

# Mate Ka Moris Ukun Rasik An

## Propagandhi

Dickheads shit-talk, huddled single-file  
First-world frat-boys and prairie skinheads  
or mourn a murdered friend  
who will never walk a mile  
in this tiny woman's shoes.

Drink up and mumble your abuse.

I'm still humbled by it all:  
busting windows and getting busy  
around the same time  
(with Labonte's older sister  
behind the sportsplex  
decked out in her Speedos),  
that I was riding with no hands,  
Bella was flinching from the sting  
of a Depo Proveran "family planning",  
and a holocaust spanning  
her own Pearl Harbour

A prison my country underwrote in paradise.

25 years to the rest of her life.

And in the shadows of Santa Cruz,  
she crossed her fingers behind her back.  
where as night fell she emerged  
Built Suharto a Trojan horse and lay still  
with a box under her arm  
'til the motherfucker sent her north

and her uniform.

that held der pledge of allegiance

She laid it at the gates

of General's embassy

and her whisper echoed into a dawn

The truth will set my people free  
as she disappeared:

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