

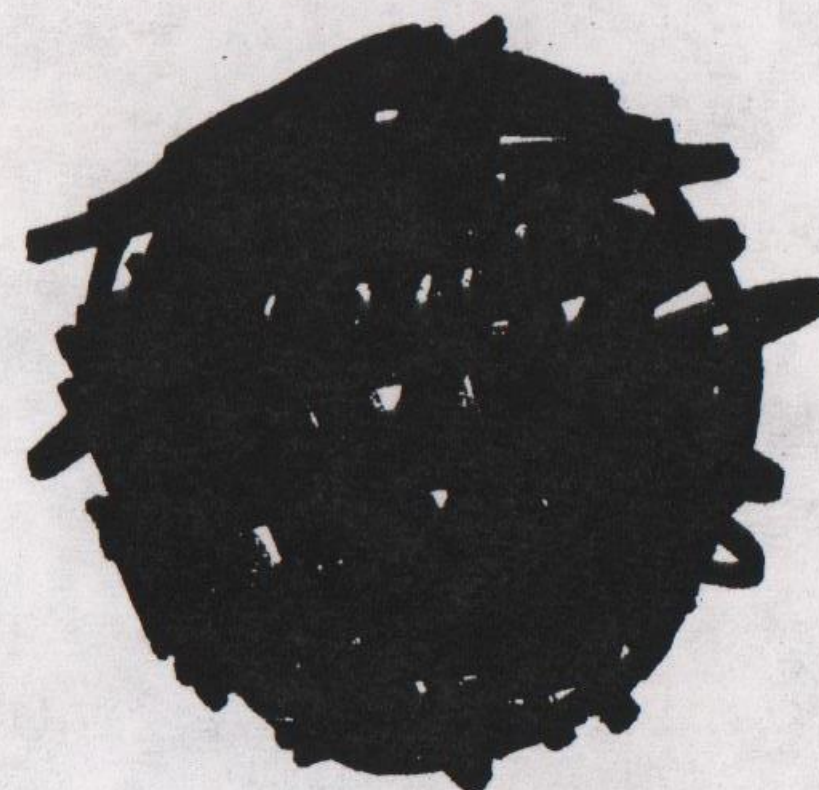
Arm

your

desires

When Gendarme Sleeps!

(Anarchy's Zine of Poetry)



This is a zine of anarchy's poetry. Its mission is to allow for the communication of everybody's ideas; this includes: freedom fighters, peaceful protesters, rioters, vegetarians, feminists, anti-racists, communists, anarchists, syndicalists, socialists, union organizers, individualists, primitivists, communalists, traditionalists, eco-defenders, abolitionists, local activists, philosophers, metaphisicians, buddhists, chaosists, muslims, christians, witches, food distributors, hackers, musicians, punks, hippies, yippies, black panthers, independence fighters, libertarians, enslaved, prisoners of war, political prisoners, wrongfully incarcerated, prisoners of consciousness, civil liberties advocates, zine editors, college organizers, poppetistas... and everybody else who thinks that this world needs to be changed and has any poetry to share with the world (language, length, style... not important).

Here are some places where you can write to get your poetry published (it might be a very good idea to include a sase and a short biography):

Styles

POB 7171, Madison, WI 53707

Terra Incognita (1-5 poems)

POB 150585, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0585

Reg Cedar Review, Dept of Eng, MSU (3-5 poems)

17 C Morrill Hall, E Lansing, MI 48824

Maureen Abood (3-5 poems)

205 W Monroe st, Chicago, IL 60606

Hispanic Dialogue Press

POB 150009, Kew Gardens, NY 11415-0009

Black Buzzard Press (3-6 poems)

1007 Fickleen rd, Fredericksburg, VA 22405

Dr David Rogers, Editor

1753 Fisher Rige rd, Horse Cave, KY 42749

Editors, CQ/CSPS (1-6 poems)

