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Poetic Sovereignty

A Collection of Poems

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Paul Barbot Poetic Sovereignty A Collection of Poems 2012

Personal communication with the author

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Diminish

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

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

Conflict (No Acceptable Answer)

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

Scapegoat

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

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.

Political Truth

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

Elected

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

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 bodysqueezing 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 strangersa time we achingly long to clamber back to. Dig in our heels in an attempt to delay this slow journey to the precipicethe 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 tallregain our pride? Will we loudly denounce your depraved manner and begin to expunge your pervasive influencecasting aside these wearying shackles to finally become ... free from the strife, free from the torment,

fue a fue we the fear

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alone?

Cell

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

Politic

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

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.

Corrode

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

Part 2: Haiku

Cycle

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

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