



## 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*