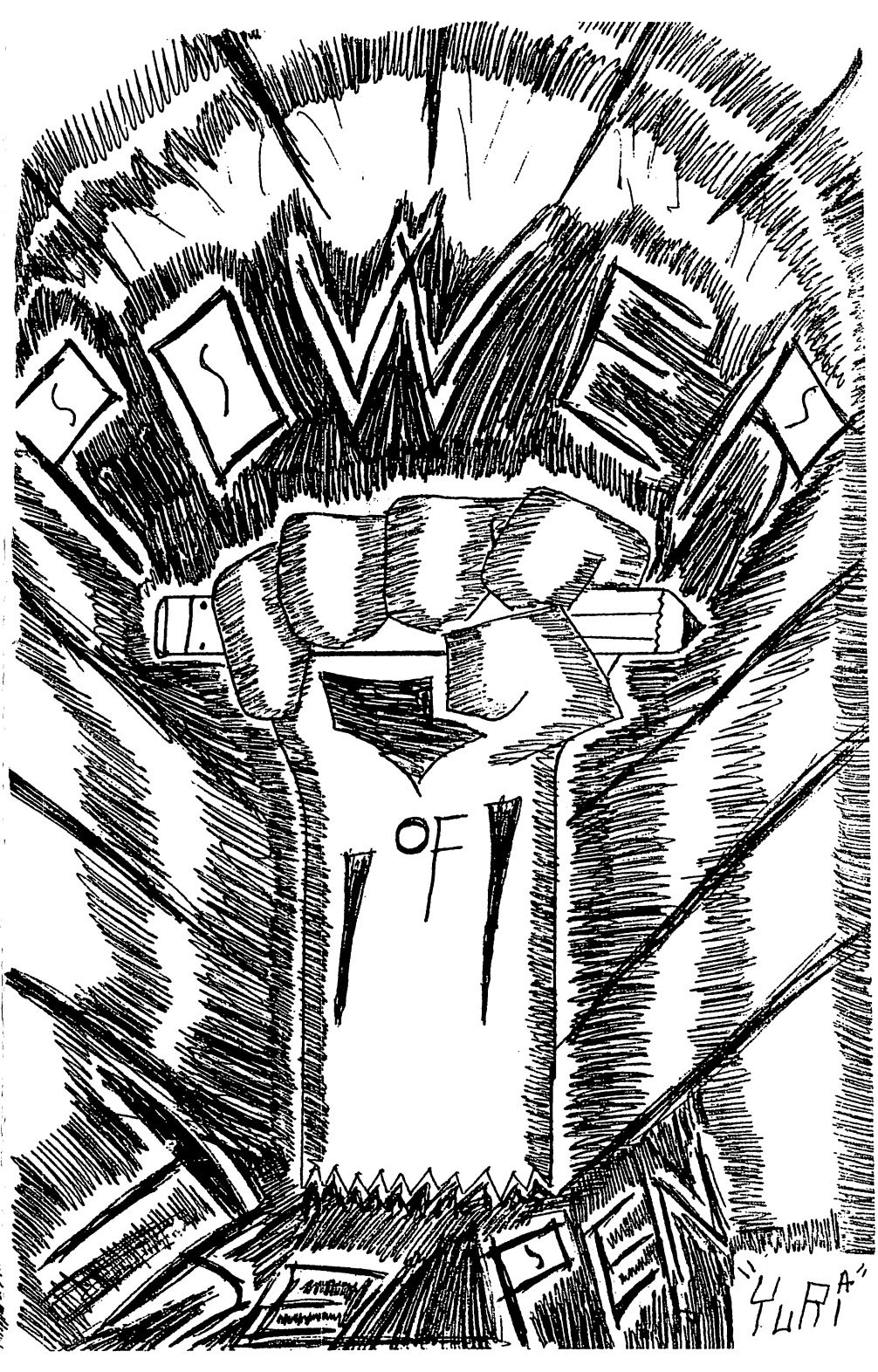
OF
YURI



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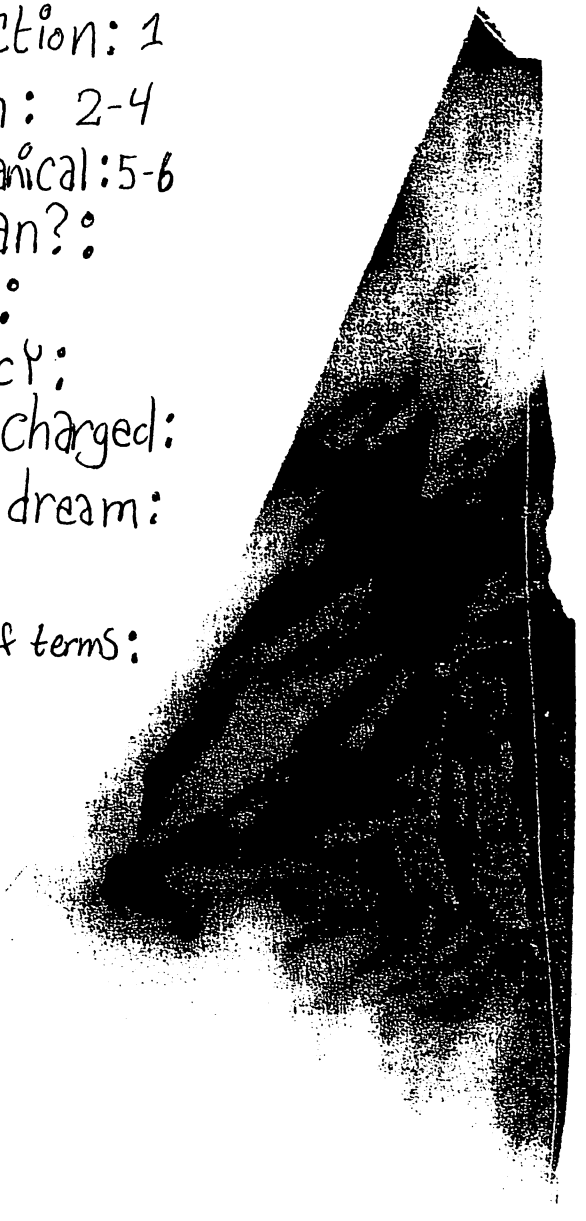
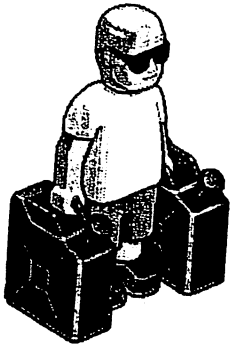
Grassroots of radicalism

CONTENTS

1) Introduction: 1
2) Addiction: 2-4
3) Bio-mechanical: 5-6
4) Not a man?:
5) E 406:
6) Supremecy:
7) Guilty as charged:
8) Death of a dream:
9) Close:
10) deffinition of terms:





Introduction:

The Power of the Pen, is that through it's Scratching Scrawl of ink on Paper, ideas are born. This zine is my attempt at giving birth, these poems are my fledgling ideas, birthed from the bowels of a wicked wicked monster the Pic.