

## Con-sequences

by sybil *Sunday, Apr 14 2013, 8:39am*

international / poetry / post

Poets are disregarded today to humanity's great cost.



**William Blake**

past rulers valued poets,  
for many reasons  
but mainly for their  
perceptive skills,  
they see what others  
do not.

so valued  
were the talents of poets  
in times past  
they became laureates  
honoured in courts  
and kingdoms  
throughout the world.

it is true that poets  
have an ability to see  
into the future  
-- not in the clairvoyant sense  
but the con-sequential sense --  
why is it so difficult  
for plebeians and patricians  
to see?

exploiting and polluting the world  
for monetary profits  
must come at a cost,  
surely that should be obvious?

today we witness the results

of blind greed  
and profit-only driven  
motives/actions,  
the con-sequences  
of which should be  
evident to everyone.

the rulers of this world  
are Bankers and Corporatists,  
they disregard poets  
at great cost;  
any real poet  
would have steered a more harmonious  
course if permitted.

but bankers  
cannot see past their  
personal greed -  
the social disruptions they  
cause for personal gain  
is disproportionate to their  
importance or social necessity,  
to kill innocent children  
(almost a daily occurrence today)  
for profit  
is a most heinous crime yet  
today's plebeians and patricians  
seem blind to the con-sequences.

when did the world value  
a child's life less than a barrel of oil,  
or money more than ecology?

people talk of the recession or  
the global economic  
collapse of 2008 as though  
it was somehow a natural  
phenomenon  
when everyone knows that greedy  
and dishonest Bankers  
were directly responsible.

jails are full of ganja smokers  
but brazen criminal bankers  
are allowed to ply their nefarious trade  
and compound their original crimes  
with impunity -  
ruin is easy to predict.

i need not labour the con-sequential point,  
instead i refer to the cogent words

of a great poet, whose warning  
is more relevant today than ever.

while we allow the most sordid  
elements in our societies to rule  
over us and disregard the wise  
advice of those with a connection  
to universal harmony  
we should not expect a happy  
harmonious outcome --  
'if you follow a blowfly it can only lead you to shit.'

Hopefully the words of William Blake  
will lead some to ponder a more viable future  
and positive outcome free of the consequences  
of presidential kill lists, indefinite detention,  
Drone warfare,  
the slaughter of millions of innocents  
and the criminal plunder of weaker nations  
for monetary profit:

### **Auguries of Innocence**

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

A Robin Red breast in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a Rage.  
A dove house fill'd with doves & Pigeons  
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.  
A dog starv'd at his Master's Gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State.  
A Horse misus'd upon the Road  
Calls to Heaven for Human blood.  
Each outcry of the hunted Hare  
A fibre from the Brain does tear.  
A Skylark wounded in the wing,  
A Cherubim does cease to sing.  
The Game Cock clipp'd and arm'd for fight  
Does the Rising Sun affright.  
Every Wolf's & Lion's howl  
Raises from Hell a Human Soul.  
The wild deer, wand'ring here & there,  
Keeps the Human Soul from Care.  
The Lamb misus'd breeds public strife  
And yet forgives the Butcher's Knife.  
The Bat that flits at close of Eve  
Has left the Brain that won't believe.

The Owl that calls upon the Night  
 Speaks the Unbeliever's fright.  
 He who shall hurt the little Wren  
 Shall never be belov'd by Men.  
 He who the Ox to wrath has mov'd  
 Shall never be by Woman lov'd.  
 The wanton Boy that kills the Fly  
 Shall feel the Spider's enmity.  
 He who torments the Chafer's sprite  
 Weaves a Bower in endless Night.  
 The Catterpillar on the Leaf  
 Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief.  
 Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly,  
 For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.  
 He who shall train the Horse to War  
 Shall never pass the Polar Bar.  
 The Beggar's Dog & Widow's Cat,  
 Feed them & thou wilt grow fat.  
 The Gnat that sings his Summer's song  
 Poison gets from Slander's tongue.  
 The poison of the Snake & Newt  
 Is the sweat of Envy's Foot.  
 The poison of the Honey Bee  
 Is the Artist's Jealousy.  
 The Prince's Robes & Beggars' Rags  
 Are Toadstools on the Miser's Bags.  
 A truth that's told with bad intent  
 Beats all the Lies you can invent.  
 It is right it should be so;  
 Man was made for Joy & Woe;  
 And when this we rightly know  
 Thro' the World we safely go.  
 Joy & Woe are woven fine,  
 A Clothing for the Soul divine;  
 Under every grief & pine  
 Runs a joy with silken twine.  
 The Babe is more than swadling Bands;  
 Throughout all these Human Lands  
 Tools were made, & born were hands,  
 Every Farmer Understands.  
 Every Tear from Every Eye  
 Becomes a Babe in Eternity.  
 This is caught by Females bright  
 And return'd to its own delight.  
 The Bleat, the Bark, Bellow & Roar  
 Are Waves that Beat on Heaven's Shore.  
 The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath  
 Writes Revenge in realms of death.  
 The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air,  
 Does to Rags the Heavens tear.  
 The Soldier arm'd with Sword & Gun,

Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.  
 The poor Man's Farthing is worth more  
 Than all the Gold on Afric's Shore.  
 One Mite wrung from the Labrer's hands  
 Shall buy & sell the Miser's lands:  
 Or, if protected from on high,  
 Does that whole Nation sell & buy.  
 He who mocks the Infant's Faith  
 Shall be mock'd in Age & Death.  
 He who shall teach the Child to Doubt  
 The rotting Grave shall ne'er get out.  
 He who respects the Infant's faith  
 Triumph's over Hell & Death.  
 The Child's Toys & the Old Man's Reasons  
 Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.  
 The Questioner, who sits so sly,  
 Shall never know how to Reply.  
 He who replies to words of Doubt  
 Doth put the Light of Knowledge out.  
 The Strongest Poison ever known  
 Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.  
 Nought can deform the Human Race  
 Like the Armour's iron brace.  
 When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow  
 To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow.  
 A Riddle or the Cricket's Cry  
 Is to Doubt a fit Reply.  
 The Emmet's Inch & Eagle's Mile  
 Make Lane Philosophy to smile.  
 He who Doubts from what he sees  
 Will ne'er believe, do what you Please.  
 If the Sun & Moon should doubt  
 They'd immediately Go out.  
 To be in a Passion you Good may do,  
 But no Good if a Passion is in you.  
 The Whore & Gambler, by the State  
 Licenc'd, build that Nation's Fate.  
 The Harlot's cry from Street to Street  
 Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet.  
 The Winner's Shout, the Loser's Curse,  
 Dance before dead England's Hearse.  
 Every Night & every Morn  
 Some to Misery are Born.  
 Every Morn & every Night  
 Some are Born to sweet Delight.  
 Some ar Born to sweet Delight,  
 Some are born to Endless Night.  
 We are led to Believe a Lie  
 When we see not Thro' the Eye  
 Which was Born in a Night to Perish in a Night  
 When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.

God Appears & God is Light  
To those poor Souls who dwell in the Night,  
But does a Human Form Display  
To those who Dwell in Realms of day.

William Blake

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-488.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-348.html>