

Chapitre/Chapter 35

Poems and Songs by Jean Derioz and Lawrence McGuire

A.

A Prayer for Rachel Corrie

(Killed in Palestine while trying to stop home destructions by the Israeli Army)

by Jean Derioz

(March 20th, 2003)

Let him huff, let him puff
Let him raze our homes
To dust let him grind
Our bones

Let him plough the streets
And bulldoze the flesh
Leaving no stone on stone
Unchecked

In the wake of his share
The seed will be sown
Never mind whose field

We will fire the clay
We will hammer the steel
Never mind whose creed

The wake that you keep
The grave that we share
Lamb of the barren hope

May it be the promise
Rachel
That we be whole

B.
by Lawrence McGuire



- I. *Rich Man's War and a Poor Man's Fight***
- II. *Rachel Corrie***
- III. *Ride Away Cowboy***
- IV. *Super Bowl Hero***

I.
Rich Man's War And a Poor Man's Fight

By B. L. McGuire
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I grew up on Lookout Mountain near Mason's store
Where a lot of men deserted in the Civil War
Soldiers from the South and the North
The east and west

They were doing what young men do the best
Hunting and fishing and having fun
Playing music in the mountains 'til the war was done

My great great grandpa was one of them men
This story was handed down through the family
from way back then

He told my grandma and my grandma told me
They used to sing this song in East Tennessee
Rich man's war and a poor man's fight
Rich man lies and the poor man dies
When the talking stops and the war begins
The poor man loses and the rich man wins

"War is a racket",
That's a book General Smedley Butler wrote
"War is hell",

That's a Tecumseh Sherman quote
Whatever the time, the place or the nation
War is a hellacious tool for class domination

From the Trojan War to Vietnam
To Halliburton making gold from the oil and blood in Iraqi sand
Change the name and the story's the same
Poor man killing and dying in a rich man's game

Rich man's war and a poor man's fight
Rich man lies and the poor man dies
When the talking stops and the war begins
The poor man loses and the rich man wins

II.

Rachel Corrie

By B. L. McGuire
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Rachel Corrie
Rachel you did not die,
No, you did not die,
You did not die in vain.

Rachel Corrie
Rachel you're still alive,
Because of the way you lived until you died
The best part of you still remains.
Oh, what a beautiful spirit you have!
Spirit of courage and life
(and dare I say it) spirit of love.
Oh, what a beautiful way to live!
What a beautiful gift to risk and give
Your life for somebody else
Rachel Corrie
You weren't hurting anyone
You were trying to stop hurting from being done
That's how you chose to resist

Rachel Corrie
You were one of the best of us
And that's why you were dangerous
You refused to be intimidated

III.

Ride Away Cowboy

By B. L. McGuire
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The Ride-Away-Christian-Cowboy
Rode out to the Middle East, from the Middle West
Searching for arms, Arms of Mass Destruction
With a missile between his legs, God's name on his breath
Sanctified mechanized full metal jacket death

The land of Eden was defenceless
Waiting to be taken and sold
The Cowboy was singing an old Cowboy song,
"I want your silver, uranium, oil and gold
I want all my saddlebags can hold."

The Christian Cowboy
Killed one hundred thousand (or more)
All the silver tongues in the country justified his deed

He took a little flying trip and he landed on a great big ship
He said "mission accomplished neighbors, let me show you what I did"
I took these arms from a poor Iraqi kid

Ali, the armless Iraqi boy
Ali, Ali is still alive!
Ali, the armless Iraqi boy!
Ali, Ali is still alive!
Ali looked at the world and said
"I'm just a poor Iraqi kid,
Look at what the Christian Cowboy did."
The ride away Christian Cowboy
Rode back to the Middle West from the Middle East
He felt a strange wound where he expected it least
Branded on his soul was the mark of the beast
W - A - R is the brand of the beast

IV. **Super Bowl Hero**

By B. L. McGuire
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I'm the Super Bowl hero
I'm diverting your attention
From the facts that the corporations who sponser me
Don't want to mention

I'm the Super Bowl hero
I'm providing stimulation
If it feels good, it should
After all it's mental masturbation
Pay me, pay me,
Watch sports on the TV
Help them pay my salary
I'm the Super Bowl hero
I'm teaching you submission
The owner is the boss, he thinks Democracy
Was just a bad invention

I'm the Super Bowl hero
I'm exerting my profession
I enjoy my work, I'm filthy rich
I'm not suffering stress and depression
Pay me, pay me
Watch sports on the TV
Help them pay my salary
Let the Games Begin !
Big Brother is your Friend !
With Bread and Circuses Again

We won't let revolution begin
NO NO NO NO NO