* The ideas contained herin are by Proxy my desperate attempt to Shed light on the transgressions of the Powers that be. I Sincerly hope that, You, dear reader, find these Poems enjoyable. my heart goes out in Solidarity to all revolutionarys no matter where You may be. may the resistance never be Pacified 4

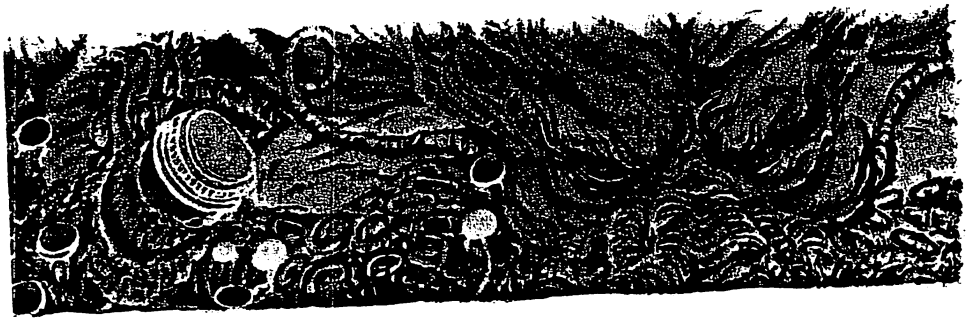
Power to all People, equality to all People never Stop fighting, not untill everyone Can live,... live with no boarders, no masters

in Solidarity

[signature]

10-4-13

Pontiac CC Idoc



Addiction:

