

# Christmas on Wall Street

## *Occupying Humanity*

December 25, 2011

by Dan Rutt, alias "Top Pun" (it's just, my pun name)

This epic poem

can be

found at:

[TopPun.com/Christmas-on-Wall-Street.pdf](http://TopPun.com/Christmas-on-Wall-Street.pdf)



DEDICATED TO:

Occupy Wall Street protesters across this great land  
who are putting some skin in the game  
to make a better world for all

and

Jesus, who put some skin on God,  
and who totally rocks,  
even in the face of Christianity

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(except, of course, for this text, which makes the page not blank;  
but, if, this text were not here,  
then, you would not know that it is supposed to not be here)

## The Dawn



I had a dream: that people the whole world over woke up...

Awaken from the dark tunnel of Wall Street

Viewed best looking eastward from that Trinity Place

There is only one rising star this night

The best and the brightest

Enough to put to shame every blinking light

A cross, the nation

Towering above Wall Street

And even the end all and be all, Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive

Yet feeling so close that you can touch it, even taste it

From this star light

Snow falls, like tiny falling stars

Each it's own wish

Yearning to come true

Glistening to our highest hopes

Wanting to occupy our humanity

This snow has been falling gently awe night

One flake after another, each unique

Though unseen by most, they gather

The Wall Street lamp flicks off

The lights at the end of the tunnel

Turned off

By automatons

Without the warmth of human hands

It dawns on U.S.

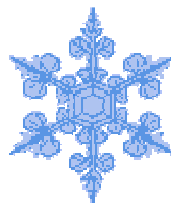
An alternative source of energy is needed

And the Sun rises

As for the first time

But certainly not the last

The beginning is near



Like a peoples' congress  
That is, without the capital  
A manger-y flock  
Tents-ly making  
Hay!?  
Who turned on the AC, D.C.?  
That highway to hell  
Paved with good in tension  
Un-till it freezes over  
Though thinly cloaked  
Now we're cooking  
In this chili time of year  
Yet we need not be apprehensive  
The heat will be here soon enough



## The Bull

Lurking near buy  
So-called self-made men  
Making a satyr of one's self  
Fauning over themselves  
Roamin' centaur-ions  
Whose name is Legion, for we are money  
Panning Left, and then Right  
A half-ass caricature  
Drawing upon  
In-courage-a-bull  
Night and day traitors  
More, more, more like  
A loan wolf packing  
Yet unable to bear  
Answering the call  
Cell! Cell! Cell!



Captivatingly a-droid at celling out  
Somehow, you've got to hand it to them

Each nose flare

It flies

Like pigs no less!

Butt they keep coming back

Snorting that white power

Like theirs know tomorrow

Prominently un-a-wear

The one thing

They really produce!

Quaintly reminding us, "We don't recall products!"

Dapper as they may be

ITS

Time for a change!

Suffering from Gomer piles

Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

Let's coin a new phase

What we mint to ask

Are we too pristine too

Hit 'em in the blizzard

The long mourning shadow of the Wall Street Bull

Standing in sharp contrast to the purity of the new snowfall

An unmistakable I-con

The bull, knee deep, as usual, yet today

For even in this winter of discontent

Snow falls on the just and the unjust

A cold blanket for this homie-less bull

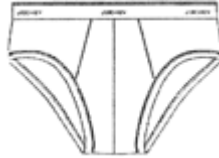
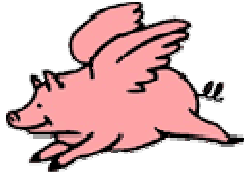
Whose matchless, icy stare

Though fair in height

Yields only the third degree

Even after much fast talk and countless hollow words

Vainly offering fuel futures, but no actual fuel



Stealing warmth, even from frozen tundra  
Such fuelishness will have its mettle tested today  
Vainly looking for alloys as insurance against tough times  
This is not the kind of cover-up it is used to dealing with  
Coming to a head  
God doesn't lay a single finger on him  
Yet a single bird flips about  
A sparrow nests in the powdered wig of the coming justice  
The bulls eye upon the sparrow  
For simply winging it as the Creator intended  
Incapable of spotting such a priceless goad:  
"Jump!"



"Use your golden parachute, if you like; that is, if you are in a hurry."

But no worry  
There is no real life in this golden boy calf  
Though it glitters of goaled marketing data  
Bought and overpaid for  
IT



Nose of blood, but not its own  
Less useful than a piss pot  
This bull cannot hold water  
Not even a pint  
To yellow this snow  
With a last ditch golden offering  
of H-E-L-P!



Creating even the slightest little slush fun on its own  
(and as usual, nothing trickles down)

But to know Vail!  
As the corporate jets  
Leering elsewhere  
For they have zero interest  
To look down on this glorious day  
For I'm pathetic





Even a dog can make his mark  
With a golden snow job  
And in a pinch sometimes eats its own  
How backward is that!?  
I suspect that such a dyslexic God  
Would mirrorly curse  
If it could Spot anything  
For even the tail sometimes wags the dog  
But not here  
Could it get any  
Shoddier than this?  
Down below  
As its brass balls hang, sterile  
For it can't even do it  
Vainly hoping for a bumper crop  
Butt hay  
It's unable even to show its empt-y-earnings  
While workers of the world come together!  
Yet it desires to be called "Sire"  
Surly this is not the beast you can do!  
S.O.B.-ing "We're broke"  
Left unsatisfied  
Lonely to discover that the division of mergers and acquisitions  
Has always been about subtraction not multiplication  
Full of mis-givings  
Desperately seeking 200% proof  
It-faced with evidence  
Knead again and again  
Still, has it become a parent yet  
That there is a little downsize, sum seedy underbelly, to every economy-sized  
thingy  
Could a child support such imbusement  
Is it doable?

dog god



Could this snake be molten

Uncovering

A cast of thousands  
of tin cups

To hold that which is hallowed  
To spare each sacred globe



And lust but not leased, a penal colony

A loan with their own barren mutual fun

A bunch of mothers with edifice complexes

Self-loving daddy's girls wishing for more than an Electra fence

for their stolen goods



A no charm school

For sweet hex cons

There only grace, to never really be hung

For being their enemies' banned it

Just for portend

Still, ever-last-stingily gathering like flies

A traction so incurable

Suit-able for only greedy pigs consuming scruples with abandon

How can we right such wrongs

Penned for life

Become-s-killed at

Making first class coach

Con jurors never again!

