

THEOREMS OF VIOLENCE

dave calder

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the fruit is good
the worm is in it

both property and life
are the fruits of labour,
yet since the first flint knife
possessing possessions has been valued more
in power and law
than any simple having of life.

it takes very few people to start a revolution
it takes a great many people to win a revolution
it takes very few people to control the new state

the eagles of war were merely statues,
the hawks were mostly wishful thinking by the crows:
war is mostly shrikes, sparrows and parrots -
a solitary predator is speedily deposed.

the size of a barrack-square in a right-angled society
is equal to the sum
of the fear and greed
on the sides that support it.

the human race, for all its grace,
is less realist than reactor.
no subtle bits of business then:
if you need to save your face
bring on the motherland, the flag,
some `show the wogs' or `falklands' factor':
make them look some other place
while the cat eats the canary or
the excrement hits the extractor.

police are the same in every land, don't get
confused;
their heavy hands hold power, and power
is there to be abused.
politicians, papers, rich men. thieves,
enable them to do so:
be glad if you're only pushed downstairs,
not through a fourth-floor window.

balanced forces, armed peace - crap -
the scales are thumbed and rubbery:
don't watch the brass bands parade on the lawn,
the fighting's in the shrubbery.

what is this bullying unpleasant voice
stuffed with self-righteousness and sacred bile?
it is the grocer's daughter, selling cheap
the assets of her accursed isle

most rulers are so fearful,
so tied by lies and bloodily clever,
so thick with power and thin in wit;
that they would machine-gun flies
if they saw too many together
buzzing over a lump of their shit.

do you feel a little nervy, do you need a
little wealth?

you've tried a little aid, you've tried a
little stealth

and nothing seemed to work? try this for
peace and health:

invade and save that naughty little
nation from itself.

if one man starves himself to death behind bars
in the country of the fat
it's news

if 5000 children, women and men a day
starve to death in the countries of the thin
it's ignored

if you plant a tree do not expect
praise in your lifetime;
if you plant flowers, ring the newspapers

the poor are easiest to rob, their lives are a gift,
their slender purses easiest to open.
and never hit a man at home in woolton if
you can get him up an alley in walton

a country without shame
is a country without honour:
for each of us this is the same,
my enemy, my lover.

at the bottom of the wells of power
blind white fish turn with gaping jaws
in concentric political circles:

the waters of the land are sour,
they are stuck together by their sores.

the big matters are brushed aside,
it's easier to shout at those
who make the woman's ancient choice
and are kept teetering in a noose
on some slippery fine line between
sin and social attitudes.

let's skip the haughty indignation,
the wymen, the platitudes:
simply, when men stop killing men
and women stop willing them on
will be the time to talk of morality
between a mother and her unborn.

the world is like a smashed up loo;
hitler came here, LBJ did too
with nappo b. who loves julie c.
and joe s., pizarro, fat idi,
attilla, gustavus and pere ubu . . .

state aggro is boss and cool
system skins are ace and rule. OK?

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