

I want to disperse their ranks
splat them in undignified
attitudes
 as if fallen
from a dizzy height
 all over
sharp spiky surfaces

I need words whose weapons
have been broken
 who have
no pride left no ambition —
squat peaceful anarchists
 only
because they have no power

words of unspeakable
anguish that moan all by
themselves
 and scream
that shriek and scream out loud
for all to hear
 right here
in my poem

paddy webb