

## **Public Order**

They handcuff the ones  
Who sit on the road.  
They jail the ones  
Who shout too loud.  
They fine the ones  
Who refuse to move  
While the planet burns politely.

They call it order.

They arrest the protester  
For blocking traffic,  
But roll out red carpets  
For the men  
Who blocked food,  
Water,  
Entire futures.

They call it diplomacy.

You spray paint a wall,  
You're a criminal.  
You throw a bomb on a city,  
You're complex.  
You kill thousands,  
But with a suit,  
a blue and white flag,  
and the right friends.  
You're untouchable.

They call it geopolitics.

They say:

“Violence is unacceptable.”

Unless it’s systemic.

Unless it’s historic.

Unless it’s profitable.

Then it’s just how the world works.

They lock up the bodies

That refuse silence

And then shake hands

With those who manufacture graves.

They punish disruption.

They reward destruction.

And somehow

We’re asked to believe this is justice.

So remember this:

If protesting is illegal

And genocide is negotiable,

The problem

Was never public order.

It was always

Who gets protected

And who gets erased.