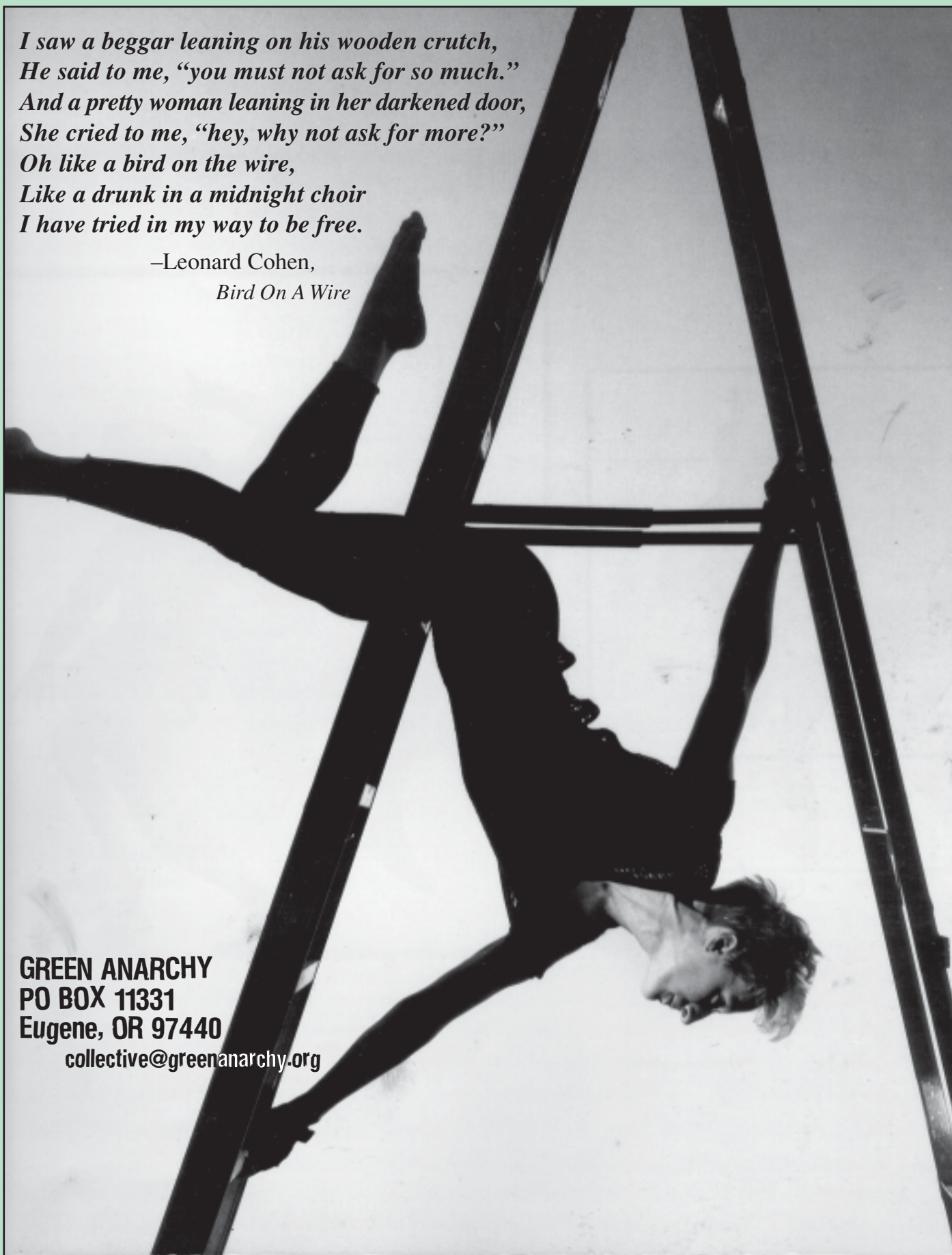


*I saw a beggar leaning on his wooden crutch,  
He said to me, "you must not ask for so much."  
And a pretty woman leaning in her darkened door,  
She cried to me, "hey, why not ask for more?"  
Oh like a bird on the wire,  
Like a drunk in a midnight choir  
I have tried in my way to be free.*

