

## Mate Ka Moris Ukun Rasik An

Propagandhi

Dickheads shit-talk, huddled single-file  
First-world frat-boys and prairie skinheads  
Who will never walk a mile  
Or mourn a murdered friend  
In this tiny woman's shoes.  
Drink up and mumble your abuse.  
I'm still humbled by it all:  
Around the same time  
That I was riding with no hands,  
Busting windows and getting busy  
Behind the sportsplex  
(With Labonte's older sister  
Decked out in her Speedos),  
Bella was flinching from the sting  
Of a Depo Provera "family planning",  
Her own Pearl Harbour  
And a holocaust spanning  
25 years to the rest of her life  
A prison my country underwrote in paradise.  
And in the shadows of Santa Cruz,  
She crossed her fingers behind her back.  
Built Suharto a Trojan horse and lay still  
Where as night fell she emerged  
'Til the motherfucker sent her north  
With a box under her arm  
That held der pledge of allegiance  
And her uniform.  
She laid it at the gates  
Of General's embassy  
And her whisper echoed into a dawn  
As she disappeared:  
The truth will set my people free