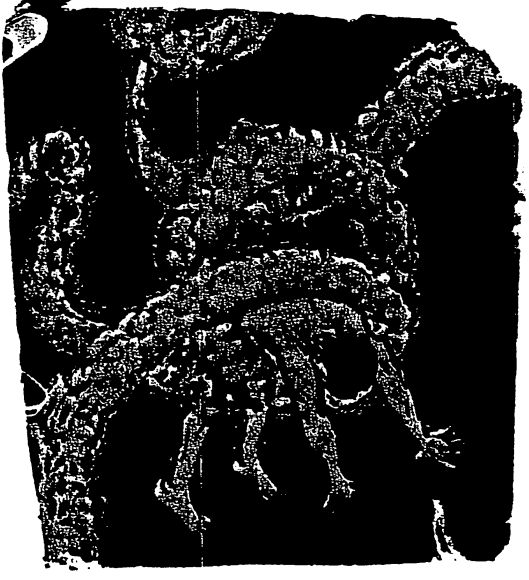
flick the bic then i
(in hale) (exhail)
and let my swisher fry
it seems i need this
to clear my
mind,
in this
monot, ness,
reality that is
this
time
but i'm not the only to suffer this
this addiction,
Surely not the
only who needs
A substance bliss







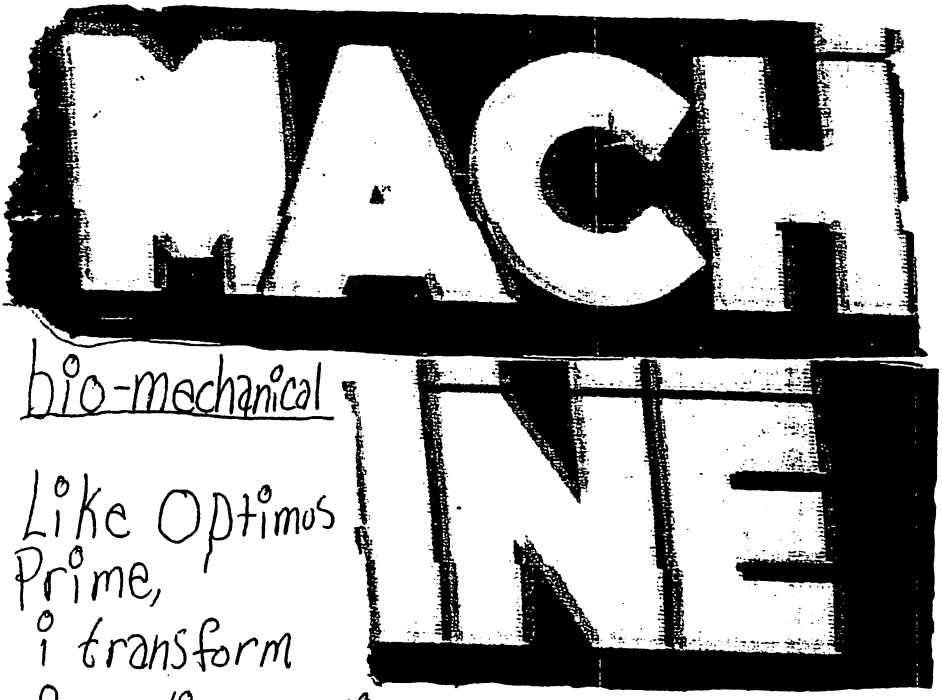
Or a euphoric release to start my ignition. be it a Coffee hug, that hustlin kick marijuana lips, or a tobbaco kiss but what is the Cause of this Condition instead of Punishing we need to find the cause of this affliction You say war on "drugs" but what makes something a drug? addictive Properties? well i'm addicted to hugs So arrest my mother Your mother instead of Pointless laws Lets actually helpone another.



Yea that'll be the Day!!

I know the cause,
and unless we open oureyes its here to stay
Poverty Capitalisim
Pointless boarders
"white" imPeriallisim
these are the causes of our ackliction
and every news report, law or congress statement
a new lie, just a new fucking rendition
we will never have clear minds
will never escape
the chains that bind
will allways need the crutch
that is addiction
unless we rid ourselfs of
~~such~~ such.
things as oppression
Coersion dominance
Patriachy.
its time for a new Social
experiment
Anarchy





