

## America the Dutiful

In the Land of the Fleeced and the Home of the Slave  
Where the cowed and the buffaloed moan  
Where seldom we find an inquisitive mind  
And the citizens pay up and groan

While at home on the range when the firing begins  
Not a word of encouragement sounds  
The temp workers leave for their other day jobs  
And the cops and the guards make their rounds

When the rich ones start wars that the poor have to fight  
And the chickenhawks glare as they cluck  
The recruiters hold raffles and promise the moon  
In the neighborhoods down on their luck

Where the clouds hang around for the length of the day  
Casting shadows and fear all around  
A lost mother grieves and starts haunting the land  
Having just laid her son in the ground

As the war against someone somewhere at some time  
Never quite seems to end or conclude  
War itself becomes reason for having this war  
Leaving no room for thought to intrude

Unreported out west by vacationing scribes  
Seeking rest from Access Mentalpause  
The tombstones in Aspen turn up all at once  
Having roots that connect with their cause

Now the Fig Leaf Contingent has answered the call  
From a time long ago it's returned  
Once again to buy time for the guilty to mime  
More excuses for lives that they've burned

So the dead really died so that more dead can die  
Goes the "logic" that once more holds sway  
Understanding, the Fig Leaf Contingent steps up,  
Packs its gear and then marches away

Late at night out on runway strips hidden and dark  
Where the good folk can't see what just shocks  
The Contingent comes "home" one-by-one, all alone,  
In a wheelchair or flag-covered box

So the long-promised "victory" ever recedes  
As the Fig Leaf Contingent fights on  
Keeping faith with the faithless who've ordered its doom  
Like a poorly schooled chess player's pawn

## America the Dutiful

In the dutiful land of the fruitcakes and nuts  
Where the sun shines between the two seas  
The hills in their lavender majesty stand  
Unaffected by men's howling pleas

For to go with no reason where no purpose calls  
Leads to nothing but more of the same  
Till the Fig Leaf Contingent's utility fails  
To deflect any more of the blame

And since something was lost surely someone has failed  
Only whom could those proud persons be?  
Not the chickenhawks glaring and clucking for war!  
Not the neo-new, know-nothing "we"!

As the first mate harpooner admonished his crew  
In the mad Captain Ahab's vast tale  
He would not have along for a ride in his boat  
Any man not afraid of a whale

For the ocean is great and my ship is so small  
And the winds blow beyond all command  
Only fools and the drowned ever this truth forget  
If they once come back safely to land

But the day-trippers out for a float on the pond  
Seldom think of the perilous shoals  
So they send off the Fig Leaf Contingent to fight  
Absent only some well-defined goals

Thus they played on TV what in real life demands  
More than Hobbits, and wizards, and elves  
Thus they taught us our duty much better by far  
Than they put into practice themselves

So we've come back again from our exile abroad  
With our tattered ranks bitter and sore  
Having done what our Maximum Leader would not  
All of that and a hundred times more

We are here 'cause we're here 'cause we're here 'cause we're here  
And for no other reason on earth  
But for us in the Fig Leaf Contingent, we know  
What our duty and honor are worth

So we will not abandon to memory's hole  
Those we loved and who loved us in turn  
And we go to our graveyards secure in our trust  
That with us, maybe someday you'll learn