## **Bullshit Aeneid**

## by David Ackley

Of arms and the man, I'd sing: The man who came back to a new pair of arms straight off the rack.

I'd sing Cheney, Dick, Scourge of Terror: Like it, one part horror, 99 parts bullshit.

And bugout Bush, on that blighted day, inspired in flight, crooning fly me away.

Of waste laid in shock and awe, golden fruit spilled in streets, for garbage and loot.

And cabals in dark rooms I'd sing, and how with club and boot, they make us bow.

Of waterboards-"enhanced interrogation"-in truth,
by inches, drowning.

Of all this and more would I sing my song of endless war, if my mouth weren't plugged with the desert you sold me, you peddlers of bull shit.