -
now the king’s fool who buys promises
from the global dream- makers
pregnant with scandal.

b. for R.K.
in fact
you get what you can
here & now
& falsely translate this into
some vague promise of immortality –
barely making ends meet
that is... somehow connecting here & now to
then – then being the
other end of here/now/when
being immortality which itself is connected
to nothing
& which is something you can neither truly
taste – touch or really even look forward to
but which you can vaguely smell as history itself
shifts with unforeseen catastrophes
& manipulation
where you just may end up in this maze
of immortality
like how 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 - depth - death
its breathing tube connecting it
to the 9 yr. old boy who was hacked to pieces with neither white god black god
or gold god to save him & with nothing left to be learned.

8. if we could outlast the potential fate coming down on us
the blood of the father & the I shalt not be…
says the honest thief
if we could with the turn of a twist
the spurned manifestation
& grand growl of the extinguisher
cool the room
  i’d ‘spended the looser – the catch 22
    of hand curling one’s hair &
the burn of fool’s gold everywhere
  when the proof of DNA is not enough.

& the withered penis responds - even gold is fool’s gold
even as the shadows spin to cool the room
yes blood itself  be gold of fools
  yet neither black gold nor white gold nor red gold
can save thee now.

but i’ve been sharing with others for most of my life
says the good thief  yet even those with less than me
have more…am I therefore a fool?
  & the decaying penis answers - even gold is fool’s gold
    & even fools get fooled…
  & the thief suddenly realizes that he is ultimately
    responsible for his own death
  & that afterwards all he really wants
    is to have some peace
  & perhaps a few pieces of gold
    or even a handful of silver
    might do.

9. what made the short list

take the express to your success
professional speech mangled by hucksters
panning for fur
basically all on the fringes of business
& biographies
& poetries
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 a fire
so we must hold on – even while grasping @ straws
we must be strong despite the unknown fungus growing calmly
@ the base of the tree – we must be vigilant
despite the fact that its roots have torn up the sidewalk
buckling the concrete / loosening the keystone
eyes stone /
despite the exotic animals let loose from their cages
remember this is not a PEACEFUL KINGDOM
tones eyes see / we must save our money /
play the limitless lottery / support our friendly bankers

on the bank of the wet & limitless expanse
not far from the rest area tiny boats await us
we/they can barley contain our feelings
it’s the middle of the street you are surrounded by domesticated dogs
meaner / wilder than one could ever imagine

the risk is great
but the boats await

this is an old man’s game
still wagering while awaiting to set sail
in the middle of Berlin or new Britain
on an unclean body of water
as the sign carriers & fire breathers fold up their tents &
climb the rocky hill

mercenary pitiful Viking
you too can win up to $200,000
but remember that AFTER THE CRASH
THERE’S always THE IMPACT

what did the merry mailman say to capt. kangaroo?
my pouch is bigger than yours.

13. pelts
“to every thing turn turn turn”

i saw them snatch the nets out of the hands
of the police
they liberated the nets i told her
& anyone else who’d listen

liberate the nets
put the pelts back on the animals

back streets
nowhere – everywhere
occupy nowhere - everywhere
wear yer coda arms as you occupy fall street on a fatal night
with a dark’ning chill in the air
not knowing what it means to be hungry
yet hungering for a taste within this myasthma
a healthy miasma / lunchdined
occupy mall street occupy small streets

liberate the nets
give the pelts back to the animals
liberate the nets

in the pitch dark
of general assembly
clear windswept echoing words
after a now dimmed light
words of liberation from power
money greed others
the others who have all these other things
words of solidarity
occupy call street liberate the pets
played out clouded ghostly
a fall into madness -

what others would confirm as madness
i hereby affirm as SANE

occupy stall street
effects which lead up to a storm
storm the unsplendiferous faceoffs
the ones who have plenties
back to one most sublime yet ominous calm
liberate the jets storm the balmy
occupy ball street
a wall’s a wall-a-street’s a street buildings built
build up the legions / not noise for noise sake

it’s not like this hasn’t happened before
but it’s not the first time
it’s the first time
it’s not as though things have changed
but nothing has changed
though things are changing
what appears to be a move to a more
open society - prohibition is coming
degrees won but not paid for
debts owed or piling up
bigger dwellings / loans alone
the leaves turning - “there is a season – turn turn turn”

signs a revolution of signs
for what it's worth
or “how did a nation founded on right
go so wrong” – right left right wrong
scrawl street / crawl street / hallway

hit & hauled away / occupied & liberated
the big scribble –
take power away from the people & give it to the people
considering the nature of one’s injuries
the art of forum shopping
& maniacal masters of the megalopolis
swiftly erasing the slogans swiftly painting new ideas
if you need to invoke swift yet random truths
it is much brighter here in the new wing
but it no longer smells of life
the underclass looks different in a different light
the middle class a shade duller / blue collars look grimier
forever health & the transworld buddhist bank
the global bank & cathay bank / the asia bank &
fraction 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 sheild us
perhaps

the origin of a species

belated greetings & only these photos left
to show us a life / a (s)car
a universe of flowers
white wreaths that are a world
a reason why.....

the origin of a species

flower & its short life / & rebirth
chanting
your fellow officers / your brothers sisters
SISTER / father / lover /
mother who entrusts her memory to me
all here to grieve this crime

& the cup’s raised
& a prayer spoken/sung among
the smell of incense
& holy water strewn about like a stream
a dream about
the origin & demise of a species
as quick as a gunshot
a burial
a sunrise / sunset / storm on a
perfect day

& we all rise above the ape for a moment

long live the circular world
long prosper the forest through the trees
fall back to earth
& ash
& gold
& dust
& a time of prosperity
when there was no
greed.
end. goodbye souls

blown / the golden trumpet
blown / the golden horn
blown / the light made visible
blown

she is neither optimist / nor pessimist / but mist
blown /
the prospectors & gold diggers
blown /
the company men blown
the lonely life maker / blown / blown / blown

but there is always a story to be told
&
& always a bridge to be sold

blown….. exposed opportunity untouched.

Toward an American Spring, Fall 2011
By, Ray Rankin

This moon has blossomed
in a thousand lakes and on a thousand shorelines,
true always to its own reflection,
to a foolishness
confounding the wise, to an un-saying
toward, bringing what is to not.

No, reflected moons never
leave hidden lakes though their echoes
de-crescendo the challenge:

Are you on fire,
are you burning body and soul?
If yes, you’re not.
If no, then burn to be.

These Are Our Weapons
By, Hilton Obenzinger, PhD
American Studies, English and Continuing Studies
Stanford University
1. Occupy Wall Street Occupy Dream Street Occupy the Mississippi River Occupy Rocky Mountains Occupy Jet Stream Occupy Ozone Layer Occupy Business Ethics Occupy Temple Emmanuel Occupy Saint Patricks Occupy Bank of America Occupy America Occupy Smiles Occupy Baseball Occupy Florida Occupy Texas Occupy Wonders of the Universe Occupy Deep Hearts Occupy Dawn's Early Light Occupy God Bless America Occupy This Land Is My Land Occupy Song of Myself Occupy Buddha's Eye Occupy the Bright Green Light Across the Bay

2. Occupy the small spaces in our hearts. Dream of possibilities and wake up with them done. Occupy the hopes that deserve those dreams. Sleep with the thoughts of all the kids who learn to spell their names. Occupy the sky and the stars that memorize their names. Eat with fingers that taste possibilities. Praise the teachers who speak those names. Occupy the small spaces in our hearts as wide as the sky. That's what a new world looks like. Now that all of us are awake, it's time to dream.

