

I Hear America's Singing

by Leah Stenson

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His troops are marching on.

From where I stand I hear the lament
of mothers sending their sons
and daughters off to battlefields
thick with uranium dust and civilian
blood. They wave flags to recruits
who give their limbs and lives
in the name of the republic.

I hear the sounds of heavy metal,
blasting young recruits who rev
the engines of tanks and Hummers
as they head off to Pyrrhic victory;
the cries of the dead and dying;
the hymns of friends and families
in the churches back home.

I hear America's singing,
not the "Song of Myself,"
nor the "Song of the Open Road."
I hear the Coming of the Lord,
the *fateful lightening* and
a *terrible swift sword*, the sound
of *the trumpet never calling retreat*.

Let us not sing *to make men holy*;
Let us sing *to make men free*.
This truth forever live on.