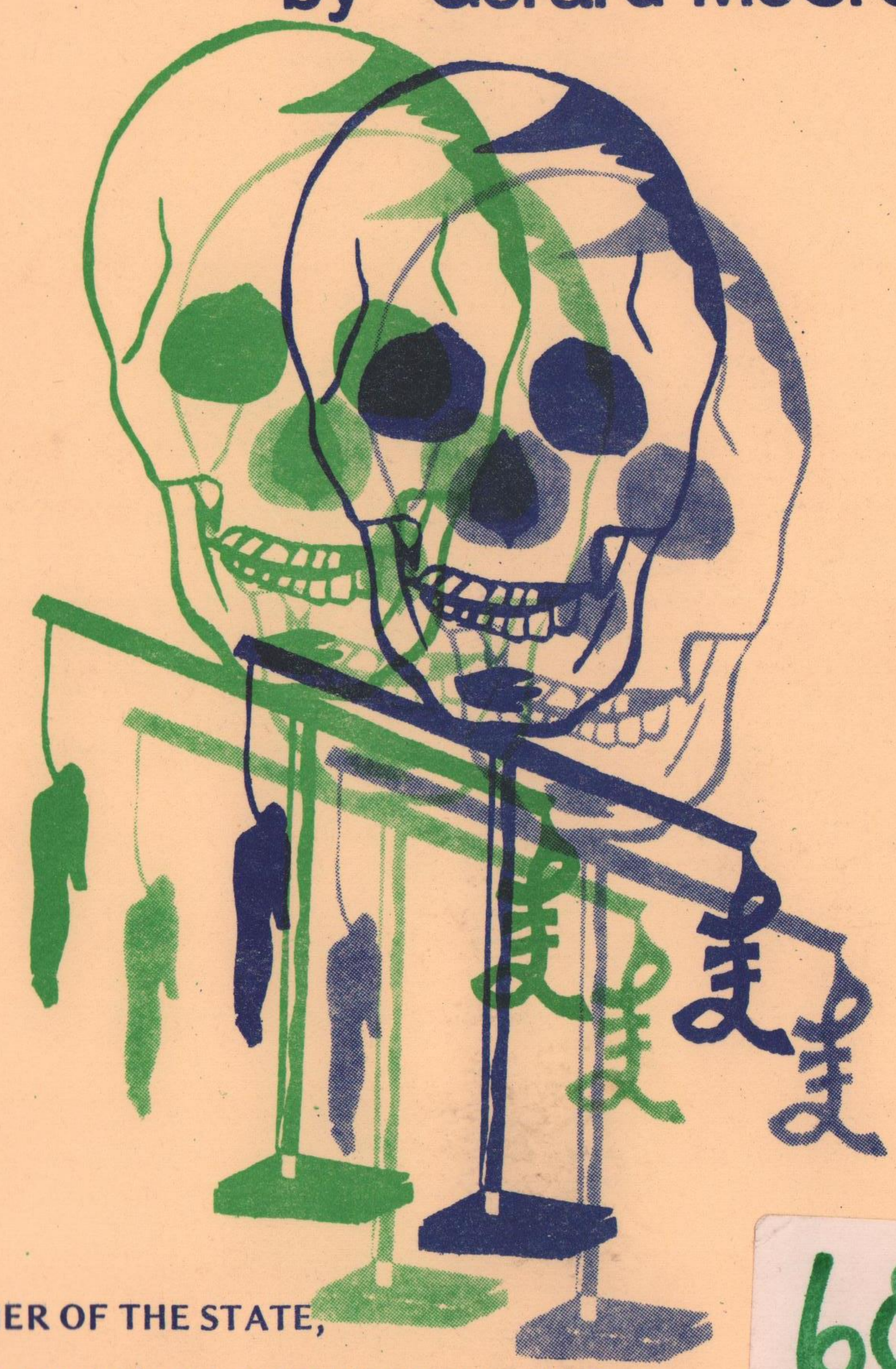


Authority Has No Tears

by Gerard McCrory



PRISONER OF THE STATE,
LONG KESH PRISON, NORTHERN IRELAND.

60p

GERARD McCRORY was born in the Short Strand, East Belfast, on 25th February 1954.

One of seven children, he attended St. Matthew's Primary School and St. Mary's Grammar School.

In the first year of internment, he was the youngest internee at 17 years of age. He was detained in Crumlin Road jail in 1971 for 5 weeks, then an internment order was made and he was sent to Long Kesh in June 1972.

Only a couple of months after his release from Long Kesh, he was arrested and charged with being in possession of a .22 bullet. A bullet which was planted on him during a search. He was sentenced to one year in Long Kesh.

In 1973 Gerry attended a training school where he studied the theoretical and practical aspects of welding. He obtained a City and Guilds, with distinction, in this trade, but because of the sectarian nature of much industry in Belfast, he was unable to find skilled work and he went into the bar trade, where he was very popular and well-respected.