POB 7126, Orange, CA 92863

Bart Edelman, Editor, Eclipse, Glendale College

1500 N Verdugo rd, Glendale, CA 91208

Lucid Stone Poetry

POB 940, Sottsdale, AZ 85250-0940

Oregon Review, Bacchae Press (1-5 poems)

10 Sixth st, Ste 215, Astoria, OR 97103

Sam Longmire, Paff Haus Press (about peace+justice)

435 First st, Henderson, KY 42420

Poetry Motel (3-6 poems)

POB 103, Duluth, MN 55801

Quasar Review

5400 E Williams blvd 4202, Tucson, AZ 85711

Stephen Reichert, Editor, Smartish Pace

POB 22161, Baltimore, MD 21203

and of course this zine... q:=)

Places prisoners can write to and get free books or pamphlets:

Books Through Bars

4722 Baltimore

Philadelphia, PA 19143

American Friends Service Committee

1501 Cherry st

Philadelphia, PA 19102

Midwest Pages to Prisoner Project

202 N Walnut st

Bloomington, IN 47404

Books to Prisoner

Left Bank Collective

92 Pike st

Box 'A'

Seattle WA 98101

Open Door Books

PO Box 518

Taylor, MI 48180

Bound Together Bookstore, Locked Out

1369 Haight st

San Francisco, CA 94117

Ground Work Books

0323 Student Center

La Jolla, CA 92037

Prison Survival (four piece)

No one can survive in here;
If you stay, your death is near,
Even if your body lives
System to your mind gives
Nothing that'll keep you strong
Only "proof" that you've done "wrong"

That they know will faster kill you
Than allow you to rebel,
Only thing for which they need you
Is your mind put for sell.

Biggest lie's that you're imprisoned
Justly,
Costly,
For a reason.

You survive by running out
Of these walls... without
Being found.
Shout
Loud
"Freedom!"

