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Folk Song

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Folk Song

Cover Page Footnote

"First Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 3, Issue 3, 2003.

GEORGE CASSIDY PAYNE

FOLK SONG

“We do not admire the man of timid peace”

Teddy Roosevelt

“We are all fools for Christ sake”

St. Paul

america, america
Lighthouse overlooking
Gulag’s hellish harbors
Your vanity served their madness

You knew about the bed bugs all along, didn’t you?

america, america
You carved a hole in Iron mountain
You built yourself a hidden fortress
Where no man could see you sell liberty

You pardoned vivisections
Performed on Marines
In underground laboratories in Nanjing
The rape of honor still screams

America, america
Time you start looking after
Your own future?

For as you mobilize against al-Qaeda spies
A forgotten war you waged—is still being fought
Off the coast of Hiroshima.

Babies are being slaughtered in the wombs
Of mothers going bald from leukemia
Fathers shit themselves in straw tombs

america, america
Where synthetic sickness looms
Your legacy is not far behind

Tell me Mr. Truman
Tell me Harry,
Why was there a *second* boom?

Yes, I hear you singing america!
Loud enough so you can’t
Hear yourself think.

*“Babies are being slaughtered
in the wombs
Of mothers going bald from
leukemia
Fathers shit themselves in
straw tombs”*