

Invitation to Revolution

By: The Poet Tea

To the Reader,

My name is not important, so, publishing under the pen name, The Poet Tea, I wrote this book as a working-class, disabled veteran and survivor of systemic hardship. It comes from my lived experience—rural poverty, military service, labor exploitation, medical neglect—and my journey into radical thought. I found no existing book that spoke to people like me in language that didn't talk down or theorize from a distance. *Invitation to Revolution* was written for the voiceless and the burdened. It is a poetic battle cry—accessible, sharp, and raw.

Synopsis:

Invitation to Revolution is a pocket-sized poetic field guide divided into five primary thematic sections—*Disillusionment*, *Resistance*, *Revolution*, *Call for Change*, and *The Turning Point*—with a sixth secret bonus poem. Through 40+ poems, the work moves from personal and collective alienation through rising class awareness, and finally toward revolutionary action and resolve. These poems are intentionally blunt, musical, and declarative—designed to be memorized, shared, and shouted. Many are protest-ready; others serve as internal compass points. The language is accessible but unapologetically political.

Invitation to Revolution

By The Poet Tea

[Dedication]

To the voiceless, the damned, and the unbroken. This is for you.

[Table of Contents]

1. Disillusionment
2. Resistance
3. Revolution
4. Call for Change
5. The Turning Point
6. Dedication Poem: The Rope & The Rising

SECTION ONE: DISILLUSIONMENT

American Dream Deferred

The flag waves, not for me,
But for the banks, the bars, the bourgeoisie.
They say “land of the free”—
But only if you buy the key.

News Flash

Flashing screens and talking heads,
Feed us lies and daily dreads.
Truth diluted, facts denied,
We watch the world get gentrified.

Middle Class Myth

Mortgage chains and 401(k)s,
Trading youth, for work-filled days.
Security’s a carrot on a stick,
Dangling from, a policy trick.

Flyover Feelings

Ignored between coasts' glitter and gold,
Where stories of struggle remain untold.
We work, we wait, we wear their name,
Yet they forget we bleed the same.

White Lies

History taught in sanitized tones,
While truth decays in unmarked bones.
They gave us pride in genocide,
And called it virtue when we complied.

The Patriot's Lament

Once I saluted, proud and tall,
Now I see, the empire fall.
We fought for peace, got endless war,
Came home to debt, and closed doors.

Nothing Left to Lose

Broke in wallet, rich in rage,
Trapped inside the working cage.
If dignity is off the table,
Revolt becomes our only fable.

SECTION TWO: RESISTANCE

Burn Notice

Light the match with words, not flame,
Rebellion needs no gilded name.
Speak truth aloud, disrupt the feast,
Let justice rise, unleash the beast.

Resister's Prayer

Let my back not bend, though burdened be,
Let me rise for those who cannot see.
In silence, I sharpen my resolve,
Till systems crack and chains dissolve.

Bastards and Ballads

They write the rules and steal the songs,
Label right, all that we call wrongs.
But our chorus grows and shatters glass,
A song of fists to the ruling class.

Kitchen Table Manifesto

No podiums or polished speech,
Just working hands and lessons to teach.
We plan between the dinner plates,
Set the tactics and the dates.

Our uprising doesn't wait.

One Voice is a Spark

They mock one voice as weak and small,
But sparks can burn a mansion hall.
With every whisper shared in trust,
We build a storm from ash and dust.

SECTION THREE: REVOLUTION

No Right Left

Dawn the masks and grab the tools,
We've had enough of playing fools.
No more debate in rigged affairs—
We rise from shadows, unawares.

For That, We'll Not Repent

They call us lawless, say we stray,
But chains are not the lawful way.
We took the streets, they took the rest,
And still, we beat within our chests.

Feudalist Folly

A king's decree, a landlord's yoke—
We rise from rent and working smoke.

Let thrones fall with every strike,
For freedom isn't theirs to like.

Kinship and Killers

A poet of purpose with lead in the pen,
I write for the fallen, the might-have-been.
Our kin are hunted, caged and killed,
But still the ink resists, unfulfilled.

Drinks

"Drink the bottle, pour the glass. Sit with Comrades telling stories
of the past.
Break the foam and grab the gas. Fill the bottle and cork the
rags."

SECTION FOUR: CALL FOR CHANGE

Burdened

I find myself, nearing sleep,
The thoughts of struggle rooted deep.
Exhaustion thick, like winter air,
But still I rise. Still, I care.

Once a Resistor

Once a resistor to the aggressor,
Now a beacon to the oppressor.
Changed not by peace but born by pain,
We do not bow—we rise again.

Citizens?

The citizen witness, the citizens are listless,
Barred behind laws, in silence dismissed.
The state reclaims what we once knew—
We speak, we write, they silence through.

SECTION FIVE: THE TURNING POINT

The Guilty Land

A soil soaked with blood and greed,
Where justice starves and tyrants feed.
But from that earth, new roots shall grow—
A guilty land, yet seeds still sow.

This is the guilty land—
The blood-soaked sand,
The stolen hands,
The broken treaties,
The burnt-down cities,
The prisons packed

with bodies brown and b
Stripped of names
And given numbers.

History whitewashed,
Bones crushed to dust
And scattered across
Pipelines and profit margins.

This is the guilty land—
Where labor is stolen,
Dreams are sold,
And futures are mortgaged
To the wealthy few.

Where justice wears a badge,
Boots down the door,
And pens the story
Before the ink dries
On a death certificate.

This is the guilty land—
Where the gospel is capital,
Where hunger is criminal,
And healing costs
More than hurting.

And still, they tell us:
Stand proud.

Wave the flag.
Pledge allegiance.
But I will not pledge
To a lie.
I will not salute
The chain.
I will not kneel
To the throne
Of blood and gold.
I will stand
With the broken,
The buried,
The brave—
And together
We will unearth the truth,
Salt the soil,
And plant
Revolution.

SECTION SIX: DEDICATION POEM

Dedicated to you dear Comrade

The Rope & The Rising

Hang me high for all to see.
Not a martyr, but a man, who fought for people all across the land.
Pull tight the noose and set my spirit loose.
Fear not the change—now it falls to you.

We are the people.

We are the change.

We fight for what's right,
no matter the pain.