

Poetry Series

Steph Kjaerbaek
- poems -

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Steph Kjaerbaek()

Proletariat Revolution Blues

Proletarian Revolution Blues

Post-Left that would do
Oppose the authority
Social conformity
The prevailing order
produces economic disorder
Crushed by social conformity
In the middle of the hierarchy
Thinking about the Sex Pistols' Anarchy
A vacation in the UK
but it costs too much to fly these days
Mom's a hag who steals apples in a bag
Siamese eyes, high eyebrows, cautious lies
She wears makeup to the grocery store
as a sort of public disguise
Buy some gas, they tax you, they take your cash
Some government authority.

You degrade yourself once, than more
You go back to degrade yourself
not to even the score
You degrade yourself more
You know exactly what's in store
Another negative losing score
If you can't win, pack it up, give in
and find something else to live for
Better than dying and balling on the floor
of your killing blues of misuse.

I was struck by red lightning
The look on my face was frightening
Standing on Trotsky's grave
Two hours out of Mexico City
With a guard, I'm not so brave
Should I celebrate or take pity
Was he good or bad, no really
What is a permanent revolution

Dying for the cause now
The man's a left-wing social institution
Oh well, now it was sad
but it doesn't make me mad
Time to make that hard decision
taking into account social derision
Mexican beer or margharita
Stay away from the wine, yeah
And that questionable coffee
that needs the addition of a cup
of hot English toffee.

These workers think they have it made
Up all night smoking pot and eating popcorn
Thinking about different ways to get laid
By the newspaper girl or the chambermaid
Down-and-out natives at the bus station
Beggars and buskers who need intoxication
When down-and-out when down-and-out yourself more
You seek opportunity in front of a closed door
Then when it opens up, you call it a bore
Take yourself away to what's in store
A sweet apple left to rot to the core
You've got your history but it's a bore
Lost lands and lost cultures
stories of mythology and creation
but you'd rather not study than score.

Vancouver Island crownie looking for cool cash
Leans out too much waving before his car crash
I was sitting inside my house
When the water played cat-and-mouse
Through the eye of a hurricane came
a prickling needle stab that flushed away
All my goods
I cried in vain, I watched my couch float away
The dams have broke, the levees gave way
To a tsunami rush at the light of day.
Washing toilets and tables for you
What's a white-collar man to do
Bad case of the immigrant blues.

Sonnet #1 (Boutique 9 Boots Go Walking)

Over his face, she flipped a mug of beer:
'If your heart wasn't made for talking,
Baby, these boots were made for walking.'
Onward she walked down that road each year.
Bored, and alone, by a dead-air telephone;
Romantic display held at bay;
She recalled the rhythm of her sashay;
Thoughts of dismay entered her zone.
Breath exasperated escaped her nose;
He dreamed about a bad and pretty girl,
As petty as Madame X in repose.
He called her a precious ocean pearl.
Belinda laced up her boots from Boutique 9,
She bit her bottom lip and curved her spine.

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Street Disturbance

The Rolling Stones

'What can a poor boy but sing in a rock'n'roll band
because in sleepy Londontown there's just no place
for a street fighting man? '

So much for the worker's revolution
No more pamphlets up for distribution
Death, prostitution, destitution
That is the price of no evolution
Nobody dances in the street
They stand with signs in protest
of the agreement they detest
They approved their own servitude
when they surrendered to the boss
who told them to shut up and not be rude
Nobody dances in the street
They hold their heads down in self-defeat
The proletariat tears down walls
All institutions in freefall
The proletariat tears down walls
In the face of the military
and they celebrate their martyrs
killed and jailed mercilessly
A peaceful protester's obituary.
Servant
Wage Slave
Peonage
Farm labourer
Despot victim
who loves his own system
Useless proletariat
They burn their crosses
on the heels of the wheels
of their Savior's chariot
They want a crucifixion for themselves
They feel guilty
They claim repentance
Nay a saying of detestance

against the autocratic regime
Democracy means nothing.

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The Neverending Alimony Poem

Divorce

or 'Take the Money and Run'

I stole his loot, I ran over his foot
backing out and heading to work
when he came by and acted like a jerk
I signed the papers in a hurry
and took off for St. Kitts and Nevis
on a plan before he could find me
at an oceanside sanctuary
He wanted to sign the death certificate
before they released my obituary
but like that Body Heat character
I carefully moved the money
I threw a drink in his face
with extra lemon and ice
He didn't think twice, so he said to me,
'You evil _____, you just want my money.'

You keep on with the poem....

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Untitled (August 29/30)

I brought him frankincense
He asked for myrrh and gold
so I called out to the Magi
who brushed their camel's fur
beneath the Eastern Star
And they told me to fetch it myself
From Osman's mythical land afar
Beneath the temples and churches Byzantine
where the monks sell silk and make wine
and the carpetbaggers sell rugs
carefully woven to the ghazal's time.

Tired of the conquests from Rome
From chains ripped the slave fled
The beggar made his aaliyah
through the Damascus gate
the fractured wall that stands beside
the rock of the dome
a land he once called home
He witnessed a change from
the time of jahabaliyah.

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With A Fire

They would sing of the system
as they overturned the hourglass;
buying more time for innocents
caught up in a so-called crime
of protest, a kind of contest.

In the societal structure of the street,
where protesters gather in a game,
against the authority, they wait
A delayed response promptly comes late.
They compete in self-defeat, incomplete.

They carry signs against the system
in protest of its latest victim;
The system's rhetoric indicates control
disguised as democratic commodity;
They've been bought, stamped, signed and sold.

By these rules do you abide
in silent suppression against
an independent sense of pride?
By these laws do you rule
with an iron fist you agree upon
twenty-fours a day, dusk till dawn?

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