

thoughts on geopolitics

by Riley Burnham

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pretty wild times to be alive

technology; hyperconnectedness

the world, coming to within size

of essential grasp

we now see infiltrators of governments worldwide

agendas being carried out

against the citizens to whom interests pretend to serve

while serving the crown, or the dollar, or the usurious banks

central, global, central, global

names, familiarity; rushing by us in newsstreams

this day, this event, this character...

always revolving; the words & lies spinning

our rationalities crumbled through disarrayed paths

our heritage in shambles, of rigorous disintegration

cattle, herded through wargames & scenario-pools

the insiders plotting for & against the marks, the dumb, the naive

we pay our taxes

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man resorts to peace

knowing freedom is the safest, best option

tyranny & cruelty know no bounds, & men feel dutified

families watching; the world praying

situation's dynamic

trucks line from across continents

spray freedom through the medium of air; a horn

hope is renewed; restored

tyranny lashes back

a dilemma presents itself

an enemy as clear, readying their boot for another stomp

the free man questions the motives, the outcomes... asks why

remembering the sun, the shining light, the cure to our ails

our systems rigorous

our prayers sent; our prudence displayed

follow, break, follow, break

much of the mandates & COVID response can be thrown in the trash

blatant power-grabs

wishing for health; a return to a semblance of natural order

the vial comes toxin

the mask comes submission; cowardice; breathing obscured

the drums of war pound in the distance, & are made to echo near &
wide

banks, w/ their leveraging debt

governments shake hands

the People see their inheritance slip away

sand & dirt

music plays