

Poetry

Various Authors

1992

TAKING IT ALL BACK AGAIN

walls smeared with
burnt campaign posters
cracks papered over
with yellowed collection
notices

.

we pass smokes
swap zip codes
wait for toxic
clouds to dissipate

.

eyes lay in darkness
and wait

.

wait to take it
all back and start
again.

—Jay Marvin

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

open hands
mind is the invisible meaningless
pope of my church. i hope the end is not
near. we need no armageddon. this is
somewhat the end already. automobiles. the saints of technology. We
cannot live without them. The relics we revere
the sentimental value of metal and glass the circulation slows.
tribute to the cold wet fuck. slowly quickly
slowly again. speed and friction. parting
closing joining of selves. wet shivering
pulse and spasm. the giving of measured
portions of self. retaining the dreams spaghetti spilled warm will seep through
the floorboards.
poke holes in the sand. dig deeply
find the onions and clams buried in the production of warm yellow
cardigans we can grow in. take the picket signs across the country
understand the hierarchy. work around it.
walk right through it. but do not just stare. subsidy of the one soul. bitter angry
butterflies. the gentle drums. tape your hands. bind them
yourself.

—Miriam R. Jones

FACADE

for Edward Bellamy

past the
rackled blue misty gates of
misbegotten hope afire: we
see the sham and shell of this

world around us. It seems
all surface-yet it is our
creation. We turned heaven
into hell as a joke, a folly.
We spend lives like we
spend money and to what
end alas? Those who have
truly bent the back of time
erase this sad spectacle
with our seeing hearts.
The mad afurious flames
renew. We wash off
spattered paint and
thick skins of dust. To
remove all layers, to
cast off disguises, to stand
naked, pulsating, true.
All a blur, all candy,
and yet to live to live
full and sure, e'er aware.
—Maurice Greenia Jr.

INCANTATIONS FOR CRAZY HORSE

(who'd poison the land, put the people in
cages? who'd cut off a hand, rip out
all the pages?) Kee-ah-ae-na-ho! The
hawk is afire. The owl rips out the stars
from the night sky. The bison digs beneath
the earth in search of gods. The snake
is tied into knots. The scorpion dances
atop a tall cactus. The fish sleep in the clouds.
—Maurice Greenia Jr.

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* I WILL WALK THE STREETS ALONE * I WILL BURP IN PUBLIC * I WILL FUCK ONLY WHO I WANT
* I WILL DANCE WHENEVER I WANT * I WILL BE THE MASTER OF MY OWN BODY * I WILL SLEEP
IN ON SUNDAYS * I WILL LIE IN THE SUN WITHOUT ANY CLOTHING * I WILL SHOUT OBSCEN-
ITIES * I WILL TEAR DOWN THE PHALLIC STATUES * I WILL LEARN HERSTORY * I WILL WALK
WITH MY HEAD UP * I WILL WEAR SHORT SKIRTS WHERE EVER I PLEASE * I WILL LIVE WITH-
OUT FEAR * I WILL BE LISTENED TO * I WILL TELL STORIES WHERE THE PRINCESS & THE
PRINCESS LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER * I WILL TOUCH MY BODY WITHOUT SHAME * I WILL
LIVE WITHOUT GUILT * I WILL GROW OLD WILDLY * I WILL TELL EVERYONE ABOUT MY PE-
RIOD * I WILL TASTE MY OWN BLOOD * I WILL LOVE MY SISTERS * I WILL KNOW MY OWN
BODY * I WILL SIT WITH MY KNEES APART * I WILL CREATE MY OWN REVOLUTION * I WILL
LIVE MY OWN LIFE * I WILL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF *

—lisa last

Rock and roll is dead.

Poetry is dead.

Decadent culture is dead.

The dinosaur lured you in
and told fortunes based on
the nails ripping in the
sole of your boot.

It's an elegant prowl
looking through the shadows
of distant faces and bodies
masquerading under the lights
of any avenue in this temple.

It's a tango with the void:
millions living one on top of the other,
rubbing shoulders,
never making eye contact,
eagerly searching for the dissolution
of the mirage,
the stale dynamic of spectacle/spectator

reproduced again & again behind
a veil of vanishing oxygen,
dwindling love and
expiring abundance.
The morning of the broken clock
is upon us.
—Sunfrog

SONG TO A MOUNTAIN'S DISRUPTION

log this place to bits
log it thus the order
search the ole earth
it will all come back
. .
log the hill—log the yard
log gimmie log
gimmie more and more
gimmie gimmie gimmie
log and don't listen
log till the hill is cleared
log onward into tomorrow
last left of none
log hear me cut
cut hear me wash
duff off the earth face
down to the bare rocks
. .
log hear me moola
moola in me pocket

tree all gone—hey!

trees no more

.

log hear me paper

or cabinet or chair-house,

wind moves over clearcut

hey, wind moves on thru

.

log and yank

log and yield

log and heart

heart it be torn

.

log ‘em old trees

log ‘em old buggers

for what use are they, huh?

hey can't remember my name

.

log our own history

log that species habitat

change it is due brother

oh so fast the cut cut cut

.

cut with saw sister

hack that limb uncle

burn to ash that slash auntie

plow, dynamite, bulldoze over, my god?

.

log that old bell

log that old house

log that great spirit

what is left cries and cries

and cries

—Jay Hamburger

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