

Cobblestones of Love



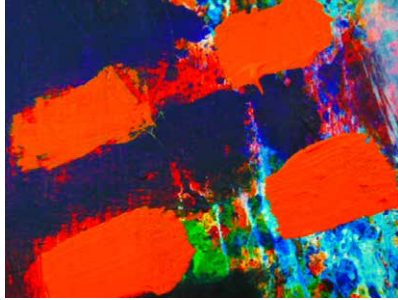
Cobblestones of Love

A Lyrical Rewrite of 'Yes Sir, I Will'
Words and pictures by Penny Rimbaud

Booklet produced on the occasion of the live performance
by Penny Rimbaud, Eve Libertine and Louse Elliott

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theartofcrass.uk



Cobblestones of Love

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us
Somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care,
Some day!

Somewhere.
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere . . .

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Somehow,
Some day,
Somewhere!

We are poets of love, armed with the cobblestones of word.
Words are the stream, rising from the ocean of consciousness,
and while stones might perish, words will remain,
juggling realities, unravelling lies, making it clear
that we have the right to be free, you and I together.
Away from the looking-glass windows of conformity
we create cascading waterfalls of glee,
a tumbling rush to other landscapes
where dancing summer winds lift our spirits
to colour distant futures.
Yes, we are poets, armed with the cobblestones of love,
unconditional, uncompromising, beyond reproof.
Standing together as the crowd,
standing together tall and proud,
it is we who are the many, they who are the few.
So tell me, who's on the outside? Not me and you.

Oh, but how easily we're seduced
by tawdry billboards, the pulse of neon,
flashing screen and ugly tabloid or reduced
by the braying voices of Mammon's minions;
a world of empty promise and faux opinions.
And yes, the State demands agreement and compromise,
but in exchange for what? What's the prize?
Why should we pay for some others' lies
when the truth is right here before our eyes?
The State is no more than a state of fear, a state of mind,
just a case of the seeing being led by the blind;
so pick up your beds, let's leave it all behind.
Under the conceits of fools' rule,
fear is the message, fear is the tool,
fear of self and other, fear of heart and soul;
fear, the savage weapon of mass control.
But control of who, I ask?
Isn't unconditional love an ungovernable force
and the betterment of the world its only natural course?

Sometimes the terrible inequalities amongst the peoples of this earth
seem to undermine such ideas of freedom,
but we are not separate, we are not alone.
Isn't each moment fresh and new,
and its outcome solely up to me and you.
It's only beyond the suffering of our world
that the true blossom of life might then be unfurled,
together at last that we might be free,
the you that is you and the me that is me.
And no, we won't accept this psychic pillage,
like we're no more than some kind of toxic spillage.
We won't accept death as a bargain for life,
nor servility or slavery as a way to survive.
We are the future in which we'll be free,
blessed with the grace of righteous dignity.

And yes, while three-quarters of the world struggles to exist,
the other quarter is tapping tittle tattle texts,
mobilising mobiles with chatter that never ends,
or sending selfies to ever-absent friends.
Tired old clichés for cul de sac minds
where everyone's looking, but no one finds.
But sorry, sorry, no need to worry;
those who suffer the inevitable headache
from too much digital or cathode intake
can drop a pharmaceutical fix-it-all
or take a trip to the local bar and piss it up the wall.

'Fancy another?'
'Oh go on then, you only die once.'

True enough, but when the real killing starts,
Palestine, Syria, Libya, Iraq, Afghanistan,
the media purses its arse, and we get to know but a half of it.
Yes, the Internet could redress the imbalance,
but against gambling and pornographic pith, what's the chance?
Let's face it, in terms of 'national security',
9/11 was a second heaven;
the matter of three-thousand deaths
seems almost nothing against the formidable aftermath.
'For or against, against or for?'
was declaration of a lifetime's war,
but how many lifetimes were they speaking of
in their determination to destroy the power of love.

