

THE NEXT TIME THEY PASS OUT FLOWERS

The next time they pass out flowers the soldiers may
eat them like hor d'oeuvres,
Gandhi's disciples could be run over by bulldozers with
grinning drivers;
The traitorous media told us to make love not war,
So we sprawled down upon the battlefield and had a
pleasant picnic with the ladies;
How quickly we forgot that dominated, enslaved and
raped women are the fate of the conquered in war;
The lights have been dimmed across the Western World,
The smell of marijuana and incense lingers,
The flower replaces the sword,
The dove replaces the eagle,
Chimpanzees serenade bemused angels;
But fickle flowers bloom only in sheltered victors'
courtyards,
The lascivious singers may be kings in times of fading
luxury,
But during war they join with the women in flattering
tone-deaf warriors;
Gigolos and poets may sweet talk the soft-hearted ladies
all night long,
But valiant heroes, knowing that force decides, fight
off the day of their women's slavery.