

The Run of Liberté

My Liberté, we ran side by side;
Her heaving bosom, hips strong and wide
As she pounded on with shaking skin,
She knew that only truth would win.
Her coarse, hardened feet stamped the ground,
Her billowing dress loosely wound
Was slipping down off her chest
Revealing beneath her ripe round breast.
Through the city of despair and dirt,
In alleys and courtyards always alert.
And as we fought through the palace garden
I felt my heart and my mind harden
With rage against every power holder,
Their brutal murders made me bolder.
The boom and club club of cannon fire,
But on we ran, we did not tire.
Beads of sweat glowed on her brow
And with white innocence, I know not how
She trampled those beneath her feet
Striking more on each and every street.
With each vanquish she grew twice as strong
And what we did I never thought as wrong.
Liberté was the truth that did not fall;
She was the strength that broke down every wall
With, from gently parted lips a sweet sigh,
That rippled through our veins to defy
All opposed to our freedom fight.
Liberté with all her wonderful might
Thrust the tricolour above head
And kept on running though her tears were shed.
She cried, I think, for the ignorant fools
Whose blood now seeped in crimson pools;
A hideous stain on the cobbled street
But a veritas victory and a deserved defeat.
Death to twisted lies, hate and greed,
We led the people so they were freed.
Death and end to those cruel gentlemen
Who lust for power time and time again.
Lying battered and trodden, stripped of glory
Those pathetic figures told a sorry story.
But emerging on top where all could see
We ran, we fought, for Liberté.

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