But what of the gentle goat-herd
in those wildernesses of desert and hill,
what of his milk-mouthed, dark-eyed child
tugging on the rags of her mother's coarse cloth skirts?
In their timeless innocence they understand nothing of war.
Or what of those tormented souls driven to the shelter
that the whining shells of Mammon might defile compassion,
destroy grace and erase love?
They are neither for nor against, yet in their multitude
it is they who are mown down...always they, always they.
Yet it is I, I who knows the fearsome intellect of war,
born of it, torn by it,
I the politic, resolutely against.
It is I then, I alone, who must stand against the ignorance of might
and the cool sophistication of collateral revenge.
My name is known, my address given.
I am the enemy if enemy must be sought,
so let them unleash their wretched bombs on me.

Consummatum est, consummatum est;
in this might the lowly at last be blessed.

Oh, but yes, freed from sedation, released from bondage,
the ordinary peoples of the world could realise their own strength,
but how well the political puppeteers know this.
The strings are pulled, the numbers given,
the names erased and the juggernaut driven
as another generation marches out to another war to end all war,
or are tied to the production line which has no end but the production line,
which has no end but the production line, which has no end...

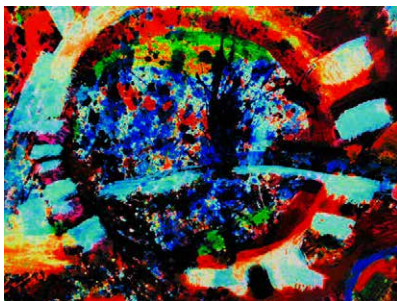
There's a place for us, yes, a time and a place for us.

Che said that revolution without love was no revolution at all,
but neither is a thousand angels with their backs against the wall.
It's impossible to measure the power of love or to give it its rightful place,
yet only love and love alone can define the true nature of peace.
For so long, people have been chanting 'no more this, no more that',
only to be handed pithy concessions to accommodate their grievances.
The puppeteers juggle on the boundaries of our tolerance
attempting to ensure our placation,
but they'll never allow peace a chance
against their program of devastation.
The line is delicate, the line is drawn,
the line is law and another lie born.
Mammon blinks, and his acolytes pay homage.
Murdoch burps, and the fetid clouds of deception
fill unwatched azure skies.
Bland, blind corporate security guards lurk as shadow,
batons at the ready to beat the head, crack open the skull.
But even under threat of bullies and egotists,
the spaces have always been inhabited by the gentle and caring,
ordinary folk existing on the power of love.
Gandhi called it 'Ahimsa'.
Martin Luther King called it a 'dream',
John Lennon called it 'Imagine',
and the Greenham Women called it 'The Politics of Whimsy',
but the common name is simply 'common decency'.

And yes, the puppeteers have their laws and those who impose it,
but we have ourselves and each other, and that is enough;
through our continued existence we prove the power of love.
To whatever extent violence might persist,
together we do and can exist,
dancing the dance of life,
life lifeing life in individual frames.
The line is delicate, the lines are drawn,
but each and every moment a new future is born.

Harrods boasts that it can satisfy our every whim:
tacky trinkets, gewgaws and trash: the cluster bombs of consumerism.
So let them supply me with a starving, war-torn child
and I'll demonstrate the politics of defiance.
Equality doesn't enter the equation,
there's either love, or there's devastation.
Love is the power. Love is the hour.
We can give it, we can live it, beyond the shadows,
beyond all pain, beyond our sorrows.

Oh bless the lowly, the destitute,
the deprived and the poor.
Blessed, ah, blessed, bless them the more.
And this is beauty, the day of creation.
We are the angels of distant heavens,
our spirits rise in flame, for we are the fire of life.



But still the warplanes arrive and are disgorged,
and carrion rises into those leaden skies,
casting black wings like hoods upon our memories.
It's as if the truth were already written,
journeying to infinite bombed-out cities,
Babelic and driven.
But who the broker? Who the warmonger?

I'm so tired of the dull rationalisations of politicians and generals,
nauseated by their intellectual paucity and pale rhetoric.
How can peace be achieved through the tools of violence?
What kind of hope is there in that straightjacket?
As innocents die in their thousands,
so the puppeteers chant their tawdry mantra:
'it is with deepest regrets we have to inform you that we are at war,'
at war in the killing fields, at war in the workplace.
'We regret to inform you, regret to inform you
that today the sweet angels of mercy
were shot through the back of the head,
that today another Christ, not yet ten years old,
was burnt to death by our liberating forces.
We regret to inform you, regret to inform you...'



