

THE TECHNOPAGANS

Christmas

Pagans in the streets
guns of steel and iron cross girders
deck the windows of the city
shining on the lost and homeless
while doctors in grim majesty
pulling teeth and tearing hearts out
lost in techno-pagan pageantry
wielding knives and useless chatter
pushing pills for your good care.
Around the block for what they need
The party losers start to flock
spilling pains of worthless labor
ticking like a time bomb clock
emerging from the concrete graveyard
comes a grizzled city cop
He only needs to raise one eye
then blink! to make the traffic stop

Don't you find this time of year
dealing with the yuletide cheer
can sometimes sink you in a swamp
letters, presents, packets, pressure
blessed and parceled promise pleasure
offerings of plastic gold
imported from the orient
for us to wear as we talk sanity
making war in idle vanity

Inside a home
welcome on a winter night
there was a message passed
agreeing on a sanction
for a California caravan
four horses and their men
who did consult the sky and stars
gazing upward as i do
praying for a peaceful bird
and in the passage of its wings
an answer for a better world.