3. Imagination comes from staying in places and traveling across futures, from Wall Street to Occupy The Tundra to Occupy Madrid singing Ode to Joy to Occupy Watsonville of farmworkers and ghosts of Filipino dance halls returning to wander through the fields, occupy the past so that it sets the ground for more free wild hopes - and gratitude for all, gratitude for people standing and walking and marching, for occupying public space with shared rage and dreams, thank you to those people in Madrid waving their hands, empty palms up, chanting "These Are Our Weapons," dangerous empty hands that can build imaginations across an entire planet. Gracias.

**OCCUPY EVERYWHERE TOGETHER**
By, Adam Cornford

Occupy Wall Street
Occupy Wall Street and the Loop and the Financial District and the City of London and the Bandra Kurla and the Paseo de la Reforma and the Nihombashi and the Pudong and the Bankenviertel and the Paradeplatz and every other ganglion of the parasite clamped with its million hooked lips over the aching skull of the world
Occupy Tahrir Square and the Puerta del Sol and the Piazza di Spagna and Liberty Square and Trafalgar Square and the Place de la Concorde and the Akropolis and Red Square and Alexanderplatz and Tiananmen Square and Ogawa Plaza and every other place where just popular government’s parchment promissory note has crumbled and expired

Occupy capitols and parliaments and palaces and national assemblies and all their cupolas and halls and corridors and expel the designer pimps of profit and pollution and cover cold marble symmetries with hilarious hand-lettered shouts and outrage banners and warm loud angry imperfect bodies of democracy

Occupy the offices of bankers and landlords and hedge fund managers and the offices of the CEOs of global retail chains and mining corporations and oil companies and arms manufacturers Occupy their networks to uproot their file systems decrypt their secrets Occupy their publicity and power-wash their corporate faces to reveal the rotting flesh Turn their quarterly reports into collapsing towers of zeros

Occupy the net and the web and the social media and the blogosphere and the infosphere and all the other virtual villages and suburbs and malls Make all Power’s secret cities into
naked cities all its invisible cities into visible cities Occupy all the hidden cities and forbidden cities and public squares and gated communities of the communiverse

Occupy the public parks and the public lands and the sliced and shrunken wilderness against the belching backhoes and graders Occupy the public schools against the soft-spoken reasonable graders and backhoes of fake equality leveling minds like the tops of small wild mountains Occupy the public universities and chop off the money tendrils of parasitic partnership crawling through labs and research centers

Occupy the factories hells of boredom and injury teach the robot cutters assemblers presses new dances for making new rhythms for need met with utility and grace Occupy the fields industrial carpeting of chlorophyll machines in sterile gray nutrient and give the old nutritious cruciforms and grasses back their alliances their intermingling in live dirt as intricate as skin

Occupy language as it scrolls and crawls and winks Power’s festering poetry in shiny pixels and screen-head voices all around you Clean it with brisk brooms of incredulous irony and wire brushes of collective scorn Occupy language and above all wash it with our imaginative tears for all the misery and death it has been tortured and neutered into concealing

Occupy the seven parts of speech and the rhythms of long and short phonemes along the trail of the sentence winding or straight Occupy hypotaxis and conjunctions to build a commonwealth of words where beauty clarity and purpose move again together in one body electric like blood its red sign and figurations its nerves and syntax its 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 sirenas, amos del grito sin dueño, que probaron a tentarla, que con su canto la intentaron encauzar.

Pero ella, cegada por la nueva furia que desmentía la palabra bonita, que emanaba de aquellos hombres de la cola marina, sus llantos sólo pudo ignorar.

Para llegar, muerta de sed a la moribunda orilla, a una nueva tierra donde en un baile tropezar.

Vadeó el espacio restante entre embarcación y orilla, jirones de rojo tiñendo con su llanto la sal.

Para caer, muerta del miedo, sobre el primer beso que la arena de la playa regalaba al mar.

Lloraba, ahora que nadie la veía, por ojos, por las piernas, sólo podría derramar…

derramar aguas de todos los colores, ríos que marcaba la llegada de ésta, su estación estival.

Una princesa castaña, cuerpo medio vestido de arena, mirada desnuda, clava de la luna emergente, en el reflejo de ella que ahora se posaba en el mar.

La luna, hoy, esta noche dorada, su rostro cubierto en estrazas carmesí, desechos los peces, cadáveres, muriendo sus pies, haciendo en su sombra proyectada su último hogar..

Y en este anochecer, que no era más que alba de la nueva luna, se dejó besar…

Por aquella mujer que guardaba su interior… que estaba a punto de llegar.

Maldijo las olas, maldijo las ortigas pero, mirando la luna dorada y su reflejo en el agua, no parece dejar de llorar.

No fue capaz de dejar de gotear…

**Why the Window Washer Reads Poetry**

*By, Laura Grace Weldon*

*for Michael, who carried poems in his work shirt pocket*

He lowers himself
on a seat they call a cradle, rocking
in harnesses strung long-armed
from the roof.

Swiping windows clean
he spends his day
outside looking in.

Mirrors refract light into his eyes
telescopes point down
photographs face away,
layers of dust
unifying everything.

Tethered and counterbalanced
these sky janitors hang,
names stitched on blue shirts
for birds to read.
Squeegees in hand they
arc lightly back and forth across
the building’s eyes
descend a floor, dance again.

While the crew catches up
he pauses, takes a slim volume from his pocket
and balancing there,
36 stories above the street,
reads a poem or two
in which the reader is invariably placed
inside
looking out.

**Persona Ficta**
By, Jena Osman

a corporation is to a person as a person is to a machine

amicus curiae we know them as good and bad, they too are sheep and goats
ventriloquizing the ghostly fiction.

a corporation is to a body as a body is to a puppet

putting it in caricature, if there are natural persons then there are those who are not that,
buying candidates. there are those who are strong on the ground and then weak in the air.
weight shifts to the left leg while the prone hand sets down; the propaganda arm extends,
turns the left shoulder straight forward.

a corporation is to an individual as an individual is to an uncanny valley

the separation of individual wills from collective wills, magic words. they create an
eminent body that is different from their own selves. reach over with the open palm of the
left and force to the right while pamphlets disengage.

a corporation has convictions as a person has mechanical parts
making a hash of this statute, the state is a body. Dobson Hobson and Jobson are masquerading under an alias. push off with the right foot, and at the same time step forward with the left foot. Childlike voice complements visual cues and contributes to cuteness factor of the contestational robot.

a corporation has likes and dislikes as a body has shareholders

stare decisis the spectral then showed himself for what he was, a blotch to public discourse. the right foot is immediately brought forward. the body flattens toward the deck rather than leap into the air. it is not a hop. subversive literature engaged.

a corporation gives birth as a natural human births profit margins

some really weird interpretations fully panoplied for war, a myth. torso breaks slightly forward. the hand is not entirely supine, but sloping from the thumb about thirty degrees. Head rotation and sonar sensing technologies are employed to create believable movement, while allowing for only the most limited interaction.

a corporation has an enthusiasm for ethical behavior as a creature has economic interests only.

facial challenges. this person which is not a human being. not a physical personality of mankind. the arm opposite the lead leg exaggerates the forward thrust of a normal arm swing, but not to an uncomfortable degree. Custom built from aluminum stock.

a corporation is we the people as a person is a cog

a funny kind of thing, naïve shareholders. where there is property there is no personality. take off in full stride. lead leg exaggerates the knee lift of a normal stride. cordless microphones, remote control systems, hidden tape recorders.

a corporation has a conscience as a body has a human likeness

forceful lily; so difficult to tell the two apart. paralyze the wheels of industry. an insatiable monster, soulless and conscienceless, a fund.

a corporation says hey I’m talking to you, as an individual speaks through a spokesperson

they wear a scarlet letter that says "C" rejecting a century of history. the strong over the weak. better armed. supernatural. richer. more numerous. these are the facts.

a corporation admires you from afar and then has the guts to approach you and ask you for your number, as a being activates a cognitive mechanism for selecting mates

it is a nightmare that Congress endorsed. mega-corporation as human group, the realm of hypothesis.

a corporation warms the bed and wraps its arms around you and just wants to spoon as a natural human wants to organize profits

it’s overbroad, a glittering generality, a fiction to justify the power of the strong invented by prophets of force. there were narrower paths to incorporeal rights.
a corporation has upstanding character as a body has photorealistic texture.

the absorptive powers of some prehistoric sponge. there are good fictions and bad fictions. can the fiction ever disappear?

