

The Beast Unleashed

POETRY AND ARTWORK

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A Trumped Commemorative

When fear becomes brave
And hatred becomes justice
We engender a strawberry-colored

Twit to do our work, to collect
Our chits, as if a manifest
For our destiny

A hen in the Fox house
Clucking and clacking
Strutting (as only fools

Know how to do)
Somehow lodging a claim
Against the experience of truth

Working our ignorance as if
It were a Brand (new) factory
With good jobs for all

Perhaps we do need to build
A wall around ourselves
If only to protect our

Companion earthlings from this
Most pestilential of freedom-

For-all formulae
And, if we build it in a
God's name, not only will
It be Holy and Right

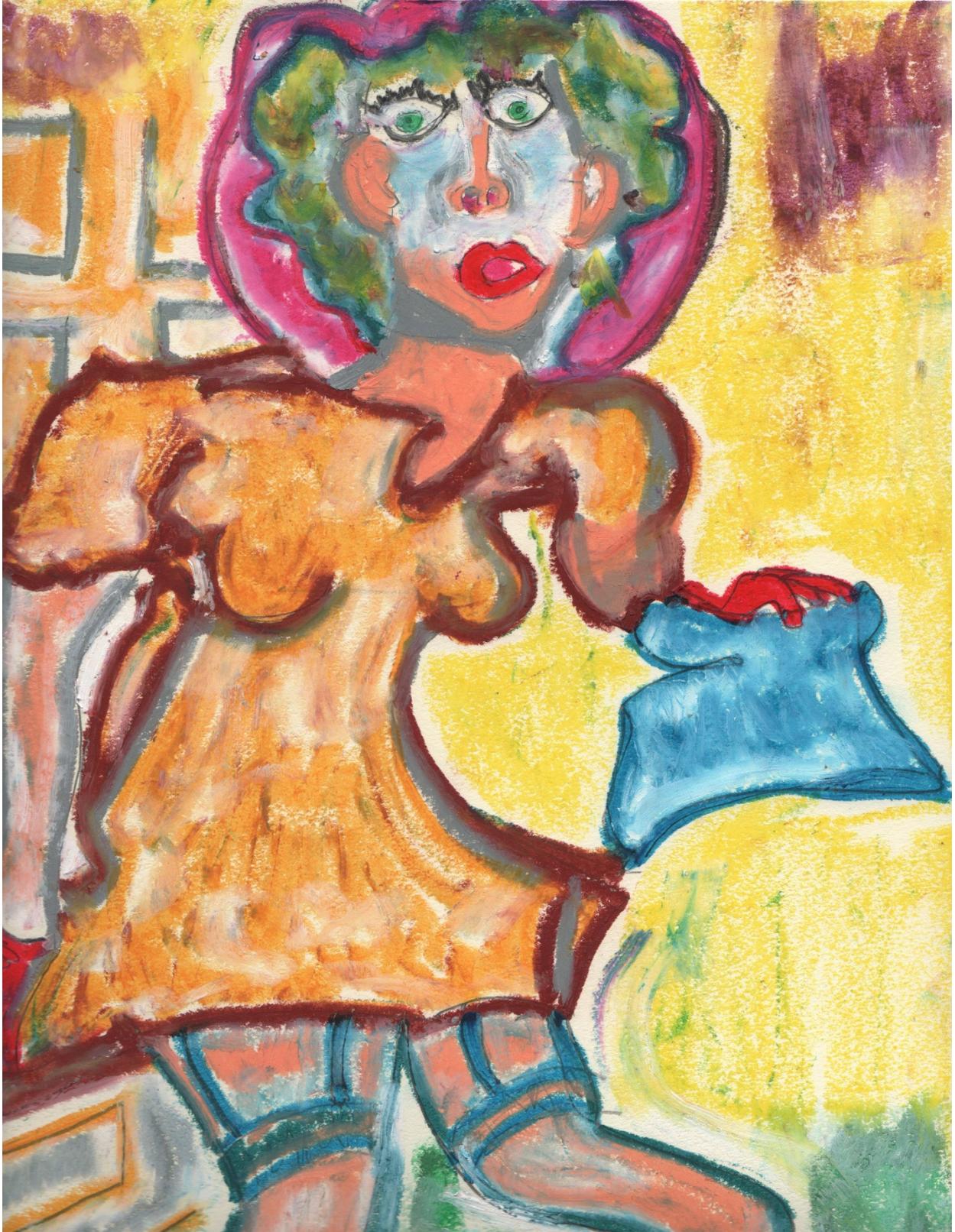
But tax free, just for you
And for me, safe at last
Thank some god almighty

