

## Not a poem to Rachel

In Teinanmen square a young man stood in front of a huge tank and refused to move. And the Tank driver was moved by the youth's heroism and did not attack. And this act of heroism became a symbol of resistance and revolt the world over, especially in the U.S. media which somehow expropriated the youth as their own distorted symbol.

And Rachel Corrie stood before the giant Bulldozer, made in the U.S. by Caterpillar Corporation and given as a gift by America to help in the destruction of the lives of Palestinians. And shouted at the bulldozer in heroic defiance and righteous resistance. And the Bulldozer driver was unmoved and murdered her in cold blood with a machine that could kill an elephant. And he was not arrested, and was not heard to express remorse. And the U.S. media showed the pictures and wrote the story, mostly the truth of a bleeding Palestine---for a day. And then, having captured Rachel they, the media, didn't need her anymore--though they still needed the young Chinese man--so they tried to disappear Rachel from history by bringing out their tanks and bombs onto the airways and photospreads as they wondered aloud at how many Iraqis they could precisely mow down with impunity with their wondrous machines (leaving their napalm and B-52s out of the equation of course).

But we do not need the New York Times or Dan Rather to remember Rachel's heroism or the cowardice of her killers or anything else for that matter. Rachel lives in our hearts as the embodiment of everything human that is good and right; and as the unquenchable anger at everything that is wrong in this fucked up world of fascist cowards running amok. No we do not need CNN or PBS or any of them because our memories are becoming clearer every day.

Marc Sapir  
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