In 1976 he was arrested and charged with the murder of a civilian. In fact the shot was fired by a British soldier, but because of 'transference of malice', Gerry was charged with the murder which was the unfortunate result of an attack on an army observation post. After about 9 months spent on remand, he was sentenced to life imprisonment and is presently a political prisoner in the 'cages' of Long Kesh.

The constant harassment of both himself, his family and comrades, did much to harden and strengthen his political awareness, and despite many years of intimidation and imprisonment, his political commitment is strong and is a source of inspiration to others. Fluent in the Irish language, he has done much, during his years of imprisonment to broaden the outlook of many of his fellow-prisoners and to encourage many a lively debate on political issues.

This poem, of epic length, and entitled 'Authority Has No Tears' was written between the years 1977 and-1980, and is a product of a lively and critical and enquiring mind that reflects a true revolutionary spirit.

Illustrations by the author and fellow-prisoners.

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1

How to start, where to begin, it's all so false, almost a sin,
then tell me, how can nature sin? who seeks the answer, and why,
don't you know, we all must die? Surely, yet I question,
not the fact, just the rules which govern that,
If nature is the reason, then can't you tell me why, so many
deaths, unnatural, that's the reason why!
I need to know the answers, to blame it on a cause, I won't
accept your timid lie, nor indeed your laws,
Death by misadventure! now that's a funny sound,
Death by an oppressor! well, you're coming down to ground,
Death by duodenal! simple, yet, profound,
Death by coronary! we're really getting round,
Death by liberation! how often is it found,
Death by natural causes! I've never heard of that, are you sure
you've reasoned sound!

2

The inherent contradiction of life is death,
and so it does proceed, life gives death, and death gives life -
to those who do believe, but then there are the others, who seek
to
question fact, they won't accept it simply, it's more complex
than that,
they look at all the symptoms, examine all the laws, question
every facet,
just to find a cause,
The cause they find is tangible, they no longer need to know the
outcome
of the reflex, it's simple, don't you know?

3

Into a tunnel of deepening night, surrounded by
things, uncommon to sight,
Searching, probing, discovering, discarding, accepting,
denying, promoting, rejecting, all for the aid of humanity?

1

The air gives way to vacuum, or does the vacuum give way to air,
you can't create a vacuum till you remove the air, from where ?
The answers are forthcoming, soon all will be revealed and
then the deepening mystery will go on and on,
But you will accept an answer, which only you can know,
And, when it doesn't suit you, then, you simply must forgo,

We all accept the suitable, isn't nature so ?
it's all so very simple, yet not so simply so !

4

Proud and erect, no weakling this, tall, and strong
of heart,
arms of steel, with bulging bicep, and a brain
to match all that,
is this your future gender, will it really serve
you well,
desist from this beginning it only leads to hell !

A brain outweighs the body, not just in its size,
it has the power to reason, to force and to devise,
how you feed the body is judged when it reacts,
the nourishment of a cerebral cell is just the same as that,
feed it on a diet, of bitterness and woe,
the logic of its thinking is based on what it can know,
give it food of love and life, this will lead to lesser strife,
build it up on vitamins of peace and right, that my friends will
lead
to light,

When you have done all this, you need not worry more,
the way to perfect happiness is opened by this door.

5

What makes a country is its people, what is a country, but its
people,

And when you speak of nationhood think not of abstract but
real,
don't hide behind the culture, starvation you can feel,
but, no-one here is starving, each should have enough, at least
enough to live, and what of those who haven't, is it really -
tough,

Moral codes and values are very fine in thought,
try it all in practice, see, can they be bought,
who shall clothe the naked, who shall feed the weak,
who shall nurse the poorly, who my friends shall speak,
will it be the money-men, the owners and the strong,
will it be the very rich, around them, don't we throng,

None of these will lend a hand or give of what they have,
it's left to those with just enough, to share and give the love,

Then why don't we just take it and let them try withall,
you cannot kill already dead, or trip already fall,
and what is life if you cannot live, what is air you cannot breathe,
what is law you can't but break, what is speech you cannot speak,
and what is death you cannot die or thoughts you cannot think,

Rid me of my queries, dispose of what I say, answer with cool
logic, me, you cannot slay, for, when you make your articles,
connive to make a pound, kill to hold your power, then, who
do you confound,

Build to have a nation, of people, not of things,
forget the crown of power, the people, they will lead,

The world is big and full of life, there's plenty for all,
you say,

Then let the world provide for life !

don't pre-empt and cause more strife, live within your family,



be happy in your call, don't look out for others, then you too
might fall,

Then tell me, why the world is owned , by the very few,
tell me why, when you disagree, we must take the fall,
if everyone owned everything, then none would own at all,
that would be just the thing, to stop, before the fall !