Safe at last!
But, if once we are caught out
And the vampires of our journeys

Past have locked their clenching
Teeth around the throats of
Our limp and vapid satisfactions

Not even a sigh could escape this
Black hole of misery and regret
And a civil disturbance

In uncivil times will mark
The beginning pathway
For our ending



Misogyny, Racism and Etc.

Misogyny, racism, xenophobia and greed
These are all the things we need, surely
For America to succeed!

As these all have been tested, using the
Best of our tried and true scientific
Method, and finding out

(Most certainly and with nary a doubt!)

That death is forever wise, while life
Well, it can be tricky

So, one should conclude, upon close
Reference to our many histories
That each and all

Could be best served by sticking
To our fundamentals: misogyny
Racism, xenophobia and greed

For as we all know, it is not easy
To change one's relatives, no
Matter how noxious

And if one is only relatively
Evil, what is the urgency?
The womb has given us

Authority, a privilege it could
Be said—a sort of womb-o-geniture
Perhaps; after being grown

Within and then pushed without
To find our place here amongst
These riches, would it not

Be un-patriotic to disclaim our
Own heritage: misogyny, racism
Xenophobia and greed?

These are all the tools we need
Were they not enough to unfurl
This American screed?

Justification (bosh!) rationalization
Is the ticket for this journey
We must be scientists

Of deception, always signaling
This for that, as if it were
A natural fact

Let that be the way
For Americans to succeed
While never forgetting

Our need for this primary
Recipe: misogyny, racism
Xenophobia and greed

These old friends will serve
As our quixotic steed
Thundering ahead

With no plan and no reason
Insisting only there must be
Loyalty (even worship, perhaps)

And without such it must be
Treason, for who else could
Carry this load

This responsibility of nobility?
The womb has given us
Not just life

But all that glitters as gold
And is nice! For all the rest?
Well, to each their measure

Be it little or even less, for it
Is easily understood by each
And all, that poverty for
The many in its thrall

