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The Dream of the Anarchists

Byron López Ellington

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The rulers have for cent'ries now made lies
Designed to keep us entertained with nil
So that they can with ease ignore our cries
But freedom's stayed, as far as I surmise,
A fire burning in our hearts until
The day we break our chains and go live free,
Live masterless in blissful Anarchy.

When people cease to dominate their kin,
When rulership is frowned upon by all,
Then slaves shall cease to be what they have been
And those who ruled shall be but men of tin,
Shall find their hearts and have no greater gall.
Despite the bourgeois's claims, this day shall be,
No matter that we call it "Anarchy."

No propagandic poison taints a word—
Can change a meaning true which lies beneath—
If one can listen through what they have heard,
What cops and politicians have obscured,
And learn to fight against the boss and grief,

And find with fogless eyes the truth to see
What we mean when we speak of Anarchy.

The dream persists beyond the Moon and stars;
Infinity is kind to us on Earth:
If we forget, we'll learn anew on Mars,
And do away with kings and prison bars,
And giggle with unending joy and mirth,
And pick the apple from the thriving tree,
And live as friends in gorgeous Anarchy.