

No more Impositions

by reed *Tuesday, Jun 23 2009, 4:42am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

Just Who ..?

Let me inform YOU of a REALITY or two.

Do not come to my jungle or desert home
with your poisonous world view and perverse values.

What can you offer me in exchange for destroying my way of life?
Which FOREIGN 'measure' do you apply on a world/reality
You neither understand nor appreciate?

I have seen your steel/glass towers jutting through YOUR poisonous air;
Everyone racing, going nowhere!
Living lives of SERVITUDE to a monster you alternately call capitalism, progress,
liberty, democracy or freedom!.

YET those words PORTRAY the opposite of their meaning.
Your upside-down world and inverse logic is yours alone.
Your words and values amount to nothing more (or less) than SLAVERY.
A condition all humanity REJECTS.

It matters not whether chains have taken new forms;
wires, tubes, screens, engines and WORTHLESS plastic/paper,
IT ALL AMOUNTS TO BONDAGE.

We are born to FREEDOM in our jungles, deserts and mountains.
You are born into slavery from the day your birth is REGISTERED!
We are sovereign YOU are BONDED; that is clear!

We reject your worthless baubles and trinkets
You have nothing but slavery and death to offer and you have nowhere to go
but HELL.

We have heard how you transform entire LIVING nations
into hells on earth!

We reject you completely.

With what would you replace our native homes, clean and teeming with LIFE?
Your FILTHY Oil and poison Coca-Cola? No thank you!

Take you baubles and perversities and go back to the hell that spawned you;
We have no need of your poisonous offerings or lunatic ways.

You have no right to impose your unsustainable, inharmonious, polluting
Way of death onto anyone.

If you attempt by whatever lying, scheming means to STEAL
What does not rightfully belong to you
We will fight you AND PREVAIL - of that you can be assured.

Is it preferable to LIVE and perhaps die fighting for our traditional existence,
or to DIE a certain slow and SOULESS death in your poisonous world.

Be gone!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER ANYONE BUT DEATH!

BE GONE, DIABLOS!

You see, I have recently learned to write poetry in English.

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1621.html>