Is merely a different way to
Experience the riches and
Liberty of the few

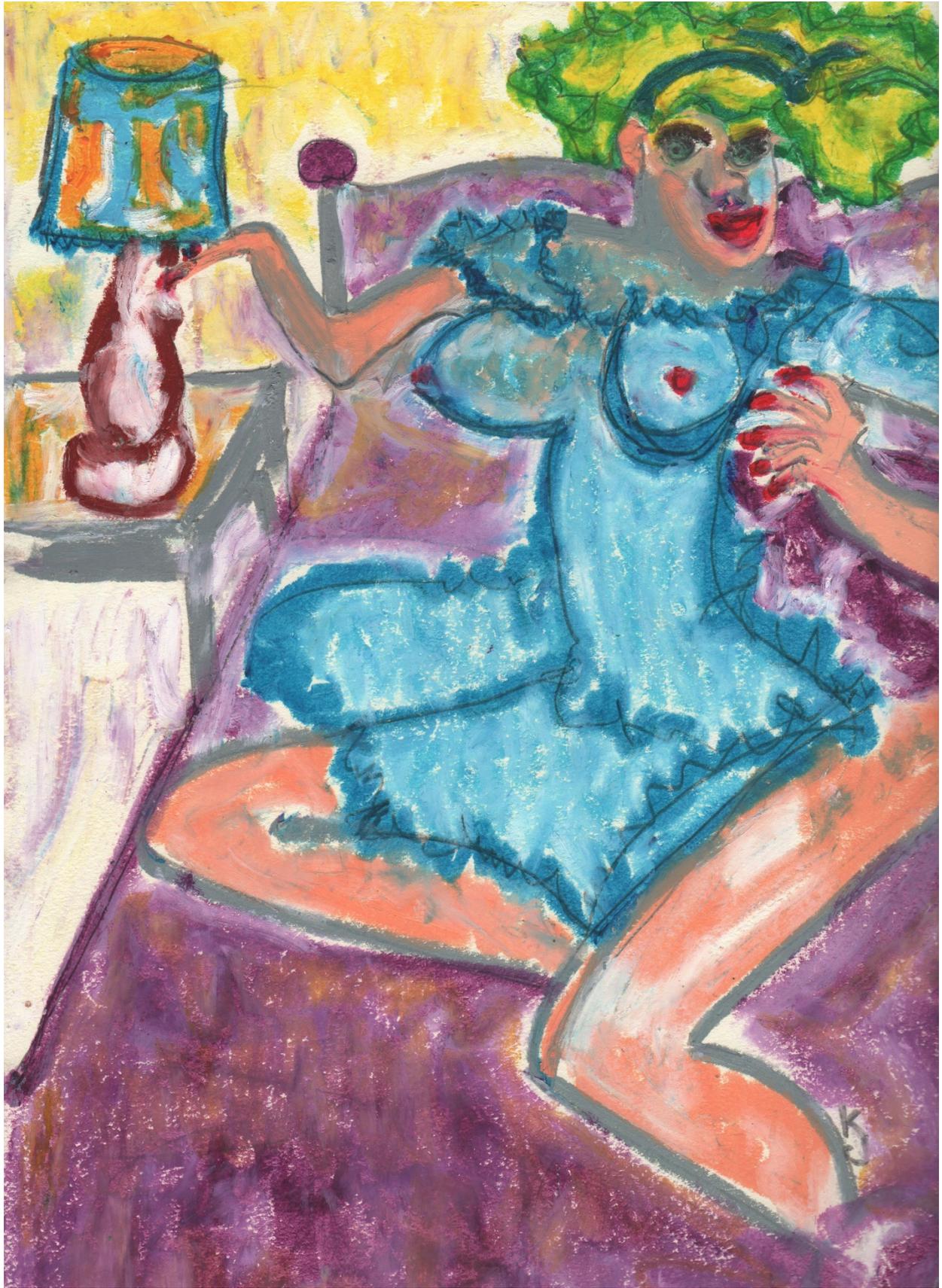
We are of course Americans
First, and do not like
To squabble

You have your way and I
Have mine (perhaps, until
It's dinnertime!)

Would not the many
Be overwhelmed if
Instead of holding-up

The few, they had only
A view of open sky
Above?

Or perhaps would they
(The many, as I measure)
Be woke?



These Two!

The Nancy and RBG, in these times of trouble
And passion, these two we must hold dear
Tightly held within our own necessities and
Obligations. For these two, both aged and wise

Are the protectors of our destiny (if there is
To be one); these two are now the daring
Riders of this dream we have, of our own
Democracy. Though we can hardly see

Through this fog of difficulty and angst
As we search for transition from a failure
Of greed and superstition, these are two
Who have persevered in this battle throughout

Though both are frail: now beheld glamorous
By the fruit of their years of conjoined service
To the laws of our heart. It would seem
Easy for us to follow such a bejeweled and

Honorable pathway, forged by these two
Leaders of America, but some of us have
Lost faith in this dream of unification
From all—one, and a bastardized version

