

Occupied Territories

By Al Douglas

Between screaming RPGs and barking Kalashnikovs,
Some one is crying out for more blood to be spilled.
The pain stings when lead rains down on targeted individuals
Like women, children, and innocent bystanders.
Separated behind burkhas, women grind their teeth
And squeeze blood from broken hearts.

Pain has a way of circumventing security elements
Creeping into the most secluded and secret places.
Fundamentalism tears the face off the enemy
As Jihad Inc. niche marketing spreads **“Death to the Zionist infidels”**
Via roadside bombs and beheadings...

Under the weight of main battle tanks, the ground grumbles
The metal monsters belch smoke and violence towards rebels,
Who wield words deadlier than uranium tipped rounds.
Regimes and ideologies are propped up like bowling pins.
But some principles
Get rooted in the hearts and minds of those without a voice
Like women, children, and innocent bystanders.
The propaganda being pushed by the occupiers
From both sides is countered by
Psychological operations or call it disinformation