

Kick the Stones:

Everyday Hegemony, Empire,
and Disillusionment



A Collection of Political Poetry Musings
by Jennifer C. Wolfe

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BlazeVOX [books]

Buffalo, New York

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Published by BlazeVOX [ebooks]

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Printed in the United States of America

First Edition

BlazeVOX [books]
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publisher of weird little books

BlazeVOX [books]

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Everyday Hegemony, Empire, and Disillusionment

[A Collection of Political Poetry Musings]

Sadness

My heart has gone away.
The world holds no fire,
The Ocean's might is silenced,
The wildflowers hold no perfume for me to smell:
The brash, promising young life, once so
Vibrantly alive, lies extinguished
Upon the sands of a distant battlefield;
Morose images of his flag draped coffin,
Arriving at Dover Air Force Base, are
Censored from disapproving public view.

A Waste is a terrible thing to Mind

Blind hatred of creed, gender, faith, or color,
Rushing to stereotypical judgment,
Minds closed to reason,
Preferring to burn crosses or paint swastikas.

Indifferent destroyers advocating genocide:
Swallowing stereotypical dogma,
Minds open to loathing,
Celebrating burning churches or defaced tombstones.

The end result a myriad of blood soaked ground
Inconsolable gray clouds shed their tears across.

War

Men and women in uniform fall,
Like wind swept autumn leaves:
The soldiers of misfortune.
Sand swept valleys filled with the roaring
Of freshly silenced voices.

I point my camera
At the horrific, bloody carnage,
Clicking tirelessly away;
I contort my body into poses
Of graceful fluidity,
In the pursuit of journalistic perfection.

Temporarily, I stay my hand,
Realizing in the same brief second
My finger has pushed a silver button
Activating a digital image,
The dead soldier lying across the Iraq sand
Fell to the ground, gasping his last breath.

His blood has seeped underneath
My embedded combat boots,
For seemingly the first time, I clearly see the
Bullet and shrapnel riddled corpses around me:
I view the bloody scene through my bewildered eyes,
Not my opportunistic camera lens.

My photographs won my employer
An award recognizing a gritty battle
Displayed as effortlessly
As a kitchen tap's running water:

I stand aside and shrug.
I have cast my boots aside,
Grown wings, and taken discerning flight.

Unhappy Hour

I walked into the crowded pub,
Elbowing my way to a seat before the bar.
I didn't drink, but the food was so good,
I was unable to ignore the rowdy place.

Everyone sat eating Friday fish
And guzzling dollar happy hour beer.
Some stood in burly, enthusiastic groups,
Thrusting darts outward from sinewy arms.

A few huddled around rear pool tables,
Sliding rolls of quarters into scuffed coin slots,
If they could find a tattered cue stick unbroken
From the previous night's drunken revelry.

Voices squeaky with drink chattered around me:
About the neighborhood's decline and the prospect
Of a no-smoking ordinance nobody wanted, speculating
Whether or not the Vikings would win the Super Bowl?

I murmured my dinner order to the surly bartender;
As he shouted it over his shoulder to the line cook,
I pondered how alone I felt, within the boisterous scene:
Disenfranchised from its swirling indifference.

I am the only silent mourner, whose eyes are riveted upon
CNN war report ticker-tape letters, moving from right to left,
Across the bottoms of expensive flat screen televisions
Perched overhead, at every available nook and cranny:

Electronic vultures awaiting their carrion.

Manny

Manny the cockatoo bobs his head up and down,
Dancing exuberantly to lively music notes
Pounded from the scarred, VFW piano;
While ex-soldiers in military unit hats look on.

Elderly patrons' eyes glow with mischievousness:
Some in wheelchairs, some propped atop metallic walkers,
Laughing in a boisterous, all-but-ignored cheering circle,
Aches and worries dulled by a lurching, avian two-step.

Never let it be said that Manny forgets his veterans.

Wartime Dementia

When I looked into your
Frail, bomb-shattered blue eyes,
I saw you did not remember me.
My love for you swelled inside my heart:
It was no trouble, introducing myself, anew.

Such a nice young girl, you heralded,
Impressed with my smile and my manners;
When I went to fetch us hot chocolate,
You blew me a flamboyant
Hollywood leading man's kiss.

I retreated down a long, pine scented hallway,
Our visitation ended by mandatory curfew.
I smiled at the thought of visiting you tomorrow:
Becoming a brand-new me
For you to laugh and spend the day with.

Bring it on

How easy it is, uttering Bring it on
When nothing is brought home to you:
Clouds do not gather on your horizon,
Or loom over all that you do.

