

9-11 A Poem

Contributed by MWC News
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on Sept 11, 2005 I went to a rally with my daughter and Emily, In there I met Ameena . Shahram Vahdany

9-11

9-11 is the trigger for the dull black gun shooting relentlessly the droves of eastern bodies that apparently do not ache and bleed like the fractions of western bodies shot once. Images of crying, crimson-smeared faces, flashing in slow-mo across TV screens to euphoric melodies, humanized this one shot, while the millions of shots back flicker through empty skies and hazy terrains like candles swaying in the vacant air for America . The Iraqi boy, armless, scorched like a fire log at Christmas in Washington , is liberty for America . The thousands of babies swaddled in blankets of depleted uranium will erode for the sake of democracy. This is the payback, they say, for this assault on our building. Five years of gouging with gritty, star-spangled claws into the bellies of Iraq and Afghanistan is just recompense for this singular incident. The conversion of the origins of civilization into an ashtray in which we rub and rub our yellowed cigarette butts will ensure the preservation of civilization.

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what they know and don't know is that 9-11 was triggered by years of American gothic-imperialism; its gut thrusts of hyper-empire; its vampire sucks of oil from wells leaving a gray, limp corpse of a country that should have been plump, golden, erect like a sunflower; its cob-webbed hammock supporting Saddam Hussein; its use of soft Middle Eastern soils to test its war machines gleaming like collages of steely insect parts; the skeletons wrought from its draconian sanctions, its evil. decades of seething pain erupting in one small blister on the Western world's plastic, pampered skin, the excuse Georgie was salivating for, praying for in his holy holy church, a blister he even could have stopped, but didn't, so he could win his excuse to roll his red carpet where his daddy hadn't, to rectify his name.

all for the ego of a terrorist cowboy.

all for the internal combustion engine

all for our quality of life

all for the clink clank of rigid metal coins

did the metal tanks roll

did the soldiers rape

did the little girl curl up

like a killed spider

in her Baghdad attic

did the mother scream

in Fallujah

all in the name of racism

all in the name of fascism

all in the name of imprisonment

all in the name of colonialism

did the worker lose his leg

in the landmine

were the children blown up

by yellow bags mistaken for food

does the boy's head ache chronically

with shrapnel

does the old man rock

head held in clenched hands

on the street in Basra

not for tolerance

not for democracy

not for liberty

not for self-determination

did America wrap

the east in its crooked

vulture's wing

it propagates

as a dove's wing

there is no excuse for the skin peeled back that day in New York

there is no excuse for death anywhere

but 9-11 is the trigger for the dull gun firing off like the mouth of a deranged tyrant, repeating repeating the bloody cycle of western terrorism in the name of eastern terrorism, shooting en masse for the one desperate shot trembling from the damp, torn heart of despair.

-Ameena Mayer