# 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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