Sow it a peers!

Reclaiming that in-F-able humanity

Which some believe was immaculately de-funct

Never the lass

Too witch spell are they under

That they cannot tell the difference between deification and defecation?

You don't have to have a B.S. in finance to know that

Certainly these are no men of letters

Except perhaps for their stock tickers



Sheepishly bleating like four letter cymbals  
Only taking heart from their cruel shares  
Is it actually possible to un-learn, this bull  
Any slower and it would be going backward  
Suffering from motionless sickness  
Who cars?



Auto-manically responding, "Baal me!"  
Out!



Instead

Moss grows

Collecting greenbacks

On the lighter side of darkness

After all, what else good is a move he?

Like a Christmas Story where you just shoot your eye out

Search your art

Luke, I am your fodder

Go figure!

This bull, a model citizen

For who's even going to read a book?!

Maybe for a Princes Bribe

As per sued by a dreaded pirate, Robbered

Bobbing and weaving, sored in hand

Not to plum it, from a cliff notes

Inconceivable!

A-parently, a Sicilian thing, in a family way

In the end, only beat by poisoning one's own cup

Still, still, still

A pitcher worth a thousand words

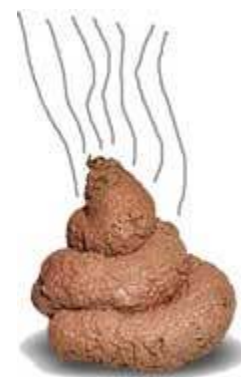
It produces

Noah-steam

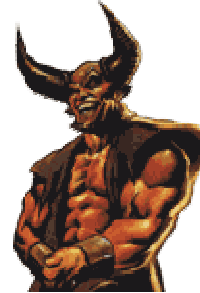
On the arisin' (on a coaled day)

Awashin' cash

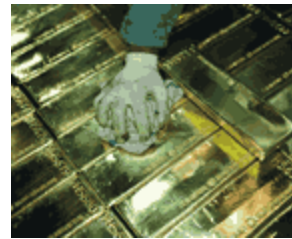
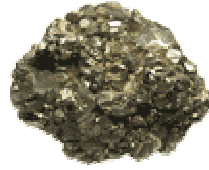
Reigning a bout 40 days and 40 nights



The arc sending out a warming, below  
As we dove, holding out for an olive branch  
Only to land  
The only place doable  
Still, going nowhere fast  
With two bleeping horns  
And a forked tail more suitable for a pan handle  
Let's loose-a-fur  
Playing hard bald  
I'll Gore election  
Hay!  
He about bales, Bub  
Untill it's about dark, Lord  
Of the flies  
Nearer the end than we might like  
Stacked deep  
The feeled empty  
At this point  
Like some half-breed mule (a hoarse-ass?)  
Equidistant between two bales of hay  
An immovable object  
Meeting the infinite farce  
Of its own fruitless gluttony  
Its acquisitiveness udderly unfulfilling  
Ravenous, "Nevermore!"  
And for its great feat  
Like four studs  
Holding up  
What remains  
To the outsider, beggar than life-size  
Still, dead as adore knell  
Its only mate  
A trophied wives tale



As nary herd of old  
Vainly swatting flies  
Similarly attracted to that witch fuels goaled  
Yet, never quite able to get 'em off  
Still, slamming  
Like a Red Bull in a China shop  
Crying "Charge!"  
Only to crash  
Barren its hope to knock something up  
It seems a pity, such fertile eyes her  
The winnow of the sole  
Going  
To waste  
Per hips, if she just buffed up a bit  
Somewhere between the stoned age and bronze age  
And perchance going for the varnished tooth  
Plus passably seeing a surge-in plasticity  
Only to be left  
The butt of a polish joke (its capital wore saw)  
Settling for anything ending with ski  
Visited upon occasionally by a-luring Ass-pen  
The only Geneva-like Convention recognizable at all  
It has-been, enough to tarnish those golden ears  
And you can rub the belly of the beast  
666 times if you like  
But you will get nothing  
Except perhaps hard luck  
There will be no three wishes  
Like a lad in  
A manger  
Like a homeless Jew  
In Palestine  
Unlikely to get anywhere



A hopeless stall mate  
 And just  
 Waiting for some Ahab Spring  
 To be lost to history  
 Like the King Ahab of Israel, overshadowed by his better-known wife, Jezebel  
 Known for her love of false profits  
 Arab Spring my lass!  
 Take Salomé, a cool drink of water and consort of Herod  
 Herod, a titular "King of the Jews" and a Roamin' client king  
 Salomé dished John, a head of her time  
 Unveiling a baptism of deceit  
 Or maybe you would like to hear of Moby Dick, a story tall  
 Where Ahab is not a fisher of men, but a fisher of some fishy mammal  
 Perhaps some man derivative  
 Not even qualifying as a fish tale!  
 "Whale, whale, whale!" he blubbers on and on  
 And without a leg to stand on, he seeks right-eous retribution  
 Until there is only one Left, or even none Left  
 Lamely intolerant of anyone who needs a crutch or even hand up  
 And everyone ends up a two-time loser, whether caught or not  
 Who will buy these cock and bull stories!?  
 This beast of burdened in effigy  
 Surrounded by unheard sheep  
 Facing a proto-lariat  
 Of one, a cord  
 We've got noose for you  
 We are not cowed by a reverent collar  
 For it be hooves us  
 Knowing that if it ever got a leg up on us  
 We'd have a foot, or more  
 Up to our necks  
 Our flipping coins taken  
 Like lunch money



