

bloody shadow

the vagabonds and the drifters do not know which day it is today - or
tomorrow
they stand before you as unaware as only they could be of the bloody
shadow
covering the graves of tens of thousands
witnessing the wounds of tens of thousands
visiting the darkness of the newly crippled and the blind
sweeping over those who never asked, nor volunteered, nor had in mind
to give up on their lives for someone else's view of living
someone else's view of what it was they really should be giving
your view but not your life, not your wife, just your knife
diminishing what it means to be a man
just your knife and your deadly little plan

so now, let's talk of abraham
that holy man whose fear of god came before his love for his son - here am i
he built the sacrificial altar and laid the wood in order - here am i
he bound his son and laid him on the firewood
and took the knife prepared to take his boyhood
and all the sons and daughters that would have flowed from that time on
but he heard the voice of god, here am i, do not touch your only son
but you've touched the sons of thousands and none of them is yours
you've filled the graves of thousands but not one is yours
their pain but not your pain, not your shame, just your claim
that you stand right next to abraham
just your claim that he approves your plan

so now, let's talk of consequences
let's talk of freedom and democracy, peace and a new life - for the living
let's talk prosperity and politics, truth and justice - for the living
and while we're on our honourable intentions
it seems a little churlish to mention
cluster bombs and mines and du shells buried in the sand
ten thousand prisoners who do not remotely understand
that torture in the prison camp's regrettable but needed
to ensure the liberty for which the people pleaded
and you have heard their cries, not their lies, your lies
that took all of us into babylon
your lies that still go on and on