

Fitful Futile Dreams

(2001 - After 911)

Curled up in a corner in my NY Canal Street loft
Consumed
Incredulous crisis mounting
Mourning
I'm catatonic
Gasping
Inhaling smoldering asbestos
And body parts
And sensing spirits rising right down the road
Just blocks away
Hovering over the truncated horizon
The crematorium
Are they lost as we are
Or endowed with grace of serenity
In the instant they broke free of corporeal confines?
I only hope they found their way
We who remain have not
And I despair in anticipation
With evidence that we never will
I can't quite peel myself out of bed
I'm tube feeding my dying cat, Little Girl
Loving her
And taking in the massive misery simultaneously
With each toxic breath, I feel it become part of me
I see the banners outside my window and hear shouts
Of "thank you" to the emergency workers as they pass
This threshold of the forbidden rescue Ground Zero zone
And I too am grateful they risk their health and lives
With a hope to save some unknown someone
But then the marching band persists obsessively
With "America The Beautiful"
And shatters whatever equilibrium I might summon
From ancient archives of memory
I mean immaterial memorial
I'm afraid of our inability to see beyond the simplicity
That rushes to assemble
In a huddled face and farce of self-celebration

I am appalled and alarmed at the State of the Union
Looming "United"
Elated
Waving and flaunting flags in frenzy
Tri-colored labels of lust for lives to revenge
Striped and star-struck
Behind an ethically, intellectually challenged commander-in-chief
With a cheap and costly PR campaign that sells it
And sells out every time
No need to keep score in our foul savage super power bowl
Emboldened goal
Strike!
We always win
Strike!
We always win
I'm never good at math when the basis of the divide
Is fuzzy numbers
Let alone lies
So who then will illuminate the reality
And estimate the enormity of the ongoing far-reaching atrocity?
Unilateral criminal cadenza
Calculate the miseries of all lives lost needlessly
Count
Count
Count the dead
Count the casualties
Compare ours here versus Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran...
Erode
A road to ruin
A rude awakening
Mistaking a master monster masked as magnanimity?
Come on
Count
Count the dead at our hands of horror and mishandling
Covert insatiable CIA sorted supported insurgents
Trained and tuned
Funded
Fueled to oust independent democratic or otherwise relevant rule
To bolster despots and terrorists
Internal intolerable inferno

Where?
Haiti Hell
Where? Chile
Where? Rwanda
Where? Congo
Where?
Vietnam, Nicaragua, El Salvador, East Timor
And more And more
Where? Where? Where?
Guatemala 200,000 murdered there
Ask their mothers to count them
Where? Where?
Count Where?
Count Where?
Count Where?
Where people don't count?
Of course

I'm counting on accountability that I fear will never come
And I'm afraid for every one of us on this planet
When the guide and God is greed
Super greed and need to own the earth in its entirety
Celebrating an anthem of hypocrisy
I'm yearning for an honest intention of integrity
Transformation of this crippling discriminatory economy
Exploitation without representation

I'm having fitful futile dreams
Longing for leaders dependable
With perspective of wisdom and conscience that determines
No one is ever expendable
No one is expendable

When will we learn that her baby's cry is as important as mine?
When will it occur to us to care if it's fair
Or fatal
To forge on
In fictitious deliciously self-serving unnerving scenarios
Feigning fortitude, myth of superiority and invulnerability

When will we see as we sow
That no one is safe-- Sorry--
Unless we all are
Far, near, fear, home, here
Safe and fed
And read voraciously
Veraciously
Fed
The facts
And read
More than the riot act of deplorable war in store
The need to read the writing on the wall
Of resistance
Is persistently imperative
When will we wake and tell of the hell of hunger?
From an empirical primary source
With absolutely no residual resource
To digest the fact that anywhere a starving baby dies
We all breathe in the stench of decay
Spores of horrors of wars
Vicarious virulence?
Antipathy
or Anthrax?
It all becomes part of us
Some kind of
Unkind of way
Embedded in the chest
Near the heart
The void
Employed to destroy
Lodged in the region of the lung cavity
With a lesion to cue the crisis called forth
Danger of doomed inhalation
Desperation
A proclivity of depravity
What vital vision did we violate?
Inhuman race
Against one another
Scored for retribution or reward

