

DAN RYAN



SWAMP TALES

# Swamp Tales

Dan Ryan

Copyright © Dan Ryan

Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.  
More information can be found at  
[www.moriapoetry.com](http://www.moriapoetry.com).

Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017



The poem is a reflection from my perspective on an event that affected the lives and times of my generation here in the US. There is not much - has not been much - here in this declining would-be empire to be optimistic about, from a cultural and societal standpoint. I've been pretty much detached from that for a long, long time.

November 2, 2012

Obedience In – a - Sense

Ah, my generation  
America went to Viet Nam and  
had a war  
just for us

Ah, my generation  
not the “me” generation  
not the Woodstock generation  
we are the Viet Nam generation  
the wounded generation  
the traumatized generation  
the disillusioned generation who  
continue to breath napalm and  
piss agent orange  
a generation defined by  
an exercise in greed that  
never needed to happen  
from which nothing was learned

Ah, my generation  
my fucked up, fucked over generation  
spaced out on drugs  
strung out on

the vulgarities and obscenities of  
a violent, racist culture dependent on  
a war-based economy for  
the economic and political survival of  
the Great Republic and  
the sacred American Way of Life

Ah, my generation  
We were bred and born – conscripted  
really - did we have a choice?  
1945 to 1954  
innocents obediently raised on  
the mythology of  
the benefits of  
a meat and dairy based diet of  
white stream history  
the self-serving lies testifying to  
the sense of entitlement without  
responsibility  
guilt or  
shame  
the unholy holy agenda of Manifest Destiny  
the requirement to equate invasion  
occupation and  
murder  
with patriotism (whatever THAT is)

Ah, my generation  
believers who became non- believers in  
anything institutional  
utter contempt  
disgust  
mistrust from which  
most of us never recovered  
a generation that came of age and grew old in  
an age of disbelief

solitude and  
profound anxiety

Ah, my generation  
Ginsberg howled for Solomon  
I howl for us

Parochial Historiography  
18 – 20 Dec 2012

Sat down at the table to read a holy book

Talking about a standard textbook of US History  
a perfect hypocrisy in which  
nothing is as its given or told as it was  
a mythological and methodological book of lies  
held up to be sacred scripture by  
many a proud white American patriot  
innocents mostly  
with no sense of their whitewashedover eyes  
misperceived perceptions of a real unreality  
a desperately advertised history desperately pitched  
and barrel – rolled  
by stoned sky pilots flying on fictitious fictions  
stoned on the meth of the great myth  
innocents mostly  
innocently perpetrating unto others  
what was perpetrated unto them  
dropping bombs of imaginary history on  
an unsuspecting and unconcerned populace  
all participants involved blinded by the  
opaque smoke of myth  
that great nauseating myth  
getting high on the nausea and digging it  
blind leading the blind down the back staircase of  
time and memory  
stumbling over loose and sometimes missing  
altogether treads  
along hallways of uncomprehended responsibility  
lined by doors of denial offering sanctuary from  
unacknowledged atrocities  
against oh so many that we speak of not

but of one - just one - I feel compulsive necessity to  
so do  
if only to clear my mind heart and spirit of  
emotional congestion  
the cause of which being the indecently faithful not  
– so innocents  
continuously and all the while quoting chapter and  
verse from  
the holy book of lies the pages empty of any  
mention toward  
mentioning the selfishly selfish exploitations  
implicitly implicit in  
the pioneers' entry into Indian lands  
the intentionality of their intent being to destroy in  
whole or  
in part all things Indian  
insanely and certifiably convinced of their cultural  
and  
racial superiority

Rant # 1,945 –

America – smashed drunk on power  
addicted  
to war,  
drugs,  
money, and a preoccupation  
with race

patterns of insensitivity and arrogance  
toward issues of  
diversity

homophobic and misogynist abuse

anal probings New Mexico traffic stop  
police forces lookin & actin more  
and more like soldiers  
moralization of violence  
with impunity

political integrity,  
impeccability swept under  
the oval office rug  
the sound of pissing & woe can be  
heard  
for miles

sad americans living in the surveillance society  
where privacy is  
mostly an illusion  
hellies over highways and borders  
NSA invading and occupying  
the internet & cellphones  
with impunity

misinformation or disinformation stated  
goal of US military

in america

“we are blind and live our blind lives  
out  
in blindness”

(William Carlos Williams)

dreary Tea Party political apartheid

selfish american afrikaners

interested in their own skins usually

white and

in white america everyone else

is other

other than

less than

lonely Americans shudder in horror

hungry ghosts

desperate and hungry

I don't know what to say

'cept

I relish the crumbling

of

american excess

'Round Midnight in Ameriker

grinning blood moon  
bloated  
blond haired buffoon  
gloating Hitler-like  
white messiah  
another midnight  
for the moral world  
here in ameriker

tendency of the powerful  
to view human beings as pins  
on a map presumed  
entitlement to control  
with insult and abuse  
motives of greed and spite  
rule society, politics & politicians  
ultimate corruption  
of men & women  
here in ameriker

winds & whims of  
political storms shift quickly  
kids going off to war  
and death again  
that tired old song playin  
on the national radio  
here in ameriker

i'd like to ask God what it's all for  
but there's nobody home  
no answers there  
it's just not fair yet  
I sense no revolution  
in the air

no revolution anywhere  
here in ameriker

January 2016

with insult and abuse...they rule society, politics &  
politicians

## Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mIEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

lars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen – *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol.*

*2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

Allen Bramhall – *Bleak Like Me*

Kristian Carlsson – *The United World of War*

Roy Bentley – *Men, Death, Lies*

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – *Dhaka Poems*

Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted*

Martha Deed – *We Should Have Seen This Coming*

Matt Hill – *Yet Another Blunted Ascent*

Patricia Roth Schwartz – *Know Better*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls,*

*with poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama*

Freke Rähä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*

Eileen R. Tabios – *Immigrant*

Ronald Mars Lintz – *Orange Crust & Light*

John Bloomberg-Rissman – *In These Days of Rage*

Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*

More information on Locofo Chaps can be found at  
[www.moriapoetry.com](http://www.moriapoetry.com).

Locofo Chaps