

## Anarchy's Choice

"Freedom or Death."

This on their banner spelled proud  
carried through the town's narrow road.

"Freedom or Death."

When chants rang harder and loud  
their bodily commotion grew to impose —

"Freedom or Death."

In balled fists bear arms alike  
the anarchist and the upright police.

"Freedom or Death."

A crack and yell before fright  
of projectiles that strike or cease.

"Freedom or Death."

When they held their heads up  
beneath that urban carnage so fierce —

"Freedom or Death."

either of these would prove abrupt  
by bodies running or bodies pierced.

"Freedom or Death."

By cover, the mall window spattered  
with the blood of foresightful youth.

"Freedom or Death."

The Question, how their lives mattered,  
was itself testament to Society's Truth.

"Freedom or Death."

Each nightly piddling-out was crucial  
for their endeavor stripped of compliance;

"Freedom or Death."

each daily demonstration against public approval  
was evident in rallying their defiance.

"Freedom or Death."

And while their strength in print  
sought to match— or to surpass

"Freedom or Death."

their underlying hope, rather than submit,  
was staying a course at impasse.

"Freedom or Death."

So when the essential, obvious corrosion  
was left to no graceful restorer,

"Freedom or Death."

the desperate endeavor flinched into implosion,  
and those bound wept in horror...

*"Freedom is Death."*

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Another decade, new century. Distraught beings  
caught up in doubt rerouted inward —

over *freedom and death*.

Cruel progression, ensnarement by image: gleanings  
that seldom find a solution disinterred

regarding *freedom and death*.

Those wretched, rotten tomes for whom  
no commoner cared to comb through

lamenting *freedom and death*.

Was it the black? The gloom?  
Alas, victims to their unmade view

tackling *freedom and death*.

But libertine pages tell: valiant martyrs  
beside the idea of life unbound

heralding *freedom or death*.

Inspired ex-workers abiding no timely marker  
set sights on any untainted ground —

choosing *freedom over death*.

The momentum, coordination — moss without clearing;  
trials prior meeting this revitalized potential.

In band, or alone, telling and hearing —  
(of these landings,  
of commons, nourishment,  
a *fruit of hope* before it's sickening word—)  
soothing torments throbbing and existential.

Deconstructed, demystified *freedom and death*.

In bold, *tierra y libertad* spelled  
above her home's green-coated entry;

refusing patience for masses to rebel  
or suggest a global revision gently.

We sat, drinking home-grown tea.  
I asked about her primary intention:

"I wanted to play in leaves,"  
said she, "and never pay attention."

Breathed life anew, proclaiming:

*"No Freedom in Death."*

by nobody

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