With its own champions, has arisen: one
Is all! And some of us have bent our own
Spiritual superstitions toward the goals of
This perverse prevarication, spawning a

Re-visiting of that intra-cultural cur
White nationalism, and now further
Self-sanctified by a white god
(Or devil? perhaps) which ideas
Are sorely torn and battered by all
That can be called to reason. For have

We not already played these evil
Games of war and treason? By now
Have we not learned that killing
One another is the easiest thing, but

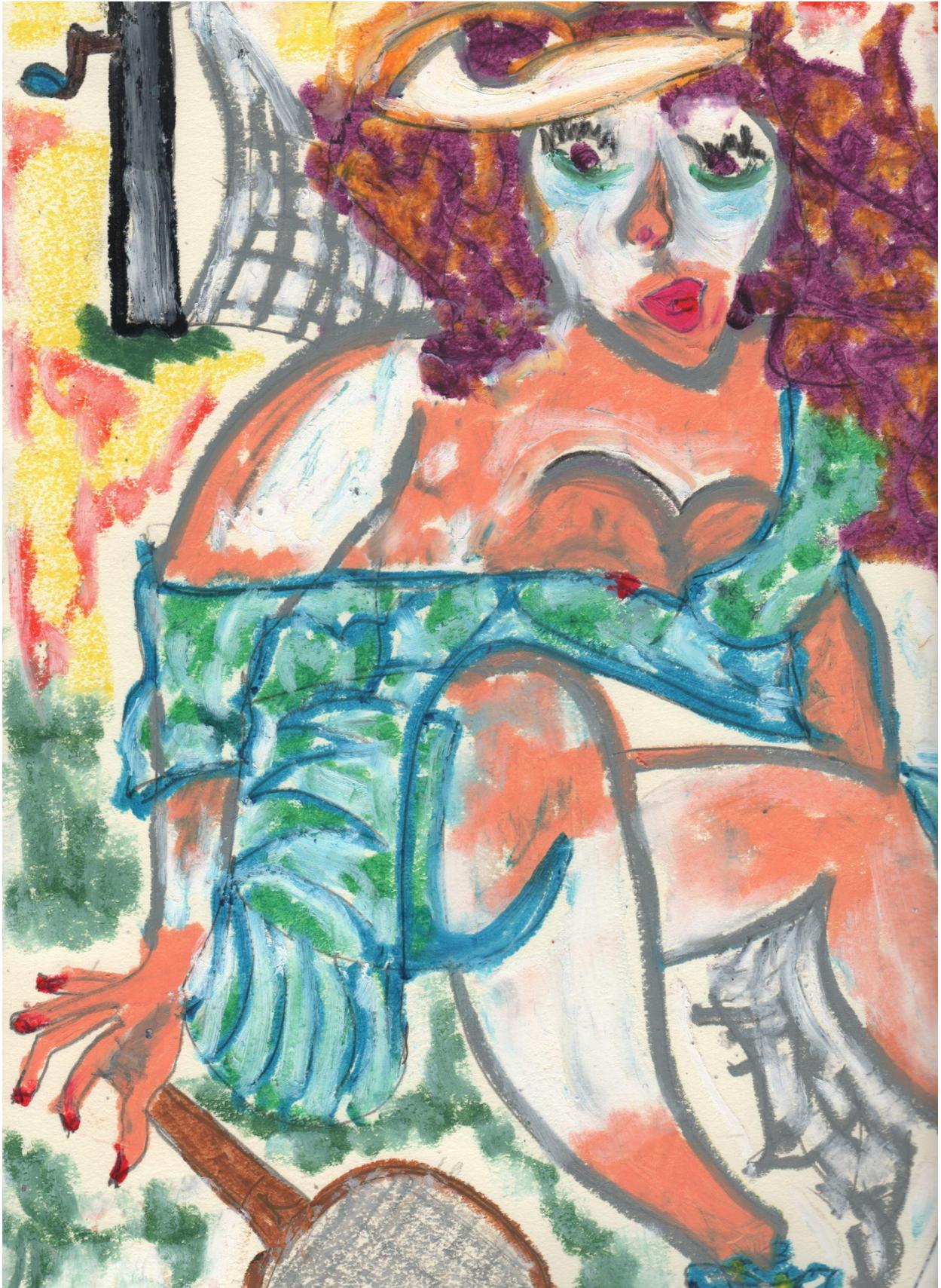
Punctuated by endless graves and
A progeny of hate and fear? That
Is our problem now to solve: what
Comes next, after we have been

