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## Blake's Ghost

V.Q.

2013

*On August 7 2011, cops shot dead an unarmed black man in London, one of countless murders by the police. The murder of Mark Duggan, together with widespread fury at the social conditions of many people as the poor get poorer and the rich get richer, fuelled five days of rioting across England.*

it was the usual situation  
Blake had been here before  
when he had watched the fiery coition  
lick wordlessly at Newgate's door  
now it was carpet shops, clothes outlets and the odd  
electrical store  
broken glass, cardboard boxes and anti-theft tags on  
the floor

Blake sang with pride and joy  
feeling that ferocious feral feeling he had felt before  
all those centuries ago when, almost still a boy,  
he had joined the long-awaited insurrection of the  
poor

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he was dead now, of course, but as 'progress' turned  
about-face  
his ghost became sandwiched in the narrowing of time  
and he was sucked rudely out of sleep  
by the dream of wanton plunder at the core  
still stilling the conscience of the sheep  
that let the rich and vicious destroy their own and na-  
ture's store  
Blake found himself drawn forth by recollection,  
the wheels of history turning always in the same mud,  
giving merely the impression of movement  
Blake loved the August flames  
as he had once loved those that battered Newgate's  
shore  
his ghostly hand lit fires from Salford to the Thames  
and he cried out, with the others, for more, O more!  
And no more too. No more poverty, politicians,  
bankers,  
no more cops  
let's just press on until the thing itself collapses, til it  
stops  
Blake felt right at home  
as he pulled Nike trainers on over ancient leather shoe  
noting that the style was different, the accents strange  
in tone  
and round black robots in the sky watched your every  
move  
but the people still sang strong their loss of innocence,  
their songs of experience  
and they had not, he saw, forgotten how to set fires at  
the enemy  
four months later, Newgate is full once more

the herd clamouring for morality in hell  
when there is none in heaven  
and the poor are plundered yet again in the Autumn  
speech,  
a month before  
the bankers collect their Christmas reward  
for pious observation of the Seven  
Blake turns in for the night, but he keeps one ear  
cocked and hoping  
because he knows that riots like to dream out in the  
open

*[ed. - William Blake was a visionary libertarian poet in Britain, fiercely anti-racist and anti-slavery. During the Gordon Riots of 1780, led by African-Americans at the time of the war between Britain and rebel colonists there and during which rioters systematically destroyed every prison in London, he took part in the burning of the newly-completed Newgate Jail (a mob attacked the prison gates with shovels and pickaxes, set the building ablaze, and released the 300 prisoners inside. Blake was reportedly in the front rank during this attack). He also wrote against wars and the blighting effects of the industrial revolution.]*