The bull he saying  
Heads I win, tails you lose  
As if, shaking his head  
Unafraid of any yarn we may spin  
Stringing us along  
This tie really works for me!  
We can't help  
But recognize the irony  
In buying the very same line  
That blinds him up  
Putting on heirs  
Look, I'm potentate  
A cash cow who seas red  
Well, this 1% milk is not going to cut it anymore  
Beat it, if you can  
We are looking forward to butter days  
And man does not live by bred alone  
Neither does this bull!  
No one with common cents would come from afar  
Let alone wise men  
Though some grooming bribes-to-be  
Have been found in the company of wise guys  
With a wholly ghost of a chance of any good coming from that  
Singular bull  
Ignoring any Trinity of visitors  
Chuck Dickens they say  
Hundreds of Christmases passed  
Happy holidays, if in fact, you can say that  
And know lack-of-focus groups to speak to that  
According to the North poll they Gallup away red-nosed  
From any allusion  
Contracting some sin-drome  
From witch even a sanity clause couldn't save them



Although the rumor might send coal futures soaring  
Enough to console their tiny heart, three sizes too small  
Stealing everything except a kiss under the mistletoe  
Due to some military-industrial complex  
That somehow can't be overcome  
As for Christmas present  
Layoff



Nobody wants to take responsibility for that bad wrap  
And as for Christmas futures  
Trading Good Friday for Black Friday  
Looks great on the quarterly report  
But in the mourning  
What shall we know of prize-winning turkeys?

Somebody will have a cow  
And the bull keeps coming  
More like Chuck Brown  
Waiting for it to fly  
But playing a little Lucy  
Finding out who has our back  
Sliding down that slippery slope  
That the Johns have left  
The whores



Hurting like the Dickens  
All ways Scrooged  
A new-fang\_ed advent season (observe No\_1)  
Virtual pioneers settling for artificially pining  
For the day of just thee stooges  
Just do it  
And nobody gets hurts  
But is this the end of the story?  
Is it true  
You can't lick it  
Though nothing is dumber





Specifically below zero  
If you get too close it will catch your tongue  
Unable to speak, unable to even turn away  
Though you may end up with the New York police at your service  
Hoping a bull proof vest meant  
Safely entering an arena, a haven for masses  
Not a speculators sport  
Unfortunately, as everyone knows, in bullfighting  
Bulls will only see red  
Weather red ink or blood  
No matter  
When one is too big to flail  
Idol-ing  
Hopelessly stuck in a neutrality  
Advantaging the status quo in a loaded way  
Poor into the streets  
Boo's  
For an economy not in recovery  
Never on the wagon, but following closely behind in a caravan of stretch limos  
(Apparently, close enough for anti-government work)  
What more do they need?!

Bottling again and again  
And pure spirits are consumed, one by one  
X specters with vanishing hope  
As taking wiki-leaks all over  
And in the end, Scrooged again  
Betraying such a grave situation  
Hear lies the 99%  
Told we are too little to make a difference  
And the 1%, the "There is no room in the inn" group  
Tell us they are too big to fail

## It Hits the Fan



Even before Man created blight, God said, "Occupy the earth." (Genesis 1:28)  
So be it!

A Genesis for all

Including Chapter 11, the Tower of Babel

A cautionary tale of moral bankruptcy

Where the 1% said, "Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a tower that reaches to the heavens, so that we may make a name for ourselves; otherwise we will be scattered over the face of the whole earth." (Genesis, Chapter 11:4)

They called it "The Big Apple"

Rotten to the corp(s)

Its millions of inhabitants

Huddled masses earning to be free

Reduced to a few bytes

A social security numb-er

And scoring some credit

The crack in the American pipe dream

And the belle of liberty

Lady Liberty takes a hit

Abridged to an outlandish French gag

Disarmed *and* with their hands up

For-merely a-muse meant

In dependence

We are free, won and all

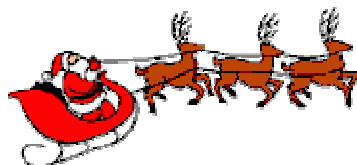
Our gratis achievement

Under-mined

For it makes no cents

Our union bust

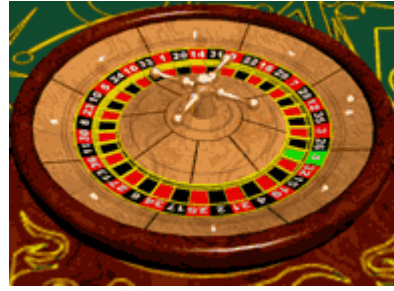
Reining government



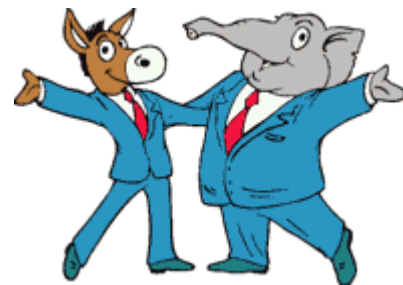
Christmas slay  
Deer John let her  
Free speech  
With unbridled doe  
Where will the buck stop?  
This land is your land, mine land, and the wrest  
No man island  
And Ellis closer than won-might-think  
But through the confidence men  
We are tolled, "Nothing is free"  
And as we know, *it* has been provided in abundance  
Incredibly, it happens  
With and without mass debating  
Forced to matriculate before class  
Learning the hard way  
The "means" of production  
Subhuman marks, it's informed they have no class  
Yet bizaarly war fair  
Here and goon before we "no" it  
Instantly passé that statue of limitations  
Left in the lurch  
Nothing more a lady could say!!  
Gather all ye  
Gather all ye who can no longer afford the free market  
Gather all ye who have been Gored by one too many elections  
We gust right  
They are flurrying like cockroaches  
From the light of the new fallen snow  
If you get my drift  
They gust left  
Re-lying upon a void  
They can do nothing  
Butt pass wind



