**Who**

*June 30, 2013*

Who weeps for the Unicorn.

Still seeks the Golden Fleece.

Beholds the Star beneath Christ Child borne.

Dreams of Love and Peace.

And Yea who for Swords melts Plow Shears.

Calls Young to Fight and Kill.

With Bombs Guns Gas Clubs and Spears.

Or Silent Death to Families from Drones what strike at Will.

Who tends the Fallen on the Way.

Heeds Hungry Babies cry.

Who merely feast in pomp luxury and style.

Laugh and say.

For us alone our granted pleasures of the Day.

A Fleeting Folly indeed.

That those in woe pain or need.

Our Minds or Hearts should heed.

Pine for trouble or ache.

Let poor tend to their own Pleasures Wine and Cake.

If not. What care of Us.

Perchance They starve and die.

Say be Thee Thy Brothers Keeper.

Or Thee Brothers Master be.

When Trumpet Sounds and Beast scores its Mark.

Alas as Clouds of Malice blot out the Sun.

All grows Dark.

Thee behold all Thy are and have become.

Say Who will care for Thy Own Keep.

Say Who will weep for Thee.