

Hawkwind "Wage War"

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I would see the city as a mutant among the wonders of the world. Its chimneys polluting the air. Its roots poisoning the earth. Its tentacles setting one man against another and strangling them both in their hopeless contest. I would map the cities' highways and tunnels and bridges, its subways and canals, its neighbourhoods adorned by beautiful homes filled with priceless objects, rare libraries, and fine rooms. Its clever networks of pipes and cables and wires under the streets. Its Police departments and communications stations. Its hospitals, churches, and temples. Its administrative buildings crowded with overworked computers, telephones, and servile clerks. Then I would wage war against this city as if it were a living body. I would welcome the night-sister of my skin, cousin of my shadow, and have her shelter me and help me in my battle. I would lift the steel lids from the ????? and ????? explosives to the ????? ???? and then I would run away and hide, waiting for the thunder which would trap, in mute telephone lines, millions of unheard words. Which would darken rooms full of white light and fearful people. I would wait for the midnight storm which whips the streets and blurs all shapes and I would hold my knife against the back of a doorman, yawning in his gold braided uniform, and force him to lead me upstairs where I would plunge my knives into his body. I would visit the rich, and the comfortable, and the un-aware, and their last screams would suffocate in their ornate carpets, or tapestries and ????

?????. Their
dead bodies pinned down by broken statues would be
gazed upon by slashed
family portraits. Then I would run to the highways and
speedways that
surge forward towards the city. I would have with me
bags full of bent
nails to empty on the asphalt. I would wait for the dawn
to see cars,
trucks, buses approaching at great speed and hear the
bursting of their
tyres, the screech of their wheels, the thunder of their
steel bodies
suddenly ???? ???? as they crash into each other, like
wine glasses
pushed off a table. And in the morning I would go to
sleep, smiling in
the face of the day, the brother of my enemy.

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