

## Security or Insecurity

With the “war” on terror so much in the news  
I’ve decided to shock you with some of my views  
I’m sure you’ve observed, Jäd, if you’ve recently flown,  
That just getting on board is an ordeal all its own

*With my Arabic name, I most certainly know  
And dark-skinned as well, then I **must** be a foe  
It does make one wonder, Stew, speaking of laws,  
Whatever happened to our “probable cause”*

And getting more irksome every time that you fly  
But has anyone bothered to question just why?  
So, Jäd, I’ve come up with a radical scheme  
Which officials will scorn as much too extreme

*Well, Stew, I agree that in all of this talking  
About explosive devices they’re presumably blocking  
With all the armed guards and probing intrusions  
We don’t give much thought to long-term solutions  
So what is your plan, I implore you to tell  
Before the whole world goes straight to hell*

I’d eliminate scanners, and pat downs as well  
No more x-raying by machines’ show-and-tell  
Inspection of baggage? That’s also tossed out  
And no more armed soldiers all marching about  
When arrived at the airport, stroll right on through  
Your Arabic friends, oh they’re free to go too  
Just hop on the plane and away you all go  
The way that we used to a long time ago

*But just read the news, Stew, the madmen still try  
To sneak bombs on board planes to explode in the sky  
So why would a traveler risk taking a flight  
When confronted with such a terrible fright?*

I understand your concern, Jäd, I'm not quite that blind  
It's going to take time, what I have in mind  
We've been sixty year plus in creating this mess  
I doubt we can fix it in many years less

*Your warmongers now want to invade Pakistan  
And I suppose some will say, why not also Iran?  
And all the while that you're pumping our oil  
Small wonder, then, things have come to a boil  
But do you really believe a way can be found  
To stop all this madness and turn things around?*

To begin with, all export of arms we would halt  
From the start that has been a most serious fault  
Our occupation of countries must likewise be ended  
Before those occupied become yet more offended

*And making things worse, all the losses of life  
By civilians and kids just caught up in the strife  
But, Stew, isn't that where those terrorists train,  
And fabricate weapons in camps they maintain?*

Have you seen recent samples, do they give you a fright?  
Just some stuff in a shoe that wouldn't even ignite!  
Which could have been made just about any old place  
Let's think these things through, the big choices we face  
Are we going to send troops everywhere on this earth  
While we bankrupt our country? What's it all worth?  
Instead of invading and creating more trouble  
Let's start to rebuild what we've bombed into rubble

*But right now, with all the suspicion and fear  
I don't see much hope for the war clouds to clear  
Every time that we look, things get even worse  
What chance do we have to achieve a reverse?*

I have to admit that it's all just a dream

Especially considering the present regime  
But if we don't at least strive to make things better  
This malevolent "war on terror" will go on forever  
Meanwhile, they'll still search for bombs in our shoes  
But if they try peeking closer, **I just might refuse!**

(But obliquely implied by the light verse I choose  
I'm just ruminating while expressing some views)

STC, December 2010