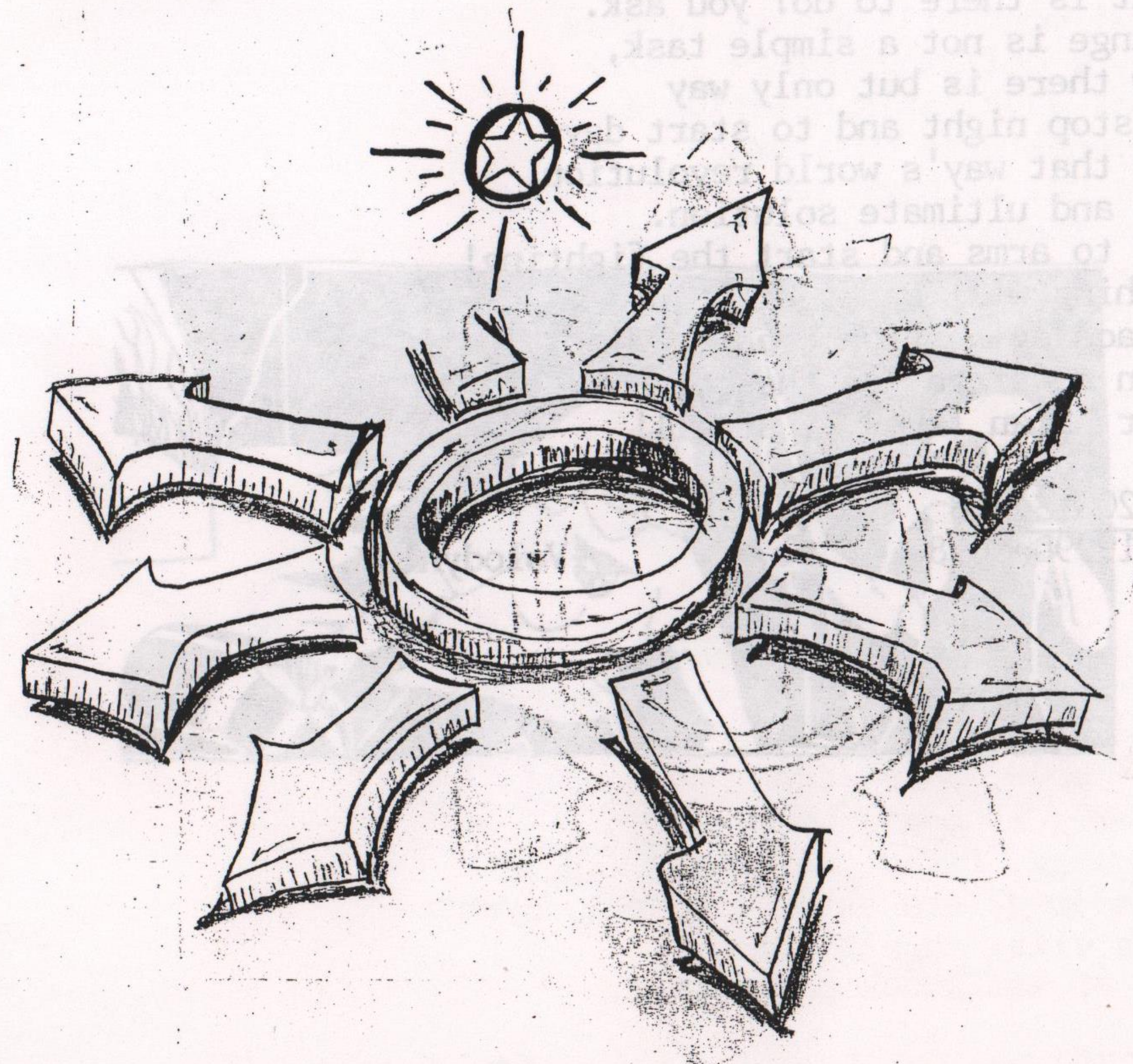
2001Aug06
1999Dec615

-VolodyA! V.

There is a day
When no one may
Say that it can be worse.
And for that time
There is no rhyme
Through which to show remorse.
I'm sorry that
I was born not
Ten hundred years in past,
Then i could change
The ruthless age
When system had gained trust.

2001Apr30
1999Dec507

-VolodyA! V.



* * *

Turn tv on, watch the news,
Nothing's on there, but abuse.
This abuse supports the state,
Teaches all around me hate.
People bomb those who did not
Cause this system hurt us, but
Those who "harbored" others, who
Thought that this world can 'come new
Through destroying human lives
(They 'jacked four planes with their knives
With no thought about the people
Who 'till then had known so little...)).
But enough of this! The State
Caused thouse actions be, not fate,
Not bin Laden, nor the East;
They cannot just not exist.
What is there to do? you ask.
Change is not a simple task,
Now there is but only way
To stop night and to start day.
And that way's world revolution,
One and ultimate solution.
Get to arms and start the fighting!
Nothing will be as exciting
As achieving final goal,
When no state has the control
Over human lives... at all!

2001Sep18
1999Dec658

-VolodyA! V.

* * *

As I sit here in my cell looking out at the night
I feel as if I'm somewhere else
But the sky isn't right
I'm thinking of some of the beautiful places I've been
Where the sky isn't orange
And the grass is still green.

You see, here all I smell is the stench of a city's waste
Lock away societies problems
With prejudice and distaste
The sky that I see is a sodium haze
I would almost imagine the world was ablaze

Not like my dreams where I breathe fresh air
But sights so green are increasingly rare
So I need to get out to protect what's left
Cause the thought of the shitty city
Leave me bereth of hope and spirit, this place bleeds
me dry

A cell in a prison in a city
The cities are the real prisons
Where everyone is trapped
And the use of TV for Visions
This can be changed
By simple things that we do
Please believe me cause I'm not sure I do.

Date Unknown

-Lee Himlin

Not One of Us

There never has been single day
For fellow human not to say
"Why do i have to live like this?
And when will i receive my piece
of hapiness?"

The tyrants only lived to date,
No peon had received good fate.
The Circled A must change it all,
To help all humans not to fall
in stupidity,

In dumbness of today's republic
Which sees no humans only public,
'Coz it's the only real way
Through which republic can create
obidience.

