

Bullshit Aeneid

by David Ackley

Of arms and the man, I'd sing :
The man who came back
to a new pair of arms
straight off the rack.

I'd sing Cheney, Dick,
Scourge of Terror: Like it,
one part horror,
99 parts bullshit.

And bugout Bush,
on that blighted day,
inspired in flight,
crooning fly me away.

Of waste laid in shock
and awe, golden fruit
spilled in streets,
for garbage and loot.

And cabals in dark rooms
I'd sing, and how
with club and boot,
they make us bow.

Of waterboards--
"enhanced interrogation"--
in truth,
by inches, drowning.

Of all this and more
would I sing my song
of endless war,
if my mouth weren't plugged
with the desert
you sold me,
you peddlers of bull shit.

