

Al Howard

Prior to addressing the pressing,
depressing,
stressing issue of war
There's one other issue I'd like to explore
And the fact that I don't hear the echo of a million voices still shouting
complaints
Makes me faint, frustrates me
It's devastating to democracy
George W. Bush is not the president of America
Coup d'etat
Post millennial hysteria
Stolen election
Now the demise of life is draped in the disguise of national protection
Using the media weapons of mass deception
To fuel the mass distraction
There will be massive repercussions for this war against weapons of mass
destruction in a third world nation
But aren't we the ones with 10,000 nuclear bombs in the midst of an invasion
Hatred cannot counter hatred
Only love is that sacred
How many lives will be wasted because our "president's" impatient
Or to further our global imperialist reign
Raining iron and flames in the name of democracy
Branding another area with our American ideology
Replacing a regime with one where all are equal
We haven't mastered the first chapter so why rush to make a sequel
Did some on say oil
I heard thousands shout with passionate doubt "NO BLOOD FOR OIL"
No blood for oil!
No blood for oil!
No blood for oil!
This is the equation that makes my blood boil
Blood flooding foreign soil
As wealthy men collect the spoils of the front line toils
But this is not the message seen on the TV screen
We are liberating people from an evil regime
The web has been weaved
We The People deceived
As the media bleeds and feeds the machine with paranoia and panic
Sweeping the land from pacific to Atlantic
Governed by the fear of a threat from out there

On that tragic day in mid September

The bloodstain on my brain I'll forever remember
A nation united by catastrophe in bloom
The "industrial confetti" on screens in each and every room
The atmosphere of rubble that blocked out the New York moon
I cried that day with the rest of the nation and felt we were in tune
But soon after the disaster instead of asking why
We asked when, where, how and who would have to die
Who would be the example
What land would we trample
We would raise our fist toward terrorist
And drop our metallic mist on innocent kids
Away from our eyes
Out of sight out of mind
The gears of the war machine steadily grind
The wheels of time rapidly wind
I'm not willing to sacrifice my freedom and my rights
I'll take to the streets both day and night
So hail to the thief who stole the election
For your first two years in office I felt disconnected
But now I know the role of your deceitful regime
You are the extreme that for so long we needed
The level on reaches before they open their eyes
Gather together and unveil the disguise
The first world silence of your third world violence has mobilized
thousands take to the streets
Sending chills up my spine when I hear pleas for peace
I'll make mine with rhymes in the belly of this beast
When we march hand in hand I hold democracy
I hear it shake the ground with thunderous sounds
So, Let us be heard cause our words have the power
Even more power then nuclear shower
This land is ours, but not ours to devour
So move past the fist
I am a pacifist resisting this twisted militant system that I didn't enlist
in
This war on terrorism depends on the scope and perspective of one's vision
We're the only nation to drop a nuclear bomb,
Small pox on blankets and Vietnam napalm,
Sponsored dictators from Pinochet to Saddam,
How do all our enemies acquire their arms
Bombed hotels and fleeing soldiers in Iraq,
Got inner city citizens addicted to crack,
Shot civilians in Panama,
Innocents in Afghanistan,
There's blood on our hands
Blood in the streets

Blood in this poem
Blood stains my dreams
How many will bleed before too many have bled
A war memorial cemetery,
Whole periphery dead
This nightmare is scary
I'm tired and weary
Tired of violence
Tired of silence
Tired with no rest
Ready to protest
Braid my voice with the others
My sisters and brothers unite in the night
Know that words are the only weapon needed to fight
Who take pride in this country, but see no need for revision
This is my definition of patriotism

Alfred Howard 3/27/03