Many Knowledge Groupies
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Many knowledge groupies, they are experts and have firm beliefs in stupid things—Like E=mc² or I before E, except for the other exceptions flying from their forked tongues—Dozens, thousands of them as certain to cause a fevered confusionAs yellow pollen in springTo come and spread the accepted, learned opinions

For example, an academic man believes in what he thinks he sees in flowers and fossils and apesThat truth is in the Law flowing arctic blue in his already decomposing veinsAnd 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 newExplanation 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 statisticsTheir faces smile at the cameras and later tuck in to the truth of TVThey are Distant, disinterested in the bleak harvest they reapThe one of horror in mangled enemies and shame in the forgiving mirror

Some souls linger in the truth of what always has beenDone, caused by the battle cry that is sounded by the ignorant,While the fatally chosen bodies malinger, decayStaying as long as truth in the seething, forgotten belly of a foreign jungleBecause 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