



ANOTHER VICTORY, BY GEORGE !

Poems by Alec Emerson

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“DREAM DUST,” by Langston Hughes, provides a coda to this collection.

The author considers the war on Iraq a crime in broad daylight, a crime of lies mocking our ideals, subverting our Constitution, and causing sufficient American deaths, to qualify not as malfeasance, but as treason by the President.

Published simultaneously as ANOTHER VICTORY.

“COLLATERAL” appeared in the Blue Stone Press.
“DEJA VU” appeared in CHRONOGRAM.

Also by Alec Emerson: SOMBER REUNION 1988
CONNECTED WORDS 2005

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Edward Waldo Emerson

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*This book is dedicated in memory of Uncle Ed.
To keep busy during his golden years, Ed fitted
and delivered 1,600 cords of seasoned firewood.
Among other things, he took time out to play the
accordion, and once sent me a hundred bucks,
for a book of poems.*

Beat that.

*The man that hath no music in himself,
nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.*

Mark the music.

The Merchant of Venice (Act V, scene i)

note:

Erebus, in Greek mythology, is the dark place which souls pass through, on their way to hell.

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by Langston Hughes

DECISION AT STARBUCKS

When you have a faith based
pathological liar in the White House,
do you get a mocha?
Or a latte?

When your neighbors
are coming home
in body bags,
do you get an espresso?
Or a cappuccino?

DAD

My father used a P-51 to fight fascism.

I use a pen.

Listen to your heart beat.

Choose your weapon.

YOUTH

My brother lives in memory
an eternal youth,
looking like a photograph
taken before time
and bullet
stopped in Vietnam.

He was my older brother then,
before we heard of Vietnam,
before he went,
before the telephone rang with pain.
Then I helped,
to bury him.

I am his older brother, now.
He hasn't aged a day,
since his last breath,
across a world,
blew
my youth
away.

YOU TELL ME

With our usual becoming modesty,
we had a simple strategy
for victory in Vietnam:

***First, you get them by the balls.
Then their hearts and minds will follow.***

In Iraq, we cut our modest
words to three:

Shock and Awe.

Then victory.

So what's the difference?
You tell me.

ADVICE FOR KIDS

Yo!

If you haven't learned, yet,
obedience, pride, and
how to kill,
in high school,
you can always join
an army of one,
even if he's a liar,
even if he's a president.

GEORGE AND JESUS

He thinks he's cool with Jesus,
a pious man of God,
and he loves
his secret prisons,
his faith-based cattle prod.

And now that torture's cool, by
his imperial decree,
I just can't wait to watch it, on
Reality TV.

He thinks he's cool with Jesus.
He plays golf while soldiers die.
And only when deep in the rough,
is he sorry for his lie.

He thinks he's cool with Jesus.
He thinks he's got the goods.
Well, if this guy's cool with Jesus,
then my name is Tiger Woods.

And now the deaths of thousands
hang upon his lies,
he's as sorry as that crocodile,
with teardrops in his eyes.

He calls our soldier heroes,
sneaks their caskets home at night.
He cuts their VA benefits,
Even as they fight.

He poses as a warrior,
with his twisted bunch.
When warriors fought in Vietnam,
he never threw a punch.

He says he's patriotic.
Hides his lies behind our flag.
He treats our Constitution
as if it were a rag.

He says he's cool with Jesus.
His pledge is Skull and Bones,
his screaming oath inside its crypt
outside all Christian zones.

More bodies are on this guys hands,
than you and I can count. And
if you think he's cool with Jesus, then
read *The Sermon on the Mount*.

HALLIE BURTONNE CORPE'S
SONG FOR
PAUL WELLSTONE
AND
CINDY SHEEHAN

Billy lied about his blow jobs.
Bush lied us into war.
But Cheney sang

GO FUCK YOURSELF !

to the Senate floor,
and billions in no bid contracts
came swinging through mah door.

What a fine coincidence.
Mah boy is in the White House.
Could a mother ask for more?

What a fine coincidence.
Mah boy is in the White House.
Could a mother ask for more.

OIL AND ICE

Shouting over
and over,
and over,
and over.

FIRE !
FIRE !
FIRE !
FIRE !

Instigating a murderous riot.
Capital Crime.

Shouting over
and over,
and over,
and over,

WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION !
WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION !
WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION !
WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION !

Instigating a murderous riot.
Capitol Cool.

POM POMS, AND JACKBOOTS

Swing to the left!
Swing to the right!
Stand up.
Sit down.
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Swing to the right!
Swing to the right!
Stand up.
Sit down.
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Swing to the right!
Swing to das reich!
Stand up.
Sit down.
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Swing to das reich!
Swing to das reich!
Stand up.
Sit down.
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Sig heil.

