

## Raj Pannu / TWO POEMS

### WHITE LIBERAL MOTHERFUCKERS

*Especially for Chrystos*

There was the risk of temptation  
with the promise of your blood upon my knife

\*With gore gleaming in your eyes  
And your speech punctuated by your orgasmic exaltations  
you attempt to educate me  
about your myopic visions  
of your New Society  
Liberalism!  
Democracy!  
HuMANity!  
love and peace and love and peace....  
At the crack of your whip I moan  
Love...Peace...Love  
— I learned to fake it at the first sight of a burning cross  
Your sons had considered me a fine instrument of practice  
by the way

And what would I know?  
What would I know about the dark suffering masses along the  
equator that you — Rudyard Kipling's Death Messenger  
are gonna try to liberate  
I have seen the maharajah's Palace of Blood  
remain immune and pristine beneath a scorching sunset  
and I have seen the shrunken shriveled heads of my ancestors  
strung like amulets around your pale evil throats

And what would I know about the industrial proletariat  
that you wail about over a cup of cappuccino  
Every time I look into my father's numb painless eyes  
I have the privilege of watching a man die in finite degrees  
Your mechanized beast devoured him thirty years ago  
And what would I know about torture  
\*I have known torture which works and works and works...  
and leaves no mark upon the body

I continue my immobile dance in isolation  
as you all stand around the perimeter and applaud  
And I make it hurt until it feels good  
And I make it hurt until it feels good  
And I make it hurt until...

The masquerade of self-deception has ended  
for I have now surrendered myself before the wisdom of the gun

I fear this war of attrition exploding inside my skull  
And I fear the shadow of the assassin  
who has crossed the line of demarcation  
within my mind between Madness and Death

There is not a gentle darkness coming  
to settle beyond my window pane  
for she comes with the terrors of the night  
My incubus born from the violence of suction

She will soar into the cauldron of your sky  
injecting blood terrors into each and every vein  
and before the aftermath of dawn  
seals over the whites of your eyes  
I will suck the bones of your children dry

\*borrowed with consent from "White Girl Don't" by Chrystos, *Not Vanishing*,  
Press Gang Publishers, Vancouver, 1988.

## THE FACTORY PEOPLE

The horror  
of a new day  
of a bloodless torture  
mathematically refined  
feeding upon us

Dreams once danced  
before our bleary eyes  
but now our minds  
have become so numb  
that we hear nothing  
except the dull roar  
of the beast's central nervous system  
as it devours us

Who would think  
that the maws of hell  
could look so sterile?  
So efficient?