

Ode to Democracy, Long Live the Kings!

Pictures of my country's heroes
who fought wars with bows and arrows
stare bewilderingly out of my television screen at me.
Barely noticing I wonder,
what of these men's lives and plunder
Carries on in Bel Air mansions owned by modern bourgeoisie?

Progeny of staunches valor
Has inbreeding caused this pallor
Of the children of the children of the men who won our wars?
And I wonder, why continue,
As if by right of bone and sinew,
to exalt a monarchy of multinational corporate whores?

Yawning over lost compassion
Bored by every living passion
Scoffing at the former generation's acts of charity,
The heir to our American legends
Bears no honorable mention
When around the blazing trash we talk of sons of liberty.

And the nouveau riche of Asia
Proudly flaunting their aphasia
to the blood and sweat of peasants dying on their fact'ry floors,
Prop up despots and dictators
in nations south of the equator
Indifferent to the cries for freedom heard outside their palace doors.

And as the working man grows poorer
His rich master cries, "The horror...
You'd be fine if only there was no racial equality!
It's the man of other color
Who has caused your growing dolor
Hate him! For your problem really has nothing to do with me!"

And while we have listened to him
Spitting with increasing venom
At our blameless brothers and sisters suffering just like us and more,
The richest men are growing richer
And the middle-class, indentured,
To the servitude of product purchases they have made before.

While we all are working harder
Kings engage in acts of barter
deliberately provoking an unfathomable brutality
in sacred lands and sovereign nations
Scattering a paltry ration
of rights ensured by ancient Constitutionality.

Like the cattle to the slaughter
we will send our son and daughter
Off to fight for "freedom" on a foreign and oppressive shore.
And when our children ask us why
We reiterate the lie
As has done every generation that has ever come before.

And pictures of my country's heroes
who fought their wars with bows and arrows
look at us with a hollow stare of unbroken banality.
All our leaders now have died
and with no one left to guide
Blindly we take on the yoke of slaves that they once fought to free.

Our freedom pawned for merchandise
in the name of Democracy.

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