bio-mechanical

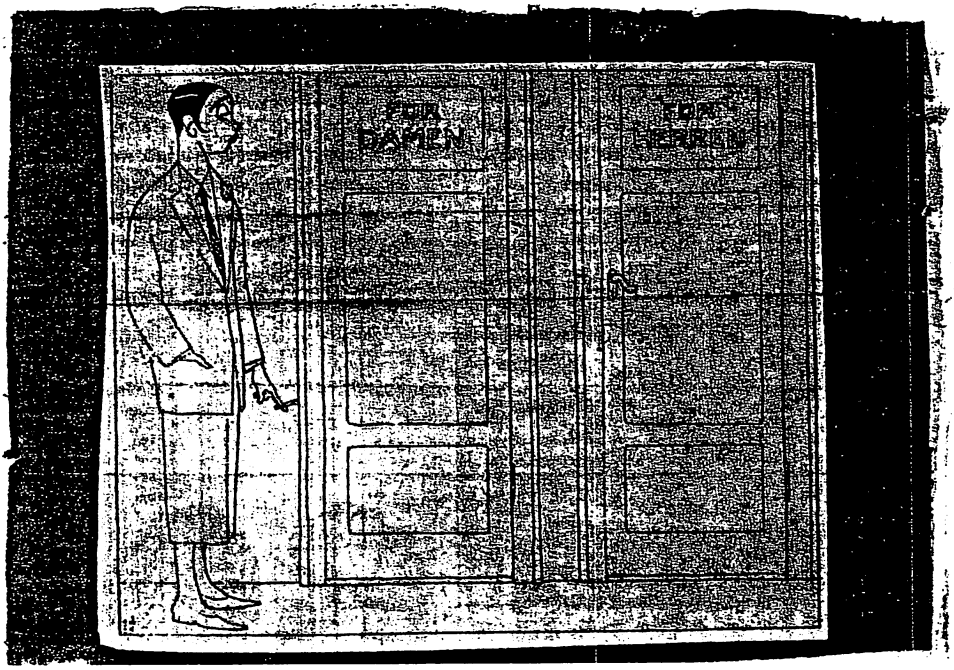
Like Optimos
Prime,
i transform
from time to time
i keep my emotions at bay
feed you that tired line
"i'm Cool, really, i'm a machine"
when i'm really not fine
when Your Supposed to be Someones Rock
~~Someone~~ Someones Shoulder to lean on
and times get tough! who can make it stop?
when all eyes are on You for Strength
and You don't know
if You can Stand tall or not

Your only option is to lie
Your gender
dosn't cry.
So i deal with the Pain
with Point less aggression
i wash away every emotional Stain
with vodka rocks
and Pointing blame
its a vicious circle ; i Cant make it Stop
; emotion dosn't fit
it just jams the bio mechanical clock

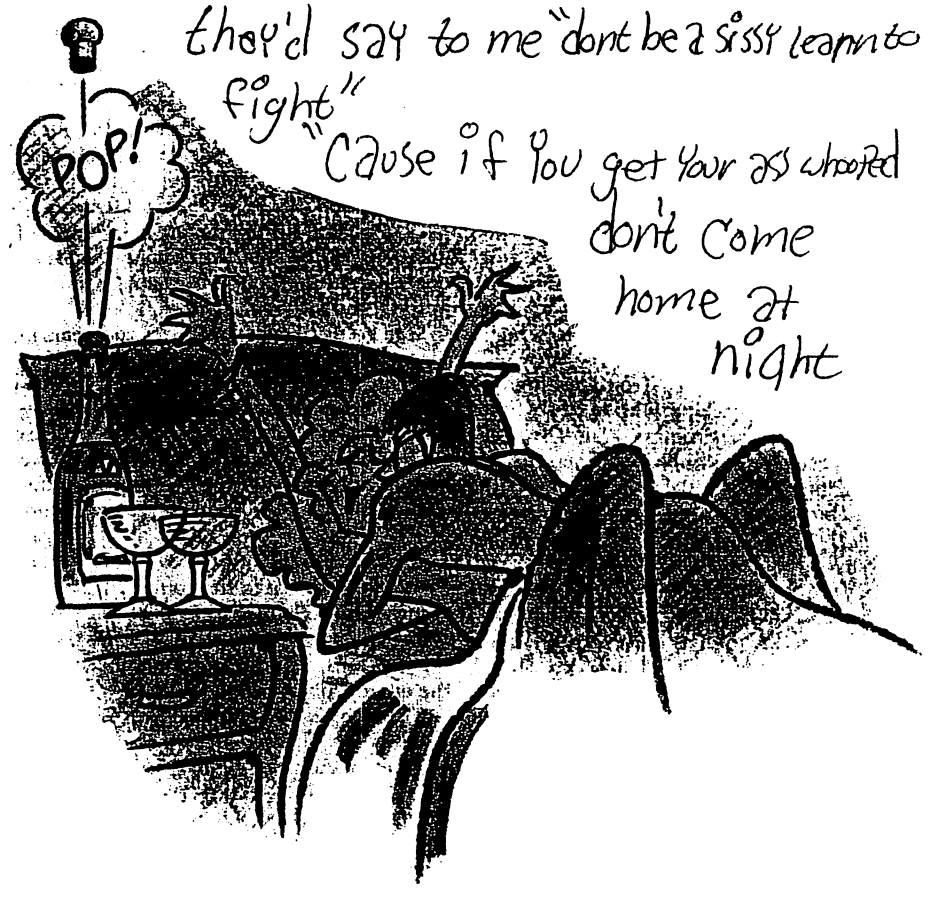


Not a man?

