

TWO EASY PIECES

To my dear friends "Tiko" and "Bi-Bi"

(An imaginary Tale To The Imaginary Executioner of "Just Two Dogs")

The "dogs," were two "dogs,"
Noble and faithful

Compassion, they had aplenty
Fearless, their hearts were open.

Caresse, they gave lovingly
liking my hands, my face and feet
-in joy
-or consolation...

My love?
They never questioned!

But my friends, they had a weakness.
Oh yes... they trusted all humans!

Because...
Their trademark
was innocence!

One day they roamed out
Hurting nobody

Just out of curiosity
And love for Mother Nature

That you macho-brother
So wantonly desecrate.

Minutes, hours -then days
then weeks...

Went passing by and by
Without returning.

Their meals waiting at the door
They never ate!

For them,
we waited for them
-they were our family.

They guarded us
Waited for us
watched for us.

-If sad, they were moved
to console us.

Their grief
Was evident.

...While you,
Deranged brother
Dribbling of bile

Spiting hate
Holding on to your rage
Polished your raffle...

People hostage
Scared, of your demonic hate

They run, went to the creek
Playful and cheerful.

No money
No bank account
No clothing

They always shared
All what they had.

Even their bones
Without pretensions.

"Dogs" they were "dogs"
just lowly "dogs"

"Sons' of bitches"
-By all accounts
lower than you

Their executioner.

Exploited for ages
Mistreated

Beaten, abused
Worked to death

Starved
Manipulated.

Their way, their silent way,
They cried and suffered.

Their pain
In stoic silence.

While you brother
hoarded and whored
for more and more.

Without satiation.

One day,
A fatal day,
It was to be...

Their last day on earth,
My children/puppies
crossed the broken fence.

No fear, trusting that humans
Were as sane
as their own species

Oh, my dear children
What a mistake!!

They had no idea
of our sordid story

Of anger, blood and hate
Sold to our kids

As the "glorious" feats
Of bravery and courage

Without mentioning
That Alexander Magno

Narcissistic demon,
Pitiless mass murder

Was just plain crazy!

Across the road
Three shots rang
in odious sequence...

"Tico," the puppy-male
A panda bear
of trust and love

Was felled first.

Without any mercy.

Bi-Bi, female half-sister,
Agile and cunning
Sensed the beast...

-Rushed away.

It took -a second bullet
From God-The-Usurper

To rip the life
That God created.

And then silence...
And then silence...

Odius silence...

Nobody "knew"
Nobody told
Pure cowardice

Repugnant silence.

Scared people,
turned hostages
of macho-man

armed with rifle...
and loads of hate.

The Macho-Man,
God-Macho-Man
Love-starved

depressed and sour,
like intestinal worms

discharged his old,
bristling rage,

of his past misfortunes
and broke a family

YES Sir, a family!
With insouciance

With insolence.

Yes macho-man
Yes angry man
Yes coward man

You executed Tico and Bi-Bi
because you dislike

The only thing you have:

YOUR SELF, YOUR OWN DESTINY.

And coward hate!

No brother, courage runs the other way,
up the Calvary, no down the gutter

You are just threading
Like so many others

In the wrong direction...

My head gyrated
again and again,

through their last moments
Did they suffer my two best-friends?

animal brothers,
creatures of God

before exhaling?

Were they buried?
Thrown to the sea?
Incinerated...?

Taking their last breath,
Did they call us for help
and consolation?

Oh coward brother
Heart of titanium
Eyes of serpent!

Oh pardon me, you homo sapiens
-Homo "assassin" perhaps suits you better

YOU! Elevated Being?

YOU! Civilized Being?

OH NO, YOU TERMINATOR!

Ha! Two lousy dogs!
Sons' of bitches!

While you,
God-The-Usurper

Can Fabricate weapons
Of mass destruction

Ask Hiroshima
Ask Nagasaki

and what is coming
Sooner or later...

Yet, love-starved humanity
emotionally survives

from the love of our "pets"
And that of our children

Not from the products
Of your "civilizations."

-OR- we would go crazy!

Idea, you have not,
Nor soul or heart

No guts to guess what,
when the lights go off,

is for you in waiting

But I can tell you, with total certainty,
that, it will not be amusing

Nor entertaining.

In fact I intuit
oh macho-man

that probably,
very probably,

As your mind deems off
And gets pitch dark

You will lose
Sphincter control
In tremble

You already have
my Christian pardon.

Because, I am unable to hate
And God -He/She never condemns

Nor ever "punishes:"
Moron, He knows no anger!

Or retaliation...

Your mind will enter "The Bardo State"

And having being there,
I can assure you

Your puny mind
Will disintegrate.

And this time,
your lousy rifle

may just backfire
Right on your face!

Worse yet,
May be will get stuck

Up you know where
And then remember:

"It is the little aim
At top of the muzzle

That Tiko and Bi-Bi
Will play with relish

And amusement!"

Dr. Joaquin Sousa-Poza