

Many Knowledge Groupies

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Many knowledge groupies, they are experts and have firm beliefs in stupid things—
Like $E=mc^2$ or I before E, except for the other exceptions flying from their
forked tongues—

Dozens, thousands of them as certain to cause a fevered confusion
As yellow pollen in spring
To come and spread the accepted, learned opinions

For example, an academic man believes in what he thinks he sees in flowers and
fossils and apes

That truth is in the Law flowing arctic blue in his already decomposing veins
And that those truths, those laws are solid as rock in his soul, his life—
In books, on paper, the relics of past discoveries in every new
Explanation of how it is always, and of nature

Imagine the cadence, the drumming of the singers,
Experts of little governmental white lies, blank in numbers and statistics
Their faces smile at the cameras and later tuck in to the truth of TV
They are Distant, disinterested in the bleak harvest they reap
The one of horror in mangled enemies and shame in the forgiving mirror

Some souls linger in the truth of what always has been
Done, caused by the battle cry that is sounded by the ignorant,
While the fatally chosen bodies malingering, decay
Staying as long as truth in the seething, forgotten belly of a foreign jungle
Because they were sent as white saviors for something, nothing

She is one of many who sings and dances to a bright tune
And shrieks the propaganda of a sprawling manifest vulture,
The deceitful animal that makes her play within the lines of
His truth and his laws and his books, and she
Does not care to feel the images of suffering of a stranger, her father, her brother

But other souls have expired like milk after returning from that jungle
While their macabre blood-filled ghosts twist and sway
In the darkened wings of a society that does not know
Or does not care to hear the beat, the rhythm of their
Story in alleys and wine and quiet insanity