**Generation Heat**  
By, Robert Smith

A brief flame,  
That is how our resistance appears,  
I will grant you that -- but no more!  
Is our body more precious  
Than the breath that gives it life?  
And what of the spark  
That ignites the first gasp  
That leads to the next?  
Something or someone has to burn  
So a light can be seen in the dark.  
Why not you? Why not us?  
The abuse of power will not  
Simply disappear and go away --  
Without the generation of alternative heat.  
Be that heat! Be that gathering  
Of many little flames into One Fire:  
For the future, for the Earth!

**Wall Street Encampment**  
By, Linda Kleinbub

Breaking boundaries-  
What could go wrong?  
If you see something say something.

Complex bio molecules,  
Be ready!  
Compete internationally,  
lunatic farce,  
savage satire.

As far as you want it to go.  
Finish it!

**3 Haiku**  
By, Dan Brook

we must humanize  
this corporation nation  
for humanity

99%  
such a vast majority
we are the people!

99%
we will be 100%
when successful

Notes from Occupied America (poem #27)
By, Karen Lillis

Denton, Texas is occupied.
Despite LOL #OccupyDenton,
Despite #occupydenton #occupymypants,
Despite What, are you too broke to drive to #OccupyDallas,
Despite I m sorry u r missing the game bc u r stuck in yr little tents,
Despite You're going to need those tents after graduation,
Despite Why doesn't #occupydenton just #occupyIHOP,
Despite Organized hobo camps IMHO,
Despite Occupy Denton should occupy a shower,
Despite I feel like rioting and harassing the Occupy Denton spares,

thirty-odd protesters are on Day 16, camped out on the patch of lawn along
West Hickory near Fry Street. General Assemblies held daily, 5:00 pm.

Notes from Occupied America (poem #43)
By, Karen Lillis

Occupy Lubbock is asking for sweaters. Though their nights
are surely warmer than Occupy Fort Collins in Colorado,
their evenings are much colder than Occupy Corpus Christi,
and they've noticed the food supply dwindling more quickly
since temperatures dropped.

If you care to reply, Occupy Lubbock needs your wool, your hot meals,
your fleece blankets, your old sleeping bags, your extra windbreakers,
your leftover canvas, and as many warm bodies as you can spare.

Notes from Occupied America (poem #17)
By, Karen Lillis

In Erie, Pa., a handful of the dedicated
were committed to camping in Perry Square
overnight through January 31st. Through snowfall,
through freezing rain, through winds hurling across the lake,
through differences of age and opinion. They had the support of the board of
permits, the chief of police, twenty to thirty at regular meetings, and someone
who'd donated the sub-arctic sleeping bags.
The first few nights were glorious.

Then the city reneged: Oh, coffee pots? Tarps? Supplies? New occupiers signing on? No,
there'll be no more sleepovers. The tarps were taken down.

Oakland and Atlanta, Phoenix and Cleveland. The officials speak of "evictions" in terms
of crowd control, noise control, disease control, pests; a dispersing; a sweeping out; a thoughtful act of sanitation. The decree comes down from the mayor or the city council, goes through the local police, and spreads to neighboring rank and file units like a cancer.

The protesters measure their time in daily challenges and general assemblies.

Occupy Oakland said, We meet at 6:00pm everyday until we get the Plaza back.

Occupy Atlanta said, We'll camp tonight in a baseball field, tomorrow in a private park.

Occupy Cleveland said, We're seeking a new permit through the end of the week.

Across the lake, Occupy Erie voted to hold the Square in three 8-hour shifts: We will remain around the clock, they said. We will occupy. We will stay awake.

**Killing Shells#2**
By, Paul Hawkins

And we call this life boring?
Silver tubes pierce the sky,
roaring,
as celebrities mark the campaign trails.
Drones can't smell naked fear,
the bullet swarm thickens on TV and you reach for a beer.

We sell killing shells from the sea shore

Heavy coffins,
shadowed in the belly of the Chinook.
Death boxed up,
wrapped with flags of convenience.
Protest leave's a mark on our bodies,
flesh wounds on our sold-out souls.

We sell killing shells from the sea shore

**Lyrics to Tune for Drum and Wind**
By, Jared Stanley
_Reno, Nevada_

You're a wandering blare,
a weird sounding hunger
called fire, living it:

another in a series of public breaths
flutter my pantleg like coyote teeth.
I'm not sure: should we be decorous

and let the wind beat a drum
beyond our life and ability to do so?
It could be alright on its own
if we leave the drum out
in all the click-clack weather
can throw at it

fronds and licks of fluent heat
or wind's vivid skin- ingratiations
talking directly into the tympanun.

We might feel close to doing, be light about time:
you be a vast earthen pyramid
and I'll be a preternatural, untested breath.

OR, we can just throw the drum
at the weather, accompany it
with the air we stashed in the snares

so it touches our liberty
our radiant, quintessential vase
made from book light
unscrewed from the practical words.
Fragments of the space shuttle Columbia fell here
full of toiletries, your money, and a false grail called survival,

until somebody else is here,
new to us, blurring 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
occupying wall street

by, michael castro

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

You are me.
Not just me, we.
We are the united
in the United States.
We are the us in U.S.

Not me, we.

TO SPEAK OF TREES
By, Michael Castro

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

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

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

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

Let them speak their silent life.
Build Our Occupations (Resisting Lords Of Greed)
By, Raymond Nat Turner

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Seven Parking Tickets
By, Annie Rachele Lanzillotto
copyright 2011
Sat in a sword of sunlight listening to seagulls by the Hudson River
behind the wheel of my Dodge Spirit.
Read about a guy who got seven parking tickets
before the police noticed he had shot himself in the backseat of his Chevy
under a blanket after his eviction.

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

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

JUMPIN WITH JOY
By, Annie Rachele Lanzillotto
©2010

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

just after the BP oil fiasco in the Gulf.

We got homegrown terrorists.
We need a revolution now raise your fists.
The companies are destroying the earth.
The companies are destroying the fish.

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

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

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

Hu Jintao and the Caudillo open world order,
built on fossil fuels without borders
Dear Mr. President:
By, Gloria Frym

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 televisions the women going about their business at home and work. Make documentaries displaying citizens of the U.S. reading the Koran, of course, only while being filmed. Citizens could easily be reading another, smaller hidden text behind the Koran. Invite Christo to wrap all McDonald’s restaurants and create video documentation to spread widely via intelligence agents in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere on cassettes marked: TOP SECRET: DO NOT CIRCULATE. Close all chain stores and multinationals located in foreign countries. This action would show artificially good faith in a U.S. desire to cease spreading its cultural values and products. The enemies of the U.S. would have to get busy producing their own goods, and this undertaking would cripple them from creating any weapons of mini or mass destruction. Previously harbored weapons would have to be scrapped for components in order to sustain the already massive numbers of their populations who are sick, starving, dying, or children.

