

## BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

Fledging aspirations versus inexorable decline,  
footprints of bygone eras, pressed in sands of time.

Red, so often the colour, and the fuel, sustaining drive,  
totemic is their worship, of the promise, or the scythe.

Erudite endorphins, flush equality through the veins.  
In that fury of the moment, there is no pity, there is no shame.

Enter, the pall of infanticide, deep breaths held all around,  
The most cynical of smuggling, to the tune, of babies drowned.

Daring optimism, hurled! against the flame,  
A windswept landscape, narrows the eyes, - a scorched and barren domain.

Our object of desire, opiated liberty,  
from Sitting Bull, to JFK, it was flag and family.

My burden is the heaviest, seems suited, and tailored - to me,  
But this newfound, radical irreverence, now insists that I be free.