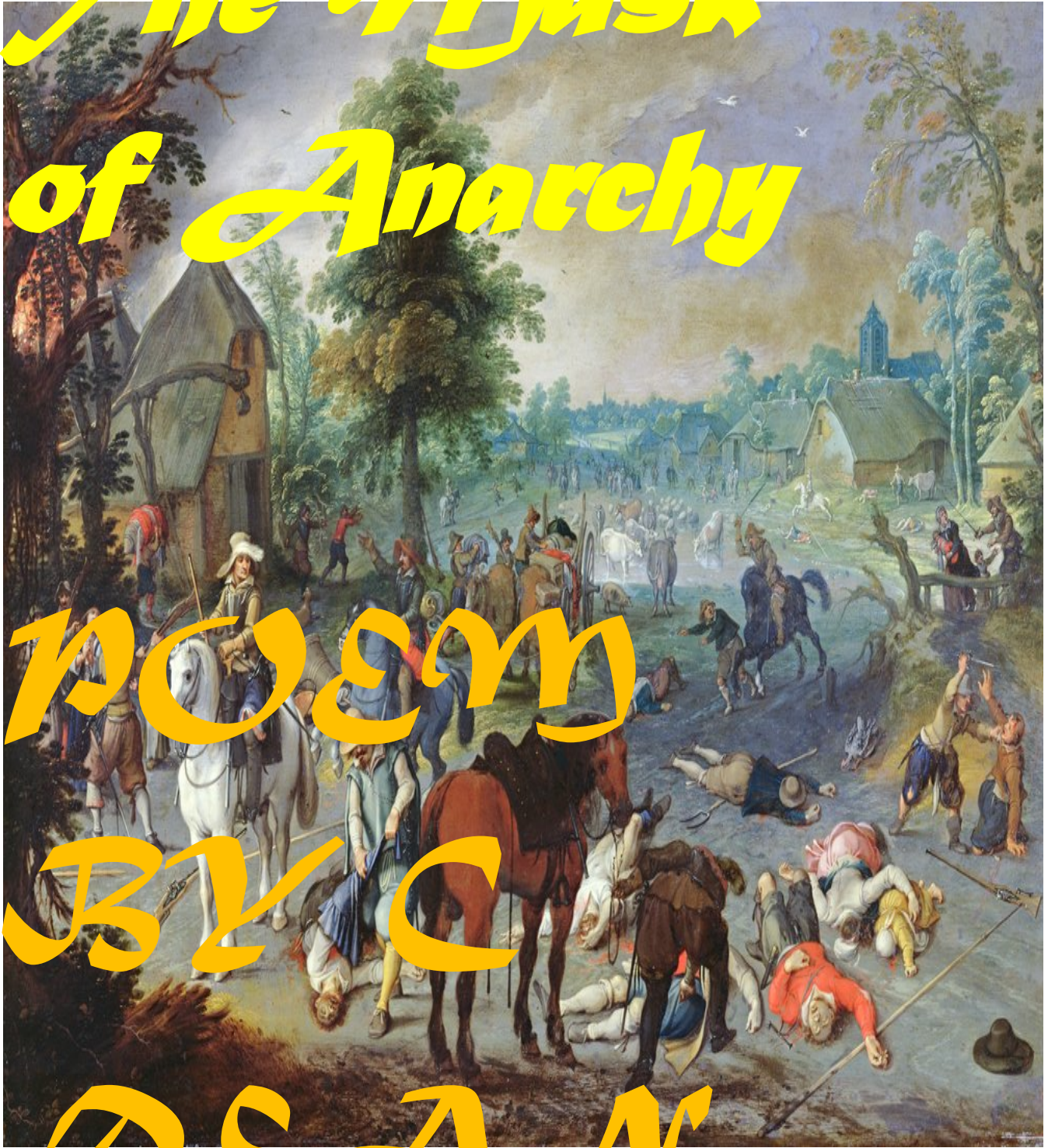


# *The Mask of Anarchy*

*POEM*

*BY*

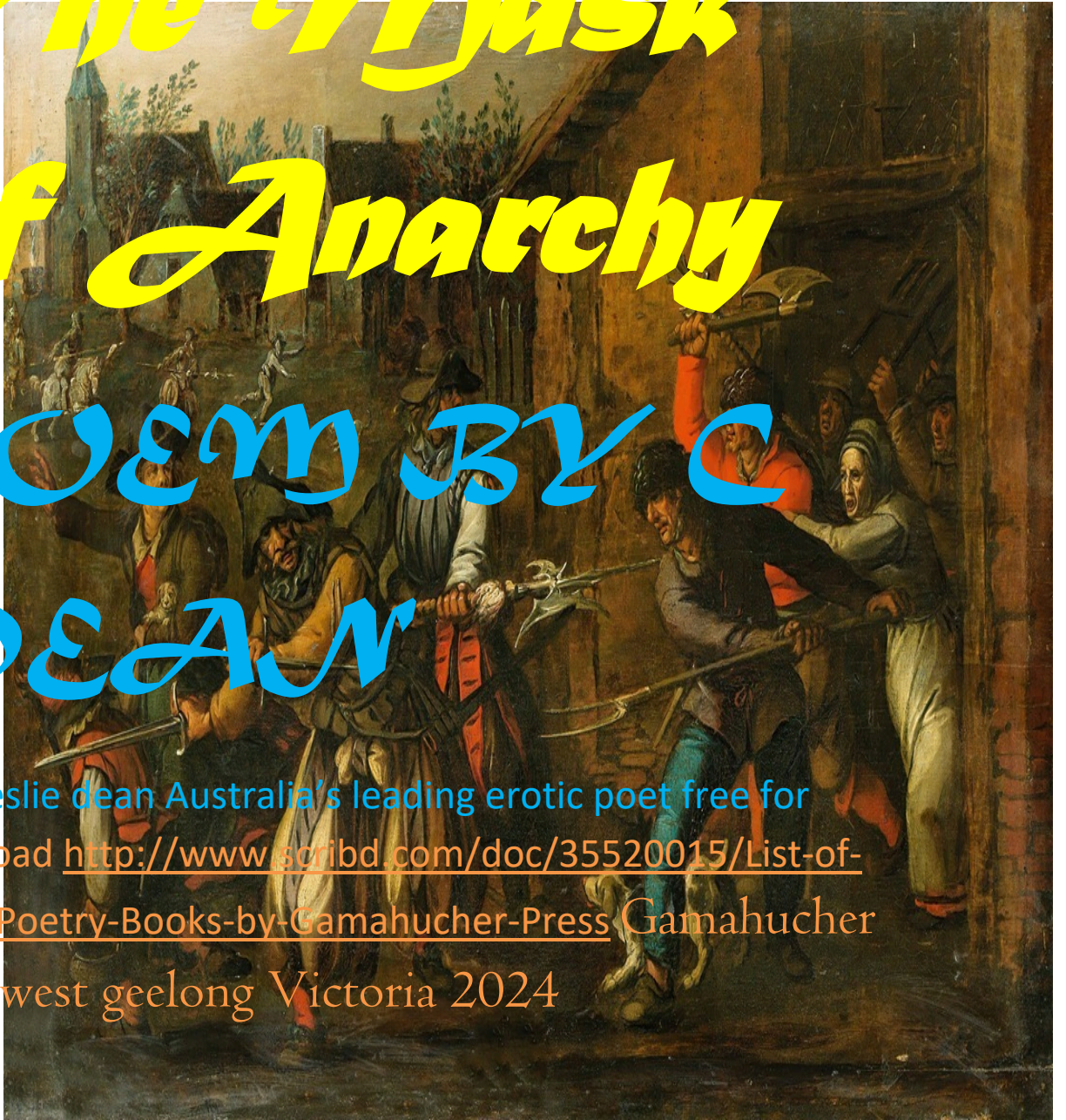
*DEAN*





# The Mask of Anarchy POEM BY C DEAN

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**FP. Pillage scene in Village Sebastian Vrancx  
(1573-1647) P.2 Pillage scene Sebastian  
Vrancx (1573-1647) P3 Slicing and  
Mauling Anne Hollander P.5 Pillage of  
Village Sebastian Vrancx (1573-1647)**