Sincerely yours,
Gloria Frym

from Mind Over Matter
By, Gloria Frym

Tell me your secret secrets
Didn’t Church & State divorce
Ages ago before neo-
Looking out for numero uno
A good revolutionary name
We’re not secular we’re mercantile  
The market panders panties  
Cardinals small migrant hands  
Housing housing everywhere  
And no place to live  
Did you hear the one about the poet and the banker?  
Me neither  
Too much thinking requires a language breather  
The reason the dogs did not come to you  
You did not whistle for them  
Word  
An agent in the land of stuff  
There are things besides government  
Standing between us and happiness  

KINDNESS  
By, Hugh Mann  

Every spring, a bluebird flies down our chimney,  
gets trapped in the flue, and makes a tremendous  
racket trying to free itself. But birds cannot fly vertically,  
so eventually the little fellow falls into the woodstove,  
exhausted and defeated. Then we gently rescue him,  
take him outside, and watch him fly away. Like the  
bluebird, man is trapped, unable to escape or ascend.  
And man is waiting for the gentle hand of kindness  
to lift him up.
WEEK 5
OWS PLANTS

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

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
Heather

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Jamey

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.
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
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.

OWS Tony

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Rosalie

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

We DO have to have non-violent CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE. No significant social change happens without it.
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,
bequine it anyway,
stop the clocks’ tick-tock
‘cause they’re not human
and that’s
no way to live life.
Don’t let their pale white faces fool you.
Their minute hands are
tied to a forgotten teatime hour,
while We’re all drinking gin.

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

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

**Manifesto (MoMA 10/20/11)**

By, Sarah Harper

I believe in Freedom.
(I believe in Freedom.)
This means
(This means)
That people of color should be able
(That people of color should be able)
To walk the streets without fear
(To walk the streets without fear)
Of stop-and-frisk harassment by the police.
(Of stop-and-frisk harassment by the police.)
This means
(This means)
That those who are suffering should be able
(That those who are suffering should be able)
To talk to someone without fear
(To talk to someone without fear)
Of being locked up in a psych ward
(Of being locked up in a psych ward)
And forced to take drugs and shock treatments.
(And forced to take drugs and shock treatments.)
This means
(This means)
That no one should have to choose
(That no one should have to choose)
Between money for healthcare
(Between money for healthcare)
And money for rent.
(And money for rent.)
That no one should have to choose
(That no one should have to choose)
Between being able to provide for their family
(Between being able to provide for their family)
And being able to spend time with their family.
(And being able to spend time with their family.)
Those who rule this world
(Those who rule this world)
The corporate and political masters
(The corporate and political masters)
Will tell us that these
(Will tell us that these)
Are tragic
(Tragic)
Necessary
(Necessary)
Sacrifices.
(Sacrifices.)
They lie!
(THEY LIE!!!!)
I believe in freedom.
(I believe in freedom.)
Do you?
(Do you?)
I am willing
(I am willing)
To work for that freedom.
(To work for that freedom.)
Are you?
(ARE YOU????)

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

By, Raymond Nat Turner

*Original Words and Music By Norman 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 click replay again and again.

**Poem for OWSL**

By, Joseph Perez

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

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

as the gull
and sea and steel and glass recede
you
decide to freeze
imagine more heads than you can count
weaved like wool
like the woolman’s hooded coat
imagine more heads than you can count
shaking the canister of liberty
corked
hot with anticipation
imagine they are children
they are children
who have never formed animals from clouds
who have never been taught to read
who know words only as they form them
words like water
only when it’s been driven to need
say water until it loses it’s tongue
say water where it cannot run
say water
imagine you are only one small part of a sea
you and the rich man
you and the senator
you and the skeleton
you and the alligator
you and the bee
you and the sea
you are a part that leads water to run
where water might
there are still a thousand fields unshorn
in your very county
dogs that run
tiny people who know nothing of your occupation
who wear a dress to church
who blow the fingers of dying flowers
there are still unbridled beasts
who cannot say your name
your standstill
is not for the rich man
it isn’t for the broken officer’s horse
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

Sacri ficial 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
catched on,
caught fire even on  
the shoulders  
of that autumn tweed  
jacket, those jeggings  
in the street  
where the flames of  
« Had enough ?  
Off your duff !  
Let’s make Revolution ! »  
are blossoming with the bodies  
of young and old now,  
bringing together  
hearts broken by wars,  
into a frozen future,  
whose turn it is  
finally and at last  
to bring down that Wall  
Street that’s killing us all,  
through an event whose  
time has come, 20 years  
in the process of  
a growing, massing  
occupying by many who don’t  
even know why they’re  
here, but wear the instinct  
of « Gotta-be »because  
not to be is to be not  
anywhere, to be nowhere,  
nothing, and now nothing
and its nothingesses
seem stupid, elite, extremist
like the banks themselves.
We’re : Fuck Money Futures !
We’re : Derivatives Up Your Ass !
You can black us out
of the press, block
and arrest us, tear gas,
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 all over 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,
eginned by justice and the
only law that counts:
the one of love, the two
of love, the three of love,
the four for the other three
of love—Occupy for all!

Poesía de los Indignados
By, Mark Butkus

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

POLAROID

by Catherine Corman

for Jedediah Spenser Purdy

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

**No Share, No Ware**

By Riché Richardson

*November 2, 2011*

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

No share, no ware!

It’s just not fair.
No share no ware!
They need to care.
No share, no ware!
Takes us nowhere.

**Why is this**

By, Ruth Hamilton

*Support from Vermont*

**Part I**

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

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

**OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY 101**
By, Bruce Stephenson

(Part One)

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

THE GOLD AND SILVER STANDARD

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

The Witch's Prophecies Part I
By, Lewis Lazarus

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

The Speech
By, Lewis Lazarus

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

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**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, shaman, prophets, saviors, pharaohs, presidents, dissidents, hussars and sultans
The bombs of calamity sing songs for enemies
fostered and festered in the breasts of inventors
tacked to invest in all but this world.
Far flung representations like drapes of snakeskin.
hissing at your wishes
Terse and removable
The preamble scramble of red shot white light
tapping on the concave glass mask
There's a bark on the radio station:
'a word written'
'epitaph under scribed'
'proud drum beats of the ticker tape parade'
'thoughts outbound in subway stations'
'office the coffin'
'the schmaltz of a turpentine waltz and a gargoyle 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.
-----

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
(throngs of japanese school girls with pink curls push the bibles in to hands of pampered white faced naked aboriginals. yummy. yummy. I have culture in my tummy.)

And everyman is just as intelligent when it comes to this:
one number
one life
one sight
one feeling
one mother
one father
one first on third eye
won one every time
one river that pushes the pebbles
revealing, upturning
what's been sealed and hidden.
One drink
One Gin
One bottomless glass of wine
to be drunk on all the time
but best with your mind
in competition with the constant obsession to win!
It's an easy decision
I have no visions but to give and have no cares but to live
no seas to conquer but to swim in what's given
no card decks or martyrdom tricks
or resurrections planned or anything
Except for the one every morning at sun rise
for that's when I'm born again
and again
and again
every morning
for the rest of time
-----

