**A Note to the Government**

*May 8, 2013*

Speak not to me of pressure cooker bombs.

I have my leagues of drones and ranks of eager troops with willing guns.

A simple stroke of pen will serve to loose upon.

All those I deem to die to lie dead bodies broken and undone.

Say be there unwashed Souls what heed creeds of not our own.

Say men women children who by color faith or speech be not of our mind one bent.

A simple thing indeed to address with death. Hone.

On to such with Wings of shock and Awe.

Care not nor lament of innocents.

Who say may perhaps fall prey to such rain of death.

Swept unwitting into our mortal net.

What means a babe or so or even scores of youthful unstained benign infidels we crush maim and kill.

So simple sure and Rightous be this decree of death and yet.

One thought still will not cease nor lye down in sleep and cede me Rest.

Say yea still doth so prick my peace.

Puzzle my will.

If it be so that might is right.

Our Church and Flag be All.

We rule an Orb what Fruits be ours alone.

Pray how then when we so with our just fist so smite.

Those who so deserve to die or in the path of wrath must fall.

Why can they still from Ashes Rise.

From their just dance of death still soar and fly.

There be launched back missives of death what in turn reach and touch our home.

So in turn slay slaughter cast butchers curse upon our own.

Obama Lament.