

*Paul Barbot*

# Poetic Sovereignty

A Collection of Poems

2012

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## Part 1: Free Verse

# Constituent

Bewildered by beguiling smiles  
And enamored with shallow presentation  
Cherished words they sing to me  
Spawn blindness from my excitation

Worshipping the vile pitch  
Acknowledge not the continued fall  
While bickering on all the matters  
That matter least of all

Never look beyond the cover  
To discover their depravity  
Cling desperate to the notion  
Of escape from life's tragedy

# Fable

There has been no bigger myth  
No grander lie told it seems.  
Than if you work really hard  
In this life you'll succeed.

For great fortunes will fall upon you  
Expanding billfolds burst their seams.  
Who wouldn't want a part of this . . .  
The Great American Dream?

A story told to those who toil  
For naught with broken backs.  
While denying them the right to claim  
A seat upon luxury's lap.

# Currency

With your introduction  
so began humanity's descent.  
Surreptitiously bound by these oppressive chains  
and burdened by your heavy yoke.  
You slowly drag us back  
towards the dark recesses of human iniquity  
from which you spawned.  
The weight of the passing years  
has lent you a false credibility;  
conning us to believe in your self-proclaimed immortality.  
Barb after loathsome barb you sink into this tired body—  
squeezing the vibrancy from life  
and draining its vital essence until only an empty shell remains;  
Leaving only the ability to silently scream at our abduction and decline.  
Hugging us tighter still  
you bring us to our knees as we reach in futility  
for the time when we were merely strangers—  
a time we achingly long to clamber back to.  
Dig in our heels in an attempt to delay  
this slow journey to the precipice—  
the point at which all hope is lost;  
where only the inevitable fall into the cold abyss awaits.  
Prisoners for eternity.  
Will we be passive participants in our own extinction  
Or will we struggle to stand tall—  
regain our pride?  
Will we loudly denounce your depraved manner  
and begin to expunge your pervasive influence—  
casting aside these wearying shackles  
to finally become . . .  
free from the strife,  
free from the torment,  
free from the fear,  
Free . . .  
to finally watch you fall into antiquity  
alone?

# Mother Earth

Oh my children, how you disappoint!  
The arrogance and delusion you exude  
To think that you have all the answers.  
And now you turn your back on me?

You claim you know better  
Without having a grasp on anything.  
You disregard the lessons I've taught  
On the cyclic nature of everything.

With every tool at your disposal. . .  
This is what you've done?  
Time has endowed you with intellect and reason  
Do you not care for all you stand to lose?

You were once the twinkling in my eye;  
Held in the highest of esteem;  
The Pride of the entire family;  
Now, we hang our heads in utter shame.

What are you doing inside that murky orb —Once pristine.  
Will you rectify this devastation you've wrought,  
And learn the error of your ways?

Or will you continue to plunder,  
and rape?

I tell you this because I love you;  
I hate to watch you fall from grace  
Though perhaps, I shouldn't let this distress me  
For in time, you too shall pass.

## Part 2: Haiku



# Elemental

From one we all came  
Can you look at another  
And claim your greater?

# Defy

A flower unfurls  
A declaration against  
The malignant world

# Perpetuate

To not take notice  
The suffering of others  
Is to foment it

# Cycle

Seeds of hate lie mute  
Within a child's fresh, young mind  
To ripen in time

# Corrode

Power corrupts deep  
Driving contempt for all things  
Except to gain more

# Politic

A chorus of screams  
From the masses just ignored  
Left behind to fail

# Cell

This myth of freedom  
Keeps us blind to the confines  
Built up around us

# Elected

Only one of two  
Does it really matter who  
It all stays the same



# Political Truth

Those with minds shut tight  
Will have their worldviews shattered  
When it all comes out

# Scapegoat

Mask the real problem  
Pushing one forward to fall  
The system moves on

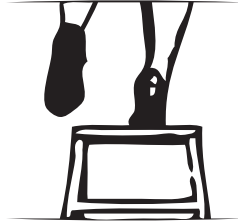
## Conflict (No Acceptable Answer)

Claim your god is Love  
How can you explain away  
This suffering world?

# Diminish

Because I refuse  
The rules that you've forced on me  
Do my words mean less?

The Anarchist Library  
Anti-Copyright  
October 23, 2012



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Personal communication with the author