



Contact info:
warzone_distro@riseup.net

Black Powder Poetry

A Collection of Poems Written by Flower Bomb



After eight years of writing over a dozen texts related to political theory (which can all be found online at [The Anarchist Library](#)), I have decided to shift my creative focus toward writing poetry. Similar to those texts, this poetry will cover topics related to individual empowerment and liberation. My perspective is critical of government as a blunt instrument of violent coercion and of capitalist society, which redefines individual freedom in terms of one's willingness to conform to both wage slavery and the worship of materialism.

Black Powder Poetry is a writing project intended to incite a riot – an epistemological destabilization of the institutionalized “normal” modes of thinking and relating to the world.

This project is for those who dare to question authority by interrogating its purpose and reexamining their obedience to it.





“Perseverance”

Life is the alchemy of transforming anguish into strength,
with the ambition to soar
with broken wings.

“Terra Incognita”

Beauty is the wilderness that generates life between every breath,
it is the magnetic force between instinct and desire,
it is every smile that transforms a face into a landscape of expression.

Beauty is the undertow of emotions through which the light rays of
determination pass through and cause a multiplicity of potential.

You are so much more than the clothes you wear,
the job that you work or the amount of money in your bank account.

Industrialization is the devine worship of machinery,
capitalism is the gospel of artificial wealth,
our bodies have become a battleground for those who profit from the
objectification of living beings.

But we are not products for sale or consumption.
The mind and body are a singular life force that defy the power of
economics.

The body - an artwork of galactic chemistry - needs no debate nor
approval.

In all shapes and sizes the body is self-definition against
the uniform standardization of beauty,
capable of stealing ones breath away with a single visual connection.
The body grants rhythm to motion.

It is true. Each and every one of you are stunning!

The market portrayal of physical attraction is a
posterboard ad devoid of personality.

But without personality a body is only a work of art
without a story, without love, sex is a dotted line without connection,
without personality – without you, the notion of beauty is an empty
vessel.

Without your smile, beauty is without that relay of energy that makes a
smile contagious.

Without the unique qualities that all together bring
you into existence, the word beauty is merely a sound without meaning.

So with every breath that you continue to take,
courageously existing where self-love is seemingly forbidden,
beauty is defined as the power of simply being your self against all odds.



“To Become Ungovernable”

Sometimes language becomes a prison that confines personal expression.

What does it mean to filter our perception of one another with categorization,
to enforce identity at birth, to bury individual uniqueness in a graveyard of
binary conformity?

We are complex beyond this rigidity.
Imagine vocabulary structurally suspended in the air,
envision each letter drifting apart.

We are each a fractal of infinity.
Our finger prints embody the galaxy on our finger tips.

We are the dreamers of boundless potential,
but we choose to be the architects of confinement.
Paralyzed by illuminated screens we miss the world in real time
and create internet memes like a eulogy for face to face interactions.

But destruction is a form of creation,
a raindrop breaks the calm surface of a pond,
lightning cracks the sound waves of order the way a riot disrupts the normalized
denial of injustice.

Sometimes there's a wildness within each of us that refuses to play dead,
a feeling that casts a smirking grin,
a desire to change,
an urge to adventure into the unknown,
to explore beyond our socialized roles and assignments,
to become ungovernable and live without measure.

disconnection is the infection of an automated society,

this poetry is a war cry made to amplify the streets,
cus I draw inspiration from every defiant heart that defines what survival means.

“Existential Asphyxiation”

There it is again. That distant yet familiar face with the rounded edges of a spent
shell casing, a mouth like a graveyard of broken levees and decorated poplar
trees, eyes as wide as an air polluted sky,

You await me in the shadows of my failures and regrets in order to motivate my
departure. Will you extend your skeletal hand? I have but only one breath left to
reconstruct the pieces of my broken self scattered across the bathroom floor.

“But for what” I ask myself. In every jagged piece of my shattered reflection a
temptation toward permanent disposal. A rest without return.

Hell is the world we've created with heart-shaped razor blades and smiles full of
forest fires. It is a place where the mind is a catalog of trauma buried beneath a
landfill of psych meds and other empty solutions.

I am a collage of lifelong disappointments held together by a desperation to fix
them.

There is a whisper like the sound of a defeated scream - a communique to a
world where broken hearts litter the sky like a constellation of withered roses.

Time is a sinkhole and these memories are a string of lights that form a noose.

I want to sail off into the night sky to wrap myself up in the blanket of the abyss.
I want to unplug the clock of my mortality. I want to disappear...

But this heart quietly keeps on ticking.

we don't demand - we take freedom, we vote with molotovs and build bonfires
in the streets littered with burning cop cars,

we harness the moonlight at night when we liberate, no prisons no cages,
blessed is the flame,

rewild and reclaim the body and the brain,
another diary entry of anarchy,
let our defiance and survival inspire new days of rage...

"Capitalist Cannibalism"

Chasing hope and money dreams like kites stuck in trees,
terminal poverty makes us speak in tongues of dark poetry,

raised to believe that without a job we're not valuable,
so we're caged animals turned into capitalist cannibals,

were disposable lives in the eyes of dollar devils,
for the marginalized I say arm the most vulnerable,

how's poison for profit and addiction gonna stop,
when the same cops that drug bust sell it back to the block,
the law ain't corrupt – it's been fucked from the start,
just ask the natives whose spirits lay in rest with the stars,

how are we supposed to be optimistic in the warzone we live in?
Too many prayers up and wasted on gods who don't give a shit.