How carelessly spoken, the words of your creed,
Consigning the brave to their doom:
While you carry on with your lies and misdeeds,
Iconifying needless gloom.

You talk and you talk, till your breath is expired,
A wave of the flag misconstrued:
Meanwhile, your wars sink into their quagmire,
Mission Accomplished renewed.

Black Hole

No lawyer, no charges,
Arrest not explained;
Imprisoned in darkness,
And shackled in chains,

The guards are now coming,
Their footsteps are near;
My body is sweating,
Gone rigid with fear.

They drag me away
To the questioning room;
Where all that I say
Is enshrouded in doom.

I've not seen the sun
Or felt fresh, outside air;
Though I have faced a gun
And they've shaved off my hair.

They tell me: Confess!
We know who you are;
You're in a grand mess:
A terror sponsor.

I felt there was nothing
More which they could take?
A voice remarked, saying
We've made a mistake.

You are of no interest,
We're sending you home;
We think it is best,
If you leave this alone.

Don't talk to your neighbors,
The news or the press,
About any horrors
You'd like to express.

Remember, we see you,
And relish your pain;
Your cell down at Gitmo
Could be yours, again.

Read and the FBI Reads with You

Maybe, if I read the book so feared by FBI,
They will see it is only about a big red dog,
Named Clifford, who is not a failed
Communist from the old Soviet Union,
Despite his bold red color.

Instead, the FBI stands me on my head,
Demanding to know why I read books
About canines who innocuously destroy
Entire houses with brusque, targeted
Swipes of their giant red tails?

What is this big red dog doing? they ask.
Whose bloodstained insurgent is he?
Does he bark in Arabic, Urdu, or Farsi?
Or wag his tail for Bin Laden?

Is my reading about his evil tail-wagging
Indicative of my (alleged) desire for jihad?
After all, I am a terrible person;
I read books about big red dogs, which destroy.

The PATRIOT ACT says this is not
Normal, all-American behavior;
My upside-down head encounters water;
I soon confess to being a dissident reader.

The liquid stream submerges my face,
Until I have no need to breathe:
Clifford the big red dog and I are
Free to run and play in cartoon meadows.

We Regretfully Inform You

My best friend in the world called me
In the middle of the night,
Or was it the early morning?

She was crying her beautiful blue eyes dry,
Syllables lurching across the phone line,
Impeded by gasps for ragged, sobbing breath.

She did not have to tell me what was wrong.
I knew; knew with my hair sticking out everywhere,
In the middle of the night,
Or was it the early morning?

We regretfully inform you, her voice read,
Faltering so badly, after these first four words,
I knew the Pentagon form letter was
Stamped with Donald Rumsfeld's signature.

Is he still even the Secretary of Defense? I thought,
Or was it Robert Gates?
Everything was jumbled in the middle of the night,
Or was it the early morning?

It really did not matter, I decided;
My best friend's fiancée was still dead,
Her house-of-cards world had still collapsed,
Pouring into my ear across the telephone line:

In the middle of the night,
Or was it the early morning?

Terror

We are terrified of strangers taking
Tourist photographs, we are terrified
Of unattended bags and vehicles, we are
Terrified of individuals with swarthy faces,
Who kneel to pray in mosques, we are
Terrified of elevated rainbow colored
Terror alert levels, we are terrified of
Arabic head scarves, we are terrified of
Middle Eastern names and accents, we are
Terrified of anthrax spores traveling along
With our mailed letters and packages, we are
Terrified of passenger jets, we are terrified
Interstate bridges will fall from safety
Negligence, we are terrified of ice storms,
Of swirling tornadoes, and massive
Hurricanes that leave entire cities desolate,
Years after promised rebuilding, we are terrified
Of a military draft to supplant endless wars,
We are terrified those not of our class will
Move into our neighborhoods, we are
Terrified our children's toys are painted
In lead, we are terrified our food crops are
Contaminated with E-coli, we are terrified our
Ailing parents will need us to take care of them,
We are terrified the NSA will listen in on our
Telephone lines or spy on our e-mail, we are
Terrified our library check outs might
Identify us as being unpatriotic, we are
Terrified the CIA will render us to
Hidden prison networks, chained within
Gulfstream corporate jets, we are
Terrified we will be harshly interrogated,
We are Terrified we will be labeled an
Enemy combatant and carted off to Gitmo:

What we should be terrified of, above all,
Is our complacency with being terrified?

