

## Wage War

Hawkwind

I would see the city as a mutant among the wonders of the world  
. Its  
chimneys polluting the air. Its roots poisoning the earth. Its  
tentacles setting one man against another and strangling them both in  
their hopeless contest. I would map the cities' highways and tunnels and  
bridges, its subways and canals, its neighbourhoods adorned by beautiful  
homes filled with priceless objects, rare libraries, and fine rooms. Its  
clever networks of pipes and cables and wires under the streets  
. Its  
Police departments and communications stations. Its hospitals, churches,  
and temples. Its administrative buildings crowded with overworked  
computers, telephones, and servile clerks.  
Then I would wage war against this city as if it were a living body. I  
would welcome the night-  
sister of my skin, cousin of my shadow, and have  
her shelter me and help me in my battle. I would lift the steel  
lids  
from the ????? and ????? explosives to the ?????  
and then I would run away and hide, waiting for the thunder which would  
trap, in mute telephone lines, millions of unheard words. Which  
would  
darken rooms full of white light and fearful people.  
I would wait for the midnight storm which whips the streets and  
blurs  
all shapes and I would hold my knife against the back of a door  
man,  
yawning in his gold braided uniform, and force him to lead me upstairs  
where I would plunge my knives into his body. I would visit the  
rich, and  
the comfortable, and the un-aware, and their last screams would  
suffocate in their ornate carpets, or tapestries and ?????  
. Their  
dead bodies pinned down by broken statues would be gazed upon by  
slashed  
family portraits. Then I would run to the highways and speedways that  
surge forward towards the city. I would have with me bags full  
of bent  
nails to empty on the asphalt. I would wait for the dawn to see

cars,  
trucks, buses approaching at great speed and hear the bursting  
of their  
tyres, the screech of their wheels, the thunder of their steel  
bodies  
suddenly ???? as they crash into each other, like wine gla  
sses  
pushed off a table. And in the morning I would go to sleep, smi  
ling in  
the face of the day, the brother of my enemy.