As a boy growing up, i asked many questions
what is this, what is that?
why is that boy in the girls section
i automatically assumed the individual wasnt a man
that even though he had a Penis
somehow he didnt fit the master Plan
See as a child i had this image of masculinity
I was taught that if im strong with no feelings
i'll be sexy and the one to be
was taught to chase money
with insatiable greed
because a man is not a man



Unless his Pockets are full of green
and black cards for the "helPless" woman to max out
at least if he wants to fuck "
fuck untill he taPs out
See a man is only a man if he can shower with Kids
oh and he better have at least 2
2 or three "bitches"
they'd say to me "dont be a sissy learn to
fight"
"Cause if you get your ass whooped
don't come
home at
night



So if i was to be a man
i had to make it right
So i started off with fists and bb guns 12
then slowly graduated
to projectiles with quite a bit more pressure
all in the quest to be a man
now i'm taking drastic measures
nothing is safe
not even that wich brings me pleasure
not "my girl"
not the flowers
not my house...
like twin towers
to be a man i most destroy
damn

Cant i just stay
a boy

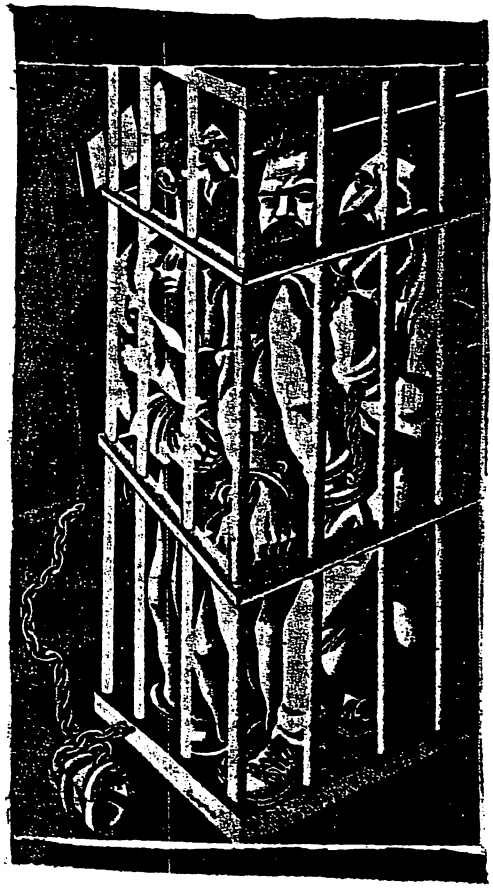
Pint sized
subversive →



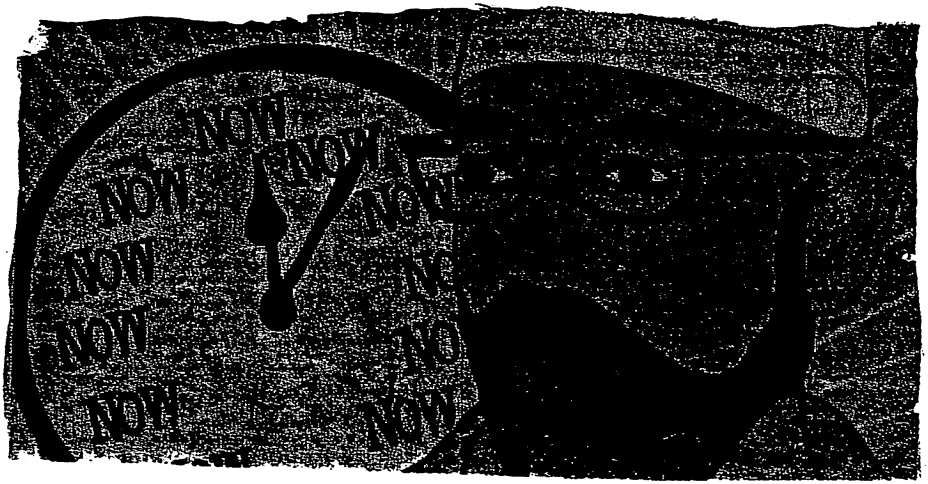
Walls Collapse
like dominoes
on Sheets of glas
Shatered!! Shatered!!
are my world veiws
batered!! batered!!
as i'm led askew
while locked away
in these four walls
anxiety despair
all thats felt in these long halls
I Suffer in Silence, as I
Listen, Listen to the Calls,
Calls for attention



