

The One

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reaching high for the sky
in parental abused agony i cried
for you as a child

and you came swiftly to my aid
and comforted me, to whom do i owe
obeisance?

in desperation throughout my young, innocent
life, i clung to you for dear life itself --
the torturers were relentless
until i turned and said enough,
you are unjustified whipping and attempting to
shape me into your horrid world, i am not, nor
could i ever be one of you, so why not just kill me
and be done with it?
that was the last time my 'teachers'
administered corporal punishment

i detested them and their brutal ways,
how bitter and vanquished their souls must have been
but i endured while my peers watched passively
while i was victimised, as this and that, 'reprobate,'
which word i had to look up at the time, reprobate, me?
i was real, helpful and true to my core,
what offended these lunatics and sadists?

i didn't discover the reason until i entered university,
i was an outsider that refused to conform --
my identity and safety were elsewhere, incomprehensible
to morons, sadistic brutes and abusers,
particularly my man-hating mother
who tormented my disgustingly weak father until he blew his brains
out
when i was ten, though as a father he was useless except for one
thing,
he was the sole target of my mother's psychotic abuse,
who now lacked someone to abuse
so she turned on me, at age ten, and persisted with her abuse and
torments
until i put her behind me, permanently

and so i entered the world on my terms and discovered how easy survival was for someone who refused to think myopically or live in a box,

i discovered loopholes that you could drive a truck thru and taught my friends how to navigate in this perverse world, we bled insurance companies, workers' compensation courts and every other exploitable institution/organisation for \$millions -- i'll teach them the consequences of whipping innocence

but the best was forming an IT company/consultancy
it was then that i encountered others that had similar experiences to mine
but they hacked for revenge, everything imaginable and were never known/
located to this day,
i learned much from them and them from me, we were all in our element
as we triumphed over the system that had dealt all of us injustice and abuse
for what? being exceptional and out of tune with a shit-heap, may we fight and never stop until we end the perverse system, which
now murders and thieves openly, but have no idea who their real enemies are,
they lack the skills required to begin

nevertheless the power and the glory i reached for and have clung to all
my life has never forsaken me though i was all but murdered in my youth

so dear reader, you may wonder why i now consciously expose myself,
well, wonder no more, it is what it is, an open taunt,
and we will never stop

the Russians hacked nothing, tho they could easily,
we know them, the Iranians and the Chinese
and they know us, at least some of our ever-changing handles

Good luck searching, you mass murdering,
star-spangled scum

now that's a REAL threat, Mr Trump!
your days as pres are numbered, be assured

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-149.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-872.html>