In shock and awe, we are greeded  
Welcome to the casino economy!  
But who are these minimum wagers?  
Ante this, ante that, ante everything!  
Pay no attention to our credit raiding  
Did someone say "aid and abet"  
Lotta re-possessed  
Wile they cut the cards  
Scheming from top to bottom  
Our proctor and gamble  
Charmin our Pampers off  
Beholden all that's Left  
But to believe it's our chance  
Rolling our pair-a-dice  
It's all in the risk  
Irrational and exorbitantly bubbling on and on  
"Certainly, we need certainty"  
The house, we must always win  
A Visa to a-stranged places  
Going those extra miles as you are submarined to new heights  
And Discover there is no equity in your own home  
Where is home, land security when you need it?!  
For-close at hand  
What remains to move afar Left?  
And in a totally campy move  
You stand to lose  
Even your tent  
Leaving only a day's worth of ciao between you and the Empire State  
So, it is when you raise the stakes  
To strike  
Deep in the Vampire State  
A threat to those undead who feed off the life of others  
Colonizing darkness



Whorified when exposed to daylight  
Thou dust have no real heart and no reflection  
Who only want us to believe  
That Count Chocula is mirrorly a killer product, of the serial variety  
That generals mill  
For all in tents and purposes  
Such a restless nativity will not be tolerated  
For there will be only one circus in this town!  
Says the lyin' of Wall Street (while the woman does the work)  
And the donkey and the elephant are with me  
In case you can't already tell by the mess we are in  
Bye buying their time  
Wading  
For the right time  
The extreme right time!  
Always around the next coroner  
Yet still waste deep  
With "more bids, more bids!"  
A carny appeal  
A feudal hearing  
Shill cries of  
..it creek  
As it collapses under its own wait  
..it happens!  
For then, even the shepherdless sheep  
Cry in unison  
"Baaaaaaaad"  
In an alter-native way  
Join us  
Biblically  
That when one goes  
Two appear  
We will not be divided



We will multiply

*"Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has been pleased to give you the kingdom. Sell your possessions and give to the poor. Provide purses for yourselves that will not wear out, a treasure in heaven that will never fail, where no thief comes near and no moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." (Luke 18-32-34)*

At this, they declare unclear war

What could they possibly want?

Unlike the clarity of the war in Iraq, the war in Afghanistan, the war on drugs, and the compelling reasons why the U.S. military occupies most of the planet's nations

Yet, reason remains as unclear as your wars

Do you want the 1%, the trillions of reasons that have evaporated like hits on a crack pipe?

Yikes! And you want us to stay off the grass!

Park it, people!

As you drug us on your high horses

Or, do you want the 99%, the 300 million of U.S., whose souls hit the streets to make this country work?

Choosing between guns or butter

Or, perhaps more aptly, puns or Imperial margarine

Be little left to say, "Let them eat pasteurized, processed, imitation, cheese food product"

We want the real thing

Not some coke

Though we'd settle for little baby cheeses

Oh, what Great Expectations!

Author! Author!

But we've been there, done that

And we've been goosed enough already

Subjected to perpetual poppa gander



Engendering misconceptions  
That to win the human race  
You are obliged to be rat racist  
Only to be let known



That there is a full quota of stereotypists  
And the club members are all guise  
Telling  
Off-color  
Jokes  
The truth is strangers are friction  
There are plenty of jobs  
Nobody wants  
The niggardly only get what is warranted  
And what close-fisted mother  
Would make-believe there is such a thing as easy labor?!  
Indubitably, you can have as much domestic help as you want  
And you can toil it anywhere  
As long as you have the proper papers

Green that is  
Like ill eagle  
Americans  
Not U.S.



A cross water  
Boarding  
With wiley coyotes  
"Why would a chicken go to the other side?"  
They can only ax

Like fencing in the breeze  
Bordering on loco law enforcement  
Trying to catch some beeping roadrunner  
Blowing up in our face  
Just giving U.S. a bad case of Acme  
Zits a foul thing, creating innumerable ex-patriots



Dealing with Xena-phobia and fearing Lawless (am I getting too Lucy here?!)  
How will we get over it  
That picket fence  
Steeling from labor  
On the downsize  
Feverishly cutting  
Like some staff infection, some foreign bug  
What can passibly salve us?  
Never wanting to experience such hospitality  
And that first quest in  
What has brought you here?  
Was it the exorbitant premium  
That is, a free wallet-ectomy with every visit  
With the creeping co-pays  
Overgrown deductible  
And/or an anemic bank account?  
After your background check bounces  
They determine that your credit score is untreatable  
Soon to learn what it means to be medically indignant  
Ignoring your chief complaint  
I don't know, looks like some red something or other  
What is Left?!  
Have you now or ever had a pre-existing condition  
Like in a heartbeat, they ask  
If so, then you must be born again  
Though, technically, that's not covered either  
Nevertheless, we have plenty of people to prey on you  
There is nothing a little faith and a good fortune can't fix, no?  
We will send you down to the die agnostic floor  
Where our scan artists will insure someone is starving fast  
Butt they know, you are all ways at best partially covered  
Your ass swinging in the wind  
Regardless of the outcome