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION



So what be this

The

Mask of  
Anarchy

be well lets be frank it be  
about thee Ye thee for ast  
thee doth sit there to recite  
inst thy comfort andst All  
thee hast to thy sight well

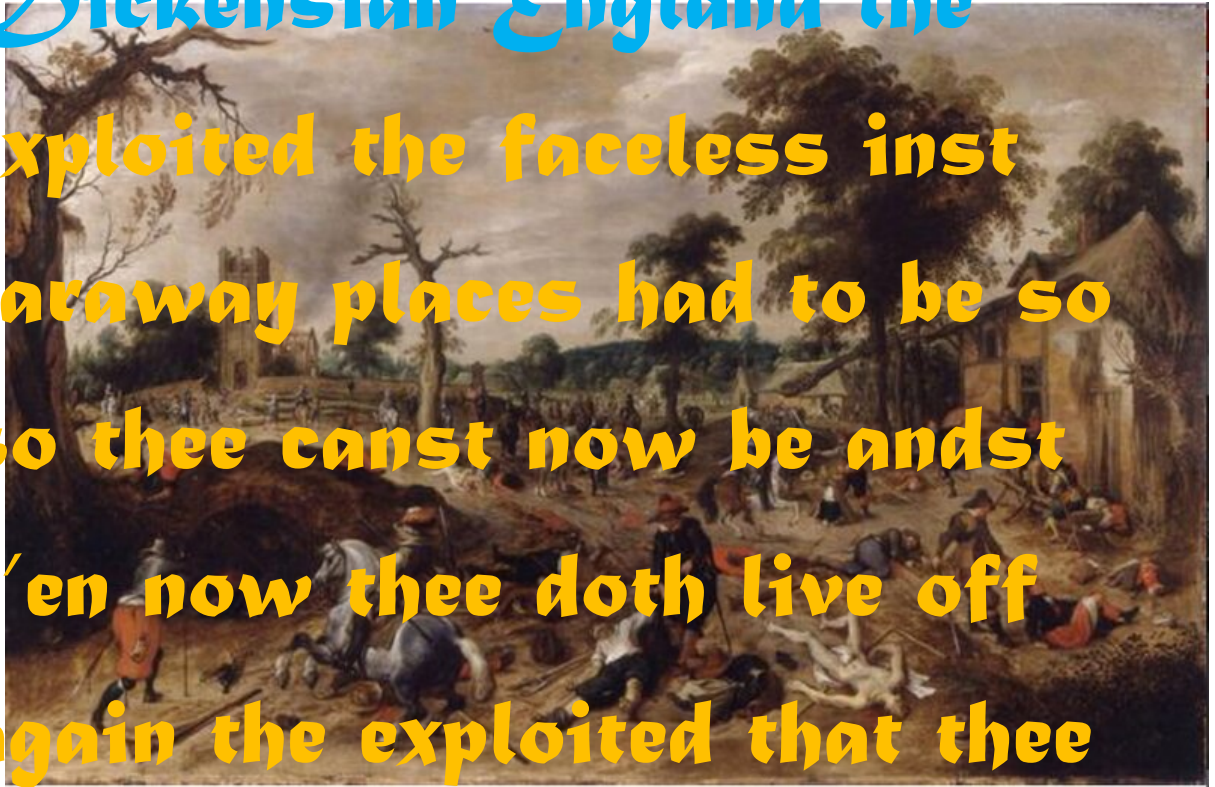
**all hast come to thee fromst  
a history of butchery pain  
suffering cries andst moans  
of all those slain andst  
bombed killed andst maimed  
thee wouldst not be where  
thee be if humanity had not  
butchered all those for thy  
life be built uponst that  
history people paid their life  
that thee canst live inst  
luxury the poor inst**



