No Holy Wars for Them

States strong enough to do good are but few,
Their number would seem limited to three,
Good is a thing that they, the great, can do,
But puny little states can only be.
And being good for these means standing by
To watch a war in nominal alliance,
And when it's over watch the worlds supply
Get parceled out among the winning giants.
God, have You taken cognizance of this?
And what on this is Your divine position?
That nations like the Cuban and the Swiss
Can never hope to wage a Global Mission.
No Holy Wars for them. The most the small
Can ever give us is a nuisance brawl.



Медведь ствол обнял, весь прижавшись к древу, И завалил, как чувственную деву, И вишни губ лобзал, как в час разлуки, Вдруг в небо отпустил, ослабив руки. Затем шагнул, с ограды камень сбросил (оставив след, где он бродил под осень). По проволоке проскрипел калёной И уколовшись бросился сквозь клёны, На шип железный шерсти клок повесив. Без клетки вольно он обходит веси.