The Toll
By, Lewis Lazarus
In all real stances with guns and with lances
the same tools remade and romanced
but end up buried in the soil to toil further
Your friends are turned in
your family's near,
in the tongue twist of trash,
it could have been better than that
The one eyed parrot squeaking
'all eyes can see it'
'all eyes can see it'
'all eyes can see it'
well they'll come to collect him in the morning…surely?
foes left to fight their gods in the elements
what pretense!
go over and help them
where abandoned children are left to swim to kingdoms of cauldrons
smoldering lessons to be learned by devotion
to shoot up: pretenders. Loony bin benders
(there're wise men among us)
Unleashing all fire furnaced by tense decisions
precisions insisted for one man's mission
How precious is what's thrown to the wind and tossed and then lost in the years that we live
Some ex russian radar hussar blurts from the side of the book
'I beg we reconsider our course in discourse opening vanity's door and welcoming brethren and deathly things jingling from ear rings and triptychs and painters with thick bits of stick stuck to objects in theory it's art-that's what the press said. BANG! 'oh another explosion' darling…could you turn down the television? war's such a 'drag' …) But in orders:
The coroners wait in the corner,
the doctor's on sidelines
the men looked down but are lost in the murmur
the general paints his finger with fire,
the soul stirs its yearning now let go to throw:
the numbers clash like they always have
between movement and waiting
hell any number'll just about do it
do it
don't wanna be your slave
(babe)
'we become aware of the chaos of numbers'
yes?
'we become aware of the tumult that unfolds and our infinite responsibility and
contribution even in observation!'
yes?
one couldn't have imagined it!:
in sequence sits the possibility of melody
at the base knees of surrender in between common viscous provisions
that lend their disjointed 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 spurts like a dart
I can't stand in the rafters or laugh out the shouts
and the snarls and the blood lost gone crusty and musky
entombed in the dusk of drapes of drawn trust.
All faith speaks of trust!
or better of luck.

With faith in another, you'll never know better, you have to fall face first alone to move on.

Far in between: what's black what's white's black

and fire and flack and spittles of diamond dust sticks and of cracks in clam like caved in canyons and sands of peeled onions by bare naked spaniards with hair underarms

and blasts of shook sand dunes of Moroccan sultans with camel grease mustaches tushes and cushions

(howls at the moon reported at noon)

that's odd

only wolves know its use.

behind every ideal

sits a concealed little blipping and dimpling confused baby kicking

life's in the waiting

beyond the puncture of every sealed face

the bemused wise men cackle in waiting

behind every veil waits the lips of a lady with the breasts of a saint.

Burst from the bones of the end of the world

the rebirth of humor and playing

the triple edged toys of the sand box slaps at the crotch of all knowledge

inwrapped chords espouse from white bars or black bars or dive bars or gay bars or star bars of red white and stars from bright buttered jars

Mangled cuts hugging the rocks on the splashing land locked ocean flashing in motion

who's eyes have now spoken

to the new king

In ignorance the pig dance slowly fades away.

The romance with war now on its last legs.
I'm not trying to point you to the ostriches
nor to be tamed in distracted
elaborate thoughts.
Masks made by novices.
Botched on the ink pad
the first marks of action
in sparks of distraction
to catch em we can't win
deserters
disillusion sun men spring from the rafters, wizards and quizzers, lizards and gizzards,
taletellers, whores and inventors, black smiths and braggarts, hags and the finger first waggars, no sayers and yes sayers, hallelujah jehovas choo choos gotta wigga boogoos
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?
ilusion is plunder
for movement uncovered in black gold
the sunken will scream for another now far gone and far flung for father and mother
with artisans
funnels of tools tuned in for songs
perfectly strung through the campfires
once huddled
the sisters and brothers and whisperers and lovers
for visions belonging to thousands now gone.
To live more than you're told
was the resounding tone.
To dance on dead bones
to grow young from old.
To renew what's been said
to tear it to shreds
to mend what's been broken
and silence those spoken.
To kill all your saints and your devils and sages.
To remake is to break
what has not yet been opened.

Poems for the OWS Anthology
By, Julien Poirier

POLICE

“Anarchism is a game the police can beat you at.”
—G.B. Shaw

Just because policemen
have multiple heads
doesn’t mean they’re
all bad.

$ 

CRIME

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

$ 

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

$ SCHOOLS OF THE AMERICAS 
The School of the Americas is in the Alps.

$ ADVICE TO SQUATTERS
Don’t trust anyone over the age of information.

Newtonian Utopia
By, Brendan Lorber

I was made matching I flew ducking
I look foxed and went I went all on-button
You make it repetitive by repeating
until fully roused I mean industrial
Every iteration rope ladders it back
down erotic origins especially the most
automated I am welcome
to look away or fall at the same rate
I move forward and retain the illusion
everything’s not totally fucked
I thought the thing that wanted me
was flying under the bridge too fast
but it was me the sequel to opposite
I duck and blink a lot Can I help it
if quantum mechanics contradict relativity
and I see your eyes every time mine are shut?
****

Take Me to Intentional City
By, Brendan Lorber
Take me off the market Off
In the kettle endlessly boiling
Industrial samba for the trade floor?
Whose amended tentacles demand
we be made into endless suspension?
Take me to the new bridge to not get over
but live on Take me where I can be
the wind in the kettle Orange
looks good on you Supplication
before the weather call + comeback
of the who’s who march updated
for booking musical holding
in the pens whose cell? ours!
Material is the witness Rename the air
You can’t go to jail when you’re
already there Rise up on the deck
where even police have such
beautiful feet I have no fear
of falling because there is no ground
Downtown Walk
By, A.E. Richards
I’m fried
fatigued and flusymptomed
from this walk.
From being tossed about in this
zigzagging geometry, this
tectonic, plate-shifting
jutting of metal buildings out of this island place.
It makes my chest heavy,
my head heavy,
my shoes fill with concrete.
Here
stamped into the gorge of the city’s steal spine
are the Occupiers.
Coming in peace
but bustling,
civil
but disobedient,
pure in ideals,
but sullied in city filth.
Occupy Wall Street
all occupied
with Santeria and
peanut butter and
patchouli,
and tarps and tarps and blue tarps.
People stop and look and walk by and police stop because they have to, and the world talks about it but they aren’t there because we do it all remotely, now.

We occupy remotely, remotely: situated at some distance away, distant in relationship or connection.

Rain drops take on speed and acid and smoke and begin to fall lightly, on us all.

Rain is general across lower Manhattan, across the Occupiers, their blue tarps, and the concrete that grounds them.

**Extreme Sanity**

By, Yuko Otomo

*for Barbara Kruger*

1.

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

ZUMANS
By J.C.

This Is a true story.
The Zumans are Human.
They're humans,
The Zumans.
More human, they say,
than humans can be.

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

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

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

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

Until it stops.
Until it burns.

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

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

Our new human, the Zuman, is still Human,
He sees Liberty on her doorstep every day.
Gorgeous and grand.
She smells revolutions
as he pedals among throngs going to and from the city.
Across the bridges
under a galaxy of light,
Zuman and human,
way on the other side
they exist.
He and She.
Two units of human.
Thrust forth
when Zuckowski
wed Neuman.
A new blushing nucleus
borne.

Zuman-fresh,

New Humans.

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

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

Until we’re better,
like humans have been.

Thoughts on OWS
By, Alexa White

Edison High School, Huntington Beach, California

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

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

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

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

Thank you.
Occupy Wall Street in 8 anagrams
By, Erik Schurink

Alert! Let's wrest wallet.
We'll rest at Wall Street's welt. Alter!
We'll start east. We'll retell west: “Art!”

My One Demand
By, Alia Gee

My one demand
Is for a happy ending
Right here, right now.
Allow compassion to surprise
Cops and robber barons both.
Live with it, the staggering heart-ache of
Ever after.

My one demand
Is not to force me to choose between
Dreams and America or between
Death and Taxes.
Let me just breathe a little bit.
Each grateful breath a love letter to the future. My
Child's birthright is
Liberty, love
And
Solidarity. I will
Shout myself hoarse over and over. I would rather lose my voice than my freedom.

