if you hunger
strike back with those caged in a cell
choking on dusty air
living hell
26th and cal
afghanistan, guantanamo, cook county to gaza
testify adnan latif
no need for an afterlife
with the predicted drama of demons, spirits and ghouls
this brother had prison guards with electric prods and a cia book of rules
fuck the generals and decorated fools
real proper killers in a coat and tie, bars and stripes
murderers math
the x and the y
why to snatch a life unprovoked from a k...k...kill list?
it’s a zero sum
minus the bankrupt attempt to justify
which of these unfortunately exotic muslims must die?
quite apparently and historically, some militants are more equal than others
at least when they are needed, convenient and take orders
it’s a cowards’ composition
mcnamara and brennan
executioners eyes with a callous disposition
a matrix still dominated by red hands, old school whites and uncle tom blues
hey yo john yoo, isn’t the old sound just like the new?
I know another john named burge
he might like to have tea with you
signature strike sign offs
moral suicide by executive order, indefinite detention, targeted assassinations, torture
nothing more than a five sided state sanctioned terrorist cell
with security fences and a stolen border
espousing every unethical excuse for unproven exceptionalism
propagating profitable and patriotic anti-intellectualism
a pledge of allegiance for parrots and yes men
half men who excel in snapping necks and turning insider trading tricks
punk ass pricks waving flaccid fissile material for lack of endowment but much investment in
the department of dicks
hands on a remote control triggers
instantly destroying dreams of children just like your own in pakistan

باستمع, listen
the lawn mowers buzz
(الدرون) decapitate from above
playstation assassins
modernity’s madmen
so surgical and sanitary
as they abort the ambitions of the living
old ladies to babies to so called teenage crazies
aren’t these 16 year old ‘high value targets’ merciless jihadis?
or how about penniless kids collecting firewood and scrap metal
hit’em twice with the ‘double tap’ tap dance
no, this is death metal
dalu children ressurect from the rubble

الصاروخ من أمريكية قتل الصبي
انتذكر السموني و كما فراس بسيوني
الشهيد من بيت حنون, martyred before dawn, buried before noon
somewhere in the omnipotent electronic night vision gaze
the truth must fade from thousands of miles away
but we cannot be swayed to forget the horror of the white phosphorous haze
from crimes cast in lead at mustashfeh al quds
to our brothers in cuba force fed for years in black hoods
blaze up the flag if you would or put the pen on paper to resist
whatever it is we persist to exist and insist
to sabotage this madness
to avenge those the world deemed defenseless
meanwhile the faceless and paperless smash and replace this establishment logic so baseless
a mass movement of the incarcerated
the nameless, anonymous
wage war within a breath
regain regions autonomous
every day insurrectionists dig tunnels deep just to have sustenance
so
if you hunger
with the prophets in exile, 160 grueling days, Samir Issawi style
strike back with those caged in a cell
choking on dusty air
living hell