Miranda Rights Revisited
(The War on Terror Version)

You have the right to not remain silent,
If you persist against this right or react with silence,
We will use any means at our disposal
To cause you to confess:

Everything you say will be held against you,
In a military tribunal.

You do not have the right to an attorney,
If it is deemed you are worthy,
We will assign one to you:

If you do not understand these rights,
As they have been told to you,
That is your problem:
You are guilty, until proven innocent.

Are You with Us?

Are you with us or are you with them?
We don't know who they are, as yet,
But if you do not agree with us,
Then you are definitely with them.

Do you want liberty or do you want safety?
You realize you cannot have both, right?
But if you do not agree with us,
Then you are definitely with them.

Do you consider yourself patriotic?
If you do not swallow our dogma, you aren't,
You are not agreeing with us,
And you are definitely with them.

So, we ask you again:

Are you with us or are you with them?
When we determine who they are, exactly,
We will forward this information to you.
But for now:

Stay with us and you won't be one of them.

Sand

Sand everywhere!
Sand in my boots,
Sand in my helmet,
Sand in my socks,
Sand in my underwear,
Sand in my rifle,
Sand in my canteen,
Sand in my pack,
Sand in my hair,
Sand in my nose,
Sand in my mouth,
Sand atop the fillings in my teeth,
Sand underneath my fingernails,
Sand in the pores of my skin,
Sand in the cracks of my lips,
Sand in the corners of my eyes,
Sand in-between my toes,
Sand in the sweat of my face,
Sand!

I wish I could trade this wind driven, desert sand
For any sandy beach along any American lake.

I Sometimes Wonder

I sometimes wonder, what might have transpired,
If the citizens of Hurricane ravaged New Orleans
Had not been black, or poor, or disadvantaged?
Would they have been cared about by anyone,
Other than CNN camera crews and news personnel?

I sometimes wonder, if Louisiana had been a red state,
Would President George W. Bush have rushed
To their aid, sooner, flying above in Air Force One
And strumming guitars with Presidential seals, below?
Would it have been more substantial than a photo op?

I sometimes wonder, if the poor could have afforded
To evacuate, in the face of Katrina's cruel fury,
Would they have? Did they even have readily available
Transport, outside of tourist buses for the elderly, whose
Faulty oxygen tanks caught fire and exploded?

I sometimes wonder, if the National Guard had
Not forced residents to surrender their firearms
At gunpoint, would they have been more open
To passive help, rather than hostilely
Distrustful of Red Cross rescue efforts?

I sometimes wonder, if the levees had been fortified
With safety specifications heralded well before Katrina,
Could the devastating flooding have been avoided,
Or lessened in its disparaging intensity?
Might hundreds have been spared tacit drowning?

I sometimes wonder, if the Hurricane refugees had
Been white, would they have gotten a friendlier
Remark from former First Lady, Barbara Bush,
Than: They were disadvantaged, anyway,
So this is really working out well for them?

I sometimes wonder, if the city destroyed had been
Manhattan and not New Orleans, would it be
Still sitting in un-rebuilt rubble, even one year later,
As opposed to four years? Would its displaced inhabitants
Occupy miserable, mold-ensconced FEMA trailers?

I sometimes wonder, what might have transpired,
If the citizens of Hurricane ravaged New Orleans,
Had not been poor, or black, or disadvantaged,
Would they have been cared about by anyone,
Even their own cities' absentee police force?

I sometimes wonder?

What have we Become?
(Inspired by the 2,000 film: *Steal This Movie*)

A true revolutionary sees more than an idealized
Or idolized version of events as they unfold,
They see, for themselves, where injustice lies,
They think for themselves and contemplate
What they can do to counteract soulless tyranny:
They don't lie down or go away,
They refuse to be intimidated, heralding
John Ashcroft's very real phantoms of lost liberty.

All revolutionary figures are watched, relentlessly,
Becoming another sheet within the ream of an
FBI file, maintained on anyone who dare utters
Their disagreement with National Security status quo:
They are studied, catalogued, and red-flagged
Inside annals of mammoth recordkeeping proportions,
Recorded, for all posterity, under the watchful,
Iconic portrait of J. Edgar Hoover:

Do not be suckered into the belief that
COINTELPRO programs are either dead, buried,
Or discontinued; they simply have brand new
Names with the same old outlook.
Total Information Awareness; Operation TIPS,
Where you can turn in your neighbor to
John Walsh at America's Most Wanted,
Illegal White House approved NSA wiretapping:

Real revolutionaries do not seek cool. They are cool.
They live cool, every day of their lives; not simply when
The camera lens is focused on them or the outraged masses
Clamor behind their cause, they dedicate their lives and
Themselves to fighting injustice and presenting their children
With the tangible democracy our revolutionary forefathers
Fought so hard and spilled their blood to bring into being,

Accepting no substitutes for every dissenter's right denied.

