

New Poetry by Douglas G. Campbell: "The President's New Children's Crusade"



The Mudweary Bringing / image by Amalie Flynn

The President's New Children's Crusade

We are the mudweary
bringing the blossoms of death.
We are the Contras, the blessed,
liberty's torching lames us,
we are the old children.
shredding night's humid serenity.
bombs unleashed are our laughter.
we are the young men of war.

We are the death marchers
who slink through the mountain,

one endless serpent of soldiers
sent to strangle our enemies;
The president sends us
with his blessing, blesses us
with his sending, blesses
the bleeding.

There is no need for interceding,
for the Sandinistas
are infidels wrapped in red,
red in their wrapping;
rapping on doors in the night.
Contras are the bringers of light
rapoing indoors when we might,
we bring the light to the burning,
always discerning the right,
the right. After the bellies
are emptied of babies,
after the buildings are belching,
their flames springing higher
we scatter, no matter the plunder,
the thunder roars through the dark,
the spark of freedom is lighted,
ignited.

We are innocents marching,
we are the crusaders of death,
new life we bring our nation,
new breath, new salvation our message.
We have the president's blessing
he sends us the blessing of rending,
his blessing is drowned
in the bleeding.

