

## 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.

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-62.html>