



Thou Shalt Not Kill



o thoughts on that which is so near to us—pressure on us constantly, no one ever questioning why, at least those of importance can never be felt. Time speaking to us since history began; civilizations bought and sold by the use of weapons, and death becomes the predominant hangup. And when there is a cry we must condemn the one who cries. For there are those of us who make money off this war. We make our life off other peoples' death. And why not. Did they really have the right to live. Just because they were born, does that give them the right not to suffer from the disease called war. And here we are, bureaucrazing the war effort so it will self-perpetuate us into eternity. (And still no cry). We are over neck deep now, and if we wish to be saved, it must be from some exterior force. One stronger than us to lend us more than a hand. One to guide us out of the jungles. But it makes little difference and we talk less of this than anything else. No one can turn to anyone anymore. Our loving god has destroyed our faith by allowing us to kill each other. and we do kill. kill. from the earliest youth we are taught to kill. We begin by pulling the legs off of frogs. We graduate to warm animals. rabbits, woodchucks. and when we are men, society allows us to join forces and kill other men, (as long as they are not our own). And yet indirectly we ARE killing our own. We are killing many that live now and many that have never been born.



And do I not have death in MY hands? Deep set in the eyes of my fingers, the touch that can maim, so cold, so brutally cold, lies awaiting the first taker of my anger. And if you organize this anger in many people can there be any hope for life. The enemy has only become the enemy because we are far too afraid to be ourselves. We have depersonalized the enemy so that we cannot even slightly be within the feelings of guilt when we pull off their legs. Just like we have made hunting a sport. And were we not still guilty when we crucified the frogs of our childhood; just the same as we are guilty for killing the children that have never been born. The enemy are no more than animals. They are in the wrong so it matters not by what rules we play. And can we expect them to follow rules? Can there be any rules in the game of war? Can you set up mass hysteria so that it seems like an organized execution. And we have the executioners mask on, so we cannot pinpoint the guilt. Our mask is our military uniform. We are killing for the state. And yet there is no state except for us. Does that not make us all guilty of murder. They are killing under our name. Butchering women and children under our name. Do we not hold death in all our hands. And if we find then that we cannot live under this guilt, is it not better to die for righting this cause rather than living the wrong of it.



And are we not all the pathos of existence. Because we cannot live in Harmony, we must live in tragedy. And comedy doesn't even exist. Perhaps comedy is only that which we remember. We always remember the good things. The bad are blocked from our memory. Alice's Restaraunt was only the humorous memory of many bad times. People who saw the movie were more depressed as it was not what they thought they remembered. The humor was merely irony within its own context. And what do we remember of wars gone? The glory and colors of battle. A thousand books written about victories and defeats, a thousand books written of generals and kings—and none of blood. blood. Is that not where it is all at. And when do we come to the realization that killing in self-defense is still killing.

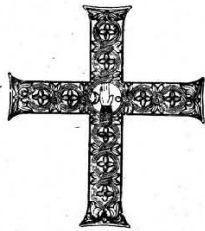
And I dreamt that I was in the jungle of time and I was fighting the war of existence—I had the choice of killing or being killed. And I asked if I had the right to take the life of one who believed more in what he was doing than I? And as he leveled his aim at my head I tried hard to forgive him for that which he was doing—then a flash, and my brain was blown into the most beautiful flower—

We were taken from all walks of life to join in the ritual of death-stalking the animals of burden, those that had served our society, those with the burden of thought, those with the burden of humanity. We have stalked the human animal and we have wasted our creativity on building monuments for the dead.

love and kisses
the jack of hearts

VIETNAM

OCTOBER 15th



MORATORIUM

The calico kitten
cradled against
her mother's breast
Purrs contentment
on the Senator's yacht,
while the infant in VietNam
suckles the muzzle
of an M-16 rifle
next to her
mother's breastless body.

rik carlson