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For The Victims

The ballad of the fleas

Written by [John Walker Lindh](#)

Thursday, 23 September 2010

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It's said that black death spread by fleas
On backs of rats they rode
One fateful autumn thus they came
With vengeance as their code

Like blight they spread from crags to plains
 To hilly dusty turf
 To rocky lunar landscapes 'neath
 The rooftop of the earth

They hid behind the highest clouds
 To fly as swift as sound
 With daisy cutters cluster bombs
 And spies upon the ground

*

Their leader stepped out swaggering
 Declaring a crusade
 He called the world to follow him
 And most of them obeyed

For wolves may foam and bark and bite
 And gnash and gnaw and hiss
 But if a sheep should dare bite back
 He'd be a terrorist

The knights of Malta raised their spears
 The knights Templars came next
 The rabble cheered them in the streets
 Priests quoted Bible texts

*

Their quislings all crawled out to them
 Each kneeled to give his oath
 They squealed and cried "Islam is peace"

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But disbelieved in both

They ushered ashen donkeys forth
Jackasses bearing scrolls
They brayed in fervent fever pitch
For dollar bills in rolls

The words they spoke those days were such
That had he known their name
Old Abdullah Ibnu Ubayy
Would cringe and blush in shame

*

They send their drones to level homes
And blow up wedding feasts
They heap more arms in warlords' hands
To spread democracy

They roam at night to break down doors
To search and strip and rape
To bind and kidnap anyone
To shoot those who escape

With muzzles full of lofty talk
Free speech and human rights
They drive out millions from their land
And say it's worth the price

*

An aid worker clerk or farmer
Sold like a modern slave
Gets beaten by their boots and guns
And thrown into a cage

He's sat upon and spat upon
Broke by the brave and free
By brave crusaders brave and bold
As brave as brave can be

If they but knew that with each act
Of torture and abuse
Around the neck of Uncle Sam
They tighten up the noose

*

Mirages in the distance glow
Lads line up in the queue
As one more body bag comes back
Hid from the public view

A blistered bloated jarhead face
Deep purple findernails
A smell seeps out that's foul enough
To cleanse a man's entrails

Their rulers lurch and boast and strut
But keep far from the fray
They swoon and quake from fear to tread
Where lurking lions lay

*

As tawheed's caravan moves on
And marches in the dusk
The crimson wound of one of them
Emits the scent of musk

To rule God's earth by God's own law
They sacrifice their lives
They spill their lifeblood willingly
Until God's help arrives

Although victory entices them
What soothes them even more
Is hope to enter gardens lush
With honey milk and hur

*

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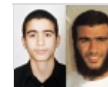
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Where stars and stripes and Union Jacks
And NATO flags once flew
Black banners rise in Khurasan
In hands of every hue

Just as how warsteeds' coats are cleaned
And purged of lice and fleas
The cavalcade of martyrs fights
An empire to its knees

All praise and thanks are due to God
To Him alone they bowed
And peace be on His messenger
Whose face beams in his shroud

Abu Sulayman al-Irlandi
Detainee #001

Ramadan 1431

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