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Sorties (from a Miami Journal)

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Poems come
 in-between
the living hours
 daily bread
congestions
 net-working
futures to headline news
re-runs –
 war
democratic gun-talk
breathing
 termination.
They come
 a seeing
 brief
grace to rip the veil –
 unreal as the screen-
 playing
op liberation in Iraqi. Tanks
and troops - stars
 in Baghdad, city
of thieves
 SHOCKing.
At night
 death glows
 beautiful.
 AWEsome
an emerald sky
 halos
a thousand innocents
 blasted free
for one sad
 damned man.
Still
the Euphrates runs
through Babylon.
Silent
 evolution
 renames
the beast.

II

I sit watching in a room
made for transit -
idyllic a.c. comfort
and service like the brochure-
holidays from where I came.

In the belly of this war machine
there is a kind of peace,
except on the T.V.

A newscaster's toasted face
mimics middle-eastern heat,

fluoride teeth flash victory,
talk rains of rocket sorties,
guided missile accuracies,
POW Lynch rescued a thousand
and one times over
as if to right the unnamed Iraqis, dead.

Nation-lips smacking as after ice cream.
I never knew death tasted so sweet.

III

I scream
a small sound
not loud
amid CNN featuring
allied force
 feeding
democracy
to children
eating shrapnel like cereal
faces not so happy
as those tasting good
morning America
on the fruity-loops ad,
nothing is better
than waking up to the beautiful ones
born free

to name the wrong
their right to batter.

I scream a small sound
like a child's anguish
for limbs
scattered like seeds
 across the battlefield

not loud as soldiers
who-haaing after explosions
not loud as the Egyptian youth shouts
"I hate Bush!"
in every living room
across the globe
 his rage turning
turning
 burning
beauty
 ripe
 as ready seed.