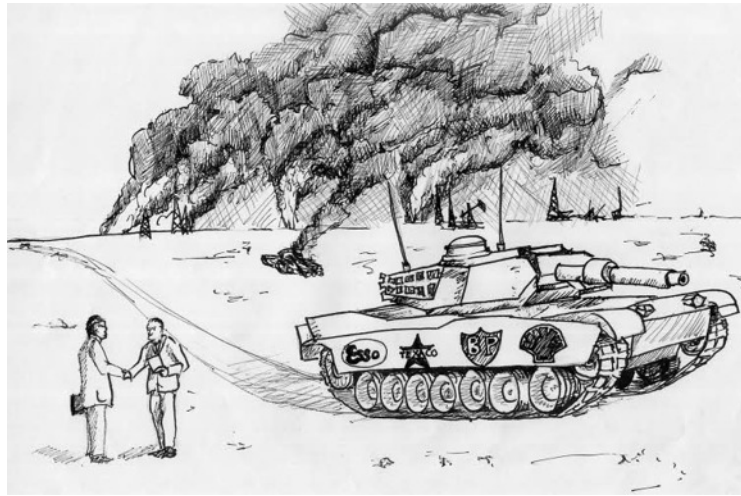


Steve Cartwright

The Gulf



I have watched the media now for days
Discuss the gulf as though it were a piece of fiction acted out upon a stage
Where no-one died
No-one was maimed
No-one was blown to bits
Or ran deranged and screaming
Through those shattered streets
Where innocents were somehow not caught up in all this holocaust
This constant stream of hatred raining from the skies
As if the shrapnel never ripped the flesh from bones
Nor gouged the eyes
Nor tore the limbs from babies and their mothers
As they tried to hide
Beneath the blanket bombing from the skies

It was as if we merely pushed a coin into a slot
And watched the video unfold as though upon computer games
Where those who fall
Are taken out without the carnage of a war
Without the bloodshed
Or the loss of life
Without the terrible destruction to the land
And to the air
And to the fragile beauty everywhere
Almost as if it were
Without a consequence.

A game of war so skilfully deployed
And waged of course all for the west
Where God could see our cause was just
And Bush and Major, all that lot
De Villieres and Schwarzenkopf
Can come and tell us on T.V.
Our boys are strong

Morale is high
They've seen Baghdad off in the skies
And now they'll send B52's
To blast Iraqi's armoured mass
And then the land troops will go in
To blast them out and see them off
Oh, such good fun
No-one gets hurt
Well, just a few
Well, soldiers might
But then that's what they're paid to do
It won't last long, a week no more
A massive blow to Saddam's jaw
And then he'll go
And tally ho
We'll all be friends
And no-one's really hurt
"come on, don't be like that,
the West can tell you what to do
and then we'll start again"

But now the awful truth begins to dawn,
As steadily we see statistics creeping in.
The mosques blown up
The massive loss of life
The towns they've bombed
The factory where they made the powdered baby milk
Blown flat
The hanger that they claim was just a military front
Is now a tomb
Which holds the charred and burned remains of families
Sheltering from the terror in the skies
Five hundred died in there
Their bodies dripping flesh
And Schwarzenkopf and all the allied louts
The perpetrators of this heinous crime
They now have access to the TV screens
To justify this act so gross
That even our pathetic media
With it's cruel distortions of the facts
Can neither change nor hide
The callousness behind the jargon
That they sprout
Collateral casualties
That's what they call it now.

And then we learn Saddam Hussain
Has cut the oil lines in Kuwait
And let them belch their filthy crude
Into the waters of the Gulf.
The wells he's mined so deep inside
That when they blow
They'll fill the air with smoke and filth
So that the ozone layer will crack
The skies will generate such heat

That war will pall beside the death
That petulance and famine then will wreak.

You mean to say you didn't know?
Nor that he'd send the scuds to Tel Aviv
To draw the Arab nations in
And so, on top of this
We add the terrifying risk of nuclear war
Come on, surely we did not believe
Not forty thousand sorties on
No-one got killed
Was badly hurt
Twas all good fun.
A massive blow to Saddam's chin
What fun
Or did we really not accept
That fires would rage and bodies rot
That cold would strike
Gas and electric be cut off
People would starve and scream and bleed
Go mad
Die of disease
Forty thousand sorties on Baghdad
Come on
We did..... You know we did.

Twas all for oil
Come on
Own up
You think we're thick
And don't kid us that you thought we should invade Kuwait to save democracy
There is none there
One vote one Sheikh's the way it is
And that's the way they'll keep it
After all of this.

And no
You can't convince us that Saddam Hussein's someone of whom you disapprove
If that was so
What happened when he gassed five thousand Kurds
In Halabjah
Two years ago
Where were you then
And
Talking of which
Where were you when the war was at an end
And
Saddam Hussein is once again involved in genocide against the folk of Kurdistan
Well come on
How come you didn't arm the Kurds
And help them rid the country of Hussein
That's what you said you wanted all along.

Come on now, you can tell
Hussein's okay is what you really think

Well, when it suits you to
For years during the war against Iran
The West was queuing up to fund Saddam
To help him help them overthrow a revolution
That might well have brought the rights of working people to the fore
And while we're on the subject, well
How can you rain down so much violence on Iraq
When Israel up the road a pace
Is just as guilty as Hussain
The West bank and the Gaza strip
Taken by Israel in the six day war from Palestine
It's just the same - well, isn't it?
How come we could not make this linkage then?
Oh, all you boys who run this show - what makes you tick
Millions are dying on this earth
For want of food and shelter
Not only do you sit it out and watch them rot
Your bombs rain billions on Baghdad
Each one could buy a store of food
Or stock a granary
Plough a field
Erect a dam
Or build a hospital or school
Bring medicines to save a life
Create
But, no, you don't want that.

Your game is war
Your purpose oil, or gold or coal
Or any other thing that you can filch or steal
Or ring a profit from
The lives of innocents mean nothing in this scheme of things
And so amounts we cannot comprehend
Are spent on guns, and bombs and tanks and planes
On rockets launched from silos and from submarines
Their deadly loads are poised to kill, destroy, to maim
And on a scale so vast we cannot even contemplate
Your game is hate
But what a profit it creates

And so you fund Saddam Hussein
And sell him all the arms that he can take
Create a new scenario for war
So he can do your dirty work for you
And stop the revolutions that keep breaking through
Demanding peace and equal rights
For everyone
No, that would never do.

It stinks so much as twenty seven million
now prepare to die because of you.