

## **Clumsy Fuckers, Fly My Prospect!**

Written by

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**PEJ News** - C. L. Cook - Hurrah! It's the Oak Bay Teaparty in Victoria, wherein the well-heeled inheritors of their forefather's occupation of the lands of the dirty indigents celebrate infamy. And, to accentuate that victory, we're today treated to a fly-over of vintage death-bringing machines of the WWII era.

<http://www.zoobooks.com/newFrontPage/animals/virtualZoo/animals/c/cityanimals/images/swallows.gif>

*www.PEJ.org*

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**C. L. Cook**

PEJ News

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Here we are, 51 years past the culmination of the awful war, ostensibly meant to liberate us all. Millions perished, we're told, to bring at last decency to the conduct of global affairs; to end, finally, the baser urges of the human psyche, that would take, and take, and take for itself, irregardless of morality. Emblems like the Swastika, now banned in its adopted land, of this philosophy survive yet, paraded today before our gawking kinder in the form of fighter planes.

Watching from my stoop the birds go about their daily business, while the skies o'er quaint Victoria are rent by the roar of the relics of past warfare. They turn, formations of killing efficiency, attempting to delight the groundlings their artistry. As I witness the swallows, sparrows, crow, and yes, the obnoxious starlings sail, above the cranking behemoths of man's ingenuity lumber.

Oh, to have a gun!

Bruce Cockburn, a fellow citizen of this once Canada once wrote:  
"If I had a rocket launcher..."

Bruce then spake of the disaster wrought against the South Americans by "America's" legions in the terrible, largely forgotten, Nineteen-Eighties. But, today, as Canada's [sic] blood and treasure are devoted to the 'oldest profession,' become war whores, loosed upon the world to kill and be killed in foreign adventure, I comfortably purvey the technological ancestors of

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today's military mayhem as they entertain.

Beneath the testimony to carnage, pedestrian Canada sleep-walks, ne'er a heaven-ward glance as "we" are conscripted to the horrific enacting of war, death, and destruction. All most see is a flying-circus, circumventing our role and responsibility; our collective complicity.

The swallow fly, soaring off my balcony, dodging and weaving, an air show no clumsy spitfire could emulate. As they continue their nature, so unnatural minions of hatred and death drive the nation to oblivion.

I pray you, clumsy bastards:

"Fuck Off!"

**Chris Cook** is a contributing editor to PEJ News, and host of Gorilla Radio, a weekly public affairs program, broad/webcast from the University of Victoria, Canada.