

Poetry

Various Authors

2016

Barbed-Wire

One day in the prison yard, the resident grey cat chased heedlessly
A bird, who'd landed on the roof, all enclosed with steely swirls
And slipping through the curling razor wire, stalked
Until it caught her leg and stopping
Shaking as it sliced her paw...open...raw
The sharp barbs cutting fur and muscle, white and wounded to the bone
Blood dripping down the eves, yowling
And the bird forgotten, gone
Took so long a summer healing, that we wondered
If the fabled nine were used and done
But she survived and still sleeps the afternoon in sun, these days
Listening to the radio this morning in my cell,
ear to the wind and the wild world outside
All walls and razor wire, comes the rolling distant thunder
Of masses on the move, rivers of refugees
Each person fleeing worse and much worse behind them
Where everywhere is war
And those few wealthy nations, crossed arms close their gates
Spew tear gas and water cannons, raise up more walls

And I cannot help but wonder
As the thousands push their way through daily
Who will be cut, and who will bleed
And who will get away
To survive this and find the sun again
Somewhere, someday
—Marius Mason
Carswell Federal Prison, Fort Worth, Texas

Endless rage

I have needed my anger often enough. It saved me from rape, gave me that red roar of energy that sent me out of bad beds. Let me shed insults like a dog shaking off drops of rain.

But anger can poison with a slow leak into the blood. Anger can turn on the nearest, the weak, the ones who can't retaliate. Fume against anyone whose likeness you can't find in your mirror.

The unlike, those who have less and thus must be less and should be and have less and occupy less space and live less. Anger swells its tumor pressing on the brain; it wants to harden into a bullet.

We are a dangerous people who plunge into war after war, who hand out automatic weapons like tax rebates, who express shock when angry men do exactly what they want and kill and kill and kill.

—Marge Piercy

The Fit

One thing changes
with another. And
so on. The fit may
fail you. The world
falls down but
not all the way
—Rick London

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