

Rage.

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Rage. The forbidden emotion; religious sovereigns declare, political sovereigns declare, media sovereigns declare; indoctrinated and conditioned to feel no outrage, no inward rage, no retaliatory violent rage, no justifiable rage, criminalised if your rage stops a criminal, imprisoned if your rage defends your safety, catalogued if your rage demands action.

Rage is an emotion with value, it should be exercised when required, some acts demand rage as their response, some acts decree rage as their response, some acts are so obscene they go beyond rage as their response, yet the stillness of the air is chilling, no rage, no out rage, no raised awareness, nothing stirs. Nothing. In its place we have blind rage, drunken rage, perverted rage, obscene rage, the same emotion expressed at the opposite end of the emotional state, the rage in response is crushed.

But not within me; I'm saturated with a seething mass of pure justifiable rage, in response to the most obscene acts ever perpetrated upon the weak and vulnerable of the Earth, criminal acts on a scale never before conceived.

At each new discovery of the depraved and obscene actions of the sovereign powers, my emotional state is rage, followed by growing contempt for my fellow man, wilfully ignorant and complicit.

My rage is tunnelled thoughts of throbbing hate, exposed on scowling, heavy brow, forceful voiced and foul spoken, raging directionless, sabotaged and prevented, the hatred filling every cell, every sight, every sound, every thought.

A need for action, seconds tick like minutes, a deep desire to escape this torment raging within my emotional disorder; to act, to resolve, to alleviate. Futility stabs my mind; its virtual petrol fuels the rage, billowing through my body, rage discharge's voluminous energy, futility stabs again, like dynamite it reinvigorates the rage, in waves of building anger, futility stabs ever quicker, wave upon wave of madness; until it peaks, a rage is nothing but a moment of insanity, and so it diminishes, spiralling quickly down, the rage calms, slowly futility dissipates the anger, leaving the rage simmering gently.

The black thoughts fester, the retribution of extreme vengeance plots and schemes within the mind, reason stabs my mind, violating the scheming, reducing it to disjointed thought, reason stabs again, waking my mind, reason stabs until the simmering rage is replaced, with subdued rage, controlled and rational, like a tinder box it waits, an acquiescent slow reduction, almost any spark can ignite the rage once more. It diminishes, and with a little time the emotional state calms, it gently returns to equanimity, to its natural emotional disorder of tenacity.

Its residue is resolve, cold resolve, unflinching resolve, the hate festers beyond the rage, the resolve is calculating, a powerful motivator, yet time dissipates its strength, the apathetic sheepol crush any potency of steadfast passion, the waves of apathy drown the hopes of all resolve, the architect of your rage is untouched by resolve, or rage, untouched by any justice or retribution, the arachnid basks in communal apathy, obscene strength and power build from this cold indifference; for the mentally incompetent sheepol, they exist in wilful ignorance, the spider fleecing them even before their labour bears fruit.

For an arachnid farmer of the incompetent, butchery of the sheepol is the natural order, exploitation and debasement a prerequisite, ever greater destruction of their environment, community, family unity, personal authority, is his pleasure.

The subjects of this sovereignty smile at your rage; knowingly. They look at the arachnid farmer with trusting eyes, with loyal hearts and apathetic minds, conditioned never to think or question, indoctrinated with the wrong answers, working for nothing, helping no one, never having any thought of independence or transformation, the sheepol are physically sick, depressed and feel disconnected, how long can they coast along on apathy?

How long can I feel outraged and be the only one?

How long until you feel the rage, until you see the path you walk, lined with illuminated symbols showing the way to oblivion?

How long will you smile knowingly in abject ignorance, how long?

History shows the answer, the sheepol of the past lead the way, they trusted their farmer, they felt no rage for the actions done to others, they were apathetic and they smiled knowingly at the misery of others, they laboured under a lie, wilfully ignorant.

How long will you smile knowingly?

Until the farmer takes, you; to slaughter!