6

The blood lay fresh and warm in pools, the man lay arms
outstretched, the soldier twitched, a nervous quirk, you get
it, when you do this work,
his buddies laughed, he laughed out loud, shouldn't he, for
he was proud, another 'hood' in another shroud,

the mother was told, but, she stayed calm, at least to all who
heard,
but what she said, was in her mind, she didn't speak aloud, torn
from
her womb, those years ago, borne to lie in this well marked
tomb,
of patriot dead, who, will not die, to me, it's but a lie,

He didn't know it would end this way, he'd seen it all in another
way,
victory, new life again, people laughing, the ended shame, the end
of the road, for those who came,
the blood of hope would course anew fresh through his people's
veins,
no more for them the slavers chains, no more for them the
lesser gains,
the power would be theirs, for he knew the people, and they all
knew him well,
they had chose the path of freedom, it couldn't lead to hell,

the toll of freedom is very high, he paid the price in full,
he didn't know or couldn't say, why it was, he, had to pay,

The death was hailed as victory, the soldiers were toasted well,
the officer said, we got him and sent the bastard to hell, the
mess room laughed, they'd rehearsed it well, more would
follow,
time would tell, if they could find the leaders, my God we'll
make them pay,
that's what we should give them all, another one did say,

His name was branded like all the rest, a hero to some and less to
the rest,
but the people for whom he fought and tried were not dismayed
when he
finally died, they knew that he was not alone, that others would
come to do
the same, to fight like him and die, that they could not forget,
the reason
why he died, they often would think of other things for which he
had strived,

And what of them those other things, justice, peace and pride,
did he get it finally or indeed, was he denied,

What of the soldier who shot him dead, even though, he knew he
was untried,
what of those who planned it all, had they too been denied,
would they get
the peace of mind, or peace of any other kind, knowing that
they connived
to kill, this man outside their law, or was it one that didn't bind,

One day they'll know the answer, as I already know, it will come
to them
one future day, then, only can they say, whether or not his
death did pay.

7

The conflict of ideal and idea, are somehow bound in twain,
from the start of their beginning they lead upon a trail,
it depends upon where you may begin where you finally lead,

unless you open all your mind to all that may come in,
therein reigns confusion, or maybe ordered thought,
whether you accept it, or, whether not you ought,
unless you make conclusions and only, on established fact,
it always rests on where you are and how you really view
the fact,
to make decisions blandly, is easy, when you know, the rights
and wrongs the truths and lies, the reasons for, the answers why,

But if the facts escape you, the truth you do not know, enough,
to wander madly, wherever you may go.

8

On the precipice of death we stood our ground,
unthinking of the danger, heedless of the act,
and the sad exclamation of death, of the millions
before us was profound, yet more than that,
the warning, the advice, we couldn't hear but feel,
and know and stare in amazement of wonder at the
tired corpse of humanity littered in helpless masses
on the earth,
And fugitive was the angel of death in all its
tremendous glory,
how sad to glorify the meaning of that,
we walked among the victims listened to their tales,
we could not help but overhear the reasons for their fears,
six million jews, four million poles, a million Irish, dead,
millions more of blacks and reds, whites and english too,

Not many people would have the sense,
to come and tell to you, the reasons why we saw all that,
but more, we seen you too, dying in your thousands,
killing as you die, not even any reason,
not even asking why ?

9

Much has been said of bravery,
how fine an act is that,

heroic, he fell, mortal injured and fighting all the while,
denying those who slew him the sweetness of their vile,

In glory dies the hero - he dies all the same !

No more no less than any man, even those we don't regale,
the coward, the weak, the right the wrong,
we all just die like the very strong,

What is this thing this dying,
it's no more than a function of life, but,
to it a special meaning, the way you do it counts,
the splendour of your going, of that,
do you have doubt,

What of those the living, the people who remain,
for how long will your death give memory,
how long do they think of that,
your glorious death, a triumph,

Over what I pray you tell - over life, and what is that !

10

The moral code by which we live, is accepted by one and all,
until you find the time to reason, so,
in knocking down a platitude,
you're more pious than the multitude,
not heeding what you're doing, or,
replacing what you're killing,
accepting basic premise, resolutions,
easily based, turn into conclusions,
propriety is debased,
new order is created, conformity is the norm,
until, they find the time to reason !

11

Define your position, justify your stance,
tell me what conclusions, all this, in a glance,



Is there God or Evolution, prayer or revolution,
dialectic or rhetoric, ethic or polemic,
Am I in a trance,
Have you dogma or pragma, coherence or are you mixed,
do you know just what you're doing, and if so,
are you right,
Do you barter your principle, resolve in compromise,
or are you a fighter, spending peoples lives,

Tell me the answers, give me your cause,
I will analyse the mixture,
discover all the flaws,

Then, have you something better, can you
show me the way, to end the contradiction,
so that there is no need to slay, if you
have the answers and do not wish to show,
decline from your objections,
I've had enough of snow !

12

Armageddon, what is it, to some a matter of fact,
there are those to who it is just a word,
no meaning, other than threat,
then there are the people who say, its not only,
but no need to be,
because of the facts of the human race,
there won't be the time, or there won't be the space,
Humanity, will die of starvation, disease, too many crowds,
because of the trend to inflation, in peoples of our world,

Now we have stemmed population,
increased the harvests by half,
we have the time and the money,
our inclinations are daft,

We no longer heed talk of world conflict, they,
are too smart by far,

how far will you let them take you,
until you are hit by a star,

Awaken your thoughts to reality,
they don't have those bombs for a threat,
the fuses are always ready, it only takes,
nay, or, niet.