the desparate grasps
at retention
of some form of sanity
for its too too easy
to lose your humanity
while suffering in ignorence
all this
Contageous beligerince
black white brow
it makes no difference
to them we're all just
offenders
locked behind bars,
by some black
dress wearin'
authoritarian
Pretendor.



its not ment to rehabilitate
Quite the fucking opposite
Only debilitate
Six months to a Year
for Some even 28 (we love You maroon)
M.S.U*, A.D.*, S.h.u.* or S...E...G
they are all forms of torture
Utilized by the wicked monster P...I...C*
from the out side looking in
You say "thank god it's not me"
but for those of us who Live it
"dear god why me?"
but this Can never Pacify the Resistance

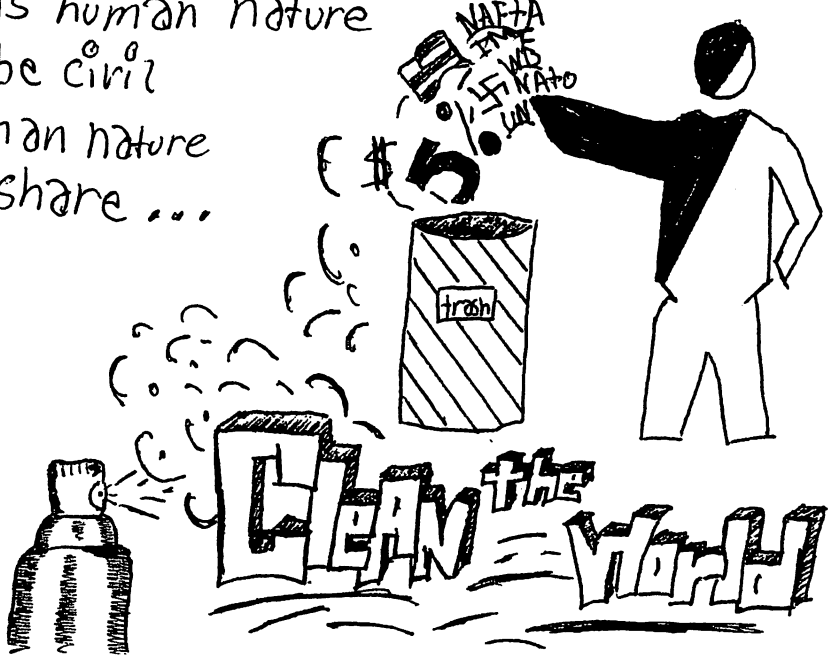


to my circle A's
this is our fucking reason for existance
I. WILL. SCREAM. MY. LUNGS. OUT.
till every door is open
every one "lost" is found
till every inhuman condition
is fixed
fixed by
ABOLITION



SuPemecy:

Sence when were black and white Primary
Colors?
ther are shades stupid
You and all the others
fucking ignorent Scum!
You Preech SuPremecy
then wonder how come
I have no tolerence for You and Yours
SuPremecy is wrong
black, white brown Yellow
It Should'nt have to be decreed by Pem or Song
it is human nature
To be civil
human nature
to share...



before there were boarders
every thing was everyones
not some imperialist state borders
if we are to be free
we must stop preaching hate
must open our eyes and see
black white brown yellow
while not the same shade.
are still the same species
just different shades of mello
nin, all humans have it
So stop using it to seperate fello
humans.
we must get past this ignorence
must utilize some
common sence
to fight a race war
distracts us from our true oppressor
the class war
lets fight back take action
but stop wasting time

People
of
all
colors
making
a stand

Worrying about a Color faction
from now on lets be Color blind
Cause im so tired
tired of wasting time





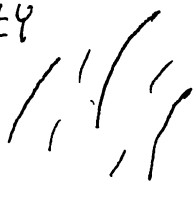
Guilty 20 as Charged!

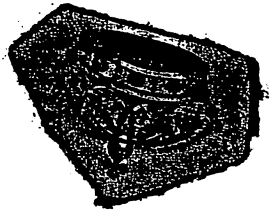
Am i Crazy?