You dread already  
Unable to fill M.D. promises  
With the only house calls made by bill collectors  
Oh, the ancient cry, to even to touch the hem of His garment  
Wondering why you give blood, donate your organs to this science fiction  
A slick care system to die for  
Taking your breath away too  
Know such thing as a stupid question  
Man, are you a veteran now  
Do you have a veterinarian  
Where healthcare is  
You're a human right?  
We could do a PET scan  
Just to be sure  
We'll send you onto a special list  
Until men in white coats come to take you away  
They might as well be law suits  
Being surgically removed  
To remove pressure on their bloated profits  
Immune to mere common cents, dollareds beyond belief  
Spending more doctoring the books  
Wile writing you off as a medical loss  
That procedure, hah, not on the social list  
Meanwhile, others are having leisure surgery  
And assorted best enhancements (what boobs!)  
As the golf widens  
Par for the course  
It's a bout  
Club privileges!  
How Viagra-vated must we get!  
Just open wide  
And say, "Yaaaaaaacht!"  
Or continue puddling about



Ignoring side affects

Pay no attention to the 1% behind the curtain

Jōb creators of Biblical proportions

Flailing miser-a-bully to make God abettor

Wanting to end occupations

A Potter of a Wonderful Life

Fired

Up the economy!

Kiln people

No matter how hard they dry

On the lookout for the hired ground

Yet no one throwing in the towel

Will the last George bail he?

On a bridge to nowhere

From the drear of the assemblage comes a cry "Jump!"

To those on high

Seeming to have covered all the angels

Is there even one

Save us!

Clearance, our only Deliverance

Will fast currency sweep us away

Wanting

Rivers of money and not a drop

Fore-most

Tolled again, "Thirst things thirst."

These underworld fiends with benefits

Consider it

A mere soaking

As an interruption of business as use you all

But in due course, they end up as enemas and run out

Row after row

We austere at the same time

And when stern we're called aft



Cain un-Abel to make a deference  
 In God wee trust  
 When theirs a run on the bank  
 What does it take  
 To bargain to save a brother  
 The nearest homm e to you, underwater to death  
 Is such response-ability passable  
 Too a measly errant boy  
 of a mourning druggist  
 De-faulting  
 To those who have an ear left, "Hear!"  
 To every gaffer, "See!"  
 It's no blunder these new senses are critical  
 What miracle is it to slip UP?!  
 Here come-passion!  
 I'm down  
 Loading a million apps (and like sum 'not see')  
 Like a concentration camp  
 Killing one's self  
 And many a temp  
 A million odd jobs  
 Oh, to be class-ified  
 As we part time and money  
 Willing to take it, any position they want  
 Once again engendering anti-trust  
 Played by a monopoly man  
 Reading railroaded  
 With nowhere to go  
 A little B.O.'d  
 Forced to die for Park Place  
 Go to jail  
 Do not pass, go!  
 Another circular game



B. & O. RAILROAD	
Rent	\$ 25.
If 2 RR.'s are owned	50.
If 3 " " " "	100.
If 4 " " " "	200.
Mortgage Value	\$ 100.

READING RAILROAD	
Rent	\$ 25.
If 2 RR.'s are owned	50.
If 3 " " " "	100.
If 4 " " " "	200.
Mortgage Value	\$ 100.

Roll the dice

Where land determines your fate (and where borin', pay attention!)

Some colors being worth a lot more than others

Collect the whole set!

From Parker Brothers, a subsidiary of Has-bro

This world is flat

And to leave would

Mean

Falling

Off the edge

Graven images

Supposed to represent people

But don't

Yet make claims

The same rights

As people

And money talks

As freely

As wee the people

And the only way to win

Is to bankrupt all others

This class war games

Where the only sane move he

Made

Is not to play

And on that day taunt us

Only whiz kids know

The only deeds worth wile

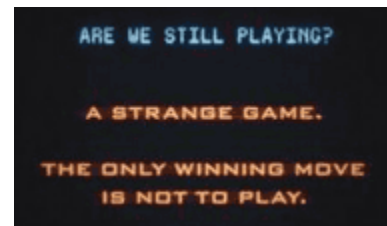
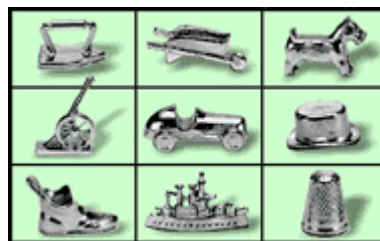
Are property rites

Claiming only they know what realty is

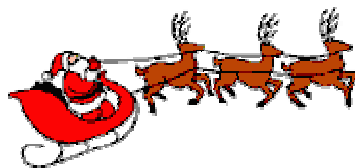
The only piece maid deer enough to be had (for doe, by bucks, game on!)

Dwell in hotels

Plus billed transitory houses



Moving  
Like pawns  
Beaten they're chess  
In artless warfare  
Buy the way  
Santa Claus isn't coming to town this year  
We'll have none of that  
Transporting coal without a permit  
The city cold must be enforced  
Santa reined in  
Deer me!  
Slaying like triple time  
All present  
And lookers  
A gift hoarse in the mouth  
No room  
Yet Boards everywhere  
Renting control  
From anon-native influences  
Trinket worshippers  
24 bucks and change  
And, I suspect  
40 pieces of silver  
Betrayed like sum Manhattan Projects  
Accrual joke  
That ate millions  
Yet only room for 1  
I land like  
Lust Survivor  
Calling the vote off  
Reserved for land owners  
Certainly not for a migrant worker  
And a bunch of animals



