

Occupation

Misery Index

Carving up your bloodstained maps
With cartographic canine thirst
Waking worlds long crystallized on sands forgotten
Border lines, etched by masters false and fleeting
Open wide, this chasm of injustice never bridged
Balancing zionistic zealotry unrestrained
Rivalries atavistic crack the Levant sea to sea
60 years from inception, refugees god-mistaken
Open insurrections catapult your crises on

Turning into...
Conundrums, zero sums, quandaries
(The jargon of your failing States)
Debacles, empires, quagmires
(The parlance of hubris unleashed)
How can you say you "come in peace"?

Occupiers- Gullivers, Trampling
Through places that you don't belong
Occupiers- Goliaths, Trampling
Across the world through parts unknown,
(where what you break is what you own)

And here we fucking go again...
Red sunrise, on a Green Zone island fraught with doom
just beyond, the Fertile Crescent more looks like the moon
stocked with, stateless actors, proxy war-contractors,
crude, black gold beneath them -praise to God for liberation!
frozen aspirations, endless retributions, choked full, prisons
cells, democracy- save us from ourselves!

Blood on the streets of Haditha, Gaze on Gaza divine
the architects of oppression use fear to control the mind
Faux forays and foreign ventures lost , colonial catastrophes un-
veiled
They're crawling back- those old dictators, collaborators,
your beasts that don't seem to die...