My one demand is to back
Off. Stop
Telling me what I must pay and what I must sacrifice.
Here is the truth: I am a mommy. I
Eat lies for breakfast and sit patiently until the truth comes.
Resistance is childish.
Sit in time-out until you learn to share properly.
(This one was read to the General Assembly during the second week of occupation)
I have
Made my demands in
All the ways they told me to:
Give this candidate money.
Invest your own time: phone banks, AmeriCorps, sign petitions, etite letters. VOTE.
No one listened.
Enough with my demands.
This time, I am trying something different.
Helping, marching, shouting, feeding.
At Liberty Square, the 99% are trying something different.
This time, we are listening to each other.
At Liberty to Say
By, Alia Gee
My entire life my country
Has not had room for my love.
Any love of country not rooted in distrust of the Other,
The unloved country,
Was mocked and dismissed.
I have questioned my compassion.
I have treated it like a disease or a handicap,
Because my country didn’t want it,
My culture didn’t value it.
In occupied territory
I have found a place where I can love safely,
And my heart is free.
If you look for me at home or at school
If you cannot find me in the gym or at the garden
You will find me
Finally
At Liberty to say
I love my country.

DANCING IN THE SUNLIGHT

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

November 11, 2011

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

FULL MOON REVISITED

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

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

REMEMBERING BROTHER MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

By, MisterHAN/ Charles T. Cleary

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

Free Photographs
By, Ariel Goldberg

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

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

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

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

Battery death is one kind of a disappearing act.

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

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

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

I raise my voice in a room of students; sort of yelling:
are the objects in the photographs just objects?
I repeat the question with a summary in up speak
are they literal or figurative, surface or deeper meaning?
I hate how it just became about extremes.  
They offer some meaning. I say good.  
Or I say nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Untitled"
by Tyler Merbler

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

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

The fathers and mothers of our universe do have at least 99 problems—
unruly soldiers and children, uneasy afterthoughts, 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 untrammeled  
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 unheard 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 SORRY THAT WORD EVERYONE SAYS THINKING EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE OKAY ,
NO SORRY IS JUST ANOTHER GOODBYE , SO WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE , I JUST SAY HELLO ! HI FIVE !

**Untitled**
BY NAJHA FRANCOIS

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

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY
101
By Bruce Stephenson

(Part One)
CONFESSIONS OF A GHOUL

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

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

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

I'd better get this sorry ass
Down off my bar stool now
And cross the pavement to the grass
And join that grand pow-wow
Where we can listen, add our voice,
Or dance, or sing, or drum,
Or contemplate each better choice,
And plan good things to come!
I know that Facebook is a front
For CIA’s best plots.
We give them everything we've got,
They file it all in slots.
Since every Company CEO
Was once a Wall Street boss
Guess who controls the way things go;
Guess who will take the loss?

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

(Part Two)
THE GOLD AND SILVER STANDARD

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

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

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

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

We were the willing walking dead.
We were the ghosts and ghouls.
We laughed at every pumpkin head.
We're all the Joker's fools.

It's time to get our firewood stacked;
Our nuts and raisins in;
Our jars of hemp and flax seeds racked;
Our apples in the bin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**all politics want to divorce their owners**
By, Patrick Hughes

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

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

Dipping into American History
by Nino Rekhviashvili

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

The scene was everything I’d imagined it to be. There were groups of 6’s and 8’s who’d been there since day 1 nestled in tents at the far end of the park, students in 3s looking at the books in the expansive “Zuccotti Free Library”, tourists snapping away at people who held signs that read, “I WANTED SOMEBODY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, AND THEN I REALIZED I WAS A SOMEBODY.” There were middle-aged intellectual crazies from all over discussing “…officials steal from the poor to line their own pockets…” and the drummers and guitarists making noise, everyone scattered in sprinkle-like formation throughout the cozy concentration. Political 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 atmosphere for meditation. I don’t smoke but I couldn’t help but light up a freshly-rolled and start one of those yammering metaphysical conversations with a bug-eyed writer from Ohio who’d end up leaving me mid-sentence, saying, “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, “Geoooorge 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'Brian

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

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

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

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

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

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WEEK 6
AMY AND WILMA

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

[Image of Amy and Wilma at Occupy Wall Street with captions: "Amy and Wilma at Occupy Wall Street 11/2/11" and "We're all part of the same SLAVE SHIP."]
Brendan

By, Sharon Rosenzweig
Marine Edward

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

If you support the TROOPS, you support the 99%.

Obama had so much to say about TUNISIA and EGYPT, but not much about Occupy Wall Street.

Infantry Marine Edward Pages helped found MARCH FORWARD, an anti-war organization of veterans and active duty service people.

Rosenzweig

OWS

11/2/11
Marsha

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

I want a BETTER America for my grandchildren.

56 yr old Grandmother of five

End the Wars. Abolish the Death Penalty.

Increased taxes on the wealthiest (to equity).

A better America for my grand kids. Please

Rosenzweig

Octopi Wall Street
Pie Man

By, Sharon Rosenzweig

[Image of a man speaking]

I'm here every day. I haven't seen any antisemitism. There was one nut case. He had a sign that said, "JEWS CONTROL the BANKS." Sources tell me some Jewish militants jumped him, a few blocks away. I don't care for violence, but when it comes to that stuff, I'd join in too. My parents were in the camps.

Aron kay, Pie Man, Yippie
OWS 11/1/11

An overwhelming majority

By, Vincent Katz

alphabet soup philosophies
sick haircut crunchers
in gaseous blue suits
die in sameness, but
they control the (tele)vision
of the future, so even
should you travel the
globe entire, you return

to your abode, the imperative

seems to make it

something withstanding

such odd, fabricated

reports, to be able to go

inside, change what

seems permanent

in fact, is even facade

**standing in a batch of bees**

By, Patrick Hughes

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

**subprime tsunamis**

By, Ravi Chandra

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

We need barrier walls in our minds. We need containment for power.

The ones in charge never seem to understand - the bottom line is bonus checks, dividends, stock options and cash. But all I see is people with no options, drowning. Who cares for their health? Who cares for their lives?

Joe Millionaire doesn't want regulations, or taxes, or health care for the masses. Joe Millionaire says, "I'm a working man too! I got rich driving a tractor, moving mountains of money - Why shouldn't I get to keep that loot?

I stole this money fair and square!"

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

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

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

IN FOREIGN FIELDS

By, Bruce Stephenson

A POEM FOR REMEMBRANCE DAY

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

They didn't have to die to show
The guns of hatred have to go
Back into hellfire where they're forged
Out of the fury hate disgorged
That brought our headstrong pride down low
In foreign fields.
We mourn the dead in sunset's glow
Who mourned their comrades long ago.
Their love was greater than we know
In foreign fields.

There is no quarrel seen before
That was resolved by means of war
In which good men trained for defence
All died as pawns of planned offense
In foreign fields.

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

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

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

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

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

Dear 99
By, William Scott

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

We’re pushed along by our
conflicts, tensions, and contradictions, which
drive us to act to embrace our futures
in the presence of our power –
We have no gods – we stopped worshipping
their authority, all authority,
the moment we ran naked into the street,
to bear witness, together, to our power.