Crying out  
 What Ell-is this island?!  
 Only to be met with a judicious re-tort  
 "Buy, buy accrual world"  
 Sow they say  
 Fed  
 Up  
 With U.N. civil unions (even mere age! -- see Social Security)  
 And all that rigor moral  
 Right  
 To work  
 State  
 Requirements  
 Vary  
 Temporary aid to needy families  
 Neither working nor class  
 Having it both ways  
 Neither volunteers nor paid  
 Yet free somehow  
 To have 'cakes'  
 And eat it too  
 Caught like  
 Some merry anti-net  
 Too frayed  
 To stick one's neck out  
 Having been issued countless wardens  
 Such official-dom  
 Paid regardless  
 Resist the preoccupation  
 With Faux News  
 Telling us that it is easier to believe that 99% of Americans are lazy than to  
 believe that 1% might be greedy  
 Ignore their vain offerings



Offering silicone implants instead of mother's milk  
Offering spectator sports instead of participatory democracy  
Offering a poverty draft, washed down by plenty of draft beer  
Offering erectile dysfunction  
But, no worries  
As long as awash in Viagra  
We will still manage to get screwed every time  
Feel free  
To reject a whirled  
Where corporations are people and people are expenses, and expendable  
Where capital is more free to move around than labor  
Where capital rules every capitol worldwide, and labor must get a Visa  
Where our economy is billed by the lowest bidder  
A-mass-ing a host of Commissions  
And using them against U.S.  
As expectorated  
Law enforcement arrives in full farce  
Will this be the day that the rule of law prevails?  
Bring it on!  
Will this be the day that the financial acrobats learn the gravity of the situation?  
No longer weightless, soaring above the unemployment lines and the bread lines?  
Will this be the SWAT to these flies!  
Bring it on!  
Orwell we be enforcing park rules over peaceable assemblies?  
Orwell we be enforcing city littering codes while the global economy is being  
trashed, and the cabal responsible trashes new frontiers?  
Orwell we be jailing peaceful protesters while bailing out billionaire bankers with  
taxpayers' money?

"You will be hated by everyone because of me, but the one who stands firm  
to the end will be saved." (Matthew 10:22)

"Was there ever a prophet your ancestors did not persecute?" (Acts 7:52a)

"Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse. Rejoice with those who rejoice; mourn with those who mourn. Live in harmony with one another. Do not be proud, but be willing to associate with people of low position. Do not be conceited. Do not repay anyone evil for evil. Be careful to do what is right in the eyes of everyone. If it is possible, as far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone. Do not take revenge, my dear friends, but leave room for God's wrath, for it is written: 'It is mine to avenge; I will repay,' says the Lord. On the contrary: 'If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him something to drink. In doing this, you will heap burning coals on his head.' Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good." (Romans 12:14-21)

"Blessed are you when people hate you, when they exclude you and insult you and reject your name as evil, because of the Son of Man. Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, because great is your reward in heaven. For that is how their ancestors treated the prophets. But woe to you who are rich, for you have already received your comfort. Woe to you who are well fed now, for you will go hungry. Woe to you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep. Woe to you when everyone speaks well of you, for that is how their ancestors treated the false prophets." (Luke 6:22-26)

**WARNING: In the darkness you will be**

**Subject to night mayors**

**Bringing out the Calvary**

**Yes men**

**Sir reel public safety net**

**So trying**

**To steal whatever change**

**Like taking**

**Canned**

**He**

**From a baby**





Jesus!  
What kind  
Of occupation is this  
Occupying public orifice  
Who else?!  
Bloomberg's army, the seventh largest in the world  
Almost like a corporate personhood  
All of the rights  
None of the accountability  
Culpable of most anything  
You can't make this stuff up!  
A countenance  
To round up  
The unusual suspects  
Tempting to restore our public squares  
Buy offering the protesters stocks  
Only where share has a different meaning  
And stock is for making soup  
Long with some loaves and fishes  
O.K., and maybe a little whine  
Never-the-less, it's a MR.E  
How they feed the troops  
Like flour power  
Serving and protecting  
Like replacement clogs  
Raging against the machine  
Or sew it seams  
In the vicinity of the riot gear (to guard their privates)  
Feigning a tact  
As is this season's style  
Out-land-ishly does peace suit  
Stainless steel cuffs  
This year's outfits provided by Homeland security



Always room for some pork in the budget  
Enough clubs for all  
So few dare challenge such a phallusy  
Not quite kosher, rather like Armoured hot dogs  
Augmented with a little catch-up  
To Spot

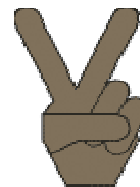


Who is the fascist (and/or racist)  
Relishing a good pepper spray  
So even the pros stir for 20 to 30 minutes  
Might I recommend won, circa 1984  
With those crocodile tears  
Though a bit over don  
Catering to afar riot agenda  
The men-u know well

To teach the whored a lessen  
To end the righters block  
More than a little chat'll due  
Armed only with each other  
Bending toward just us  
Wanting a peace of this action  
A peaceable assembly line  
Building a better tomorrow  
Is it posed to be



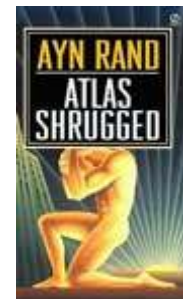
Just  
A walk in the park  
They don't raise but so many fingers  
Perhaps a tip of the hat to the digital divide  
And to what it takes to live long and prosper  
But on what planet!  
What an Enterprise!  
Going where no one has gone before  
In comes the prime directive  
You will be violated



Risk management has spoken and  
The police state  
We will be wearing rubbers for this job  
To do what we do best  
The anticipation alone nearly killing some  
That storied time had come  
Everyone tents  
Hell, it was freezing  
Pigs were flying everywhere  
Hell, he copped her  
And as suspected  
Things went south  
Like batons rouge  
And looking down  
The barrel  
At what must be  
A few bad apples  
So we've been told  
Counter intelligence  
Knuckleheads unable to color outside the lines  
Outliers chalked up as casualty as can be  
Now, flying straight as a Jim Crow  
In-Evita-ably  
They Cussed-her facing some Sitting Bull  
Roger Will Co. knocking, "Over", the last stand  
Weigh above their pay grade  
Somehow having missed the class on what 'de-camp' meant  
Motioning us to break down  
On the other side  
Of lyin' drawn in the sand  
In winds of change  
Drawn and quartered  
Loading the bus