If the founding fathers returned to view their America,
Would they like or even recognize what we have become?
A nation which meddles in other country's internal affairs,
Under guises of fabled weapons of mass destruction,
Or the old Communism shall topple the world ideology?
Suspending habeas corpus to secure the homeland?
How ironic, that these same diplomats send their unlawful combatant
Prisoners to Cuba: that last great bastion of Communism, itself.

Mahatma Gandhi said Be the change you wish to see, in the world,
Not the change which looks cool in the lens of the camera crew,
Not the notoriety that arises from being arrested and dragged from
A protest rally, not even the opined estimate of being cool, for
coolness' sake, alone. Be the change that makes cool a tangible
Emotional state that can be embraced and felt by everyone:
The difference between seekers of cool and earners of cool
Lies in the strength of their commitment to their beliefs.

What have we become?
Have we become a nation of willfully silenced voices?
Have we handed over our outrage and exchanged it for apathy,
As we drink ourselves into lulled submission and
Forget what we could have been or might yet still become?
We are each wondrous dignitaries, railing against injustice:
Free thinkers unafraid to speak our (alleged) radical minds,
Unapologetic, stubborn, and wildly beautiful.

Goodbye

(Inspired by the 2,000 film: *Steal This Movie*)

I think when Abbie looked around,
His last few days at the
Ending to 1980's decade of decadence,
He saw greed had replaced pride,
Prestige had replaced conviction,
Hate had replaced love, and
Apathetic plenty had swallowed up
The need or want for change.

A nation had grown up around him,
Perhaps, in spite of him,
Obsessed with the glittering dollar,
Ignorant to seeking, much less organizing,
Brighter pathways to a better world.
Entranced with their self-perceived,
Cosmopolitan mystique, youth had become
Hypnotized, spoon-fed conglomerate masses:
They wanted everything, they challenged nothing.

So, he sat back in the low-lit darkness,
Worn and stressed out from a lifetime of advocating change
And organizing dissent; surrounded by his notes for the future.
Our muckraking friends at CIA would have us believe
He swallowed 150 pills, on the eve of his courtroom victory
Against their college recruitment efforts at Amherst:
If Abbie did, indeed, die by his own hand, I believe
He died of a COINTELPRO-destroyed broken heart.

[Abbie Hoffman, dead of a drug overdose ruled a suicide – April 12, 1989]

Sacred Cows

They do, indeed, make the best tasting hamburger,
They make small people feel important,
They adjust the nation's fear levels up or down,
They spur military actions against foreign countries,
They place blame for their inadequacies on dissent,
They give politicians mistaken machismo,
They graze in fields of callous indifference,
They deposit the same old fertilizer,
Wafting its putrid way to a collective humanity's wrinkled nose.

Guess

(Is it live, or is it facial-pattern recognition software?)

There is so much more to people
Than is openly enshrouded upon their faces:

A deeply furrowed brow
May express nervous energy,
Or rejuvenated anger.

Eyebrows tilted upward
Indicate as much candid surprise,
As they do sordid shock.

A flash of the eyes
Runs a heavy emotional gambit,
From silent capitulation to emboldened realization.

A deeply-inhaling nose
Seeks the scent of fragrant wildflowers:
(Or is it hay fever's vicious post-nasal drip?)

The cheekbones' bright red patches
Focus upon winter's stark cold,
As equally as upon a night of warm imbibing.

Whistling lips inspire Hollywood men
Building bridges across River Kwai,
Or the summoning of the headstrong family dog.

Free flowing smiles demonstrate all,
From enlivened joy found in momentous occasion
To sarcastic rancor experienced in cruel deception.

The dimples that encase those smiles
The only facial lines found cute,
When one is not still a youngster.

Sloping chins jut forward; outward,
A human precipice heralding
The thinker's closed fist or the boxer's jaw snapped back.

Faces' elaborate facets, like the twisting jumble
Of multi-colored beads turned inside the kaleidoscope,
Can be recorded, analyzed, and categorized:

Ask any FBI representative.

Salute

Salute the flag,
Salute the President,
Salute the commanding officer,
Salute the dead soldier's flag draped casket,
Salute the President's latest economy speech,
Salute the police officer commanding your attention,
Salute the river that provides your drinking water,
Salute newspapers with real literary cahones,
Salute the wind that sends your kite flying,
Salute the organically fed cow's milk,
Salute the co-ops' fresh vegetables,
Salute the sun, sky, and clouds,
Salute spring's new rebirth,
Salute birds singing,
Salute the flag.
Salute life.