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

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

**Occupy Wall Street**
By, Jennifer Nelson

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

Bruegel was also making a joke where haystacks resemble their laborers

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

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

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

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

so Bruegel was carting it out of an old

painting by Bosch where drunks
and other fornicators
ride a monumental
haywagon to hell

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

where very small citizens throw sticks at birds

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

Meanwhile the workers are drinking
There’s one jug left, which we’ve hidden in the hay
But our buddy’s coming with another
and a black jug of water

Once there were six of these paintings
Bruegel saw calendars of seasonal labor
and imagined them as panels on a wall

originally in Antwerp
now mostly in Vienna
This in New York
has the best and warmest panorama
for this most profitable season

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

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

Beside him workers line
their stomachs with bread
Look at them
He wants them
He wants the worker’s scythe
to bend our nostalgia-
path through the hay
to this central event in the creation of profit

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

How to live like a_________ in _________
By, Sheila Black

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

Bricolage
By, Peter Ciccariello

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Loving each other, blessing our kin,
Sending the message, we're taking in.
Feeling the circle, spiral in space.
Breathing new life force, giving new grace.
the people's microphone
By, Chris Cheek
for Sean Bonney on the occasion of his launch of the Commons

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

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

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

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

and when i say "you need to be alert" | rain
that too is embodied and understood
the point of view shared, necessarily
i commend the people's microphone | leaves

to us in our deliberations our debate | rain
knowing that whatever is uttered | leaves
will be amplified and further heard

Song for the Day
By, Francesco Levato

Walking past each other,
about to speak

all about us is noise
thorn and din.

Someone is stitching a hole
in need of repair.

Someone is trying
spoons on oil drum, boom box, voice.

Words, words
spiny or smooth.
I need to see what’s on the other side.

I know there’s something
in today’s sharp sparkle.

Sing the names of the dead,
song for struggle,
song for the day.

**The No-Net World**
By, Larissa Shmailo

Deep in your heart, you always believed
There was a barrier, a secret shield
Keeping you safe from the street
Secretly, you knew
Your good shoes and your warm, lined gloves
Kept you apart, and safe
From the man with the cup in his hand
And the boy with the cardboard sign
And the woman with the bloated legs
And the girls with the begging eyes
From the weathered madwomen railing at God
And the shadows at the ashcan fires
From the need to ask, no choices left:
*Mister, can you please …?*

What did you, from the cushioned world
Of buffers, alternatives, other ways to turn
Of loans from family friends
Of credit cards and healthy children
Of grocers who smiled because they knew how well you ate:
What did you have in common with the concrete world of need?
Secretly, you knew, so surely you believed
You could never fall so low

Welcome to the no-net world.

Then I got fired one day
I got fired one day
Lost my job and then my house
I got fired one day.

Now your debts mount up like garbage and a layoff’s coming soon
And you have to see a doctor and insurance just pays half
And your folks who lent you money just can’t help you anymore
And the loans are coming due; still, the force field is there,
In the lining of the gloves, in the good if now used shoes
You will never stand like that goddamned bum
Holding the door at the bank
Too tired to whore or steal
Saying *Please ma’am, please ma’am please ... *
Welcome to the no-net world

You would never see
Hunger on the face of your child
When she came home from school there would always be
Apples and rice and chicken and beans
Milk and carrots and peas
Now there’s two days left till payday and just one last can of corn
And she’s home, laughing hungry, hi, I’m home, ma, what’s for lunch

Welcome to the no-net world

Are you hungry? Good:
Ready, set, line-up, let’s go:
You can get on line on Monday for the lunch meal that’s on Tuesday
and the shelter line’s for Thursday but you have to sign up Monday
But you stayed there just last Wednesday so you can’t come
back till Friday.

And the Food stamps place is downtown
And the welfare place is uptown
And the Medicaid is Westside
And the hospital is eastside
No I can’t give you a token
No I can’t give you a token
No I can’t give you a token
Don’t you know you’ll only drink?

Hell, yes.

Like a child praying to God
You believed in forever
You thought home and hearth were,
Not for everyone of course,
But surely for you:
Only in the nightmares
Rare unremembered dreams
Did you stand by the door of the bank
Saying
*Yes ma’am, God bless you ma’am
Please.*

Don’t get sick
Don’t let anyone you love get sick
Don’t be mentally ill
Don’t lose your job
Don’t be without money for a second
Don’t make any mistakes

Welcome to the no-net world
TRUTH BEAUTY
By, Michael Schiavo

not
stars

yet
I

but
good

of
or

I
brief

to
wind

with
if

predict
I

from
eyes

constant
art

truth
beauty

to
convert

this
I

end

DOOM

WAR TIME
By, Michael Schiavo

I
every

perfection
but
this
but
stars
comment
I
increase
even
sky
in
height
brave
of
then
this
you
youth
where
time
change
youth
war
time
takes
new

**LINES LIFE**
By, Michael Schiavo
do
you
war
time
your
your
more
my
now
happy
&
gardens

wish
living

your
counterfeit

lines
life

this
my

inward
outward

your
eyes

give
still

&
live
Figli della disobbedienza
By, Alessandra Bava © 2011

Come Thoreau
credo che le cose
non cambino, ma che
noi possiamo e dobbiamo
cambiare Con superbo furore,
riottiamo liminalmente,
perifericamente,
deliberatamente.

L’Armata Voce
ci anima,
ci unisce,
ci riunisce.

Presidiamo arsenali
di poesia e non
temiamo di esporci
alla gogna: parole, nuda
carne fremente,
ossa, grondanti versi,
denti affondati in
viscere di senso
e di dissenso.
Mani e i fianchi
immersi nel sangue
della verità

pronti a generare
molteplici fogli-- pronti
a generare molteplici figli
– della DISOBBIEDIENZA.

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 canvas¹ 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 caterpillar¹s 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.
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
I write with ink of blood
To testimonialize and give
A touch of eternity to it
But my poem falters and falls
In the poetry of the world.

I pluck words from
A flowery and ornated garden
And weave a garland of them
To adorn the world
But they trample it
Under their feet
Like they crush the stub
Of the cigarette to prevent it
From catching the fire.

I discover the words
Hidden in the unhaunted
Recess of the mind
And juxtapose them
Like an ideal couple
Of bride and bridegroom
At bridal chamber
And turn my poem on new leaf
But they tilt their stony eyes
And turn deaf ears to it.

I infuse my heart and soul
Into the poem
Thinking it would be
The best and the last of my life
But they simply say:
Since it is the beginning
You would learn by mistakes.

Only your name is dog
By, Vivekanand Jha
New Delhi, India

You care a fig
If someone tries to rig
Make all evil attempts fail
To keep your tail straight
Only your name is dog.

You have got various implementations
With every scientific invention
That soldiers and security man can’t do
You perform it in a moment few
Only your name is dog.

When all are in sleep
You take control in your grip
You pay the price of salt:
Keeping ill-events at halt
Only your name is dog.

None you spare
At least with your bark
Let it be sages, thieves,
Motorists or animals
All scared of your bite
Only your name is dog.

Such is your innate quality
Uncrowned king of your locality
Never tolerate other to invade and intrude
With evil intent and manners rude
Only your name is dog.

Though oxen plough the field
With all enthusiasm and zeal
Make till to plane and plane to till
Remain calm and cool still
But you pant as if
You ploughed the hill
Only your name is dog.

**The Prime**
By, Vivekanand Jha
*New Delhi, India*

It’s time
We’re in prime.

It’s time
We should shine.
And feel fine.

It’s time
We should climb
To destine
And feel cloud at nine.

It’s time
We should be sublime
To define
The doctrine.

It’s time
We’ve strong intestine
Ready to dine.

It’s time
We should not commit crime
And resign
To any design.
It’s time
We should not assign
Meeting clandestine
Lest we repine.

It’s time
We should determine
To become Einstein
Or compose rhyme.

**Trauma of Terror**
By, Vivekanand Jha
*New Delhi, India*

Wherever eyes go, we sigh to see
Be it a day or hours wee
In the mud we find our knees
Thunderous voice rends the ears
Two little eyes dipped
In the ocean of tears
Tender soul is infected with fear
Life’s nothing but error
Teeming with trauma of terror.

God made comely creature
Apart from the lovely nature
Man made it a field
With red bloodshed filled.

