

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,
a 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!