

Rebel

the system
is ready
for you

you think
you're
something
special-
some kind of
revolutionary

that you're
a rebel

but you
don't understand
that the system
was designed
to handle
rebels

they take you
all in stride
like a hiccup
or a spot of
indigestion

if you get too loud
they call you mad
and if enough people
heard you
they make you
disappear
like an apparition
or a rabbit
from some
two-bit magician's
top hat

the divots
in the battlefield

have already been
carved out

the rook is already
in position

authors
write books
forewarning
the next generation
of total and utter
control

but it has
already
arrived

nothing you see or hear
hasn't been carefully
combed through
the long fingernails
of bias and
debauchery

very few things
are real

and mankind
has taken enough
drugs now
that they cannot
tell the difference
anymore

the very last refuge,
the only thing that is still yours
is your mind

it is the only
place they haven't
completely
manipulated

when an original
thought surfaces
it is yours to harvest
for a singular moment

that is the only
freedom we can
ever expect

it's the only
thing they
haven't got to,
yet.