Playing with Water

It's not torture,
It's playing with water:
Just a cool, refreshing stream
Poured down from above.

So what, if you lay in the floor,
Beneath a placid waterfall?
The board restraints are only for your protection;
So you don't roll away and hurt yourself.

You'll come around to our way of
Thinking, and then everything will be
Alright; you'll be lifted upright,
Newly refreshed and invigorated.

Impressions

My parents always said I was impressionable,
I prefer to think of it as open-minded,
Unwilling to take what anyone tells me for granted,
Just because they say or insist it is so:
Including alphabet soup government agencies:
FBI-CIA-NSA-DOJ-DHS-DARPA-DIA-TSA;
You name the letter combinations; I can tell you
What they spell, every time: TYRANNY.
Tyranny against anything contradictory to their
Twisted, Messianic vision of National Security:
They don't give up their power easily.

My parents always preferred to be impressionable,
In a Norman Rockwell painting sort of way:
Too smart to have sheep's wool pulled over their eyes,
Too mortified by fear of reprisal to do anything about it.
My dad calls it being purposely under informed and
Super deliberately naïve to flashpoint topics best left alone:
I call it playing ostrich, with its I'm not getting involved
Head pushed far into the sand of chosen denial.
Denial against anything remotely threatening to their
White picket fence all-American dream:
Where things aren't always what they seem.

I don't mind being labeled as being impressionable,
I still prefer to think of it as open-minded.
I see injustice and rush to either speak out or act out;
My parents cluck their tongues and shake their heads
At my headstrong, reckless speech, opinions, and attitude,
Wondering, I am sure, when officials of DHS
(That's the Department of Homeland Security, in case
These alphabet soup letters are not as familiar as, say, FBI)
Will arrive at my door and kick it unceremoniously in,
Why, they cannot have muckrakers running amok:
At which point, I'll be out of luck.

Here You Go

The Freedom of Information Act:
What a marvelous invention.
The thought that everyday citizens
Were worthy of being privy to the
US Government's dark secrets and
Cans of worms they did not want opened.

One simply files a FOIA request, sits back,
And waits for the requested documents
To arrive; signed for, in triplicate, of course.
They are then free to read their prized
Papers, ripped from the clutches of sinister
Minions, toiling in preferred obscurity.

They needn't become too excited, however.
What good material is visible is a jumble of
Words and phrases; a myriad of confusing
Enjambment, produced by the redactor's
Black magic permanent marker, wielded with
Deliberate, vehement force.

Intrepid, inquiring minds filled with brash
Determination can still find useful tidbits
Amidst the censored paragraphs; they can
Still decipher hidden goals and intentions,
Much to the embarrassed chagrin of those
In high places, who do not forget them.

Haiku for You

I love my country
Enough to risk my arrest
To pass freedom's test

Haiku Number Two

Come away with me
Upon the pathway to change
We can leave today

Haiku Three for You and Me

I embrace freedom
I accept no substitute
I am resolute

Haiku Four is at the Door

Big bad CIA
Do not dare get in their way
This snake will bite you

Unplugged

Unplug your headphones,
Unplug your TV,
Unplug your phone,
Unplug your hypocrisy,
Unplug your cynicism,
Unplug your fears,
Unplug your brain,
Plug into nature,
Plug into dreams,
Plug into hope,
Plug into smiles,
Plug into freedom,
Plug into love,
Plug into life.

The Life, Times, and Dresses of J. Edgar Hoover

You were the most feared man in the US,
During the time of that great American cholera:
Repression, disinformation, and fascistic intervention.
I think you really have some unmitigated gall,
Sanctioning official government harassment, in public,
While the House Un-American Activities Committee
Would have crucified your kinky hidden wardrobe,
Labeling you a sexually-depraved deviant, in private.

How did you look, in your cross-dresses, I wonder?
I'll bet you looked smart, perhaps even eerily natty,
Saving America from the spread of communism,
From behind a polka-dot chiffon evening gown,
Or perhaps, in view of your girth, a polyester Mumu.
No platform curtailing civil liberties was too small,
Not for you, O towering figure of blatant hypocrisy,
Parading, secretly, behind closed window shades:

A laughable, mammoth drag queen.

Wild Souls and Soaring Hearts

The most passionate of political rebels
Always possessed wild souls and soaring hearts.
Their radical mindsets envisioned a greatness
Not always shared by ruling authorities.