Done with all of that? And now
We have these two gentle and
Wise women, who are both profound
And fearless and who are now standing

Tall within the breach of our own
Deceptions, shining forth a light

Towards which lies the hope of
Salvation. Shall we take the next

Step to follow these two
American leaders? These two
Rather magnificent American
Leaders, The Nancy and RBG!



Whose Children?

Out of the mouths of babes
Voicing the terror and anguish
Of fear, then slaughter

How has their value been tarnished?
Where has their worth gone?
Does no one care anymore?

Our freedom to own death and
Now to share this complicated misery
With rather indiscriminate aplomb

Smiling in satisfaction with our profits
We are dollars ahead in this senseless
Game of murder and fake regrets

We cradle and nurture these tools
Of mass destruction within the bosom
Of our befouled rationalization

From Newtown to M Stoneman Douglas
We have forged our own pathway to
Death and chaos, separating our children

From their safety with easy cause
Forgetting in chilling duplicity
All about love, shelter and protection

This is
Not Really America
Is it?

But now, I can only try to remember
When I, and perhaps, we all
Believed that...



Political Leverage

“They will make adjustments,” the President said. “They always do.”
And his jackal majority leader along with his other “good old white boys”
In the Senate quite agreed. After all, these old white-millionaires had

Seen it all before: lock-outs, shut-downs and broken workers, most
Usually crippled by scabs, who would work for next to nothing in order
To break their brothers and sisters, just so their own babies could eat

Clearly, those who have more than enough for their own will always
Have sufficient and often ferocious leverage over those who do not
And always the same argument prevails: yes, it is grossly inequitable

This separation of basic resources from those who need them, this
Rather unholy and patently absurd inequality of access, when one
Percent can own and control ninety percent, and all done with a

Nod and a wink; but, as all “common” wisdom suggests, it cannot be
Fixed or even adjusted, for fear of breaking the system. Though, if
Judged by the scope of its stink, it would likely collapse back upon

The arrogance of its own smirk. But wait, in this present case, we do
Not even need the scabs, for wisely we have made the laws such that
The workers must continue their duties and carry all the same

Responsibilities, except that now all must be done without recompense
And these putatively despairing Senate desperadoes have perpetrated
This political leverage while their own families are safe at home in soft

Beds, continually well-fed. They can only hear what their President has said
“They will make adjustments. They always do.” But what has been left unsaid
Is that in the end some of these “politically leveraged” citizens will be dead

(Or perhaps, it could be many!). A now infamous queen once replied, when
Told her “people” were hurting and hungry, “Let them eat cake.” Or was
It “grass” she mentioned instead? Upon this point, history cannot be

Precise, but still, we know the result, for in the end the queen, well, she
Lost her head, along with, of course, her usual sense of mirth and mischief
But Mr. President, what about you? Can you make adjustments, even

Though you never do? Can you live from one monthly paycheck to the
Next, even especially when the next paycheck may not come? Is the
Rather suspect value of your abject buffoonery worth this misery and

Madness? And who pays these bumptious buffoonaires who are your
Slippery and unctuous sycophants? Well, Senators, they call themselves
Though I have heard other names that better describe this behavior

And demeanor. These elected public servants who keep their faces tight
In grim delight, taking their generously exorbitant pay and their precious
Healthcare and retirement trove as their perfect right, held closely in