Some day, however, it must stop,
And tyrants will be made to cut
All humans loose of their chains
Imprisoned must no one remain,
not one of us!

2001Mar14
1999Dec470

-VolodyA! V.

* * *

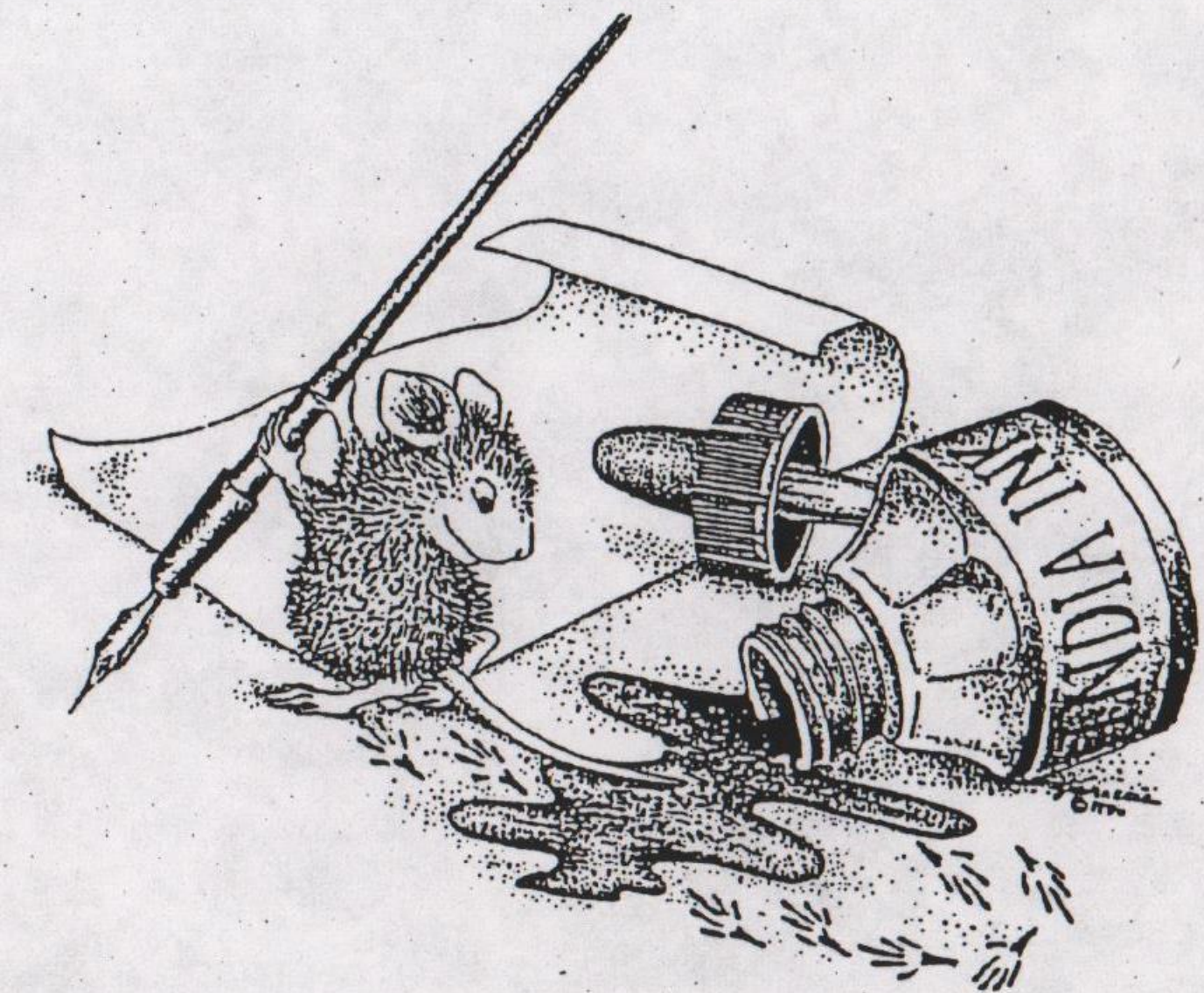
As I am looking out my window
I see a rising mantel of poison
as vehicles rare against times flow
spreading disease and death against reason

