

Frederic Jennings

A Movement in 3 Parts

Part the first, in which our hero goes with his gut.

Oh Commie China,
I can't blame you
for the viscosity of my poo

Much as I'd prefer it as your hello,
This ain't no greeting but a farewell blue,
from a lovely place I recent knew,

Part the second, in which the culprit is caste.

The blame, in fact,
Need travel back, from rice and noodle
to foods Hindu.

For though the Orient food be harsh,
it compares not to the Indic march
which doubletimes from stomach through,
A rumbling of Shudra stew.

Part the third, wherein reality is faced and other options are considered.

Though Squatter's friend I may become,
I cannot let it make me glum,
For 'spite this fate, knock on bamboo,
It could ha' been the piggy flu.

The Colonel's Ghosts

Tonight there's
Next Door cooking dinner,
and Down The Road's in bed,
but deep in evening's darkness,
there's the Colonel in his shed.

He is tinkering the fittings,
He has measured breech to bore,
now she's cradled on her trunnions-
and he hears his ancient war.

Where the the ghosts run 'tween and through him
through the iron dream he's made,
Battlefields of ages call him-
silence bursts with cannonade.

And his steely eyes are distant,
blind to evening's peace,
the crickets' chirp around him
sounds like drummers keeping beat.

There with silent glance and whispers,
he works like one of five,
mans the neck and sweeps the chamber,
keeps the slowmatch glow alive,

Rolling deep in Fury's darkness,
through the trenches and the mud,
in the Colonel's dream exquisite
fall the shells and flies the blood,

And he sees the cavalry charging,
Old Age, Sickness, Pension, Bore
and he sets linstock to thumbhole,
hears the song of cannon's roar,

shot gone sailing through the darkness,
in his fight for something more

than the quiet life he's living
every other fucking night-
watch the game on sunday,
read the book,
turn out the light.

But he never learned to settle,
and the ghosts, they goad him on,
voices calling from the Malvern Hills,
from Ypres and the Somme -

Voices calling from the Dardanelles,
Bastogne,
and Fallujah -

"We are gone but not forgotten,
Please remember, you are strong;
it's the apathy that kills you,
stoke the fire,
carry on."

{Inspired by a true story: [PA Man Fires Cannon, Hits Neighbor's House.](#)}

Holy Land

Oh Holy Land before me
the Soldier and the Soul

the cold of rifle's trigger,
the warmth of prayer-touched wall.

The heat that pours from heaven,
enflames, in passion, hearts
{That sometimes burn to horrors,
lit from flying sparks}
Your four religions burning;
from kindling, great flames start -

The people of the desert,
their golden dome of mosque,
learned all Mohammed's letters,
and started on their march -
they fought and fought for ages,
with rifle, spear, and stone,
to kneel within Al-Aqsa,
and call the place their own.

And there, the Messianics,
Gathered 'round the cross,
March forth, the old Crusaders,
whose faith is never lost -
who fought and fought for ages
with rifle, spear, and stone,
to build on old Golgotha,
and call the place their own.

There, Ashkenaz and Sephardi,
the oldest of them all,
Who wandered through the desert,
and heeded Yahweh's call,
who fought and fought for ages,
with rifle, spear, and stone
to pray beside their Western Wall,
and call the place their own.

And finally stand the Soldiers,

the weapons at their side,
Like witch's old familiars,
of bolt or pin or slide,
Who stand at every border,
each crossroad, door, and gate.
Who follow every order,
adherents to their fate.
Who fight and fight for ages,
with rock, and spear, and gun,
For steel-barreled omnipotence,
their work is never done.
They stand on every corner,
and down each path they roam,
like tears upon the mourner
they call this place their home.