THE PIRATE PRESIDENT

His pledge is
SKULL AND BONES.

His pledge
he now fulfills.

Now splintered bones
and grinning skulls
bear jolly witness
to his kills.

HOT TIP

Invest in bullets, bombs, and tanks.
Vote for vicious little cranks,
and, *Inshallah*,
or, *God Willing*,
you'll strike it rich,
and make a killing.

note: Arabic *Inshallah* equals
Irish *God Willing*.

FASCIST FUNNIES

With Christian lies
for your reasons,
you make war.
Thousands die.

Now, is that only
faith based treason,
or a well oiled shotgun,
open season?

BLOOD KIN

Spirit sick rich kids
buy pretty white houses,
whine about evil, work like the
devil, with blood-dripping axes.

Nice liberals whine,
over white cheese, and
white wine, as smart bombs
distribute their taxes.

THE SORDID OCTET

Eight years.

Twice-dubiously installed,
a President who spits on
the Beatitudes
before proudly addressing
his Christian mob.

Who scorns the mothers
of sons he sent to die,
but comforts, tenderly,
the taxing anguish of
the billionaire's sob.

Eight years.
Count them.

COOKBOOK

When a United States
Certified Public Accountant cooks the
books, the dish is
called a **FELONY**.

When a United States
President cooks the
Constitution, the dish is
called a **FINDING**.

When a United States
Secretary of State strains
a little passel of lies through
white teeth, stirs
up a little war,
and garnishes it with
plump little body bags,
the dish is called
LITTLE BLACK SAMBO.

When five United States
Justices ice a fraudulent
election with red, white,
and blue sugar frosting,
the dish is called
MOCK REPUBLIC SUPREME.

When a United States
Certified Public Accountant cooks the
books, the dish is
called a **FELONY**.

DEJA VU

He strutted on the Lincoln
deck, and smirked
We won! We won!

Yet Death still does Her dance.
I watched another victory
jig , upon the fall of France.

ANCHOR AWEIGH

When you're embedded with the general,
and sing to the colonel's score,
why is it that you sound like such
well dressed, well paid whore?

And so you have reported only
what they so proudly say, such as:
We don't do body counts! and
We didn't bomb a funeral today!

You didn't seem to notice
they had a funeral in their sights.
Bombing funerals is for terrorists,
so why their fresh delights?

Of the funerals they bombed,
did they forget to tell?
Are you buying girl scout cookies,
or a boy scout trip from hell?

As for those honest journalists
who tell the truth , and won't be led,
you must write them off as military targets,
enemy combatants, or dead.

You must make their killings sound
like a little boy scout slip.
If you don't, your
golden parachute
might get a little rip.

So, as the anchor of democracy
through the mud you drag,
tell your kids
that all you did was
zip the living truth

into a body bag.

SQUATTER

Between playing around with war,
torture, and secret prisons,
in the morning,
and playing a round of golf
in the afternoon,
a sitting President
can always
wipe his ass
with the
Constitution.

The question is:

:

*Can he flush it
down the toilet?*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Hey!

He took out sixty thousand
men, women, and
children,

as if it were a video game,
as easy as apple pie,
as easy as a White House lie.

Ain't he great !

Anyway, Thank God
for the love
they gave,

Thank God
for the love
they received,

Thank God
for the love
they had,

before George W
had them

Wasted.

And you thought
the ***W***
stood for *Yale*.

FALSUS IN UNO,
FALSUS IN OMNIBUS

Translated from the Latin
to English, this means

***False in one thing,
false in all things.***

In American law, this pertains
as follows:

***If testimony is willfully false and
given with an intention to deceive,
the jury may disregard all the
testimony of the witness.***

Whereas willfully false testimony
fomenting a war on Iraq has caused
thousands of American deaths,
perhaps this law should apply to
politicians as well.

Otherwise, politicians must be
exempted from any requirement
to speak the truth, by an amendment
to our Constitution, so that everyone
understands and respects the law.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

In the New Testament, the apostle Luke recalls the sermon given by Jesus to disciples gathered on a mountainside.

Luke's account, translated into English :

And seeing the multitudes, he went up onto a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples gathered around him, and he taught them, saying:

*Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn,
for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they who hunger and thirst
after righteousness,
for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they shall be called
the children of God.*

COLLATERAL

A cold crusade is on the world,
and profit is the game,
and knights in tanks and F-16s
pour forth their loving flame.

Mothers howl,
as only mothers howl,
their children's bodies
scorched and maimed.

Across a world a Christian man,
with a pious mien,
speaks smoothly of collateral damage,
and drives off in a limousine.

DREAM DUST

Gather out of star-dust
Earth-dust,
Cloud-dust,
And splinters of hail,
One handful of dream-dust,
Not for sale.

Langston Hughes