

Scrawny intellectuals with horned-rimmed glasses humbled the
sons of warriors, (the same vultures circled over the
dying Hemingway),

A faulty immune system was gnawing at the heart of the West
long before the AIDS plague,
Eliot saw the wasteland advancing,
But clever homosexual Christian priests and resentful Jewish
capitalists coopted the restoration and perverted the
western elite.

Robert Frost's two roads converged and the beatniks took the
degenerate one,
The less travelled path led to physical fitness, the New Right
in France and sociobiology;
No graveyard vultures circled here, eagles soared, lone wolves
howled, the new hip became racialist hip,
The long-haired hippie has been superseded by the hard-fisted
skinhead,
The new cool is racial nationalism, the new poetry sings to the
genes and the blood, the glossy posters on the bedroom
walls are of Darwin and Nietzsche.

Kerouac is dead, Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti are no longer
attentive,
The peace, equality and free love they promoted was only reefer
on the brain, heroin in the bloodstream, candy in the mouth;
There can be no progress without white, yellow and black
isolation,
There can be no peace without dignified racial territories;
Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti and the whole western world have been
on a wretched party for over thirty years: now it is time
to sweep away the wreckage.