Arise and stop the arming, it isn't easy to die,
when your brain is burned by radiation,
when your children begin to cry,
don't try it then, it'll be too late,

the time to do it is now,
it doesn't take mps or lobbies,
but people to set up the cry,
do not heed the law of the land,
if it will lead to your death,

Do what you should have done years ago, but, do it and do it now !

13

What do you mean, they didn't intend,
how can it be when there is no end,
of case upon case, where they go out,
certain people, attempting to shoot,
it doesn't matter, that they're afraid,
whatever, rightly so, they can't expect,
to do these things, without inviting woe,
now you say, they didn't, but its true,
that they were there, haven't you heard,
of Archibold, and all he does declare,
you say that other agents,
and prove how this could be,
it may be good for another judge,
but, I'm afraid, not me,

I defend the right of wrong, deny the wrong of right,
its up to me to find a case and judge just what is right,

And based upon the findings of this hearing in two days,
I shall give it all my thought, if I find the time,
I'd say around the lunch break, yes, that's time for me,
to decide the fate and future, of their two families, but,
I won't be as you may think, jumping before the gun, in fact,
I've had my mind made up since before these two were born !

14

Denuder of populations, destroyer of civilised life,
defender of rank admiration for all that you hold to be right,
straightforward in declaration, more subtle in effect,
compose your duplication, enshrine your enigma with that,
contest, your right to question, deny, your wrong to speak,
imply your omnipotence, enforce acceptance complete,
develop your strength to barter, build a bigger stick,
envelop your aggressor, using his own dirty trick,
then, when you are ready, the time has come to strike, do so,
with no compunction, or conscience, large or trite,

Now, you are the victor, the enemy dispossessed,
create another symptom, make another mess, but,
you of all have told the truth, nothing you've
denied, you love the bloody mantle, you relish
in its awe,
and what of those who have denied, yet, felt
just like you, lesser mortal creatures, no guts
to bid your call,
what of them, these parasites, who travel on your
star, will they be essential, or can they too, you
empower, to do your lesser bidding, involve in
your own gall,
Supremacy, the objective, you've reached it now
withal,
Inherited all the earth my friend, its yours
but only just,

You had to kill each and every human to attain
it, this, your lust,
but what is life alone on earth,

12

Is perfection great or small ?

15

And you don't know if its true, they try and fool you too,
they tell you lies in cloaks of truth, conceal the past
from your innocent youth,
the way its said may not be the way its meant, and one
and one is three, don't believe what you all may see, its
only there to be,
they twist the fact and that's a fact, believe me 'cause I know,
they try and make you understand just what they want you to
know,

Remember then, the myth's a myth with some substance out of
fact,
they don't compel belief in truth, just belief, in their tract,
And if you know and don't believe, they'll try and change all that,

You must think of social life, the way in which we do, and if you
don't believe in that, we'll try and change you too !

16

A struggle with life, God in mind,
ignore your condition my friend,
material being, God in mind,
neglect your children too,
your reward will be in heaven,

starve, it'll do you good,

your reward will be in heaven,
this is their promise to you,
live by the law,
do what you're told,
live by the law,
you don't need gold,

13

Work hard and long, you won't starve,
you may not have work at all,
were it not for the good of Man,
you may have died at birth,
like your ancestors long ago,
now you have work, be thankful,
and when they dig your grave, be grateful,
you worked long and hard, and you earned it !

17

Thoughts that linger and never go far, can easily be called to mind,
like love and hate, friends and foe, happiness and sometimes woe,
flitting across, darting through, there is no search to find,
always there, but never so, dictates the state of mind,

pondering long on what went wrong, touching quickly on the good,
lively thoughts of wondrous things, then dead as a lump of wood,
anger portrayed in flashes, love recalled in gashes,
thanking no god for kindness, cursing no god for blindness

black to white wet to dry, bones all made from dust,
searching, probing, blindly groping still engulfed in lust,
accepting all before you, denying no-ones truth,
the way of life is simple, its you who is obtuse.

the paths are long and narrow, the twists are many too,
to find the path that is for you, find the twist that turns the screw,
accumulate the thoughts of life, envelop them in you,
sort them out divide them up, they're jumbled just as you,

when the final lines are written, you have all in your mind,
infinity is easy then, take it in your stride,
but dont provide the setting, just accept it when it comes,
its not the end of everything, this ebbing of your tide !

18

What befalls the others, is no concern of mine,

14

to look out for my own and me, takes up all my time,
nor do I have the reasons, to help them as you say,
for if I stop to help them, it slows me on the way,

I have many things to do, to scratch a living here,
do you think if I was them, they'd help me anyway,
they who have no food or clothes are lazy, not like me,
I work hard and longest, that's why I am Me,

Many do not get the chance, I thought I heard you say,
they all had the same, perhaps, they're not like me,
for I made the fallow live, I nursed the dying beast,
Have I not the right to this,
Whilst they don't wish to live !

