

High Pressure Low

Against Me!

There was a high pressure low developing off the coast of Africa,
uplift in the atmosphere pushed waves
across the ocean towards Antilles and Bon Air.
I paced in Agitation. I drew the curtains closed.
I turned the air conditioner on.
I pressed a warm wash cloth to my face.
Somewhere out there a hurricane was coming.

There's just no future left for us to dream of,
living in an era of instability.
So caught up in the culture of their rivals,
fear breeds in honest men.
It's a high pressure low.

7 missiles flying over the sea of Japan.
Tales of feral children sleeping in wolf dens.
And the pious preacher commands.
I hold my breath in anticipation.
Into the shelter of the jungle noble savages run.
Vestal virgins triumph over life long inhibitions.
And I wonder, what is real? What is fiction?

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Would anyone forgive Robert McNamara?
In retrospect he had to admit;
there was mistake in going to war without first asking all the
questions.
Yes, Robert Strange McNamara,
there are those who just cannot forget.
And I wonder, have I lost my own compassion?

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