Money Back

Sal Cetrano

Just so it's azure to you, bristles Ezra,
Spitting into whirlwind for good measure,
I give not a crap that the seas may rise
An inch or three in the belch ere I die.
And all my neighbors here on this hill
Feel roughly the same, and always will,
On top of which, I *kvell* to continue,
We dine on eagle and floss with its sinews.

Never liked each other much, did you and I,
Through thousands of faces, millions of lies.
So bust not balls with your pipe dream nations,
You who'll be wearing out knee pads for rations.
For when lights go out, and know I'm not lying,
You'll pull Ezra's cart, or else die trying.
Bruit all you want that we're stronger together:
Sentiments are gossamer, bull whips leather.

Everywhere out to sea ancient temples sleep,
Swallowed whole, no more litanies to keep.
Helen was lost, recovered, lost again.
Some lands endure less long than men.
Ages before history could dip its pen,
Things taken tenfold had been taken again.
Yet *you'd* parcel out what never was yours,
Script all parts, inveigle all applause.

Cave man Hammurabi, prehistoric priest,
Your kind always surfaces when needed least,

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Reasoning in circles, wheels within wheels,
Even pimping history if that'll close the deal.
Cancel ten millennia of blood and belief?
Bleach them beige as Caribbean reef?
I'd rather send Joe Pesci knocking at your door,
Now the filthy piggies can't bail you any more.

And sure, there are other things on Ezra's mind,
With much to say while there's still time,
Before some of the words are banished by law
And we start to forget just what they were for.
The Earth will remain, only we shall be gone,
Relinquishing a throne we never were on.
Just an evolutionary cul-de-sac,
Where do we go for our money back?