

Not a Lullaby

by tam *Saturday, Aug 25 2012, 12:13pm*

international / poetry / post



Afghan Freedom Fighter

hush my child,
the star-spangled monster
will not take you tonight
nor on any other night
while I have breath.

you are not on their criminal president's
kill list, though that offers no protection
in these hills.

invaders, thieves and murderers
without a shred of morality,
decency or compassion temporarily
occupy our tribal lands --
they accuse us of barbarism
yet it is they who commit atrocities.

we do not kill children
or designate them expendable,
nor do we urinate on dead bodies;
we do not defecate on holy scripture
or rape and murder young girls.

they lurk in the night,
prowling through our villages like
bloodthirsty wolves
looking for prey,

hush, my child,
release your agitations;
think not of your brother killed
by an American missile while

mourning your cousin at his funeral.

what type of soulless monsters
kill for corporations and monetary profit,
what calibre of men fly Drones and kill innocents
from half a world away?

close your wide eyes and sleep
my child
I will never abandon you.

The entire world grows weary of lost liberties,
obscene intrusions and constant surveillance;
no nation can survive when its leader views
his own population with dread and loathing
and monitors their every move.

so frightened are their ruling elites
they pass laws to indefinitely imprison
anyone on *suspicion*,
how long can such a nation endure?

sleep now child and dream
grow to manhood and
learn that the evil that besets
our people and nation shall soon succumb,
as all others have succumbed before it;
our mountains do not suffer murdering
invaders for long.

be comforted by the fact that
they will *never* succeed.