Smug delight. Are we being led by this bogus bodhi sattva? Or are we
Pushing a goat-footed bag of gaseous wind, blowing a fetid and foul
Vapor ahead of us, groping our way along this chosen path of self-deceit

Deception and ultimate, inevitable defeat? Have we found the enemy
And it is us? We are so afraid that things will get worse if we try to make
Them better, that we will not try. Believe me when I say it is not the one

Percent about whom I worry the most, for they are few. It is the rest of
Us about whom I have the most concern: when the cornfield is burned
Down (and about this, I have no doubt!) which ones of us will be left

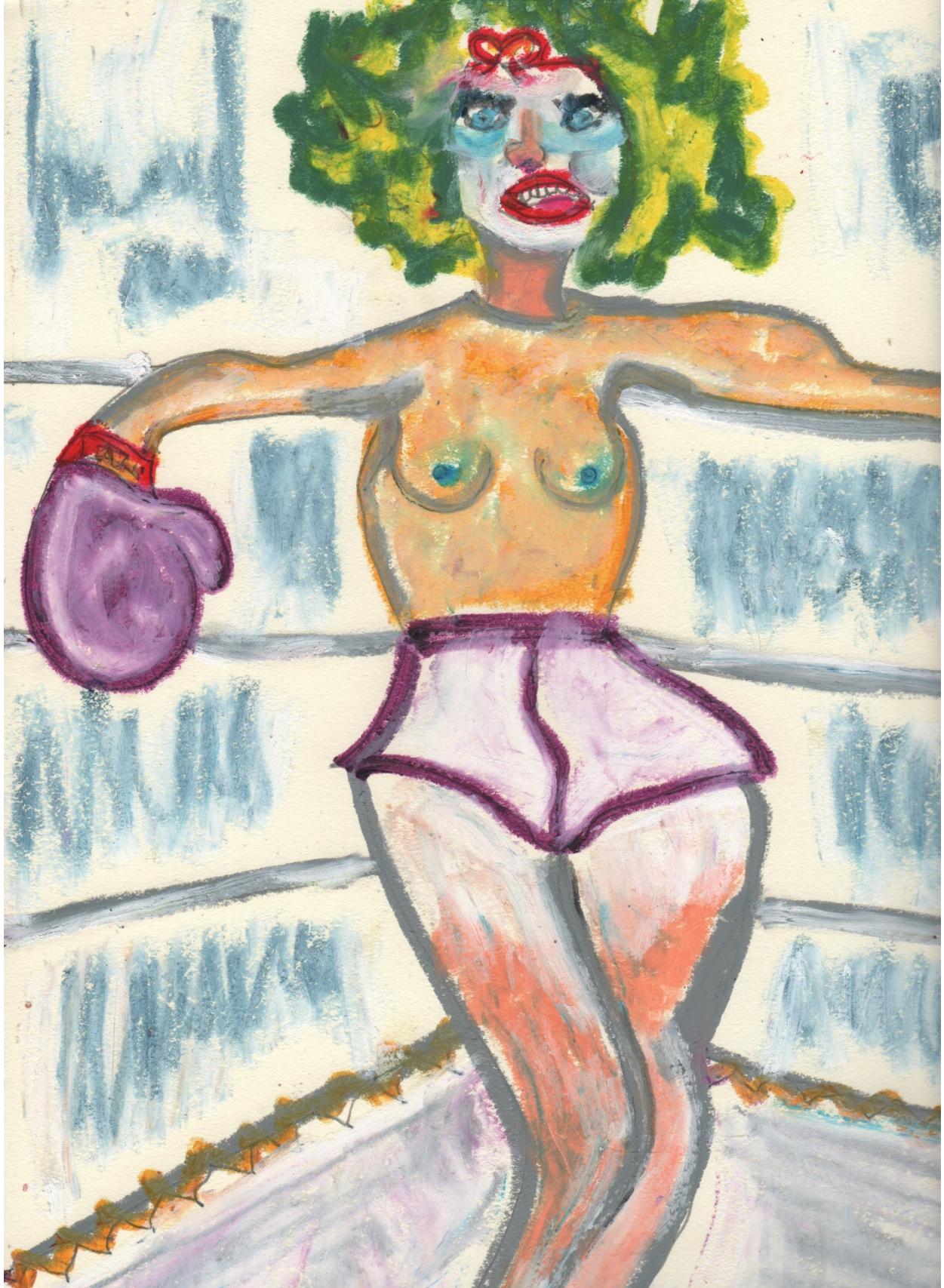
To plant the next crop? Will we be wise? Probably not, but will we be
Subject to the nature of wisdom, to its potential for evolution and expansion?
This I believe will be our test: can we do our best to change ourselves and