Human Beings learn to walk and see
the Earth Mothers wonders all around
fight fast time desires and be free
so balance and harmony can be found

Please relations give slowness a try
or a great crisis we all will face
as life gradually in time says good bye
unable to contend with out polluting pace

1990

-Eric Wildcat Hall



Converstion

Have you seen it?
No, I have seen her
And I have seen him
But I haven't seen it

Would you like to see it?
No, I would not
I don't wish to be rude
But I know I would not like it

There is nothing in it
Why don't you try it
You can always leave it
If you find you don't like it

I'll tell you what
What?
If you so much like it
Why don't you have it!

1984

-John Rety

Scape Goat

In the forest through the woods
Run, the prisoners, run.
Guards aren't afraid to shoot
Through your hearts with the gun.
Air smells much better here
In the forest, with little sun.
Maybe it's 'coz we are now more free.
Run, exprisoners, run.
Freeing them will help us fight,
For system lost another one.
Free just one and give all might
To make the world where none must run!

2001Aug03
1999Dec612

-VolodyA! V.



Ertsd Meg

Mit lehet mondani?
Csak azt, amit erezni lehet
Hosszu az élet, sok a nyavalyas!
Mit lehet megerteni?
Ami mar megtortent
Arrol gondolkozni?
Hogy is mondaja az anhol:
That's just thinking after the event
Eso utan koponyeg - mondana a magyar
Ez a hely mas, itt minden mast jelent.
Itt vagy, nem ott
Otthon vagy, mert itt vagy.
Itt az eleted, nem a multban
Hogy mondjak a deli felteken?
Mi nem utazunk a vilag fele
A vilag jon hozzank
Es ki mondhatja eszaki fejevel
Hogy a delieknek nincs igazuk
Tehat azok, akik hazatlanok
Legyenek erre buszkek!
Mert hol es hogy lehet masutt elni
Mint szabadon, szabadsagban!
A saját elkepzelesunk honaban
De nem faj ex, nem sert ez?
Hogy nem tudunk mindenkin segiteni
Szegeny szegenyek, fogoly rabok?
Az uldozotek, a menekultek?
Akiket kinoztak, akiket megoltek?
Akiket a szel sodorta pihelykent
Gonoszul uldozven
Tuson-vizen keresztul -
Gondolj a gyerekek ragyogo szemere
Gondolj a gyerekek ragyogo szemere
Gondolj az anya hofeher mellere
Vagy arra, akire senki se gondol
Az oreg rancos arcu mamara
A gyenge, faradt nagyapara.
Ertsd meg, ero es eroszak nem ugyanaz
Es a vilag magatol fordul
Nem az uralkodok parancsara.

