

George had the role of the spokesman. Script prepared - took a week
to write... how their house was an eyesore, kid was an outlaw, wife
was a whore who bored the neighbours. Fists were raised, pledges made
over ten grenades and tins of petrol. George would strike the first
match if they put up a fight or pulled down the shutters. Soldiers
blue. Shoulders sunburned - see the light dance on their hair, the
fair and healthy skin, the shins of metal. Men of mental discipline
(their favourite word). It's heard in cries, it's heard in whispers,
in the candlelight of ceremonies clandestine where songs are empty,
words are anti-this and anti-that. The vigilantes tilt their hats to
cleaner sheets, greener valleys. Marble queens sing Halleluiah -
spewing out the trash in the name of the Lord.