To become better than we were, as a way of living? To greet each
Morning with the thought: what can I do today to make myself a
Better world citizen, to help my planet become a better place for

Each of us to live together, if only just slightly better than we did
Before—but together, always together, as that will have become
Our primary necessity, co-operative co-existence. Well, I like it as

A goal! I do not know if we, as citizens of this world, are limited to
This current iteration of our efforts, but I can only hope the answer
Is a resounding “No!” And my only promise is that my hope will

Not die before I do. And then? Well, and then, my fellow world
Citizens, you all will be the carriers of the torch. Please be prepared
For it will mark a beginning or an ending to ourselves, yes?



A Semantical Inconvenience

(or a lexicon of trumpery)

My foot.. whether it be pink and pale
Brown and creamy, dark and pregnant
With depth, or a delicious luster

Of yellow or red, or even blue or green
Whatever, is it not still a foot?
In most cases matched by one other?

And et cetera until all my various
Parts and pieces are compiled
And then rather too magnificently

Entitled homo sapien, as if it were
A truth. And as if, et cetera and etc.
Until we have all become in our own

Reckoning something more than nothing?
Well.. then and now, we are ready
For politics. The truest art for

Rationalizing fear and hate and greed
By re-labeling (as easily done as peace
Or war) though I do have some angst

About this manner of freedom and equality
Known best by its bloody and vicious
Etymology. But does not cruelty, deprivation

And greed work just as neatly after this
Re-naming? We are afraid..
No, we must be cautious in a dangerous

World. We are greedy.. no, these
Unpredictable times require a marshalling
Of resources and luxuries to be put

Against a possible reversal of fortunes
To protect against want or need (and
Against those who do..)

We are hateful and vicious.. no, we are
Respectful of the universal dichotomy of
Those who can and those who cannot (as well

As those who have and etc.)
We kill to protect our situations..
No, we eliminate social disturbance by

Excising its heart from our number and
We take glory from these decisions, as if
It were the very light from a god's eyes

For do we not find our way by this
Gruesome illumination? Follow the blood
And the wisdom of a political decision

Will likely be found lying at its root
Behold, there blooms civilization
And here are we, homo sapiens

But now, we just have one small and final
Duty of taming our rather more subtle but
Basic qualities, those helpless and

Non-politicize-able notions of cooperation
Mutual benefit and kindness
Per our course, These superfluous

Attributes seem now to be hollow and
Empty, without political capital
Certainly there is no accredited value

