

Catch 22, Alma Ata

A man came by this evening, dancing like a puppet on his strings.

He spoke of engineering. It's obvious he'd never built a thing.

I had to smile and think a while.

I finally shook my head and said,

"Men like you can't build your peace."

His personality, while charming, still betrayed an air of confidence

inconsistent with criminal political dissent.

I had to smile and think awhile.

I finally shook my head and said,

"Men like you can't fake your peace."

A man came by this evening, we spoke about my future in this place.

He asked if the party and the opposition could ever reconcile.

I had to smile and think awhile.

I finally shook my head and said,

"Men like you can't make your peace."