FREE MUMIA. FREE THE EARTH'S 7 BILLION.



You tell me...
my visions hazy
its blocked by a dream
Please tell me... am i crazy?
because i want to dethrone Royalty
because i refuse
refuse to give my loyalty
to a frivolous dogma,
a Pieous diety,
a President with only
his intrest at heart
am i Crazy
because i refuse to even start





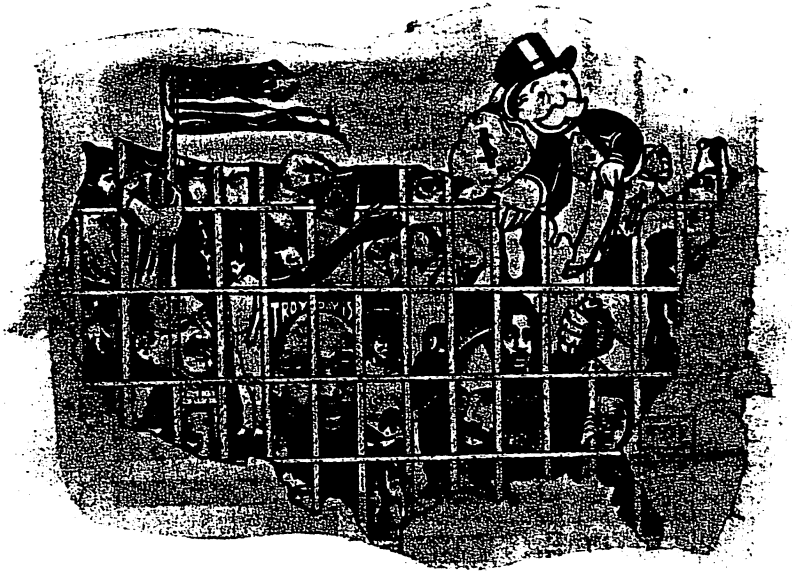
beliving all Your fucking lies
or is this the Pot calling the kettle black
is this You hoping to turn fingers
before the attack
because Your transgression
is impossible to hide
look at all the Places You've made Your impression
nicaragua, haiti, africa
afghanistan, iraq, Vietnam
all of South, South america
to name a few
when Your beast sees something it wants
Your war machine starts to spew
spew out atrocitys,
atrocitys in loo
of world court Rulings
Un Sanctions
it's just throws oil on the flame there is no ceasing



You must Stomp out all
Enemys foreign or domestic
thanks to the ~~Patriot act~~ free for all
its like your Pouring antiseptic
to wash away all you
claim infectious
if i'm deemed crazy for hating
your imperialist world at large

then fuck it

I'm Guilty as charged!!



Death of a dream:

even though i try, i can't write about you
these bars, this razor wire
permiate every thing i do
all of my memories warped distorted
like funhouse mirrors
the only reprire granted, only time comforted
is when i'm asleep
but shortly even thats aborted
i am restless
sitting dead silence
breathless
every dream of home makes me
senseless
but the Problem
is finding some way to retain the feeling
no matter how hard i try i can't solve'em
so every morning i am a murderer
dream killer
torturer
and i do it to my self it seems

Every morning in this Place

I mourn the death of a Dream!!