**Dickensian England** the

**exploited the faceless inst  
faraway places had to be so  
so thee canst now be andst  
e'en now thee doth live off  
again the exploited that thee**

**thy wealth thy utilities thee  
canst gain andst doth follow  
those *L*ords of the earth  
that willst thy greed to feed  
head up thy arse that thee  
wont see the misery of those**



that pay their price of woe  
for thy gilded cage so lifts  
this poet the mask that thee  
all hide behind andst to thee  
show that thee be *The*  
*Anarchy* that doth lay  
waste to the earth that thee  
canst wallow inst thy ill  
gained way without any pain  
to feel with thy heads up thy  
arse which this poet doth  
pull out that thee may see

**PREFACE** Ahh Dearest  
 reciter `didst one Poet once write onst the  
 plight of the many with insight to the few  
 exhorting they to Rise like Lions after  
 slumber with perhaps not the wit of  
 Euphuism for he didst believe that for the  
 people a more popular tone with less strict  
 number be the form so I doth with less  
 wit doth try onst air my thoughts to be  
 writ onst that idealism that flowed fromst  
 that Poets nib all that canst I say be that  
 his eyes didst not see the real But Ahh  
 that Hunt his tract didst not insert for he  
 thought rightly that the public hadst not  
 sufficient discerning andst didst time prove  
 he right for only whenst again life be  
 respected didst they rise andst hear be the  
 learning that whilst that Poet didst onst  
 his part onst idealism much theorize right  
 or wrong Ohh that Poet hadst such a  
 loving hart

**the field of politics supplies the alchemists of our times with materials of more fatal explosion, and the butchers of mankind no longer travel to another world for instruments of cruelty and destruction.** Didst wisely say

John Quincy Adams andst that be why  
 thee andst the rest the masses be complicit  
 thee inst the atrocities thy leaders doth  
 inflict uponst the rest such that thee Yea  
 thee inst their miseries thee be given luxuries  
 to feed to clothe to dine inst ways so fine  
 Yet all built uponst the tears of all the rest  
 exploited masses the colonised those now  
 with imperialism disguised so off with that  
 mask thee wares to fool thy self But not fool  
 the helpless that be thy food that thy  
 leaders feed to thee with all thy blessing in  
 thy complicity



Last came Anarchy: he rode  
 On a white horse, splashed with blood;  
 He was pale even to the lips,  
 Like Death in the Apocalypse

### ***Didst the Poet sagely see***

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
 Felt his heart with terror sicken  
 Hearing the tempestuous cry  
 Of the triumph of Anarchy.

***But this Poet be like thee an  
 idealist thru andst thru But doth I  
 lift the mask fromst Anarchy andst  
 let thee see who it be andst Dearest  
 reciter what thee doth see is But  
 thyself thee thee doth see stripped of  
 the mask to reveal what the real  
 problem be andst that be thee***

**Dearest reciter be that thee bow  
down to the Lords of the earth for  
thee the masses doest what that  
sage Dostoevsky didst point out to  
thee** thee feel grateful to those who have

consented to lead the masses and bear their  
burden of freedom by ruling over them

**Reciter thee willst gladly sing songs  
of joy whenst Anarchy doth arrive**

And he wore a kingly crown;

And in his grasp a sceptre shone;

On his brow this mark I saw –

‘I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!’

