Letter From Iraq

The Bouncing Souls

The hot Sunni sun
Passes Moaning Mosque Spire.
B-company's pinned down
And under heavy fire.
Underneath the palms
There's improvised bombs.
Because Jihad Johnny
Knows- Yankee is a liar.

An eye for an eye.
And blood for Texas Tea.
At the call to prayer
Al Queda's on his knees.
Isac vs. Ishmael.
Allah vs. Christ.
Somebody is on the offense
Picking up the beat.

There's celebratory fire
And a purple thumb vote.
Tom cruise is on a sortie
From a gulf love boat.
Smart bombs are a coming,
See the children running.
The dead are all laughing,
But we don't get the joke.

An eye for an eye.
And blood for Texas Tea.
At the call to prayer
Al Queda's on his knees.
Isac vs. Ishmael.
Allah vs. Christ.
Somebody is on the offense
Picking up the beat.

They lost another friend today.
It's getting rough over there.
They say the whole things fucked.
I wish the boys were back.

At least I know they're still alive.
Another letter from Iraq.

Presents full of Christmas loot.
All that's left of Bullet Billy
Is a pair of bloody boots.
His mom is on the phone,
His girl is all alone.
We all stand in the rain
For a twenty-one gun salute.

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