

*Beautiful. And Ugly Too*

## **The Luxury of Ignorance: Based on Shock & Awe**

Planes fly.  
Thousands die.

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Thousands die.

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Thousands die.

But why them planes fly?  
Why them thousands die?

I'll watch CNN's spin  
over and over again, like  
Herc when rap began —  
until I think America is  
sin-free.

Or

perhaps MSNBC'll transform  
me into a one man military,  
waging neo-con-jihad on  
the axis of the *evil-doer enemy*.

I'll draw a line,  
not well defined,  
barely outlined;  
*You either with us or them* – visible to the blind, from  
behind.  
All because they hate America's

M.K. Asante, Jr.

freedom & way of life, right?

Those crazy extremist, militants,  
radicals, ant-Israelites, right?

Those sand niggers hate American democracy.

Dune-coons hating on our American democracy.

But, what about American ~~foreign policies?~~

Exploiting children in Indonesia,  
collapsing Argentina.

Summarily bombing Sudan,  
Libya, Somalia, Nicaragua, Haiti, Afghanistan.

Raping South African diamond mines?

What about shhhhh...  
Palestine?

It is my belief, to no relief, that they'd like  
Us to believe that;

Islamic militants, forced to the stench  
& confinement of concentration tents,  
denied aid from the American government,  
and made 2nd class citizens,  
*blow themselves up because they're crazy.*

And we, quite naïve, do believe,  
baptized by the pixels of BSTV.

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Unable to see  
the planes that will continue to fly or  
the thousands that will ultimately die, as long as

*how, how many, what, where, and with whom*  
give economic asylum to

WHY.

A War On Terrorism is a postmodern way of saying  
we are waging a war against ourselves: semi Colin,  
the wealthiest nation as a result of  
terrorist occupations. Infused with

corporate scenes in evil acts, in the theatrical-conquest  
that – with careful manipulation – can move from

*nigger to negro to black, as seamlessly as Bin Laden to Afghan to  
Iraq.*

Yes Them – same ones that did that to Arafat.  
Oil dinosaurs with blood-shot pours  
lying under their fiery pristine dream,

neglecting the meaning of production.

The luxury of ignorance is something.