

".. I was near tears...i did not want to see my friends go to prison...
there must be another way..."

A young girl tells how she felt before being jailed as a war-protester
in front of the Pentagon ("throwing your soul against the pentagon.")

i was one of those who came
one of the few who came
we actually entered into the brain
of the great death machine
and tried to give it time to reconsider.
it did not reconsider
rather it tried to trap our bodies
(knowing full well it could not
imprison our minds & love) and
failing in this it thrust us back,
echoing lies and breaking trusts-
as is the way with death machines.

concrete, growing up into a great
heartless complex of corridors and rooms
that one might chose(sic) to call
a pentagon. or the pentagon.. called this
on account of its geometrical shape
and because it sounds nicer
than murder incorporated.

my back is against a pillar
near the river entrance
and some of the guards know my name.
norman morrison burned himself
to death a few yards from
this place. it is a lovely day.

the last 2 days have been awkward-
but I came to realize

my love for people.

i almost left them.

almost, but my place was set
among them.

walking up here the last day I was
near tears,

for dedicated and sincere as they were
i did not want to see

my friends go to prison.

there must be another way

i thought (and think)

another method that doesn't

put people in cages.

these people were not meant for cages.

no people are....

and yet they did as they must,

and walked into the brain

of the death machine.

they entered in to occupy

for peace

and halt the apparatus of war.

of course they were blocked.

but they stood still and waited-

trying again and again to enter,

again and again being blocked.

the brain police pushed them back somewhat

but staying was done.

and the night came uncertainly,

the second day----

it really blows your mind

that's washington out there,

washington, d.c.

capitol of the entire united states.

across the river you can see

the washington monument & capitol dome.

it really blows your mind.

this is the pentagon.

you are throwing your soul against it.

it really does blow your mind sometimes.

what a groovy thing to be doing.

what a vitally important, groovy thing
to be doing.

The enemy is not people
Kill people, who shall we live with then?

The enemy's name is cruelty
The enemy's name is no conscience
It's name is hatred; It's name is bitterness
It's a group of phantoms

The enemy wears a coat of doctrine
The enemy wears the false front of freedom
It wears a deceiving appearance
It sifts our words

People, oh people have compassion for the **weak**
People, oh people have compassion for the **innocent**
Have compassion for the sellouts
Have compassion for the cheats
Have compassion for those who pity us

The enemy's name is unjust accusation
The enemy's name is ignorance
It's name is ambition
It's name is jealousy
It's name is jealous hatred

The enemy is no stranger
It lies here, inside each one

The enemy is desiring eyes
The enemy is an arrogant head
In a lonely head
In a narrow mind
In the dream of conquering

People, oh people love people more and more
People, oh people love people as people
Love people forever
Love people night and day
Love people as hand in hand

The enemy is not people
Kill people, who will we live with then?

The enemy is no stranger
It lies here inside each one of us

VIETNAMESE CHILDREN'S SONG