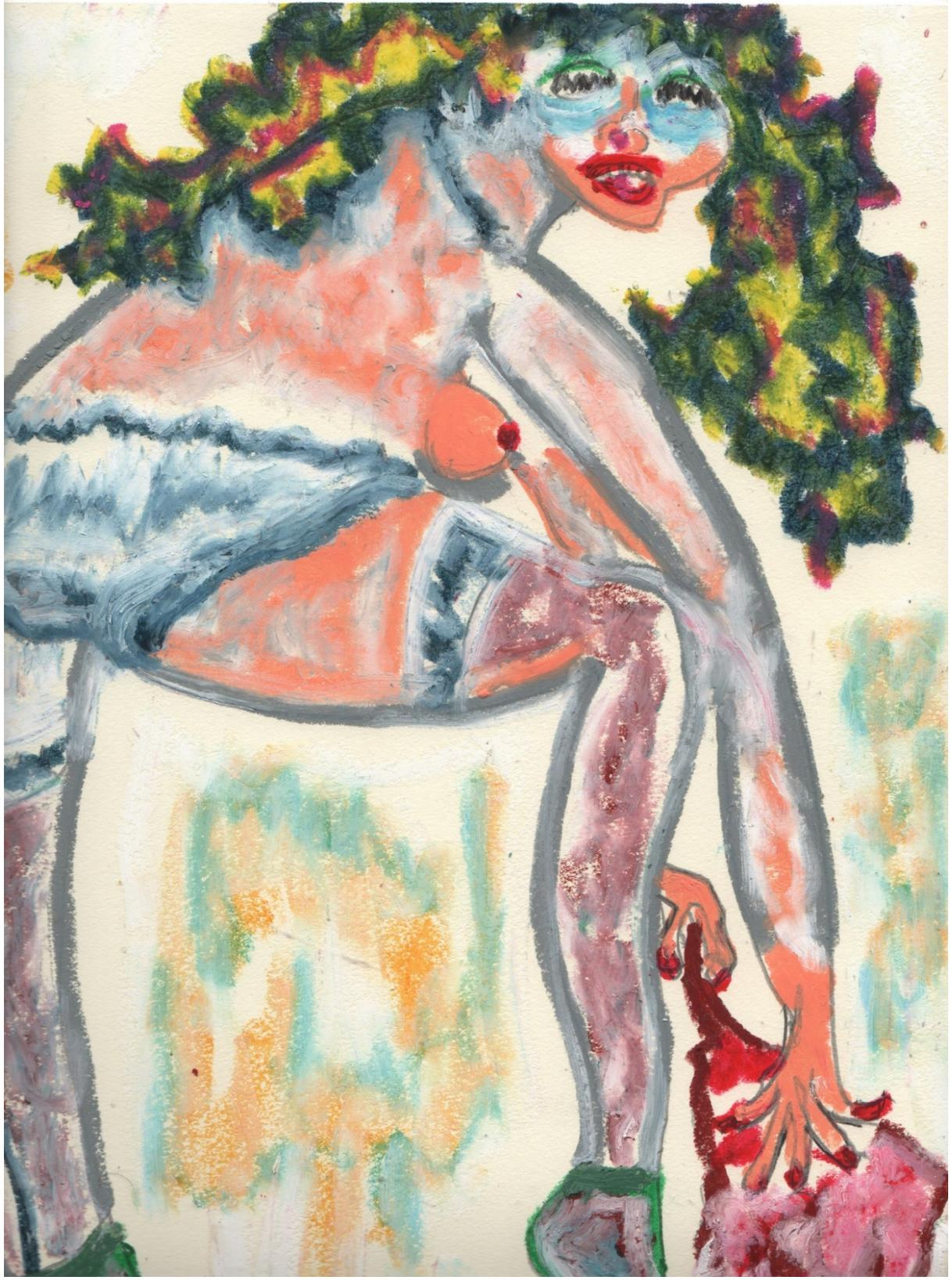
Not bankable in any way whatsoever
So, how is this taming and re-naming
Of any loss? Why should we, homo

Sapiens, care when there is no profit
Motive nor margin nor loss?
We are after all homo sapiens

The thoughtful species. We do understand
Ourselves, do we not?
But wait.. has not our reasoning

Gone round full circle? Is it
A trick or a treachery of misperception
(Though it does seem as clarion as

The calling of a liberty bell!) that we
Have already named this newly minted and
Inaugural realm of ours, inexorably.. as hell?



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[Please see www.kjnudes.com for addition artworks and poems]