

Wage War

Hawkwind

I would see the city as a mutant among the wonders of the world
. Its
chimneys polluting the air. Its roots poisoning the earth. Its
tentacles setting one man against another and strangling them both
in
their hopeless contest. I would map the cities' highways and tunnels
and
bridges, its subways and canals, its neighbourhoods adorned by
beautiful
homes filled with priceless objects, rare libraries, and fine rooms.
Its
clever networks of pipes and cables and wires under the streets
. Its
Police departments and communications stations. Its hospitals,
churches,
and temples. Its administrative buildings crowded with overworked
computers, telephones, and servile clerks.
Then I would wage war against this city as if it were a living
body. I
would welcome the night-
sister of my skin, cousin of my shadow, and have
her shelter me and help me in my battle. I would lift the steel
lids
from the ????? and ????? explosives to the ?????
and then I would run away and hide, waiting for the thunder which
would
trap, in mute telephone lines, millions of unheard words. Which
would
darken rooms full of white light and fearful people.
I would wait for the midnight storm which whips the streets and
blurs
all shapes and I would hold my knife against the back of a door
man,
yawning in his gold braided uniform, and force him to lead me
upstairs
where I would plunge my knives into his body. I would visit the
rich, and
the comfortable, and the un-aware, and their last screams would
suffocate in their ornate carpets, or tapestries and ?????
. Their
dead bodies pinned down by broken statues would be gazed upon
by
slashed
family portraits. Then I would run to the highways and speedways
that
surge forward towards the city. I would have with me bags full
of bent
nails to empty on the asphalt. I would wait for the dawn to see

cars,
trucks, buses approaching at great speed and hear the bursting
of their
tyres, the screech of their wheels, the thunder of their steel
bodies
suddenly ???? ???? as they crash into each other, like wine gla
sses
pushed off a table. And in the morning I would go to sleep, smi
ling in
the face of the day, the brother of my enemy.