

## Red the Alien's Blood

November 17, 2004

I watched those men on TV  
demolish and obliterate  
Falujah (the uncensored part)

I saw them hunting young  
Iraqis trying to defend their land  
against superior firepower;

The American muzzles crackling,  
pointed into the hideout  
dug into the dirt floor...  
amidst cries of Allah Akbar.

I know murder when I see it.

These are not my boys  
who do these things.  
My boys are home  
fighting fires in homes  
and confined spaces,

They're trying to decipher  
the flow and ebb and loss  
of the glaciers.

They're painting and etching  
the Americas.

My boys are playing the trumpet  
and dueling with competitive foils,  
and studying in schools and universities  
and cutting their eye teeth.

And my daughters are teachers,  
and mothers and musicians and athletes,  
not invader terrorists.

My boys, 800 strong,  
just recalled to war.....  
They didn't show up.

No, those conquerors in others' lands  
with their superior firepower,  
murderers and torturers  
are not my boys. They belong to others.

I say these things because I know  
my nation's history and  
her variegated children.

Because I know that the alien  
in this land  
was never a Muslim or Mexican,  
an Arab or Jew,  
an African or Indian,  
an Italian or Irish,  
a Chinese or Japanese,  
or German or Pole,  
a Philippino or Hawaiian  
a Norwegian, Swede, Dane or Russian.

I know that the alien in this land  
was always the one who would steal  
from his countrymen or neighbor,  
murder his rebellious son  
or conquer nations for imperial greed.

I smell the blood of the alien  
who was once an Englishman.  
Fo Fum.  
He comes to me in the night,  
in my nightmares and on my TV.

He steals my children,  
and my faith in human goodness.  
I know his history.  
He steals my nation.  
I know his deviousness.  
He steals my free will  
and I understand the subterfuge.

This alien thinks he understands me too.  
As he plans to take me from my children  
in the dark, when I am unawares.

Let him come. I am not afraid.

Let him know that the streets  
will run with both of our blood,  
not mine alone.

Let him come with his tricks  
and worthless Godful words  
and his weapons of mass destruction  
So that he may soon understand  
that murder begets murder,  
and impunity's a gnarly quest.

Soon enough he'll see  
his fatuous dreams of glory  
and immortality  
lying dead on the pavement  
beside his own still body,

Bathed in the horror of such bloodletting  
my children will yet cry out "victory"  
and my soul shall weep for joy  
at the alien's death,  
even when I am no more.

Amen!