19

Many days have come and gone,
spring and summer, winter - fall;
I have seen so many things,
and missed so many more,
how can you say the time has come,
I have no wish to die,
why not take the older ones,
they've seen more than I,
but yet you have no answer,
you take me anyway,
I, and many others, equals all you say,
killed in wars, not knowing why,
seldom even knowing how,
a sudden stillness in the air,
a dullness in the life, but where,
all around the same as this,
Sudden death midst sudden life !

20

Centuries ago life was good, long before, many more had food,
now the change, no longer good, from respected church to mis-

15

spent birch,
to death before the law, and yet more change, a dying life,
they change the ways of old, replace it all with changing new,

And what good does it all do ?

the level of life has risen, the poor aren't so poor as before,
the rich are decidedly richer because they deserve more and more,
yet there is more and more changing, marriage has went by the
door,
babies not yet born are dying, as if they didn't, before,

Now compare the good there was, against the good of now,
people respected betters, they think all are betters now,
before a person knew their place, now they must be shown,
instead of staying where they are, we have to tie them there,

Still there is no difference, not really, when you think,
the more they give, the less they have, but still enough to live,

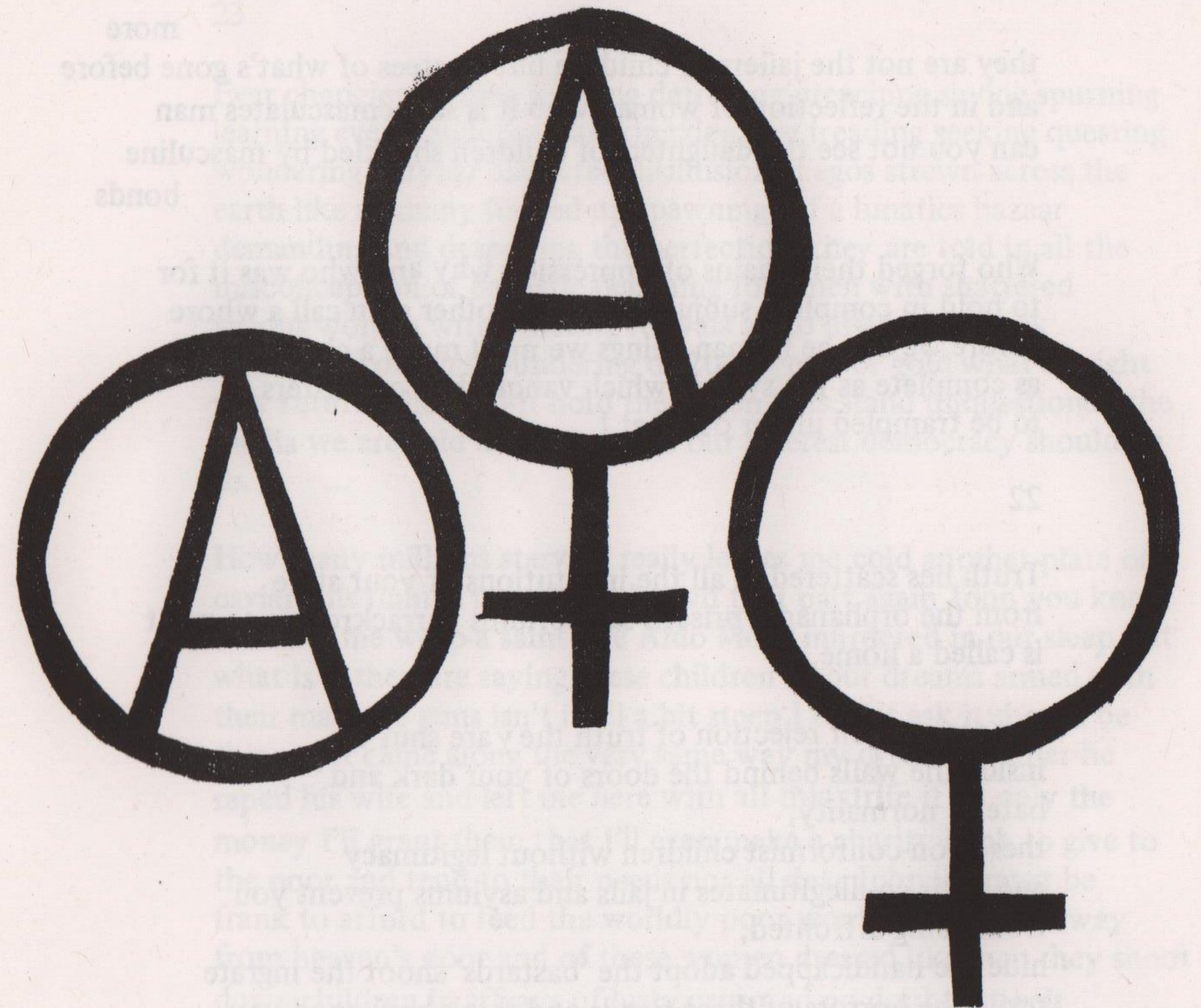
The dead generations are honoured by your venerations,
hailed as steadfast brave and true, they also had their heroes too,
And when the future civilisations recall our maledictions,
they too will find the answers in obtuse misappraisals,

History is proof of fact we kill each other, because of what,
wealth and fame, glory also, principle was a reason too,
And none of it has changed to-day, we kill each other,
the self same way !