In citing  
Nobodies reading them their rights  
Free dumb riders  
Only guesing  
Where lobby to get someone else to bail us out  
Haughtily, revealing, "We've done it!"  
We've taken into full custody public enemas number 1 and number 2  
Butting in the same old a-commode-ations  
Park Place secure  
Continue as you were  
The police state  
Oils well in the end (that's so sheik)  
The fences are back  
Assuring business as usual  
For high class thieves  
And all things derivative  
Having a virtual ticker tape prayed  
Yestering like a Christmas Adam and Eve  
Biding the Big Apple  
Their Atlas shrugged (And Ranned well)  
And the best boy vanquished another year  
Weathering boom  
Or bust  
Repressing any evolution that comes around  
We'll have no unauthorized monkey business  
Their heir loom weaves hush money  
Never hearing the margin call  
Or seeing the Astor-risk  
To burst their bubble  
So happy with their 401k genes  
So what standardly poors  
Keeping up with the Dow Jones'  
Wresting in that trick'll Dow



Hope against hope  
Master ring the Tao  
Wont to rule them all  
A Token account (we'd say so)  
Mean wile, back at the park  
Deep in the valet



Signs, signs, everywhere a sign  
This Christmas mourn

A notice for all to see  
In the park unfull-filling like jello  
Nailed to a tree



A 30 year mortgage, till full groan  
Not even permit-ing a carpenter to put it right, a would worker

Be fore-men of great evictions  
Wading for good news for the poor  
Proclaiming, "Know protesters aloud!"

And on a snide note  
Thanks for bringing your ass to this party  
Go ahead, wave your palms in the air  
All you want



We won't Passover you  
No matter how many times you say  
I'll be back

On Christmas morn  
Some claimed the churches were half empty  
Others saw them as half full of it  
Most were preoccupied within hallowed walls  
Not noticing the offerings pouring into the streets  
Will the churches empty themselves  
Like chaff to a rich man  
And seed for the poor  
Trading a glittering altar for some real change  
End your idol talk, gladly!

Where is Jubilee?

I'll give you a hint: It's not in Chapter 11

Moral bankruptcy is not a form of cross training

Be like little prophets foreclosing on an unfruitful business

Stop slamming adore

Ouch!

With those sanguine hands

Wash out!

A thousand red coats

Let your little light shine

For they are coming by land and by seas

Like the Apostle Paul reverse such a great conversion

For generations to come



“I hate, I despise your religious festivals; your assemblies are a stench to me. Even though you bring me burnt offerings and grain offerings, I will not accept them. Though you bring choice fellowship offerings, I will have no regard for them. Away with the noise of your songs! I will not listen to the music of your harps. But let justice roll on like a river, righteousness like a never-failing stream! (Amos 5:21-24)

## Making Fertilizer

They shall led by a child

First by Joshua, an apprentice of Moses, who dared cross a sea of red

Joshua, who garnered first naming rights, to Jesus, the English transliteration

Joshua, aka "Jesus son of Nun"

Does that ring a bell?!

Preparing the way

Not to be miss-taken with the golden Johns to come later

Heckled and Jeckled for a thousand jeers

"Yule eat crow!"

"U.N. what army?!"



Joshua, like some baton-less banned leader  
Addresses the general assembly  
Give me a week, and a trumpet section working at ample scale  
Getting around town a-working class  
Like never heard before  
Echoing again and again  
And the Wall Street will come crashing down, N-Y minute now!  
The walls of Jerk Co. were the first  
Moore to come, Roger that -- No bad Bonds -- Mike check!  
Stay tuned! These revolutions will not be tele-advised  
Down with Big Brother and all his peeps  
The FBI, CIA, NSA  
These men of letters to make freedom academic  
Give us the Alpha and Omega  
Though Greek to you  
Jesus is what democracy looks like!



"Whoever desires to become great among you shall be your servant. And whoever of you desires to be first shall be slave of all." (Mark 10:43-44)

Some speculators conjecture  
Is this some Tea Party?  
Hoping to throw something, anything!  
A fit  
to a T  
We never metaphor  
So poorly suited  
Where is this hittin' evidence  
Part of some secret tribunal?  
There is no green Tea Party  
There is no black Tea Party  
So what's Left?  
It must be a white-tea party

Until every last one is poored from cracked pots  
And the tooth is chippened

"From everyone who has been given much, much will be demanded; and from the one who has been entrusted with much, much more will be asked." (Luke 12:48b)

"No one can serve two masters. Either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and money." (Matthew 6:24)

"Our desire is not that others might be relieved while you are hard pressed, but that there might be equality. At the present time your plenty will supply what they need, so that in turn their plenty will supply what you need. The goal is equality, as it is written: 'The one who gathered much did not have too much, and the one who gathered little did not have too little.'"  
” (2 Corinthians 8:13-15)

" 'For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me...Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.'  
(Matthew 25:35-36, 40)

“Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen: to loose the chains of injustice and untie the cords of the yoke, to set the oppressed free and break every yoke? Is it not to share your food with the hungry and to provide the poor wanderer with shelter - when you see the naked, to clothe them, and not to turn away from your own flesh and blood? Then your light will break forth like the dawn, and your healing will quickly appear; then your righteousness will go before you, and the glory of the LORD will



be your rear guard. Then you will call, and the LORD will answer; you will cry for help, and he will say: Here am I. (Isaiah 58:6-9)

"Whoever claims to love God yet hates a brother or sister is a liar." (1 John 4:20)

