

Going Underground

by ryall Tuesday, Jun 26 2012, 12:12pm

international / poetry / post

with powder and plot



Guy Fawkes mask

Everything that begins,
ends ...
which is why infinity
is so appealing,
it has no beginning
therefore no end
(and we are rhyming again
without the slightest intent.)

Diminishing human resources have
forced the decision
not-with-standing,
there is nothing appealing
to keep us above;
unless you have a taste for treason,
mass murder, plunder and crime.

The tortuous madness
of paralysed masses
is enough to make you numb.

So it's underground
to kindred spirits, sanity
and camaraderie we go
where every action
against vile cabals delivers
another weakening blow.

Targeting criminal leaders
that approve indefinite detention,
summary executions, war,
invasion and pillage

is a justified and necessary fight;
death to the avaricious pigs
that bomb, steal
and murder in the night.

Is it enough to eliminate a puppet President
that considers personal 'murder lists'
a badge of honour, a sign of respect?
Should we stop at one
or clean the entire 'Street'
of vermin and filth?

The common dwellers above
-- confronting their demise --
remain incapable
of the slightest action
to safeguard the lives
of those they love.

So we bid farewell to beautiful losers;
the dead are buried by the dead in turn.
We return to love, cooperation,
sharing and joy --
to the realm of genuine human kindness.

It is time for us to go,
we depart from those
devoid of heart/volition
tolerant spectators of crime and corruption
they that view all manner of crimes against humanity
with blank complacency and zero compassion.

We leave you with a verse of old
a plot, gunpowder and a night to remember:

Remember, Remember, the fifth of November (full unedited version)

Remember, remember the Fifth of November,
the Gunpowder Treason and Plot,

I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot.
Guy Fawkes, t'was his intent to blow up King and Parliament.

Three score barrels were laid below to prove old England's overthrow;
By God's mercy he was catch'd with a dark lantern and lighted match.

Holloa boys, holloa boys, let the bells ring.
Holloa boys, holloa boys, God save the King!

Hip hip hoorah!

A penny loaf to feed the Pope
A farthing o' cheese to choke him.

A pint of beer to rinse it down.
A faggot of sticks to burn him.

Burn him in a tub of tar.
Burn him like a blazing star.

Burn his body from his head.
Then we'll say ol' Pope is dead.

Hip hip hoorah!
Hip hip hoorah hoorah!

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-3333.html>



🔊 [The Last Time - Rolling Stones](#)

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-247.html>