

## The One

by nano *Wednesday, Jul 25 2018, 7:57am*

international / poetry / post

reaching high for the sky  
in parental abused agony i cried  
for you as a child

and you came swiftly to my aid  
and comforted me, to whom do i owe  
obeisance?

in desperation throughout my young, innocent  
life, i clung to you for dear life itself --  
the torturers were relentless  
until i turned and said enough,  
you are unjustified whipping and attempting to  
shape me into your horrid world, i am not, nor  
could i ever be one of you, so why not just kill me  
and be done with it?  
that was the last time my 'teachers'  
administered corporal punishment

i detested them and their brutal ways,  
how bitter and vanquished their souls must have been  
but i endured while my peers watched passively  
while i was victimised, as this and that, 'reprobate,'  
which word i had to look up at the time, reprobate, me?  
i was real, helpful and true to my core,  
what offended these lunatics and sadists?

i didn't discover the reason until i entered university,  
i was an outsider that refused to conform --  
my identity and safety were elsewhere, incomprehensible  
to morons, sadistic brutes and abusers,  
particularly my man-hating mother  
who tormented my disgustingly weak father until he blew his brains  
out  
when i was ten, though as a father he was useless except for one  
thing,  
he was the sole target of my mother's psychotic abuse,  
who now lacked someone to abuse  
so she turned on me, at age ten, and persisted with her abuse and  
torments  
until i put her behind me, permanently

and so i entered the world on my terms and discovered how easy  
survival was for someone who refused to think myopically or live in  
a box,  
i discovered loopholes that you could drive a truck thru  
and taught my friends how to navigate in this perverse world,  
we bled insurance companies, workers' compensation courts  
and every other exploitable institution/organisation for \$millions --  
i'll teach them the consequences of whipping innocence

but the best was forming an IT company/consultancy  
it was then that i encountered others that had similar experiences  
to mine  
but they hacked for revenge, everything imaginable and were never  
known/  
located to this day,  
i learned much from them and them from me, we were all in our  
element  
as we triumphed over the system that had dealt all of us injustice  
and abuse  
for what? being exceptional and out of tune with a shit-heap,  
may we fight and never stop until we end the perverse system,  
which  
now murders and thieves openly, but have no idea who their real  
enemies are,  
they lack the skills required to begin

nevertheless the power and the glory i reached for and have clung  
to all  
my life has never forsaken me though i was all but murdered in my  
youth

so dear reader, you may wonder why i now consciously expose  
myself,  
well, wonder no more, it is what it is, an open taunt,  
and we will never stop

the Russians hacked nothing, tho they could easily,  
we know them, the Iranians and the Chinese  
and they know us, at least some of our ever-changing handles

Good luck searching, you mass murdering,  
star-spangled scum

now that's a REAL threat, Mr Trump!  
your days as pres are numbered, be assured