

# THE COOKBOOK'S ANARCHIST

Figurehead: frozen explosion, black and white  
guilt framing faded names of *MARTYRS*.

Art: a cartoon, so-called, Xerox orgies of  
dollar signs, coal pipes, star-spangled fatcats.

Location: the lone rack that caters to the underheard  
and underfunded, limp leaflets seeking refuge  
on rent behind a wire skeleton  
in the Student Center.

Twelve pages, two staples, eight-by-ten.  
For *Anarchy Now*, it's remarkably orderly,  
and I can't help but think thumbing through  
editorials, free-verse federal protests

that a world where we're all brother and sister,  
"boss" is just an adjective,  
and jails *poof* into diversity centers  
smells of college hallway justice, but also

one by-the-numbers rebellion  
half-baked to a hundred years  
and 360 degrees  
before being reheated.

Change, sure, but someone must mint it,  
and oh, how everyone's ever crowned *theirs* the plan  
that'll scatter prosperity, peace  
like beads to a Mardi Gras mob

but this season's savior is the next's boot-on-throat,  
one people's freedom, their kids' prison.  
Whether your George goes by POTUS or King,  
oppression is destined.

Your second lie was swearing you won't control  
loss of control. Your first was being human.  
So I salute the cause, but hope you'll forgive me  
if I sadly laugh and get back to class.

*(But until next time, workers of the West unite!  
You have nothing to lose but your perspective.)*