**REVOLUTION**

Poor Stooped

Peasants Peons Serfs Proles.

Plow Shovel Pick Sickle Hammer Hoe.

Forfeit Their Very Bodies. Souls.

As Royal. Papal. Decree. Creed.

Proclaim They By Devine Right. Must.

To Avarice Greed Gluttony Lust.

De Capitalistic Czars Popes Kings.

Their Very Quintessence.

Life Blood. Minds. Spirits.

Grant Taxes. Tithe. Tribute. Toll.

Dumb Brutes.

Beasts Of Burden.

Huddle In Squalor De Crude Mud Straw

Wind Rain Pierced Huts.

Hovels. Algid. Gelid. Cold. As Babes Cough. Starve.

Wither. In Cradle Die.

While Church. Crown.

Proclaim.

Ask Not.

Thee Why.

Rather Be Deaf Mute Blind.

To Cruel Dominance.

Oppression. Subjugation.

The Ordained Fate. Lot.

Of Thee Rabble.

Thee  Subject Kind.

As Thee Be Deigned. Are.

For Thy Life Be But.

A Veil Of Tears.

Endure On Earth.

These Barren Tragic Years.

Of Suffering.

With No.

Murmur De Protest.

Say Certain. Sure.

At Thy Death.

Thee Ascend.

Be Heaven Sent.

Will Hear Etherial Angels Sing.

Horns Of Rapture Sound.

Sweet Bell Of Redemption Ring.

So Cede Thee Sons.

To Church And King.

To Fight Our Wars.

Thy First Born Dead.

Say Grant Two More.

Thy Daughters Serve.

As Our Fine Eros Playthings.

Harlots. Geishas.

Concubines. Whores.

We Are Capitalistic Masters Popes Kings.

But Lough Through Out The Land.

Whisper Of Revolution.

Drifts. From Man To Man.

We Will. We Can.

Take A Stand.

Stand Tall. Firm.

We Can. We Can.

Sharpen Thy Sabers Swords Spears Broad Heads Knives.

Oil Thy Guns.

Hoard Primer. Casings.

Hard Lead Ball.

Thy Powder Dry.

The Castle Turrents.

Fusillades. Portcullis.

Gates. Stone. Towers.

Walls.

Will Fall.

Don't Tread On Me.

Live Free Or Die.

Sound Ancient Cry.

De Revolution.  Constitution.

We Capture

Capitalistic Hundred.

Who Own The World.

Ten Holy Men.

Who Spout Hollow Creed.

De False Idols.

Siren Dieties.

Strike Them In Their Gilded Beds.

Let Freedom Ring.

Join Again Call For Sharp Swift Touch Of Guillotine.

Carve Out Their Hearts.

Have Their Heads.

With Kings. Potentates. Despots.

So Smite Them Dead.

For Rest Assured.

For Common Mans.

Being.

There N'er Enure.

Throughout Le Monde.

No Blessing For Our Blessed Land.

Nor I Thee Our Brethren.

Families. Kin.

No Fruit De La Vie.

Sustenance.

Quietude.

Peace.

Till Last Capitalist.

Be Garroted.

Avec Raw Torn Guts.

Of Last Pope. Priest.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1/18/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At High Noon.*

*With Cudo To Lenin And Phillip Marion Weidner.*

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