

Numerative

The New World Order recoils, recounts an abiding tale:

9/11 is text & pretext, 24/7.

U.S. crusades can't now be allowed to fail;
the twin powers, Might & Right, shall surely both prevail.
Great Leaders 'don't do numbers' – Discounting the foreign dead,
they assess 'collateral damage', smile white in each grey head.
Patriots duly multiply, regroup and seize the day;
they invoke their watch-word *History*, a parlous game to play.

Guilty parties pass unreckoned, none summoned to account
for torture or killing or mere doubledealing.
Fall guys fill the bill as death hangs around
and old scores are settled. Still, cashflow's appealing:
why crucify crooks who cook up their books?
Better to quote them, extol and promote them,
reward them, applaud them – new myths that astound!
Yet media mercenaries can't help revealing
just what neoconmanship's all about.

Propaganda, it's plain, should always work wonders,
excusing abuses, egregious blunders.
(Joe Public nods, passive.) Every trough needs its snout ...
Words, money and guns politicians try stealing
to buy off rebellion, forestall left-wing squealing,
divide all dissent. Cabals rule the day,
pay head to no outcry. Allegations abound
which suit the State fixer right down to the ground:
commissions, inquiries, inquests, plus endless dull delay,
tell us *Truth* lies somewhere deep-buried, withered quite away.
Weight of numbers, statistics, are prime ploys for concealing
disfigured digits that add up to blank nothing.
But come countdown to Zero, there's no villain or hero:
all things being equal, the sums balance out.

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