21

It's said that mothers shackle their sons to hold them as long as they
can
but every woman who ever gave birth was taught by a parent before
that to each and every child she had her duty was clear and no more
give them all you never had but teach what we taught you

Although they might accept at first be careful as they grow older



for every son and every daughter seem to become so much bolder
that mothers wish to imprison them whether with truths or with
ties
is no more than a lie propounded by a system built on lies

for if the mothers had freedom the children would have so much
more
they are not the jailers of children but trustees of what's gone before
and in the reflection of woman who it is said emasculates man
can you not see the daughters of children shackled by masculine
bonds

Who forged their chains of oppression why and who was it for
to hold in complete subjugation the mother men call a whore
before we can be human beings we must make a change
as complete as the system which vanquished our sisters
to be trampled under our feet !

22

Truth lies scattered in all the institutions of your state
from the orphanages prisons sanitoriums barrackrooms to what
is called a home,

screaming their rejection of truth they are shut up
inside the walls behind the doors of your dark and
hateful normality,
these non-conformist children without legitimacy
and their co-illegitimates in jails and asylums prevent you
from being affronted,
hide the handicapped adopt the 'bastards' shoot the ingrate
revile the horrors of these fiends and think how good you
are to have been born ok,

And when they refuse your pity why do you stare with hate
at these mirrored reflections of you yourself and
your virtue spits in your face,

These insane criminalised versions of human life
are the truths which you have rejected in total

contempt for humanity,

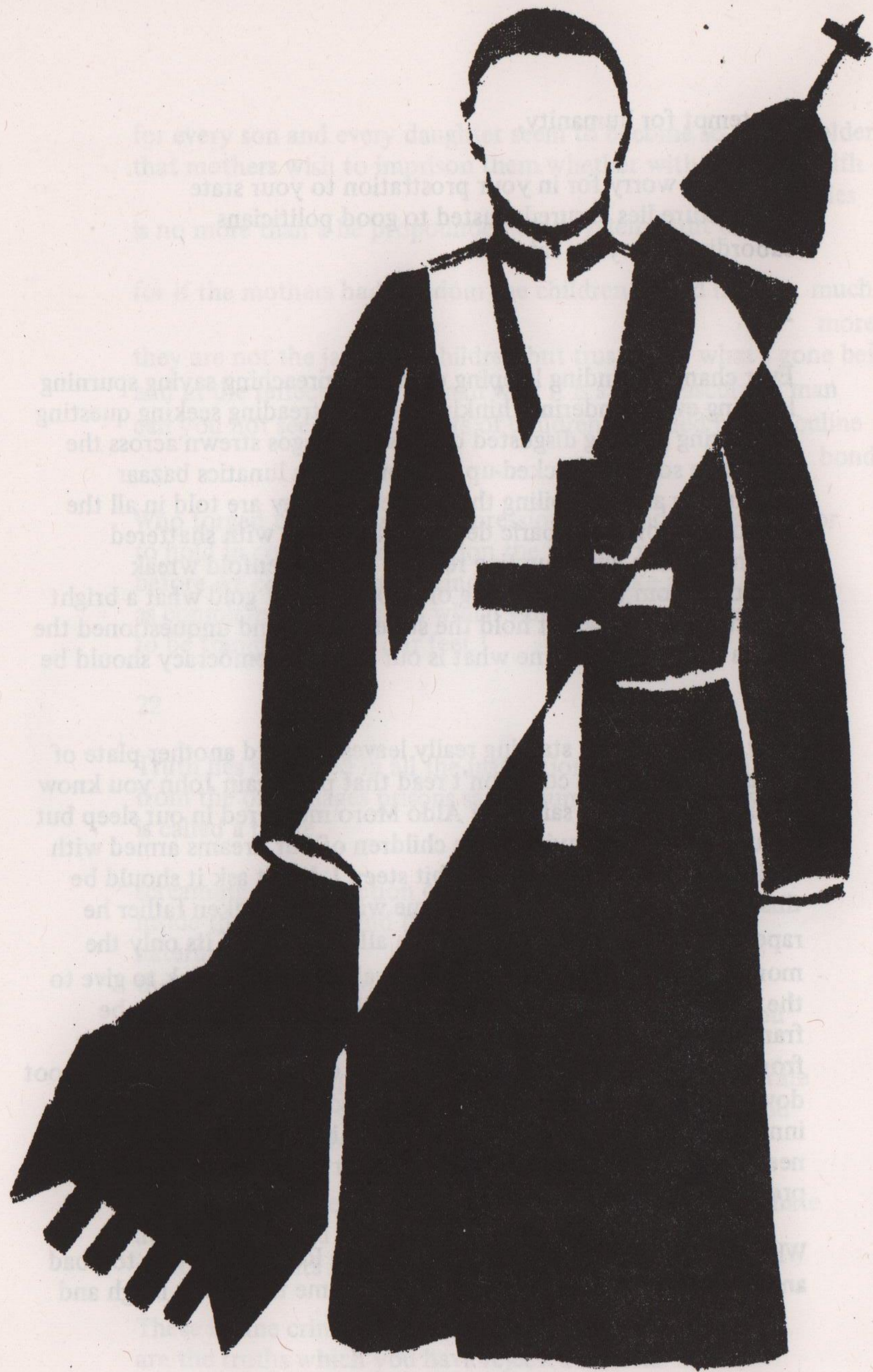
But don't worry for in your prostration to your state
your future lies ensured trusted to good politicians
subordinate to your fate.

