

I recently was interviewed on Kerry radio as a spokesperson for a local action group opposing the rollout of wireless digital smart meters used to monitor energy use in people's homes. The presenter read out a statement from the ESB that said the amount of radiation generated from these things would be equivalent to a text message. I responded that the same claims were made by power companies in the US and subsequently people were being zapped 24/7 with high frequency radiation making them sick unto death. He called me a conspiracy theorist for believing that the government would use dangerous untested technologies on its citizens. So this poem is addressed to the those running the success paradigm.

Are you stuck
to your phone?
prone
and your time's on loan
from the machine
as streaming your livestream
and bleeding your life's dream
over wavelengths too short
to transmit your great import
Penetrating the skull
as your trying to mull
over a tablet
instead of the book
deleting the Commandment
shalt thou put
false Gods before Me
artificial before real
does it send Shiver?
down your spine to think
of the neo-cortex
uploaded to the Cloud
or does it make you proud
of man's ingenuity
to stray without impunity
where only angels tread

Does it give you the willies?
or you get the giggles?
to be watched by your clock
that you might feel a tiny shock
if you stray outside the bounds
or break new ground
test the outers limits
of the box you are in it with
all the other people
microwaved and saved
the trouble
Now you call me conspiracy theorist
and thus with your fear twist
fact into fiction
and men of conviction
into nutjobs, whackos, basketcases

turning brave faces
into faceless
mobs, yobs, fellas with no jobs
in this smear campaign,
and this shock that you feign
muddying the waters
that I'm wading through
up to me neck in the wreck
age of the Age of Aquarius
with my service to humanity
sneered called insanity

blacklisted and shifted,
overturned and twisted
sidelined and maligned
contracted and confined

You call it connected;
the folks being all dissected
in virtual realities
gafa with banalities,
as the fatalities
grows to epidemic numbers
You call it broadband
that constricts my chest
You call it blackspot
where birds could rest
and i know you mean experiment
when you say test

Well I do not consent
to these dangerous frequencies
that you roll out with such ease
to the culling of the trees
for insurance actuaries
for their blocking of g's
I do consent
to the bumping off the bees
to the hijacking their vocabulary
'living in hive homes'
where the only buzzing is the phone
I do not consent
to being watched by my fridge
for me that's just a bridge
to far into my privacy
too deep into your piracy
pillaging data,
for a service pro rata,
mar dhea, HA!
I do not consent
to power that would make us slave

to electricity's neurotoxicity
and the regulators complicity

You call me conspiracy theorist
but that's how you twist
hard facts to mist
with the carrot or the stick
Take your pick
of the grant or the grunt
of the pound or the phunt
But i'm pissing on your parade
exposing your charade
this boon to the community
these jobs without impunity
to the rural regeneration fund
and the digital innovation hub
because aye, there's a rub
and my nose is in it
in name of employment
you make a deployment
of troops in suits
promising jobs
of shining boots
and kissing ass
I do not consent to SICAP
and the IRIS database,
'to review your individual case'
for the Social Welfare State
Nor to the wanton waste
of human life,
of human rights
and those fucking LED lights
alluring blue, luring children
like moths to a flame
to their parent's shame
but are parents to blame
or just pawns in the game
Now there's division in the ranks
from your subtle as a tank
oppositional polticking
'give yer wan a bollicking'
for her loony left hardline
you know loitering is a crime
just when you thought your were fine
in the middle of the road...
So take part
Choose a side
Because fried or plied
there's no sideline in an ecocide
step brave into the dark
and bold into the past
shunning the advancements

and this addiction to be fast
Because Wiseman and Fool
are the same in all but name
and at the risk of not being cool
we'll stake a soild claim to fame
as harbingers and seers,
on soapboxes making queer,
ridiculed for the sheer
nerve of us
pestering the next best thing
questioning
what festering...
for you may call me fanatic
and anti-democratic
to question autocratic
policies from politicians
saying Cheese
giving me a bone to appease
but I'm not wagging my tail
at this Success that will fail
In the Bigger Picture
where the Rules are Stricter
between right and wrong
between winning and won
For you might control the stations
and you might control the rich
But no one controls the faithful
and the faithful can flick the switch...

Its said price of conservation
is eternal vigilance.
Sound's a heavy price,
of exacting diligence.
But i'll tell you something
they likely missed.
Eternal vigilance,
eternal vigilance is Bliss.