

ANARCHY

By
John Henry Mackay

Freeeditorial 

Ever reviled, accursed, ne'er understood,
Thou art the grisly terror of our age.

"Wreck of all order," cry the multitude,
"Art thou, & war & murder's endless rage."

O, let them cry. To them that ne'er have striven
The 'truth that lies behind a word to find,

To them the word's right meaning was not given.
They shall continue blind among the blind.

But thou, O word, so clear, so strong, so true,
Thou sayest all which I for goal have taken.

I give thee to the future! Thine secure
When each at least unto himself shall waken.

Comes it in sunshine? In the tempest's thrill?
I cannot tell - but it the earth shall see!

I am an Anarchist! Wherefore I will
Not rule, & also ruled I will not be!

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