1987

-John Rety

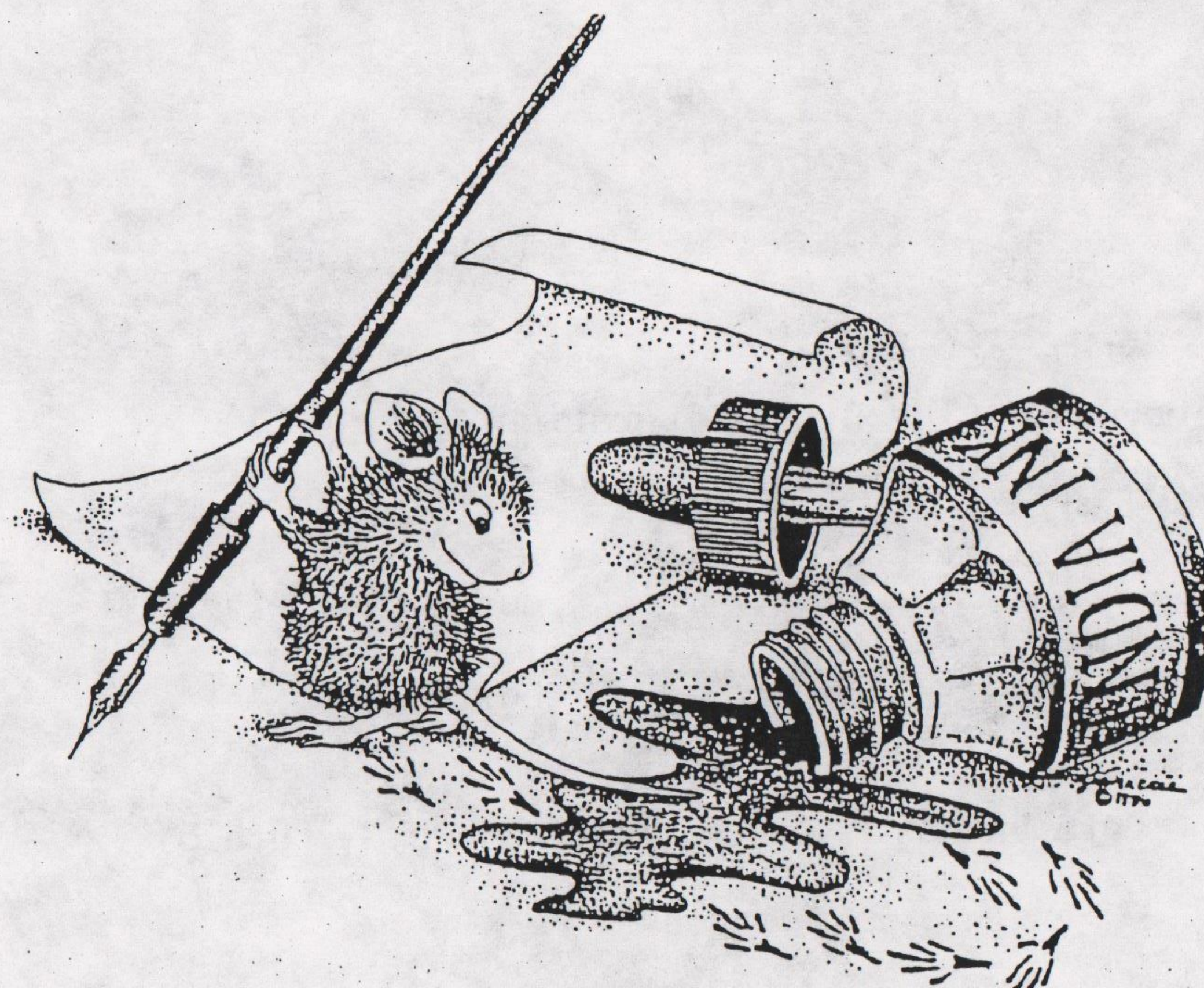
Uncertainty for Sale

Who am I?
I am not you
I don't know you
Who do I know?

What am I?
Who do I work for?
What thoughts are mine?
What is mine?
What would I fetch
on the shelves
of the local corner - shop?

1984

-John Rety



The Orchid

From a child ask this question:
How many questions can there be?
Are there many or are there few?
Please give us a clue.

Once the child new stage reaches
Question adult again thus:
Why do questions irritate you
Please be kind to give a clue.

Are there many or are there few
Are they endless and fathomless
Or are they rare and hard to find
Starry orchids of the mind.

1984

-John Rety

I-N-S-I-G-H-T

They say, (The Black Liberation Army) (BLA)
Harsh words,

and dirty stares

but bombs,

and knives do!

Date Unknown

Evil looks

don't kill pigs,

bullets

-Ojore N. Lutalo

Fellow persons,

Thank you very much for checking out this zine. It took some time to put it together and the copying/distribution is the thing that slows the spread of information in this world, so if you can help with distoing it please write to the address below (thanx).

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Any comments, suggestions, contributions and updates/corrections are more than welcome. And finally remember more poems are received more issues of this zine will come out...

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(If you can write to this one, it'll be received much faster)