



NATIONAL PO

What the Meek Inherit **RIVER OF BLOOD** (another rap apocalypse)

Democracy was just a dream.
Who knew it was for sale?
The milk of human kindness
has gone sour in the pail.
Our dreamers live out nightmares;
the rich dream safe inside the pale,
and the meek will just inherit
some fossils in the shale.

All the meek will inherit
will be the ashes of their names
blown across the desert left
by passing human flames.

They're building spaceships for the ultra-rich
with illusions of escape
from what they've done to Gaia,
which by any name is rape.
But she's fighting back with disease and storm;
she'll break what she can't re-shape;
and the meek will just inherit
dreams wrapped in long black crepe.

Now when the ones who left us here
find the time to return
there'll be no song, there'll be no leaf,
no stone that's left unburned,
for Gaia will be a cinder,
dark and silent as she turns
and not even hope will glimmer
as her silent oceans churn.

All the meek will inherit
will be the ashes of their names
blown across the desert left
by passing human flames.

Tomorrow we will all wake up
and the sun will rise again,
but which side are you on today?
Tomorrow's too late to plan.
Which side are you on today?
Which side will get your hand?
If the meek are to inherit anything,
the meek must take a stand.'

—Bryce Milligan

It was the 1980s.

With neither approval nor permission
from We the People,
our nation's CIA hired mercenaries.
Calling themselves Contras,
they raided Nicaragua's isolated villages,
killed the workers for health, literacy
and terrorized the rest.

One of them tells his story:

We found the teacher,
laid him in a newly dug ditch.
Following orders,
I plunged my trench knife into him,
till his screams and breathing stopped.

Later, I went to the river
to wash my hands and face.
In a flash, the river turned to blood.

That night, I slipped away,
never to return.

Imagine us taxpayers walking away
from our Afghanistans, Iraqs, Vietnams
and their rivers of blood.

—Tom Keene / August 26, 2017

Footprints

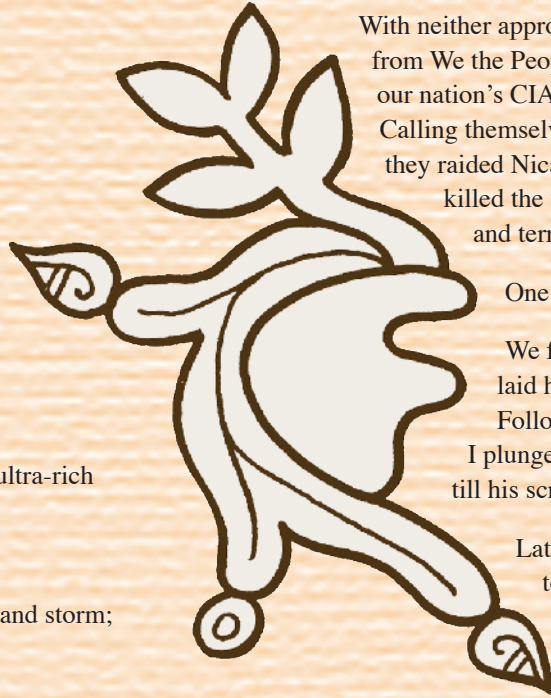
You are a sprawled body
on a beach.
A photograph.
A washed up tennis shoe
the size of all children.

◆ They say the dried remains of the young
are littered throughout the desert
their spirits, perhaps, having high tea
with the stolen girls & the disappeared boys
& the massacred students.

Can you see Yeats meandering among them?

◆ Sacrilege is a countryless emotion.

—Yon Hui Bell



Art: Aylan Kurdi by Robert Sharp