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## Folk Song

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## Folk Song

### Cover Page Footnote

"First Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 3, Issue 3, 2003.

# GEORGE CASSIDY PAYNE

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## FOLK SONG

“We do not admire the man of timid peace”

Teddy Roosevelt

“We are all fools for Christ sake”

St. Paul

america, america  
Lighthouse overlooking  
Gulag’s hellish harbors  
Your vanity served their madness

You knew about the bed bugs all along, didn’t you?

america, america  
You carved a hole in Iron mountain  
You built yourself a hidden fortress  
Where no man could see you sell liberty

You pardoned vivisections  
Performed on Marines  
In underground laboratories in Nanjing  
The rape of honor still screams

America, america  
Time you start looking after  
Your own future?

For as you mobilize against al-Qaeda spies  
A forgotten war you waged—is still being fought  
Off the coast of Hiroshima.

Babies are being slaughtered in the wombs  
Of mothers going bald from leukemia  
Fathers shit themselves in straw tombs

america, america  
Where synthetic sickness looms  
Your legacy is not far behind

Tell me Mr. Truman  
Tell me Harry,  
Why was there a *second* boom?

Yes, I hear you singing america!  
Loud enough so you can’t  
Hear yourself think.

*“Babies are being slaughtered  
in the wombs  
Of mothers going bald from  
leukemia  
Fathers shit themselves in  
straw tombs”*