

Cow Henry

"War"

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[invocation] Tell of the birth
Tell how war appeared on earth
Thunder and herbs
Conjugated sacred Verbs
Musicians with gongs
Fertilised an egg with song
Asleep in the sphere
her foetus was a Knot of fear
She butted with her horn
Split an egg and war was Born
A miracle of hate
She banged her spoon against her plate
Upon her spoon this motto
wonderfully designed:
"Violence completes the partial mind
Stacking the bones
on the empty aerodrome
Tinted turtle green
She haunts the slender submarine
She shakes her gory locks
over the deserted docks
Come follow me
Out of dark obscurity
Follow my torch
Pilgrims at the double march
Through meadows & seas
Abattoirs and Libraries
The pilgrims increase
Boasting they are led by peace
They gut huts with gusto
Pillage villages with verve
War does what she has to
People get what they deserve.

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