Over three-quarters of the world's population is starving,
crucified by the greed of corporate capitalism.
Throughout the world
the underprivileged are employed making armaments
to be used by the underprivileged against the underprivileged.
So here then is the truth of the dignity of labour;
feed thyself, kill thy neighbour.
In the name of progress, every minute of every day,
billions upon billions of dollars are spent on the machinery of oppression,
pride and dignity are bombed into extinction,
and yes, fed from birth on American propaganda and Hollywood trash,
our resistance level can run pitifully low.
Maybe 'the war that will last a lifetime' is too great a weight to bear,
maybe the 'New World Order' is a living nightmare,
maybe our lives don't matter that much,
but how can we allow this madness be imposed on those as yet unborn?
Is this to be the heritage,
the crippled future of our deadly age?

But even against this backdrop of fear,
we can bite into the heresy.
singing with such strange a voice,
In defiance of the tides
we wait upon islands of soul
knowing for sure there is better;
not even the thunder could shake us from that knowledge.

The lanterns might spit,
and the worn steps groan beneath the weight of terror,
but is this not the serpent devouring its own tail?
Then why look away? This is the moment.
What is there to lose where nothing has been gained?
Surely, love is both the answer and the question, beyond the wind?

Above and below the darkness there are reflections and echoes,
unknown grounds in which we might come to realise ourselves.
Each season is a lost memory even before it has existed.

Is that not enough?

One clear voice in the wilderness
is better heard than all the muddled gabble of Babel.
The culture of protest is the core of the individual soul
and cannot be judged by numbers,
but through the inner feelings of those who practice it.

War and oppression are the logical and inevitable
consequence of gross capitalism.
Until its roots are torn from the soil,
the terrible toll will remain a daily reality.

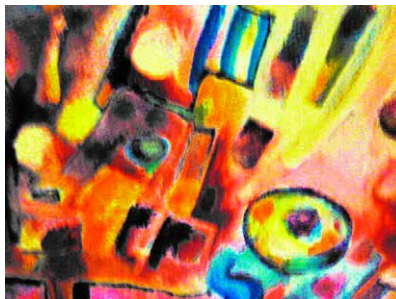
So, if the puppeteers lack compassion,
then we shall double our own.
They can be stopped.
If the puppeteers show no love,
then we shall show our own.
They can be stopped.
There is peace if we make it:
'War is over if we want it.'

But even against this backdrop of fear,
The revolution is already won:
an imperative, a state of mind that daily, hourly,
must be nurtured against any delusion of cultural dominance,
and therein is our lasting victory.

Between left and right there is a universe
unmoved by the conflicts of the 'them and us'.
Then yes, it's up to us to open our hearts and sing,
open our eyes and see,
open our ears and hear,
open our minds and think,
open up our lives and act.
It is we who make the world around us,
we are poets, armed with the cobblestones of love.

Then tell me this, what kindly fairies might ignite
the paper devils of doubt
that the flames of resistance may dance again in defiance?
Oh, let us dance and let us sing,
tear off the chains that we be free again.
This is our time, this is our place.
Nothing but beauty, nothing but grace.
The charnel houses are no more.
No more cruelty, no more greed.
No need to settle the score.
No more loss, no more need:
the doors of Mammon are shut.
No more maybe, no more but, no more, no more.

The material world is a manifestation of our own ideas,
a graphic reflection of all our hopes and fears.



We must learn to live with our own conscience
and to trust our own morality,
our own determination,
our own self.

We must learn to have faith in love.

Love is all or love is not at all.

We alone can do it.

Love is all or love is not at all.

You alone can do it.

Love is all or love is not at all.

I alone can do it.

There is love if we make it

There is no authority but ourselves.

In the great light of unconditional love

we claim what is rightfully ours;

there are no boundaries.

We are at last free.