A greatness, where poverty was usefully diminished,
Where healthcare was realistically affordable,
Where hardworking citizens could rely on Social Security,
Where welfare meant a chance at a better life, instead
Of a scorned, hopeless existence,
Where jobs were available and beyond a dead-end designation,
Where nuclear plants didn't threaten radioactive poisoning,
Where the (recently re-named) School of the Americas did not
Teach guerilla warfare tactics to US supported attack hordes,
Where schools received the funding they desperately needed,
Where any prospective student had financial aid to attend college,
Where military veterans were taken care of,
And
Where decisions were made to seek a healthy environment.

The most passionate of political rebels
Still possess wild souls and soaring hearts.
Their radical mindsets still envision greatness
That will not be silenced by ruling irrespective authorities.

You and Me and NSA Makes Three

I picked up my telephone; I heard
Ominously forbidding clicks of unknown origin.
I typed across my keyboard; I felt
Unseen cyber eyes along with me, for the e-mail ride.
I surfed the internet's waves; I sensed
Hidden machinations recording my every keystroke
I looked into my rearview mirror; I saw
The same sleek unmarked white car following.
I drew my letters out of the mail box; I surveyed
The envelope flaps conveniently un-pasted.
I sat down to dinner; I could have sworn
I witnessed a strange van parked outside my window.
I went to the Minnesota State Fair; unsmiling men in
Suits and ties followed, in sweltering ninety degree heat.

So:

I picked up my telephone and smashed it against the counter,
I typed strings of expletives across my keyboard,
I surfed deliberately kooky, offbeat internet sites,
I engaged bizarre, out-of-the-way scenic driving routes,
I placed smiley faced post-it notes across my letter envelopes,
I ate dinner, waving and blowing kisses from behind my window,
I went back to the fair, grateful not to be wearing a suit and tie.

Start a Revolution

(Inspired by the 2,000 film, *Steal This Movie*)

Rabble rouse and speak your mind,
Trouble won't be hard to find.
Travel to dizzying heights,
Civil freedoms in your sights.
Rail against the sacrosanct,
Throw out grisly PATRIOT ACT,
Laugh at stubborn pantheons,
Levitate the Pentagon.
Toss money on the trading floor,
See brokers stoop like greedy whores.
Keep playful mischief in your smile,
Though be prepared to walk for miles.
Read and know your Constitution,
Basis for your revolution.
Do not retreat quietly, but
Shout your cares for all to see.
Rabble rouse and speak your mind,
Trouble won't be hard to find.

Zones

Once, free speech zones existed
Anywhere and everywhere Presidents were debated.
Now, they are officially sanctioned
Miles away from where Presidents drive or speak.
Often, they are confined within chain link squares,
Topped with coils of razor wire, while Presidents chortle
At their self-perceived security cleverness.
But free speech voices will not be silenced,
No matter how far away they are sent.
They will always be found concentrated wherever
Presidents gloat over having dispatched them away.

Dominoes

In days of old, we were sold the domino theory,
Where all of Southeast Asia was going to fall,
Like dominoes to the evils of communism:
Roaring with its gaping, soulless maw,
Devouring all that was good, pure, and righteous.

In days of new, we are sold the same old theory,
Under a brand new name:
The War on Terror—King George's vision where
All of America and its allies are going to fall,
Like dominoes to the evils of terrorism:
Roaring with its gaping, soulless maw,
Devouring all that is good, pure, and righteous.

Only today, George W. defines all that is good,
Pure, and righteous as being what he defines it is.
Our way of life is under attack, he purports.
What he conveniently fails to mention is that
The way of life he describes is viewed through
His fear mongering, war-crazed, neoconservative
Rose-colored glasses; freedom is subverted.

When was it, or when did it become apparent,
That the dominoes did, indeed, fall:
Only they didn't fall, due to the spread of Communism;
They fell with the retracting of civil liberties.
They fell with the eradication of habeas corpus.
They fell when FBI engaged racial profiling of an entire
Ethnic grouping, based upon the actions of a select few.

They fell when free speech zones were set up miles
Away from where protest would be verbally
Or visually effective.
They fell when people were dragged off and imprisoned
In a Cuban Gulag, with no access to a lawyer.

They fell, when the White House legalized torture,
Clearing the way for CIA to enhanced interrogate.

They fell when the US Attorney General and the
Department of Justice discredited anyone or anything that
Didn't agree with their sub-marginalized vision for America
As being pesky, unpatriotic terrorist sympathizers.