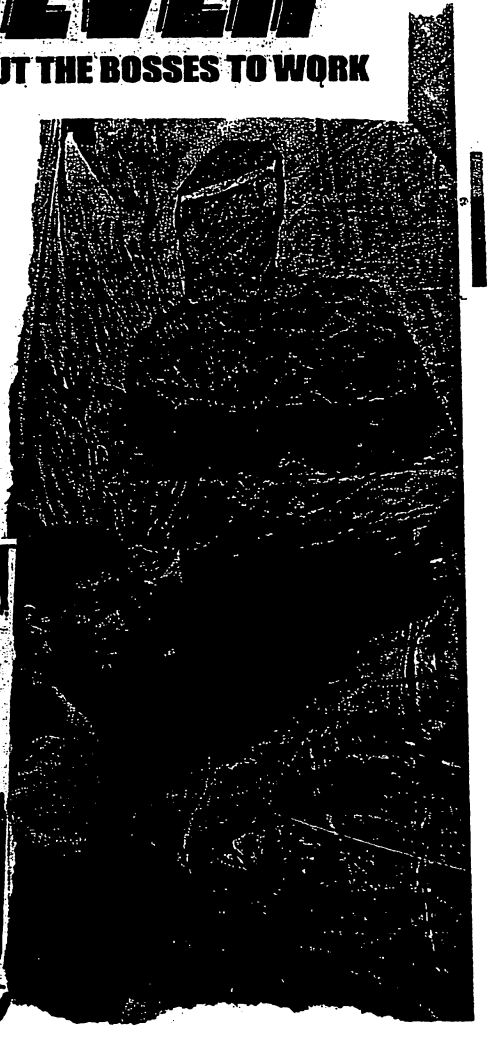



FUERINGHAM



JOIN THE IWW & PUT THE BOSSES TO WORK

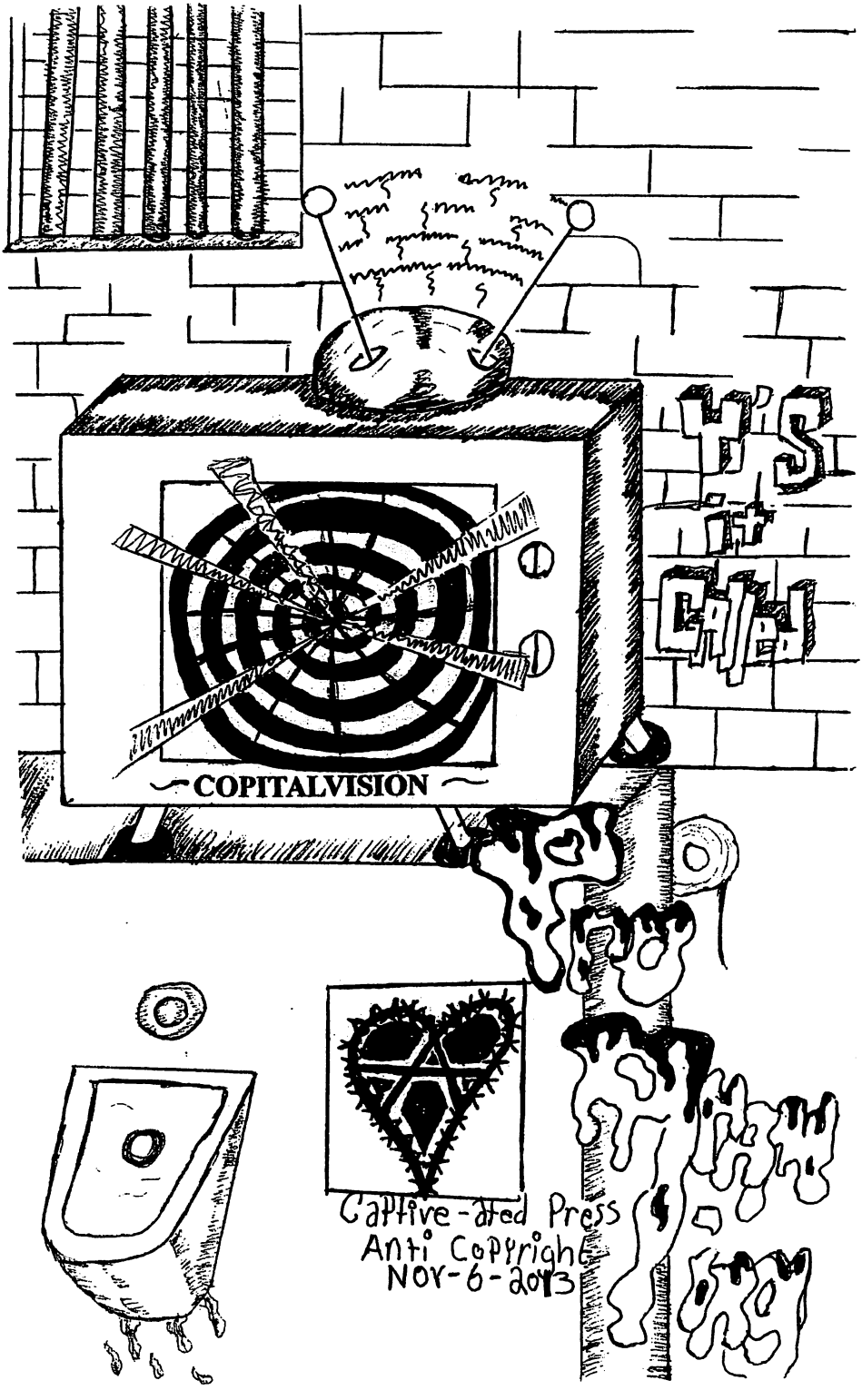






WE ARE IN HERE FOR YOU; YOU ARE OUT THERE FOR US

B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