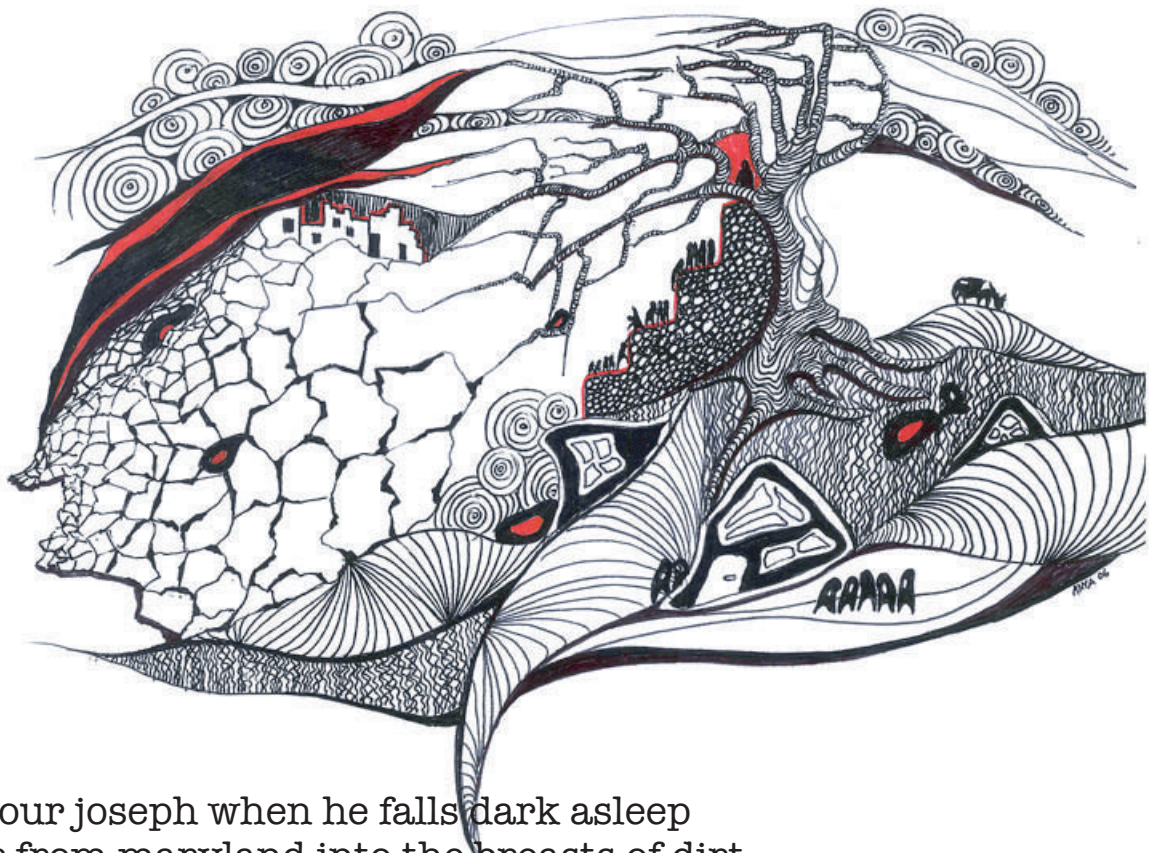


joe



when our joseph when he falls dark asleep
far far from maryland into the breasts of dirt
into the sky of blood into the justifications

that don't budge an inch or at the same time give
a rat's ass which ideology grins more
or what the name of righteous is what the name of righteous is

and when our uncle cripples behind a rock wall
and the daughter returns to whatever god or not

we can deliberate until the cows come home
what the virtue of virtue of virtue is
of virtue is of virtue is

while joseph sweet joey boy who played football once
and kissed denise beneath the stars of old baltimore
is gurgled from the mouth of life for the sake of sakes

and those who speak for destiny it don't matter none
all there is is the soldiers death

in all its rage