



Contempt

You think you shall sneak past me
without a barb ...

Ha!

My tongue is sharp and long,
and you shall not escape its sting!
Soon my poison will be
coursing through your veins,
burning heart and brain
in a torment of deep anguish
at your own stupidity!

I see how
you try to put freedom
on a leash,
to train it as a dancing bear
for the entertainment of your masters,
the screen-addicted masses.
How my derisive laughter will flow
when you realized
you have nothing
but the flea circus
of “alternative” obedience,
well-trained parasites,
and you among them.

I see how
you try to cage anarchy,
to tame it
for the social petting zoo,
a safe anarchy
for the children
to pet and grin,
and then grow out of it
to become good,
progressive activists,
signing all the right (left) petitions
through the screens
of their own cages.



But all you've ever had
in that petting zoo cage
is the sad and mangy
rat of socialism
with "Smash the State"
tattooed on its tail.
How my derisive laughter
pours forth!

No, you shall not escape
my venomous barbs,
you who shout out words
you've never understood
to cover up actions
begging for acceptance
and offering your "dissident" obedience.
Humorless in your
superficial seriousness,
you shall never escape
the barbs of my contempt
and my earnest and poetic
playfulness.

A wandering rebel poet