

Blindly Partisan, and Partly Blind

Bliss, they say, comes in ignorance,
And aye, ignorant he was indeed.
Without desire to listen, nor desire to reason,
He couldn't fathom defeat, nor sway with the season.
He saw all incident as purposeful battle;
The Righteous and Holy on the devil's cattle.
Generalize! It is us against them!
We have naught in common, we must oust them, Amen!
And with a whir and a rust, he degraded his trust,
And died a blind, partisan man.

But death could not stop him,
His spirit lives on despite all urgency.
In the lack of concessions, the stone wall looms,
Give us this day our daily cocoons,
So that we might hide away from all fact,
And we may bend the twine to fit our back.
Truth be told, for it's scarce, that I cannot say
Whether the guilty are I, you, or cliché
But forevermore, let it be known
Only in ignorance will the cattle find home.

