

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Poetic Sovereignty

A Collection of Poems

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2012

Personal communication with the author

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2012

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Diminish

Because I refuse
The rules that you've forced on me
Do my words mean less?

Part 1: Free Verse

Constituent

Bewildered by beguiling smiles
And enamored with shallow presentation
Cherished words they sing to me
Spawn blindness from my excitation
Worshipping the vile pitch
Acknowledge not the continued fall
While bickering on all the matters
That matter least of all
Never look beyond the cover
To discover their depravity
Cling desperate to the notion
Of escape from life's tragedy

Conflict (No Acceptable Answer)

Claim your god is Love
How can you explain away
This suffering world?

Scapegoat

Mask the real problem
Pushing one forward to fall
The system moves on

Fable

There has been no bigger myth
No grander lie told it seems.
Than if you work really hard
In this life you'll succeed.

For great fortunes will fall upon you
Expanding billfolds burst their seams.
Who wouldn't want a part of this...
The Great American Dream?

A story told to those who toil
For naught with broken backs.
While denying them the right to claim
A seat upon luxury's lap.

Political Truth

Those with minds shut tight
Will have their worldviews shattered
When it all comes out

Elected

Only one of two
Does it really matter who
It all stays the same

Currency

With your introduction
so began humanity's descent.
Surreptitiously bound by these oppressive chains
and burdened by your heavy yoke.
You slowly drag us back
towards the dark recesses of human iniquity
from which you spawned.
The weight of the passing years
has lent you a false credibility;
conning us to believe in your self-proclaimed
immortality.
Barb after loathsome barb you sink into this tired
body—
squeezing the vibrancy from life
and draining its vital essence until only an empty
shell remains;
Leaving only the ability to silently scream at our
abduction and decline.
Hugging us tighter still
you bring us to our knees as we reach in futility
for the time when we were merely strangers—
a time we achingly long to clamber back to.
Dig in our heels in an attempt to delay
this slow journey to the precipice—
the point at which all hope is lost;
where only the inevitable fall into the cold abyss
awaits.
Prisoners for eternity.
Will we be passive participants in our own
extinction
Or will we struggle to stand tall—
regain our pride?
Will we loudly denounce your depraved manner
and begin to expunge your pervasive influence—
casting aside these wearying shackles
to finally become...
free from the strife,
free from the torment,
free from the fear

alone?

Cell

This myth of freedom
Keeps us blind to the confines
Built up around us

Politic

A chorus of screams
From the masses just ignored
Left behind to fail

Mother Earth

Oh my children, how you disappoint!
The arrogance and delusion you exude
To think that you have all the answers.
And now you turn your back on me?
You claim you know better
Without having a grasp on anything.
You disregard the lessons I've taught
On the cyclic nature of everything.
With every tool at your disposal...
This is what you've done?
Time has endowed you with intellect and reason
Do you not care for all you stand to lose?
You were once the twinkling in my eye;
Held in the highest of esteem;
The Pride of the entire family;
Now, we hang our heads in utter shame.
What are you doing inside that murky orb —Once
pristine.
Will you rectify this devastation you've wrought,
And learn the error of your ways?
Or will you continue to plunder,
and rape?
I tell you this because I love you;
I hate to watch you fall from grace
Though perhaps, I shouldn't let this distress me
For in time, you too shall pass.

Corrode

Power corrupts deep
Driving contempt for all things
Except to gain more

Part 2: Haiku

Cycle

Seeds of hate lie mute
Within a child's fresh, young mind
To ripen in time

Elemental

From one we all came
Can you look at another
And claim your greater?

Defy

A flower unfurls
A declaration against
The malignant world

Perpetuate

To not take notice
The suffering of others
Is to foment it