Life’s endless tale of peril
In the hands of the devil
No one wants to take a risk
So the corps takes to frisk
By working on the tips
This time terror is to rip
In the guise of will o’ the wisp.

We feel insulted on being frisked
Irritation reaches its zenith
Earth revolves the feet beneath
To see the baggage and bag
Treated as a piece of rag.

**America’s Heart**
By, Paul Dickey
*Omaha. NE*

I have a stick I bought on eBay
   from an antique flogging tree
once in a now closed museum.

I have a poem.
I have a quotation from Martin Luther King.
I have a true story.
But they say we shouldn’t break America’s heart.
I heard Wisconsin election results just came in.
I heard teachers not teaching sitting on a bench.
I heard teachers not teaching outside the capitol.
I heard a door close behind a man who lost his job.
I heard voices of victory from the other room.
I heard someone say –
   “Don’t you dare break America’s heart.”

I see fire in the Bastrop sky
where there had been blue.
I see fish dying on a Vermont street,
I see men dying in Ohio who didn’t need.
I see a true story about a dream.
I see a poem in front of you.
To build again,
   I see we have to break America’s heart.

Exile
By, Dawn Potter

On the morning I left
my country, sunlight

thrust through the clouds
the way it does after a raw

autumn rain, sky stippled
with blue like a young mackerel,

leaf puddles blinking silver,
sweet western wind gusting

fresh as paint, and a flock
of giddy hens rushing pell-mell

into the mud; and I knelt
in the sodden grass and gathered

my acres close, like starched
skirts; I shook out the golden

tameracks, and a scuffle of jays
tumbled into my spread apron;

I tucked a weary child into each coat
pocket, wrapped the quiet

garden neat as a shroud
round my lover’s warm heart,

cut the sun from its moorings
and hung it, burnished and fierce,

over my shield arm—a ponderous
weight to ferry so far across the waste—
though long nights ahead, I’ll bless
its brave and crazy fire.

**The Occupy New York**
By, Erwin Franke

Oh, the Occupy New York,
They had ten thousand men;
They marched them up to the top of Wall Street,
And they marched them down again.

And when stocks were up, they were up.
And when stocks were down, they were down.
And when their stocks did go bankrupt,
They were neither up nor down.

**Liberty Square: Day of the Foley Square March** –
by Stuart Leonard

I do not tell you about myself, this is about
the people who brought me to this page,
about the place where I found them,
and if through this you see me, hear me,
then know that it is through them and there
that these words, these thoughts come to you.

I obscure nothing here, there is no time
for abstraction or artifice, only clear words
and witness, something I have to tell you
that may or may not be the truth you seek,
but is most certainly as honest as I can be.

I came to answer a call sent out by a few
who expressed the anger of a generation,
awoke to the struggle of generations,
so came to occupy the crossroads of power,
to stand in defiance against the perverse bankers,
the greed brokers, whose soulless manipulations
left the ruin of the people in their wake.

This should not be a place for blame,
though there is blame to go around,
we know who we should hold responsible,
and we all should look within ourselves,
at our failings and foibles, our willingness
to be deceived, before our fingers point
or tongues decry, then let us shake off illusions,
and trade recriminations for solutions,
because after this the blame can only be placed
on the shoulders of those who forget the struggle.

I am not the first or last who came here,
or more or less important than any, 
neither leader nor follower, I hope 
only to stand with my equals, to speak, 
to hear, to teach and learn, to do 
the work that must be done, 
and if there is any one particular thing 
I could offer, it is a recommendation – vigilance.

No one owns these words, they are not 
just the words of a person, this is a confluence 
of tongues, each sentence gathers many thoughts, 
threading together all that I hear, 
taking what may sound like a cacophony 
and showing that it is a mingling, I stand in 
Liberty Square and watch and listen, talk with 
many who come here, hear their reasons and causes, 
strive to understand them, to let their passion be mine, 
I endeavor to make a poem of this rare convergence, 
and have to laugh even as I write just now and comprehend 
that it is the poetry here which writes these lines.

There was the compelling pulse of drums, 
the echo of voices in unison resounding 
before I even arrived at Liberty Square, 
the music was on the streets, leading 
me to the source, and others were swept in 
with me, a stream growing to a flood, 
and we reached the small oasis surrounded 
by the daunting towers, at first it was almost 
overwhelming, a confusion of activities, 
ideas, debate, and declaration.

There is an undeniable energy as well, 
something uplifting, vital, if you open yourself to it, 
do not try to own it, the seeming chaos becomes 
a mixture of elements nourishing the soil, fertile ground, 
rich with seeds already springing forth.

I come alone, anonymous, someone, 
sit for hours, let everything happen around me, 
talk to Mary who’s reading Faust, sweep sidewalks 
and pick up garbage, sit in on forums, run and make 
some copies, watch artists at work, eavesdrop, read 
at the library, get interviewed by Russian TV, 
study the faces of police, eat donated pizza, 
spy on kissing lovers, get a button, dance to the drums.

Marsha is knitting hats and scarves for the revolution, 
she is soft spoken, pragmatic, believes in this moment, 
will knit as long as she’s able, she weaves as 
the cranes run above us, hauling up materials 
for the buildings that never stop growing.

The Vietnam vet comments aloud to any 
who can hear, ‘It’s not like the sixties’ he says,
‘when I came home with one leg, went to college, 
joined the protests, we knew what we wanted, 
we marched to end the war, I can’t understand 
all this, sleeping in this park that belongs to someone, 
- Where did they get all this stuff, all this gear, who’s paying for all this? Now I have 
my own business, worked my way up, 
I’m not sure what they want here.’
He seems to like and dislike what he sees, 
struggling to make sense of it all, to understand, 
and I talk to him, and Jim, 25, from Pittsburgh, talks to him, 
so does Beth, 19, a Vermonter, and he listens and we listen, 
these youth not even born when he fought in the jungles, 
the middle aged man who was learning to ride a bike 
when he lost his leg, and the soldier leaves us, still perplexed, 
but he came to see for himself.

I share with the socialists, divide with the communists, 
rage with the anarchists, I want to save the environment, 
to truly understand why we should abolish the federal reserve, 
legalize drugs, outlaw guns, vote for Ron Paul, free Mumia, 
stop fracking, open the borders, close the banks, 
shut down nuclear power, ban gluten. Wait! 
Marie Antoinette is here with cake. 
Watch out Marie, I just saw Emma Goldman 
and I think she might kick your ass.

We marched on Foley Square today, 
and the unions joined us, teachers, teamsters, 
musicians, UAW, UFT, CWA, thousands 
of multi-colored signs bobbed and blared, 
you should have seen the crowd, it had its own music, 
I climbed the white steps of the court house 
and gazed out at the massive assembly, 
the speakers rallied them and I saw the strength 
was still there, I bounced my way through them, 
people took pictures of my sign, and there was 
really no malice or rushing as I jostled toward 
the sound of some swinging music and stumbled 
upon the funkiest political marching band ever, 
dressed with a green theme, donned in revolutionary 
symbols and slogans, they had the crowd moving 
to their jivin’ anarchy.

Later, back at Liberty, 
the evening’s general assembly was infused, 
the people’s mike crisp in the October night, 
the call and response fervent, almost a chant, 
we waved our hands in the air, I forget exactly 
what they said, just remember the rhythm, 
that it seemed like we owned the city, could have marched out 
and got the job done right then and there.

As night falls the drums seem louder, they are 
serving curry at the food station, the tourists and press thin out, 
Scott and Alisha invite me to put my things with theirs, 
they have come from Michigan, quitting their jobs,
leaving the dogs with a friend, they didn’t hesitate,
and they had 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-cocoon 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 an 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