23

Ever changing finding keeping defraying preaching saying spurning
learning ever wandering thinking denying treading seeking questing
wondering defying disgusted disillusioned egos strewn across the
earth like so many fucked-up spawnings of a lunatics bazaar
demanding and despoiling the perfection they are told in all the
misconception of barbaric declining fold men with shattered
visions women with bursting revivals all to disenfold wreak
salvation from the foundering of 2000 years of gold what a bright
new future what will it hold the statements stand unquestioned the
media we are told devine what is our interest democracy should be
so.

How many millions starving really leaves me cold another plate of
caviar this flambe is cold don't read that part again John you know
it makes me weep a saint like Aldo Moro murdered in our sleep but
what is it they are saying these children of our dreams armed with
their machine guns isn't it all a bit steep I didn't ask it should be
this way I came along the very same way my drunken father he
raped his wife and left me here with all this strife if its only the
money I'll grant them that I'll even make a charity bank to give to
the poor and tend to their needs not all dear John we must be
frank to afford to feed the worldly poor would keep them away
from heaven's door and of these women dressed like men they shoot
down children in affrays of lust corrupted no doubt in their
innocent youth by some desire to sort things out but what is it that
needs changing I'm alright you know our family's never had
problems of having to live alone

Why there's the Windsors Waldorfs Astors Rothschilds not too bad
and even the bloody Kennedys they do some time for a laugh and



there is Queen Beatrix though married to that Nazi chap he wasn't
all that bad you know only by a half and all in all I do not think
there's reason for you to have a laugh it's really bloody awful
security alarms in the bath

They could come at any moment these 'thugs' who hit in the night
and daytime
if you're not careful

They never leave us alone and all because of what they say
privilege
among our own

24

Meinhoff Baader - Suicide,
Meins Ernslin - all were tried,

barbarous, heinous - Homicide,

christians, democrats fascists all
clamoured piously for their fall,

Moro Schleyer - Suicide
Carneiro Neave - all were tried,

Liberating, debt repaying - justified,

christians democrats fascists all,

don't act the martyr when we call !

25

Bishops bedecked in ornaments staid serene in pomp
generals replete with ordnance fierce malign intent
ministers statements underline the evil about to commence

famine again in ireland will they let them die
one million died just like them over 100 years ago

how much did that upset the brit will it upset them now

'watch as time gets shorter whose prepared to die
they only mean to scare us, only a few will die'
but CJ and Maggie are both wrong their values betray the lie

Hunger strikes or workers strikes what does it all belie
a vile malicious system of Bishops, Generals and Peers
priests, police and soldiers authority has no tears

Plenty of moral values based on ingots of gold
self-made men with self-made laws us to enfold
And international requiems to remind us of our roles !

26

Years of power and privilege, domination wealth, held by family
fortune,

geneology intact,
it isn't yours because its ours, you took it all by force, and left us
here with nothing, where was your remorse ?
finally you were swept away, killed in deed in fact, no more than
retribution, what else did you expect ?

