

Beast #3

A Poem for John Sinclair

anon.

BEAST # 3

A POEM FOR JOHN SINCLAIR

we are lonely

we will attack you w/ our smallest uttered parts

we will move w/ the mask of darkness w/ simple weapons

& slit the bellies of yr women

we will replace each foetus w/ a phoneme of our loneliness

a barely uttered beast sound that will take root

and grow until yr women's bellies explode w/ bizarre totems

that spring forward to devour you

.

we are desperate

we will attack you w/ our darkness

night fills the vast cavity

behind yr eyes

we are

there behind yr eyes

we are there

ARMED

w/ the huge rats

that inhabit our

neighborhoods

ARMED

w/ cracked bricks

from our

rotting tenements

ARMED

w/ grenades

THIS IS YR WARNING

THIS IS THE INSTANT OF ABRASION

right now the jagged textures of our weapons

caress the sleek walls of yr inner skin

we are there

in the vast cavity behind yr eyes

we are the desperate darkness

WE WILL BLOW YOU TO PIECES FROM THE INSIDES MOTHERFUCKER

yr eyes &retinas &irises &brains &ligaments &stringy tendons

will splatter on the streets in huge bloody masses

they will stand witness to the celebration of our dark holy

(universe)

.

we are a lonely desperate conspiracy

we are united

we shall have our beastly way

THIS POEM MAY BE REPRINTED FREE FOREVER

fifth Estate

anon.

Beast #3

A Poem for John Sinclair

<https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/88-september-18-october-1-1969/beast-3>
Fifth Estate #88, September 18-October 1, 1969

fifthestate.anarchistlibraries.net