

## Name and Address Withheld

Propagandhi

The following views expressed  
Do not necessarily reflect  
Those of the prevailing  
Order, who prostrate to  
Their naked kings, tailor the seams of  
Funeral shrouds on foreign shores,  
But shed no tears for the dead  
The dead of the endless list of  
Informal wars - the justification for  
Will be spelled out for me coming soon  
To a screen, to a screen, near me, near you.

I'm feeling less hopeful  
And so much less human  
As my days are reduced to  
Little more than  
Settling for revenge  
And wondering whatever happened to the kid that pledged

Chalk it up to an overdeveloped sense of unbridled vengeance.  
Somebody fed me too much New Hope for breakfast,  
Cause as the empire preemptively strikes back  
Again and the voice of Luke's father  
Baritones this is CNN  
I recall Arab kids slaughtered reduced  
To sand-niggers and rag-heads.  
And now I'm expected to mourn

Dead Americans?  
The executioner's willing citizens?  
I'm so sorry  
And I'm trying to think it through,  
But when the chickens came home to roost

And hand-delivered  
And hand-delivered  
Matching funeral urns  
To the bully that never learns  
I could've swore I heard a chorus rise and fall  
Wishing them so many more unhappy returns.  
But in every war waged,  
Only kings emerged unscathed.