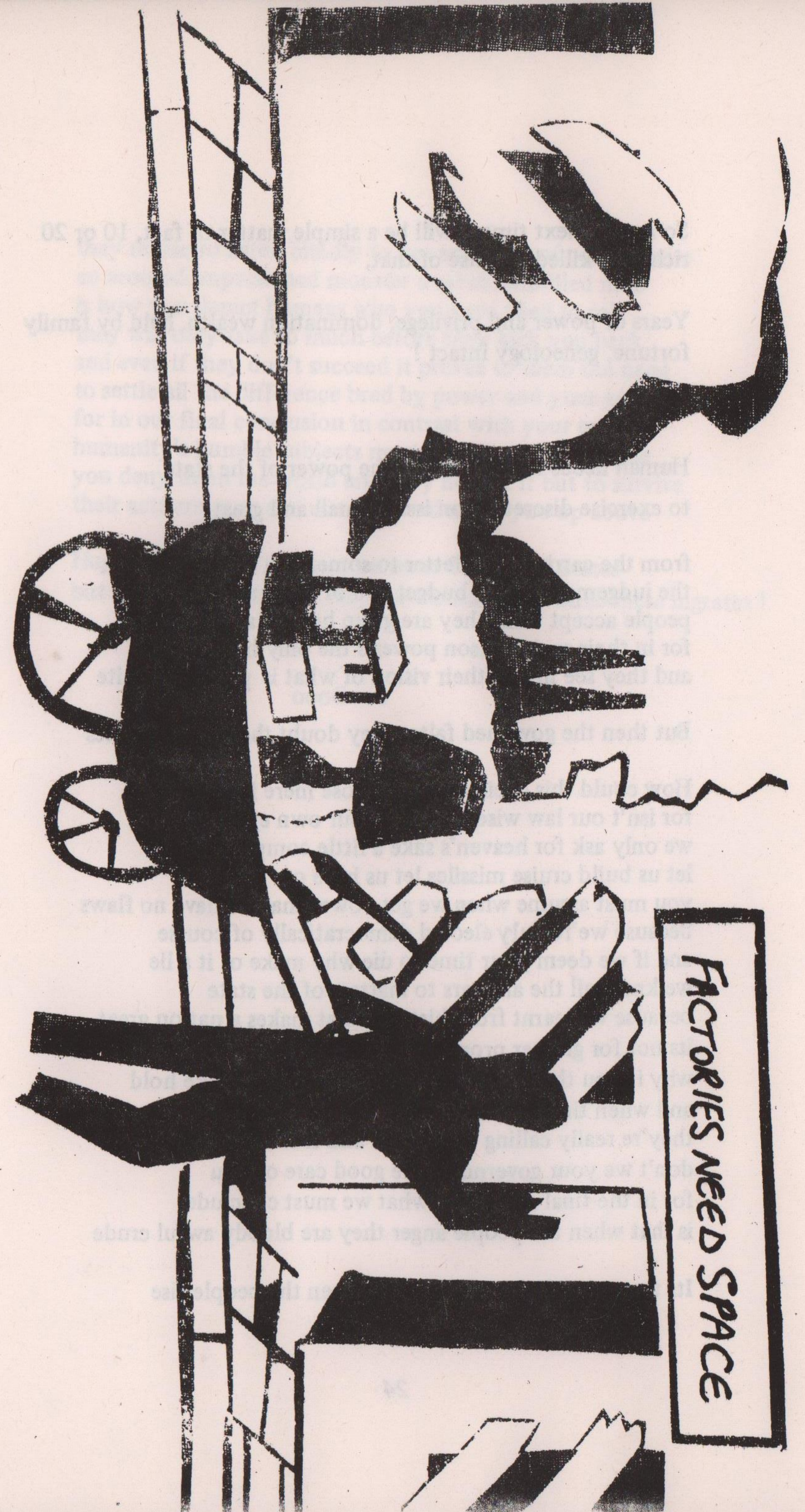
And now we hear the eulogies of both you and your son, telling it
to

all the world, the atrocious thing we done,
the atrocity is worse than this, we've hidden it from view,
we should have piled the bodies on top of you and you,

Our only question really why wasn't it done before ?
shooting RUC and UDR to the Brookes' is just a bore
but when the masters pay the price, and not in fact the tools,
is there any disaffection except among the fools ?

To sho ot the prod who shoots the taig is really of no use,
when the 'bulls' and 'bears' of Lombard street are out there running
loose,

Killing you in vengeance doesn't make much sense, killing
you the person, instead of you, the class,



So maybe next time it will be a simple matter of fact, 10 or 20
rich men killed because of that,

Years of power and privilege, domination wealth, held by family
fortune, geneology intact !

27

Human needs represented in the power of the state
to exercise discretion on issues small and great

from the carriage of a letter to something of more weight
the judgement of the budget and of the magistrate
people accept what they are given hope that it is right
for in their social prison power's the only light
and they see in this their vision of what is pure and white

But then the governed falter they doubt the sense of states

How could this decision upset those mere ingrates
for isn't our law wise at least in our own eyes
we only ask for heaven's sake a little compromise
let us build cruise missiles let us have our wars
you must assume when we get power that we have no flaws
because we're duly elected democratically of course
and if we deem your time to die why make of it a lie
we know all the answers to matters of the state
because we learnt from history what makes a nation great
its not for greater property more reserves of gold
why if you think of it like that cynicism will take hold
and when the sceptics deny us their trust
they're really calling us corrupt and is it really true
don't we your governors take good care of you
for in the final statement what we must conclude
is that when the people anger they are bloody awful crude

Its true indeed dear Master that when the people rise

they refuse to listen blindly to lies and talks of compromise
an aroused impassioned monster a rabid hatefilled mob
is how you depict humans who you have tried to rob
they will only take so much before they kick you back
and even if they don't succeed it proves to them the need
to settle all the difference bred by power and your greed
for in our final conclusion in contrast with your own
humanity's humble subjects must come into their home
you deny them the world and they need it if but to survive
their acts are pure and out of love despite you up above

Human need will represent no more Powers of States
but among they themselves your victims these same mere ingrates !

oooOooo