

Pity the Party

Pity the party whose people are cattle,
and whose cowboys lead them to slaughter.

Pity the party in thrall to a criminal messiah, with prayers for the
end of the world.

Pity the party whose demagogues are con men, whose sages are
purged, and whose bigots dominate the media.

Pity the party that praises dictators and acclaims the bully as hero,
and aims to dominate the world by force and torture in the name
of freedom.

Pity the party whose Gods are Money and Guns,
and sleeps the sleep of opioids.

Pity the party that feeds on the poor and sick, while tycoons get
what they want.

Pity the party that speaks one language, and demands purity of
blood and soil for the Aryan race.

Pity the party — oh, pity the people who allow their rights to erode
and their freedoms to be washed away by hatred and fear and lies
and old-time religion.

My country, tears of thee, once land of liberty.

— Bill Robinson (after Lawrence Ferlinghetti (after Khalil Gibran))