

Abominated
[performance poem]
ZiggZaggerZ the Bastard
a.k.a. Shannon Theus
Performance Poet



That which you tried to prevent you created.
That which you tried to prevent you created.
I'm your monster.

That which you tried to prevent
you created.

In an attempt to circumvent,
You mutated me—
Monstrosity.
Peers with Dr. Frankenstein,
Corrupting life to stroke your mind.
Perverting divinity,
I care not that you
Won't claim me.
You are the one disowned.
Ashamed of me,
You've been
Outgrowned.

See, I evolved last night,
While you drooled about your empire.
I resolved your might,
And Nature and I did conspire
Against you.

Demoting of souls,
Promoting of goals,
You've been sentenced
To be disemboweled!

I am to ingest,
Like the old god Cronus—
Father feeding on fetus flesh.
I'm opposite
And you,
Patriarch,
will be consumed,
While I'm well within my Nature's womb,
Fulfilling prophecies of doom.

I'm aware
I'm abominable,
From bloodied-semen-oil soil.
I came here to spoil
Your inheritance, so toil.

I am
Of both slave and master,
A ethical disaster,
A self-declaring bastard!

Beating mutant rhythm
From estranged percussion,
Removing my name from
The plague of custom.
I say I, Illegitimate,
Birthed non immaculate—
Unworthy of a foster,
A dismissed glitch
In Earth's roster.
You created a monster,
And got mad that I inhabit her.
Made me learn your language,
And resented my vernacular,
Took away my light,
So now my sight's no longer ocular.
None of this destroyed,
Instead deployed my skills spectacular:

Intuition's now my vision
My pronouncements are oracular.

I distort your legacy with the truthful.
Disjointed ancestry, you've been rueful.
I proclaim my bastardy
to set myself free;
My name was never We,
But always Me.
I'll not be enslaved genetically.
My vengeance: renewal.
My passion makes me fruitful.
My war cry to the masses:
Resistance is not futile!

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Author Notes

Plague of Custom — see *King Lear*:

“Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?”

Immaculate birth — Christ