**Andst what be law But ast some  
sage didst sagely say law be naught**

**But an instrument to manufacture to  
what thee law maker needs they sit  
above thee inst the clouds they who**

**thee doth give the power of Gods  
andst they know how stupid thee be  
for they hast no morality just  
psychopathy they rule ast vile  
empowers we hast seen thru history**

**They rule for they know ast**

**Dostoevsky didst show thee** are weak,  
vicious, miserable nonentities born wicked and  
rebellious **andst that is howth the**

**Lords of the earth rule thee fromst  
birth for thee reciter andst the**

**masses cry** Feed us first and then command  
us to be virtuous! Enslave, but feed us! **for thee**

**Dearest reciter andst the masses be**

**But Stalins chocks where whenst  
one doth pull out their feather one by**

one till the blood along the ground  
 doth flood twixt scented blooms  
 andst to flow crimson streams of  
 liquid ruby light to run thenst out thy  
 hand to show full of food andst to  
 thee they willst inst frenzy to run to  
 feed andst it be sagely true Thee  
 wouldst feed the "Other" a grain of  
 wheat if that wouldst feed thee for a  
 week we see this inst history the  
 masses the worker haply feeds onst  
 the sweat tears of the "Other  
 worker" he not cares what misery the  
 "Other" bears so long ast he andst  
 be thee Dearest reciter hast the  
 best fare andst that be why thee



**andst all the rest be But Anarchy**  
**whenst we lift the veil andst see**  
**reality andst that thee andst all the**  
**rest to fill thy face willst rush to**  
**thy Lords of the earth thee reciter**  
**andst all the masses waving thy**  
**swords to kill whoever the Lords**  
**doth say to fill their coffers andst**  
**their bellies where we see**

And a mighty troop around,  
 With their trampling shook the ground,  
 Waving each a bloody sword,  
 For the service of their Lord

**for ast Dostoevsky saw andst**  
**doth know the Lords** With "daily bread"  
 an irresistible power was offered Thee: show a  
 man "bread" and he will follow Thee **follower**  
**them thee thee with the mask of**

**Anarchy** lifted that wee see that we  
 be they that cry so high to lift the  
 clouds to quake the earth with such  
 scream that all onst the earth doth all  
 cry

We have waited, weak and lone  
 For thy coming, Mighty One!  
 Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,  
 Give us glory, and blood, and gold

**Andst** thus we see thus why thee  
 Dearest reciter andst the masses all  
 why **A** carpet of blood to o'er the  
 earth to spread laced ast fine brocade  
 with tears of the dead that glitter  
 andst gleam ast stars inst the night  
 or pearls of flickering light fromst  
 which doth **But** light their cigars or

**the tips of champagne glass that  
fromst they which doth greedily sip**

**For thee andst the masses must  
But know**

**Ahh that carpet of blood couldst not  
be spread if the Lords themselves  
didst the killing do But the killing is  
done by the masses hired killers  
without which no killing no loot  
couldst be won for thee Dearest  
reciter andst the masses**

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
The hired murderers, who did sing  
'Thou art God, and Law, and King.

**Yea all sing bureaucrats lawyers  
inst tune with thy Lords solders**

**guards police all andst the crowd  
for at that the Poet didst wisely see**

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed;  
Like a bad prayer not over loud  
Whispering – ‘Thou art Law and God

**But Ahh thee not know what the  
Lords doth know**

, that some of them—more rebellious and  
ferocious than the rest—will destroy themselves;  
others—rebellious but weak—will destroy each  
other; while the remainder, weak, helpless and  
miserable, will crawl back to our feet and cry:  
"Yes; right were ye

