

Bombs Over Providence, You're Either With Us C

Stopped dead by the force of the attack,
made mute by the rhetoric that fought back.
Left treads lightly on bridges we'll be burned on.
Self-made are the enemies they've funded.
War with Oceania as always.
Once again I'll mourn New York like Yeman, Bethlehem, or Zagreb.
I've a unilateral condemnation for a second hesitation
addressing the impunity in political immunity.
If Pinochet ain't fit, then you must acquit;
sets a precedent in punishment for acts of war in government.
Damned to curse it all.
Goddamn these misled patriots who run headlong into history's oldest joke.
We're all drowned in a flood of ignorance of our history,
and I'll snicker softly treading water.
I object to the moral carpet bombing of the patriotically abject.
When we're dispossessed of this stupid victim's vengeance
then the humour in this begins to wreak.
It's an eye for an eye till we all go blind,
but the king's are those who can best describe
the grasses as deader in the lawns
beyond and a moral obligation to police the commons.
As if the criminalizing of the dissidence rising in the students
in the capitals and educated radicals
wasn't enough to quell the shaping of the stones,
then they had to go and forbid Singh a megaphone.
Who'll be left to call us out?
Damn.
Came so far just to fall by a pretext of terror we've built.
Welcome to the world we've built.
Now you're surprised?!
What made me hesitate to make this complaint again?
New weighted terms and history with a PR spin.
I'll be damned if I watch a war of pride again,
let alone learn it's name off of CNN.
19 hundred seventy nine.
Who were the allies that time?
How long before we see that security, policy, history are the terror we breed?