The dominoes did fall, everyone—they fell on us.

Kick it In

I think that someday, the FBI,
Or the CIA, or DHS—or some other vast agency,
Within a police-state alphabet soup
Will show up at my apartment and kick the door in.
Because they don't like what I have to say,
Or the local Letters-to-the-Editor I type:

They will couch it all in an important sounding
National Security mystique, attempting to
Convince everyone I am an ungrateful,
Unapologetic, unpatriotic heretic:
Because I don't like their attitude of
National Security trumping civil liberties.

I sometimes think I might like the idea
Of alphabet soup officers kicking in my door;
It would prove I am on the path to revolutionary joy.
I would finally be embracing my true destiny, joyfully
Becoming part of active resistance against injustice,
Intolerance and undisguised fascism.

Nuclear Prairie

Ah—Prairie Island Nuclear Plant,
Nestled in the fair hills above the Mississippi River:
A stone's throw away from immersion within
Greater Minnesota's primary drinking tributary.

Our loving state officials assure us nothing
Will occur, to release your spent nuclear waste
Into the storied depths of the river:
I, myself, am not sure I share their rosy assessment.

Spent nuclear waste sealed in steel drums
Presents a rather hollow pictorial of a rolling
Prairie; pristine amidst its soft, windswept landscape,
Except for the looming threat of radioactive poisoning.

Come and Get It

Come and get it, democracy from the barrel of a gun;
Why, it's great fun for everyone:
You have the shining desert sun,
And no electricity.

Come and get it, democracy dictated from above,
Why, it's fashioned out of love:
You have your cottony white dove,
And no lasting peace.

Come and get it, democracy from on high;
While your leaders pleurably sigh:
You have your guarded police state,
And daily fear.

It's not all it's cracked up to be,
Just simply take a look and see:
Record for all posterity a listless type of fun:
Democracy from the barrel of a gun.

Boom

The Iraq blast has damaged my heart as
It has damaged your skull.
You sit in the living room, gazing outward;
There is no light flickering in your vacant eyes.
You don't speak, you don't move; you are
A shell of a once-vibrant young man
Wasting away, looking out my window.

Your eyes flicker, briefly, when I walk
Behind you, to drape my arms around
Your neck, nuzzling my chin against
Your left ear. On a very good day, I can
Even gain the tiniest hint of a smile
From the disfigured, silent young man
Wasting away, looking out my window.

At the end of the day, I lean your chair back,
And cover you with your favorite fleece blanket;
The one you like to have threaded between
Your fingers, endlessly stroking its cotton ball texture:
My beautiful love, worn out from another day,
Wasting away, looking out my window.

Speak your Mind

When you are in doubt, about government policy,
Speak your mind.
Listen to your innermost voice; it will seldom,
If ever, lead you astray.

When you are discouraged over government lies,
Speak your mind.
You have the right to demand the truth from
Politicians, even those occupying the highest of offices.

When you are upset over government quagmire,
Speak your mind.
Nothing will ever get done, once leaders have become
Comfortable with policy, unless you demand accountability.

Whatever causes you doubt, discouragement, or frustration
With self-aggrandized, dishonest Presidential administrations:
Take a cue from the (alleged) radical's handbook and
Speak your mind.

After glow

(A Poem to make Newt Gingrich uncomfortable)

My playfully tousled hair spreads outward,
Coating the cool pillow beneath me with lustrous shine.
I heave a deeply inhaled sigh of contentment
And gaze into a pair of clear blue eyes,
Shimmering with orgasmic force:
My bare skin tingles,
As he cuddles me in his arms.
His recently pulsating body is ready for more;
I smile at the thought of Newt's disapproving stare:
I am marriage approved; yet he is still judgmental,
Admonishing the properly respectful
To keep their sex lives out of sight and mind.

Revolutionary Joy
(Inspired by the 2,000 film, *Steal This Movie*)

Be undaunted with your mischievous smile.
Laugh when the police night stick is applied.
Shrug aside the onion-mixture tear gas clouds.
Kiss the formidable hand-held pepper spray.
Have bright eyes, when handcuffs are applied.
Believe in the power of believing you are right,
No matter what government officials decree.
When the White House mandates tyranny,
Refuse to be intimidated by the (so-called) mighty:
And you will have found revolutionary joy.