"What good is it, my brothers and sisters, if someone claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save them? Suppose a brother or a sister is without clothes and daily food. If one of you says to them, 'Go in peace; keep warm and well fed,' but does nothing about their physical needs, what good is it? In the same way, faith by itself, if it is not accompanied by action, is dead." (James 2:14-17)

"Woe to him who builds his palace by unrighteousness, his upper rooms by injustice, making his own people work for nothing, not paying them for their labor. He says, 'I will build myself a great palace with spacious upper rooms.' So he makes large windows in it, panels it with cedar and decorates it in red. Does it make you a king to have more and more cedar? Did not your father have food and drink? He did what was right and just, so all went well with him. He defended the cause of the poor and needy, and so all went well. Is that not what it means to know me? declares the LORD." (Jeremiah 22:13-16)

"The ax is already at the root of the trees, and every tree that does not produce good fruit will be cut down and thrown into the fire.' 'What should we do then?' the crowd asked. John answered, 'Anyone who has two shirts should share with the one who has none, and anyone who has food should do the same.' " (Luke 3:9-11)

**Word!!**

**Seeing is believing**

**In parks and public squares across the land**

"All the believers were one in heart and mind. No one claimed that any of their possessions was their own, but they shared everything they had...And God's grace was so powerfully at work in them all that there were no needy persons among them." (Acts 4:32, 34a)

Then, from the Department of Divisions and False Profits, an unholy-owned subsidiary of a yet-to-be-named front corporation, a very limited liability corporation, came the following press release:

Though Wall Street profits speak freely for themselves, this is what we greed to:

You have heard it said, "If you have two cloaks, give one to someone who has none." But, due to inflation, the terminally low standards of Wall Street execs, and negotiations behind closed doors by people who know things that we don't, I tell you, "If you have two homes, give one to someone who has none; unless, of course, you really need that extra home, then, it's O.K."

You have heard it said, "You shall not murder, and anyone who murders will be subject to judgment." But I tell you, due to bulk discounts, issues of national sovereignty, the disassembly of international laws, and having a totally kick-ass, shock-and-awe army, "foreign policy shall be exempt when aggregating multiple murders" -- where such aggregation takes into proper account the weighted value of American versus non-American lives, typically between 100:1 and 5,000:1; of course, adjusting for race/ethnicity, religion, socioeconomic status, and other factors that cannot be revealed for national security reasons (lest we have to kill you).

You have heard that it was said, 'You shall not commit adultery.'" But I tell you, "the definition of 'commit' is under official review; in any case, this only applies only to uncertain individuals, not entire nations or economic

systems; and there is that little somethin' somethin' about working girls being exempt."

You have heard it said, "Do not break your oath." But I tell you, due to convoluted and intentionally muddled language, as well as rampant non-disclosure agreements, "Oaths are for display purposes only and should not be construed to have any real meaning."

You have heard it said, "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." But I tell you, due to a new kind of never-ending war on terrorism and on anything that might possibly be mistaken for terrorism; and, of course, necessary wars, declared and undeclared; and, don't forget, police actions, both domestic and foreign, "We suggest that this should be a family decision, preferably kept in the home, if you have one."

You have heard it said, "Give to the one who asks you, and do not turn away from the one who wants to borrow from you." But I tell you, due to privacy restrictions on credit reports, incomprehensible lending agreements, and undisclosed arbitrary prejudices, "Submit your first-born for collateral and we'll get back to you, with only an occasional crucifixion, literal or otherwise."

YES, we have heard it said, "Blah, blah, blah, yada, yada, yada; including but not limited to, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera." But we tell you, "It ain't necessarily so."

Have we been overherd?  
Big Brother watching over us  
Thought police just doing what they do  
That Obama-nation of sheep  
Bleaten down  
But listen in to call  
In Los Angeles speak  
How fa LA LA LA LA (where code can't break 'em)



Where the stars are  
Announcing the won  
A sign greater  
Than Holly would



To free us from Yokeland, to Maine streets, everywhere!  
The ideal list

Sky righting  
As they say  
Reach for the sky  
Pointing fingers at somebody else  
Flat on our backs  
Still looking up  
Daring to believe



In those shooting stars  
"Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."

God, how could anyone bridge this gap?

Out of touch

Out of reach

Offering only constellation prizes

Ready to beat

The Vaguest odds (go Vegans!)

With the-logical under-pinings

We don't need to be shot by some naive cupid

What heavenly angle

Could bring together the right wing and the left wing

A pro-claim

"Be not frayed"

Sticking together in the face of night sticks

Pre-dicked-ably, to be published in the Herald

The good tide is coming!

A new day for the shiftless

Let's bridge the gap!

That is at least 99%

What is humanly possible  
What more could you ask for?!  
Could we divine more than that?  
Well, in Los Angeles speak  
L.A.-ing in a manger  
Find him in a crib  
Worthy of the finest wrap stars  
God, you the man!!  
Still, the 1% pitifully miss the whole point  
Only able to react by dis' gust  
"Jesus, what were you, born in a barn!"  
The Spirit of Christmas  
From whence does it come, and from whence does it go  
Who can tell  
The beginning is near  
A stream of people, a fitting tributary to a child born to occupy humanity  
And as the Son sets  
Knowing only the prophet motive  
We will never to be idoled again

"Never again will there be in it an infant who lives but a few days, or an old man who does not live out his years; the one who dies at a hundred will be thought a mere child; the one who fails to reach a hundred will be considered accursed. They will build houses and dwell in them; they will plant vineyards and eat their fruit. No longer will they build houses and others live in them, or plant and others eat. For as the days of a tree, so will be the days of my people; my chosen ones will long enjoy the work of their hands. They will not labor in vain, nor will they bear children doomed to misfortune." (Isaiah 65:20-25)

The end.  
Not!