

There was once a student who felt quite alone
In his mind, questions about life, and love also
Were asked but he encountered no echo
Hence on his sad destiny he used to moan.
His few comrades only rarely debated
And when they did, it was about the day's next meal
Looking for answers, for a truth, he wandered.
And the smallest sign of it he could never feel,
Not with his hands, legs, eyes, ears or even his lips.
He was despaired, was about to ask God for tips,
When he saw it was his own generation
That had forbid answering to any question.
He decided to study it and so he wrote
Here is his own writing, I merely quote :

I have studied my own kin for now more than years,
Of their joys and miseries, have had a few shares,
But I still don't understand this one mystery.
There is still now, and no doubt there always will be
One answer which I strive for, which I envy,
And for knowing that it won't be found, I'm sorry.
It concerns the change in our society,
Which is forgetting many things, it's a pity.
And the noble art taught and loved by the greeks
-Used by the french in the eighteenth it reached some peaks-
Is seeing his very last days, evanescing,
Is now disappearing, is now vanishing.
I write about the mighty arts of discouraging,
using argumentation, in short, debating,

The people of our age are so frustrating,
They never seek the truth, never think for themselves
And they always are watching T.V. , playing.

The great books are collecting dust on their shelves
They don't bother to find out certainty, don't care
About the reality, about history,
They just want prejudice, just partiality,
Justice is not and will not be part of their gear.
Instead of exchanging freely their ideas
They just keep with their thoughts, within some areas
Of knowledge. They will not discover the other's
because they are not concerned by these notions,
Or just too lazy to stop mind medications,
Anyhow, they're not affected by their peers.

Or affected they are, but in no good a way,
Only learning from them, that reading is now "gay",
That writing is worse, and that argumentating
Is a word which isn't even worth pronouncing.
The debate is now over, and everybody
Is staying as he was, his mind never changing
But for the benefits of new advertizing
Even death cannot modify this tyranny.

"Keep your thoughts, I will keep mine", it does not matter

They are the same and only opinion
Diffused by the media, the youth, the power.
In this system not a single division!
The powerful shall always rule mercilessly,
By not letting others see their captivity

So this lonely student wandered in circles,
He wandered and he wondered "what if there's a way ?"
So he began writing about the cubicles,
About the system, the thought control, and let's say,
He wrote about his comrades, his friends, his partners,
His fight, his harsh work, his life, his love letters.
And to be heard by all of the population

He wrote in a old, classic style of poetry,
He wrote a lot but not to achieve beauty
He wrote it because he thought he had a mission.
His alexandrines were his fiercest weapons,
In his fight against a dynasty of chainguns.
He still wanders, changing our world by his words
And can be seen by any but the mighty lords.