

## My Father

by rade *Monday, Aug 19 2013, 1:59pm*

international / poetry / post

the aristocrat  
a useless drunk that time overtook  
no more privileges or airs  
only communist revolutionaries  
threatening his throat,  
and my future birth  
stealing the (my) Estate

it's all gone now  
the Balkans tore itself apart soon after  
but records of my stolen Estate  
remain in the city archives

how many generations  
did our family lord over the Estate  
and the peasants that slaved  
for our luxury and ease?

how many indentured families toiled  
so my father could drink himself  
to oblivion and gamble  
our masterpieces -- the remainder disappeared  
with Nazi occupation?

but we redeemed our nation  
and our Estate  
the peasants fought like  
ancient Serbs, fearless  
and for the first time in generations  
the noble blood  
of warriors that founded our lineage  
saw my my father and uncles  
fight like our warrior ancestors

but it was short-lived  
the war ended, we were victorious  
i daren't say what our forces did  
to Nazi occupiers,  
the hate is evident today  
Germany did everything in its power  
to destroy Serbia in the Balkan wars  
and failed, as did the U.S.

they have no idea

we are warriors, poets  
visionaries and drunks in that order  
so i fight today  
against the vile civilian killing  
star-spangled fascist scum  
that occupies our heartland  
and wreaks havoc on the world

their time is counted in days

time overtook my father  
whose only legacy to me after  
escaping the communists was to instill  
a loathing for the bourgeoisie  
'someone has to do the books,' he often said  
with utter contempt,  
he detested their petty anal values

sure that I would carry on,  
a man at ten, he blew his brains out,  
a Serbian obsession/obligation --  
only the Japanese have a similar  
suicidal ritual when confronted  
with abject failure

it is better that a warrior take his own life  
than live like a dog or worse  
in a society dominated by bourgeois values

but i am the living next generation  
unaffected by the self-obsessed  
middle-class with its regulations,  
anal constraints, pretensions  
and anxieties

my son will follow after me until  
the American fascists are driven  
from our land and off the face of the earth  
such is the pledge our nobility  
makes to all our enemies

today i write poetry, fight and get drunk  
i am proficient in all three arts

victory is assured, i see our nation's  
entire history in my son's  
eyes, sturdy arms and thighs

our lineage is secured

our blood-soaked land waits  
patiently for our return

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-758.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-419.html>