**Ahh thee weak miserable things thee  
All be thee be the Anarchy that doth  
be spread o'er the earth fromst it birth  
to its death thy breath pestilence doth**



spread to all the "Other" that doth thee  
 use that thee be fed no morals thee hast  
 Ohh perhaps just one "not inst my  
 backyard" or perhaps another one "fuck  
 the other suburb so long ast mine is  
 fun" Ahh stop the blaming the Lords  
 or every one else for thee are to blame  
 for what the Lords doth ordain the  
 pain the flames that burn the flesh the  
 bombs that tear the limbs to childs cries  
 the peoples moans all these be caused  
 by thee for thee art Anarchy andst  
 without thee the Lords wouldst not be  
 for of thee he doth feed andst for that  
 thee not cares who else bleeds for  
 thee be that prostrate multitude Looked –  
 and ankle-deep in blood for that Poet inst

**his dreams of the ideal who didst say**

Rise like Lions after slumber

In unvanquishable number,

Shake your chains to earth like dew

**Ye are many – they are few he didst not see**

**that the few are just the better dressed**

**of the many for what is true the few**

**andst the many are all the same the**

**many are the problem for they be the few**

**which are *But* different names *But* the**

**humans are the same they be the**

***Anarchy* unmasked *But* *Yet* that the**

**few doth *But* use such slogans used by**

**groups who seek to use for political**

**ends these words of that *Poet* e'en in**

**Clause IV of some constitutions with**

**promises that thee shallst of the cake of**

**wealth andst plenty thee canst have thy**

**share ast they doth out fromst their lips**

blare *Feed us Feed us* andst we  
 shallst do andst follower thee  
 everywhere of the "Others" consequence  
 we doth not care again again history be  
*But* the same the *Lords* of the earth  
 doth the masses promise the world for  
 the price of their following andst doing  
 what be what the *Lords* doth declare  
 uponst humanity unfurled the good fare  
 for thee *Dearest* reciter andst *All* the  
 mass of humanity that doth feed its  
 face fed fromst the exploitation of  
 "Others" what for morality who  
 bothers *Whenst*

*Thy* dress thy coffee thy fancy utilities  
 doth *But* cometh fromst the "Other"  
 that be exploited for thy fancy fare *Ye*  
 doth pontificate of liberty freedom  
 human brotherhood andst all that so

Ohh so *PC* Yet e'en thy non-valence  
 passivism be *But* violence to the  
 exploited many ast thee just talk a lot  
*But* lift not a finger inst thy non-  
 violent pacifism the "Other" gets  
 exploited so that thee be dressed andst  
 live thy life without duress Ohh

*Dearest Poet* thee hast caused more  
 suffering fromst thy dreaming for by not  
 lifting that mask *Fromst Anarchy*  
 thee hast perpetuated the future fromst  
 the past for *Dearest Poet* ast

*Dostoevsky* didst see By valuing him so  
 highly Thou hast acted as if there were no love for  
 him in Thine heart, for Thou hast demanded of  
 him more than he could ever *give for*

*Dearest Poet* if thee hadst lifted the



**“painted veil” fromst thy eyes andst  
 seen history stripped of dreams of  
 what shouldst or couldst be thee  
 wouldst have seen ast that Childe  
 Harold didst But see the moral that  
 doth teach *ALLL* history**

There is the moral of all human tales:

‘Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that  
 fails,

Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.

And History, with all her volumes vast,

Hath but **ONE** page,—’tis better written  
 here,

Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed

All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,

Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with  
 words! draw near

**For Dearest Poet all humans be  
 the same whether poor or rich with  
 power or naught to alter their path  
 if one is kicked By studded boot if  
 one is spat on by some brute Ahh  
 what be the truth be that if the shoe  
 be onst the other foot thenst that foot  
 wouldst kick the other poor coot  
 andst there Dearest Poet of the  
 ideal what couldst have been thy fate  
 if those Lions after slumber thee cost  
 them their meal Ahh it be so sad  
 Dearest poet for though thee didst  
 try to save they Ohh Dearest Poet  
 ast didst But Dostoevsky say Thou  
 shalt see that obedient flock which at one simple  
 motion of my hand will rush to add burning coals  
 to Thy stake, on which I will burn thee for having  
 dared to come and trouble us in our work**