



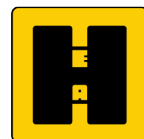
Create the Pain to Alleviate it

By Elayne Harrington

In a society where we can't trust the things that grow out of the ground.
Where we get angsty around others sitting beside us on the bus.
We feel our privacy is invaded yet technologically "spill our guts".
Voluntarily divulge what's the suss.
Our most basic human rights infringed on.
Feel smothered — ill mothered.
But still choose to cling on.
Instead of being "in company", sharing the energy of another being.
Autonomy versus anonymity — to be heard and not seen.

In a life where our vegetables rot and lose any goodness they might've brought
had we not become will-shot.
Or cook them to death — we, miseducated on purpose — truth bereft.
The correction omitted, intentionally, artificially inseminated mentally.
Blind beyond the surface remedy.
"Aldente" doesn't roll off my tongue, nor does "plenty."
We discard our apple cores seeded — unlike us, bred — born empty.

In a world where we want to preserve even our dead bodies,
Not let them decay back into the earth from whence they came.
Yet our brain hemispheres map our minds so that they will fall and rise.
"Go back to where you came from" dances madly in our scorning eyes.
Like the rotted meat — death by deceit,
Impregnated with chemicals to bear bigger, better fruit and root,
Abolishing or polishing their natural beauty.
(To be visually consumed — our feminine duty.)
Fill our organic psyche and everyone can't help but let the pied piper lead,
even if ever so slightly.
If you were not tempted, you were deceived.





And rightly so – every garden needs weeds to feel whole.

Questioning

Self-loathing

Dissatisfaction

Doubt

Oh clichés, pot-bound to sprout flowers from the driest faecal mound.

All that tests and tames tastily conquers us,

It turned to struggle while our heads bowed irreverently.

Where we refuse to believe we are animals, yet proceed to climb steadily —

Primates; top rung of the ladder of dumb.

The food chain comprised of hormones, steroids, pesticides —

though we are made of rain,

Metallically chipped in the domain.

We close our eyes to suffering.

We bathe in apathy because we're scared of the want to combine power

to take justice — seeking action and finding ourselves met with rejection,

disappointment, dissimilar or conflicting views, delay, or impossible circumstances...

so wash we will.

Afraid of conflict itself.

In case we lose more than we started off with.

“Ah sure it's grand.”

Mediocrity and banality in full demand.

Never be short a slave in this decline.

Kings can afford to bow.

Poets were once honoured — now a McDonald's dozen a dime.

The Irishman is not a sheep but a cow.

Think of the implication.

Won't be led.

Has to be broken.

Milked of all she's worth.

Born to work and destroy her own green pasture.

A machine.

Helpless.

Manufactured.





Walls built so tall they block out the sky,
Those walls are built in our heads anyway — so build away; gratify.
Built with taking that sky for granted.
Can't see the sunset — too much grey.
So we heretics trust that it happens,
While breathing yesterday's air for today.

We are calling, but you do not hear us: void.
Stop me trying to better my brother. Polluted.
Coyness is nice, as scum is putrid.
Fear of your own courage.
It's safer to bottle it politely
And wear it as a radical something or other
That secretly beholds our truest desire
For the only freedom we can fathom.

Why my ego was taller than me when I was four years old.
Why my esteem was lower than my father's chin.
Why my pain was as deep as my hand reaching into hazelnut jars —
If only you'd let go you would be free.
If you only knew.

Worrying about the ecological balance
But secretly concerned about economical restraint.
The only thing that rises us to an elevation at all
Is being in the height of it.
We're too hungry now to let the pressure cooker peak then.

Repeat after me: If not you, who?
If not now? — When?

— We'll see.

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