

Detained

by ces via sal *Sunday, Mar 23 2014, 9:48am*

international / poetry / post

there was nothing principled
in my arrest,
a police .38 in
each side of my rib-cage
are you, so and so
yes, who the fuck r you?
no ID produced, nothing
but brute force
and gangsterism
from police,
i was later to learn

childhood respect and training
disintegrated that instant;
cuffed and thrown to the floor
of a police vehicle
with two brutes kicking their heels
into my back and neck
while the driver made
jokes of my unfortunate situation --
no questions at that stage
just 'softening-up'
i was later to learn,
such medieval finesse

i would rather not re-live
the experience
and describe grim
and painful details,
yes, i was brutally tortured
by five sadists
seeking information which
i did not possess;
cheated (they thought)
of continuing arrests
and career promotions
they decided to make
an example and capitalise
on me -- i looked the part!

guilt and innocence were
irrelevant in this corrupt

reality

after hours of brutal,
unspeakable torture
i was 'fitted and verballed'
by five honourable
detectives

against their 'testimony'
my pleas of innocence and
drug addiction made
no impression on the courts
i had no chance --
'justice' in action

i was duly incarcerated
for 'my' crime of innocence
and lack of knowledge

i learned later the fate of some
of the police brutes
that relished in inflicting pain

one of the brutes
was transferred to 'internal affairs'
in order to protect other
sadists in the police force
and minimise any internal punitive
consequences for police crimes

another pig that particularly
enjoyed his 'work'
had molotov cocktails
thrown into his house
in the dead of night
and was lucky to escape
with his life

the young trainee detective
who mostly watched
had no taste for what he witnessed
and left the force

as for me i was deeply hurt
by the experience,
it left indelible scars on my psyche
even family had fed me to
the dogs

why couldn't anyone understand
the simple and obvious reality

that my drug of addiction
was a PAIN killer,
it was all too much
for me at the time
i was self-medicating,
the option i chose rather than violence
or immediate self-destruction

in time the injustices
and deep hurt
inflicted on my being
and sense of fair play
erupted into volcanic rage
and fiery anger
i sought reparation,
justice, which i knew
could not be realised
in society as it is today

so i focused my energies,
my entire being, on
remedial action
i cold turkey-ed
then enrolled in the most elite
university course available
that would serve
my future purposes

i acquired skills and expertise
in media and communications
the art of word and text,
-- semiotics --
cultural analysis,
marketing and advertising,
in my hands awesome weapons

i have since become devastatingly
proficient at assailing
crime and corruption
in high places
and exposing the evil
that infects entire cultures

a former associate once remarked,
'an education wasn't wasted
on you,' and smirked knowingly

i am unable to reveal
the extent to which i have
assassinated the reputations
of corrupt officials

and destroyed the reputations
and careers of
politicians, bureaucrats and state regulators
but they are small fish, errand boys and
obsequious sycophants

today i target the source
of the malaise,
CEOs, Corporatists,
and Bankers, the perverse heart
of the Beast that preys
on innocence and peace

i am happy to divulge
that this opponent
-- it is one --
is extremely vulnerable
and presents as a relatively
easy target,
it is drunk on the blood of
innocents it has slaughtered
and blind to the forces that
will deliver the fatal wound
to its black heart

i often wonder 'what if'
they had just left me to die
of my drug addiction
all those years ago?
but nature has its ways
of establishing
balance

i had no idea that
awesome skills lay dormant
beneath years of victimisation
and abuse

my story is not unique
my story is your story
if you would but choose
your power/path,
remove your shackles
and become
a warrior for justice
and peace

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1065.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-491.html>