I implore you
Redact, retract automatic arsenals
And sharp and deadly binary blades
That can't quite cut to the chase
Of this morbid matter
With any semblance of self-reflection
Or basic civil responsibility

And if it's not too late
What harsh disarming lessons must we learn
To earn a future
A turn of the tides
A time and chance
For some mother's prodigal daughter and son
To propagate
A gracious and grand plan
Of peace and parity and security
Please plant the needed seed
To resource
Reinforce respect widespread
So someone
Somewhere
Will somehow surmount
And count
And be left to thrive
Alive?

Redraw the districts
With a cogent global map
Of sovereignty and harmony
In tandem
Not random acts of avarice or indifference
There are sufficient resources to provide
Prosperity in profusion
With inclusion
Yes, there are
The notion of scarcity is a myth
And manipulation of reality
To serve the scourge and upper hand
We can expand expectations and cooperations

We're crying for conscious coalitions
Resisting divisive intimidation
Beware
Help
STAT
Urgent care
Providers
Dispense with toxic exhausted ignorance at once
We need potent prescriptions
Essential breathable balms
Sustainable systems
Renewable energies to ignite
And enable a long lasting lease on life
At least a halfway humble bow
To signal survival of integrity
If not of our planet
And humanity

Stand firm and dare to assess
With a bold naked look within
Deeper than inner septic circles
Let's somehow resuscitate
Summon the healing super power
Of compassion
Independent ethical judicious
Auspicious initiatives
It's high time to topple tyrants
Hoggish lavish leaders
Owned and operated
Only by lawless bad actors
Retractors
Who lost their minds
Sold their souls and esteem
For absolute ambition
Gluttony growing exponentially
Into a metastatic maniacal critical mass
Aimed en masse at the masses
As always
State sponsored unpardonable
Corrupt capital odious original self-serving sin

With the lowest common denominator dominating
Someone save us from ourselves
Send us shifting
Uplifting
Shedding sheep of ignorance
Reprisal and denial
Banish institutional bully bi-polars
To the far limits of their own extremes
And obsessions
And oppressions
Repeal heritage privilege
Carefully bred of hatred
With history ever-repeating itself
In vicious pernicious cycles of inequity
Enough!

Who embodies evil?
Tell us where does it reside
So we can see to its demise
Why an upheaval on our own soil?
Exploding, imploding the lofty towers
Of presumed impenetrable power
And appropriated
Inalienable rights
Rights?
Of whom?
Ask the heirs of slaves
Who cared and delivered democracy
To their great grandcestors' shores
With doors slammed shut
To imprison any vision
Of freedom
Or dignity of life?
Ask Indigenous survivors
About the sanctity of genocide
And fair trade-
Blankets of smallpox
Bio warfare
Fair?

Grandmothers, fathers, sisters, sons, babies
Nations massacred on mother earth's sacred soil
At whose hands, stolen lands
Desecrated, destroyed, colonized
Before their God's eyes?
A Christian offering?
An offering
It's official
Sacrificial
And civilized?

What are the borders of belligerence?
Masterminding a meticulously calculated
Holy righteous crass coup
Of unconscionable callousness
Cultivated in our own image
Cloned and come close to horror's harvest
Home land security complicity
To test and haunt us tauntingly?

Oil and autocrats have an answer
But what's the question?
The question is:
Who has the right and might to be alive?
Who has the right and might to be alive?
But there's a crack in the cold and old war story
A dire demand for more
From the core
The heart
The gut
The gall
The ghosts
Calling out earnestly
Beseechingly for clarity
Probing
Questioning the tenuous
Grim fairy tales of truth
Truth, did you say?

With a life and death
Cry for survival
Of the species
Immediacy
Emergency
To open our eyes
Find courage and capacity
To search our souls
Our heart
Attack?
To ask honestly, at last
Whose life matters?
Does it matter
If their millions live or die?
Is there an inherent schism
In our patriotism?
If we have the power to decide
Who do we include in our humanity?
Is it a mere matter
Of planetary propriety?
Who has the right and might to be alive?
Who has the right and might to be alive?