Ignorance is bliss - miss me with organized religion
but blessed is the mind liberated by the strength of a raised fist.

"Survival by Any Means"

Casualties woven into the fabric of suffering,
where tragedy is the language of generational poverty,

when the homeless speak with death rattles people seek,
a mental shelter of ignorance to escape the reoccurring bad dream,

out of sight out of mind till it happens to you directly,
cus it's the land of the free for anyone who benefits from greed,

in the ghetto bullets abort dreams, so many struggles unheard or seen,
buried beneath consumerism, screen addictions and AI generated memes,

capitalism expands and proceeds to sew the seeds of social apathy,

"Inhale, exhale"

Upon falling asleep I feel myself drifting through the deafening silence that fills
spacial vacancies,
submerged in a multiverse of colors and shapes,
dreams come into focus behind my eyelids.

When summer begins to fall the leaves change colors to demonstrate their
beauty in transformation,
and when there are no more falling stars to wish upon,
we will string lights up across the night sky.

Because the space between every breath is a continuum of ambition,
a will to expand outward in all directions,
like a bomb that never stops exploding,
with the strength to smile,
by any means necessary.

"Anger is a gift, Sobriety is a Weapon"

Feral mind,
army of one,
I am my own infantry.
One hand full of mischief,
the other - black powder poetry.

This bandaged heart craves the bold and brave
pursuit of self-love in a world that encourages self-hate.
I want to rewild and weaponize my body and my mind,
leaving the politricks of leaders and governments behind.
I've got no love for the law so I've got to stay ahead.

Drugs and poverty all around – you know they want us dead.
This survival through sobriety helps channel my rage – I take aim
at the settlement for every life it takes.

"Anger is a gift" words of Zack De La Rocka,
pacifying anger with addiction is a culture,
alcohol to keep the lower class distracted
because the fact is anger might lead to action.

This is for those battling addiction in the streets,
and for every broken heart who resists defeat.
And to the dealers selling poison to profit from others misery;
consider the source that put you in this mentality.
Examine the damage of this perpetual tragedy,
because the ones you're dealing death to are not the enemy.

"The Machine"

Rag dolls on a shelf with dollar sign buttons for eyes,
manufactured by a machine with blood like an oil spill at the end of a rainbow,

their smiles sewn on with SSRIs,
they only dance when the threat of poverty pulls their strings,

industrialization stretches out all around them,
railroads decorate the landscape like stitches without a wound,

they build cages called homes on the graveyards of ancient forests,
and in between the sound waves of traffic jams and ringtone alarm clocks,
there are the screams of the wilderness like a death rattle.

Listen closely, can you hear them?

Like a funeral procession for every roadkill casualty,
as soft as an incoming tsunami, as calm as a cardiac arrest...

"Life in Motion"

A smile can motivate a stranger to keep breathing,
a hug can warm a heart during the coldest season,
lets connect the dots of every bullet hole made from trauma,
and together repair the wounds and build each other up even stronger,

cus there's no heaven on earth like when compassion speaks,
we only live once so lets play for keeps,

let us never surrender our empathy,
lets resist letting those in power turn us into enemies,
weve spilled enough of each others blood in the streets,
weve made enough mothers and grandmothers weep,
the system wants us all broken and weak,
addicted and killing each other for money and greed,
cus they dont wanna see us pulling each other up -
the power of love that not even money can touch.

They want to cage our brains and train our hearts to hate,
so it takes strength to re-examine and make personal change.

There's a calm in all this craziness like a summer rain,
the wind bends the branches to help the trees sing,
I admit I absorb too much and care too deep,

my feelings fearlessly open for all to see,
But enraptured, my chest swells,
I am afraid to blink,
life in motion all around me,
I don't wanna miss a thing.

"Circadian Rhythm"

"Am I awake?" My squinting eyes peer through an open window, a cool breeze,
a night sky of dreams that sail to the moon to dissipate. Inside my body - a
symposium of vibrations conducted by the orchestra of alchemy.

But tonight I want to disappear - to fill the vacancy of an empty coffin at a
crematorium. I want to satisfy this sleepless urge to withdraw from life - a
desire strong enough to possess envy for the nothingness between my fingers!

But what is death without the alphabet of life? What is the calm of a breeze
without the excitement of a storm? Life and death are concurrent.

To subjectively reinvent life, to defiantly reverse the gravitational pull of this
sadness, and to decorate the spectrum of emotion with every color imaginable is
to amplify the grand finale of every breath!

Until this heart retires on its own, and my eyes close, and all of my thoughts, my
desires, and all of my ambitions become silent like a stray feather weightless
with the falling snow.

"New Days of Rage"

Some will never understand the mentality, economic poverty breeds the
matrimony of rage and criminality,

for every rich kid there's a menace to society who was denied even the dream
of having an opportunity for happiness and equality,

cities outlaw being homeless but legalize global poverty and they wonder why
mfs pick up pistols and commit armed robbery,

no president or politician in a position to listen but the majority of people keep
on votin and wishin...

this is why some disrupt the system,
the uncivilized ungovernable minds who redefine the meaning of taking the
streets, society calls us freaks cus we abandon obedient normativity,