

Poetry

Predator

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Predator

These are my wings, I bought them with my taxes.

This is my gyroscope, I bought it with my taxes.

This is my remotecontrolled guidance system, I bought it with my taxes.

These are my eyes, super-high-resolution lenses, I bought them with my taxes.

This is my forty-inch monitor and this is the air-conditioned trailer that houses it forty-five miles north of Las Vegas, I bought them all with my taxes.

This is my pilot staring at my monitor in the air-conditioned trailer forty-five miles north of Las Vegas. I bought him with my taxes.

This is my high-definition image of six humans, taken from several thousand feet over the Hindu Kush and transmitted to Nevada in less than a second, I bought it with my taxes.

This is my Hellfire missile which I bought with my taxes, tucked under the wing of my Predator drone, which I bought with my taxes, and which drops and ignites at the touch of a finger by the pilot I bought with my taxes.

This is my explosion, I bought it with my taxes.

These are my six corpses, two of them are children, I bought them with my taxes. (Sorry about the kids, they were not supposed to be there.)

And these are my bribes, my renditions, my tortures my Bagrams, my Guantánamo Bays my temporizing lawyers my executive decisions, I bought them all with my taxes.



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