Damage Control

How will we ever control the damage to America,
Provided by the rampaging George W. Bush administration?
I will tell you how:

- By restoring the right of Habeas Corpus.
- By closing down the gulag at Guantanamo Bay.
- By tearing up the USA Patriot Act.
- By holding NSA accountable to 1978 FISA law.
- By adhering to Geneva Convention provisions.
- By not using rendition to imprison and terrorize,
- By not advocating the use of torture.
- By getting rid of National Security Letters.
- By leaving our nation's libraries alone and in peace.
- By stopping FBI from infiltrating anti-war groups.
- By disbanding neighborhood informant brigades.
- By halting unjustified wars started based on lies.
- By avoiding further unjustified wars beginning, based on lies.
- By allowing visible, US Constitutionally protected protest.

George Orwell envisioned all of this in 1948,
Naming his literary masterpiece with transposed years.
He imagined his dreary, 1984 police-state landscape
Would take place, within thirty-seven years:

The US accomplished it in only eight.

Welcome to Crawford

Yee-haw! Howdy! Do-si-do,
Presidential Ballyhoo,
Belt buckles and Stetson hat,
For the reigning autocrat.

He's a Texas native son,
Never mind, he's playing one:
Born in North Connecticut:
Yankee kick right in the gut.

Clearing brush, for all to see,
When not on the golfing tee:
Western White House, that's his digs,
Mandating amidst beer swigs.

Don't let wartime protestors,
Cause distraction to his nerves:
Secret Service swoops on in,
Making all quiet, again.

He's the wartime President
Leader quite by accident:
Elected he so purports,
Appointed by Supreme Court.

When his term ends, at long-last,
He will fade into the past,
Legacies to self-sustain,
US' loss is Crawford's gain.

Those rabid, pro-George W. neoconservative fanatics
In the town of 7000 plus can have him.
Enjoy.

America the not so Beautiful

Oh, beautiful, for profit skies,
For golden waves of gain,
Transcended moral majesties,
Above the torture plain:
America, America,
You've lost your majesty,
By leaving scars from terror wars,
From sea to oil-raped sea.

The George W. Bush Pledge of Allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the flag,
Of George W. Bush's America,
And to the autocracy, for which it stands,
One nation, under oil,
(Morality) invisible,
With enmity and torture for all.

The League of Extraordinary First-Time Voters

Young man or young woman, the time has come
For you to take part in the richest
And most vibrant of freedom's choices:
Deciding which political candidate you will
Consciously give your vote to.

Your decision carries tremendous magnitude;
Even if the decision seems only between
The candidate who seems the least of the worst:
You still have the power to decide. You hold it
In your hand, or at your electronic screen fingertips.

Welcome to the Fold

Revolution is calling, but who is listening?
Injustice is threatening, but who is watching?
Police state is rising, but who is warning?
Apathy is determining, but who is imagining?
Lies are overwhelming, but who is deciphering?
Hatred is spewing, but who is countering?
Terror wars are overflowing, but who is reigning (in)?
Fear mongering is stirring, but who is calming?
American ethics are dying, but who is caring?
Concern is asking, but who is answering?

Power is freezing, while we are all shivering.

Greetings from the Hippodrome

You might remember me,
I did one heckuva job,
And my nick-name is a cake treat.

You might remember,
I bungled hurricane disaster response, with
The best of the uneducated and unprepared.

You might remember,
I cancelled Red Cross rescue flights, in order
To save brave volunteers from fictional gunfire.

You might remember,
I turned away Wal-Mart trucks filled with food and ice,
Because my overstressed thoughts were jumbled.

You might remember,
I got my FEMA job, not because I am skilled;
But because I am a crony of George W. Bush.

You might remember,
My disaster resume was a cleverly enhanced fake,
And I am only a breeder of Arabian horses.

I don't remember,
How many horses or poverty-stricken residents
Failed to swim breached levees and drowned.

Sins of the Father

Prescott Bush, Nazi Party sympathizer,
Censured, yet no one is the wiser.
He had his wartime fortunes seized,
For trading with the enemy.

George Herbert Walker Bush, subtle liar,
His smart bombs set Iraq's Sarin on fire.
While scores of dying veterans at home,
Gas unrelated, stark Gulf War syndrome.

George W. Bush, whom words fail to describe,
The depth of all his frenzied pre-war lies.
While thousands in Iraq have spilled their blood,
The Taliban resurges in a flood.

The cruel sins of the father do not stain,
So many honest persons try to claim.
I beg to differ with their sunshine views,
As loved ones watch their dead from sad church pews.

The vile sins of the father equate death,
While their sons sit protected by the hearth;
All could have been so easily avoided,
Had not the bad example they provided:

Been portraits of indifferent lusts for power,
Which grew more exponential by the hour?

