

This Land is My Land

by Darius McCaskey

Niggers and spics,
kikes and Micks
 (don't forget the krauts and deggos, too)
live on land that belongs to you.

If your skin is red,
you're better off dead
than deal with this sordid affair.
No one told you *caveat venditor*, "Let the seller beware."

You trusted the limeys and frogs to boot:
 they used that foot to grind you to soot.
Ashes and soot of once-proud nations:
now there's strife in tribal relations.

Anima spirits, totems, and tools:
 the white man has played you for fools.
Soon, painted faces gather in band,
proudly declaring, "This land is my land."