—Leonard Cohen,  
*Bird On A Wire*

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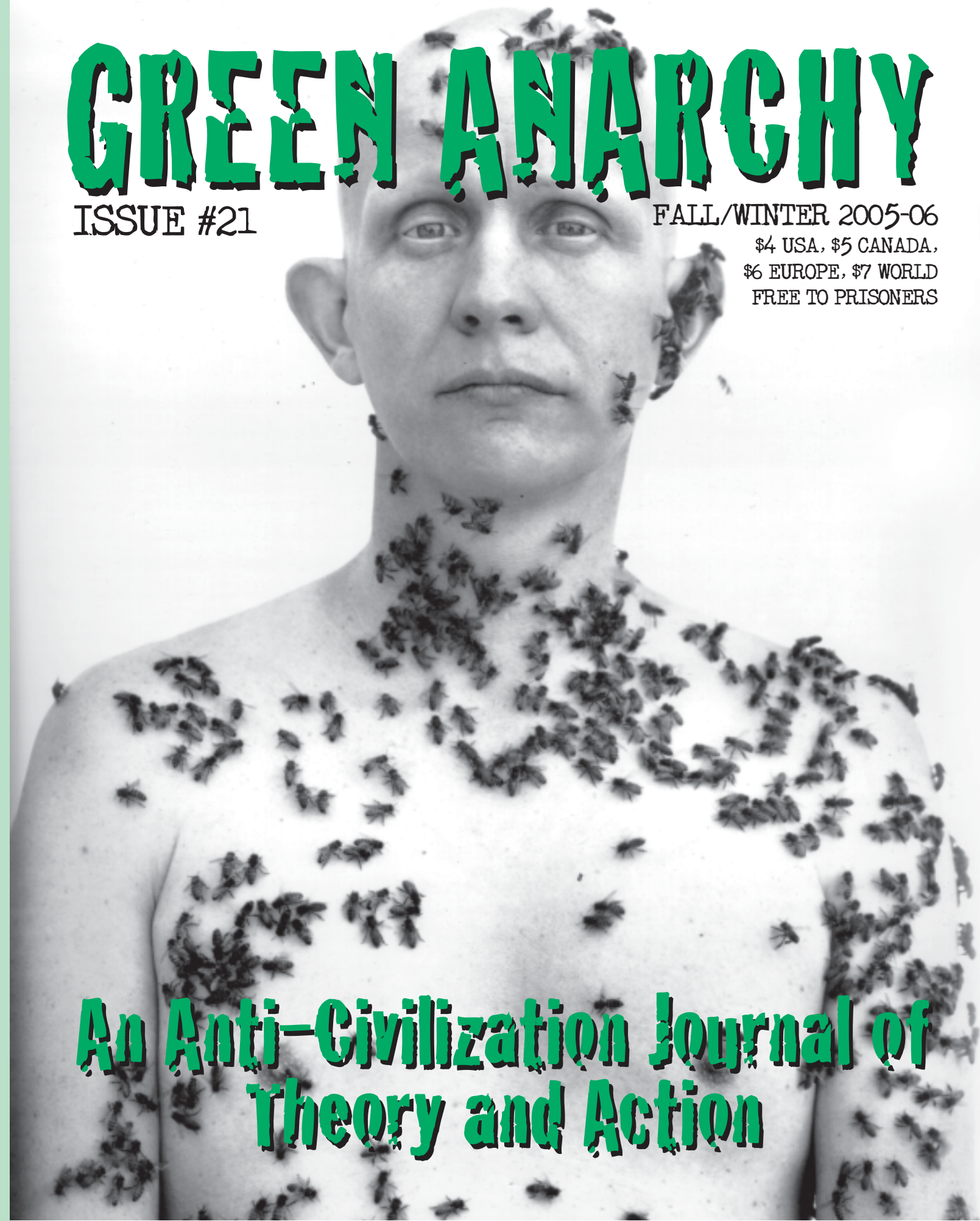


# GREEN ANARCHY

ISSUE #21

FALL/WINTER 2005-06

\$4 USA, \$5 CANADA,  
\$6 EUROPE, \$7 WORLD  
FREE TO PRISONERS



**An Anti-Civilization Journal of  
Theory and Action**

***Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?***

I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,

I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it,  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,  
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,

I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',  
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,  
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin',  
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',  
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,  
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,

I met a young child beside a dead pony,  
I met a white man who walked a black dog,  
I met a young woman whose body was burning,  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,  
I met one man who was wounded in love,  
I met another man who was wounded with hatred,

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,  
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,  
Where black is the color, where none is the number,  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'.

***And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.***

words by Bob Dylan

***"We are the birds of the coming storm." —August Spies***

The tide is out, the wind blows off the shore;  
Bare burn the white sands in the scorching sun;  
The sea complains, but its great voice is low.

Bitter thy woes, O People,  
And the burden  
Hardly to be borne!  
Wearily grows, O People,  
All the aching  
Of thy pierced heart, bruised and torn!  
But yet thy time is not,  
And low thy moaning.  
Desert thy sands!  
Not yet is thy breath hot, Vengefully blowing;  
It wafts o'er lifted hands.

The tide has turned: the vane veers slowly round;  
Slow clouds are sweeping o'er the blinding light;  
White crests curl on the sea—its voice grows deep.

Angry thy heart, O People!  
And its bleeding  
Fire-tipped with rising hate!  
Thy clasped hands part, O People,  
For thy praying Warmed not the desolate!  
God did not hear thy moan:  
Now it is swelling  
To a great drowning cry:  
A dark wind-cloud, a groan, Now backward veering  
From that deaf sky!

The tide flows in, the wind roars from the depths,  
The whirled-White sand heaps with the foam-white waves;  
Thundering the sea rolls o'er its shell-crunched wall!

Strong is thy rage, O People,  
In its fury  
Hurling thy tyrants down!  
Thow metest wage, O People,  
Very swiftly,  
Now that thy hate is grown:  
Thy time at last is come:  
Thou heapest anguish,  
Where thou thyself wert bare!  
No longer to thy dumb,  
God clasped and kneeling.

*Thou answerest thine own prayer.*

***—Voltairine de Cleyre,  
The Hurricane***