

The Waterfallian

When free thought is outlawed, only outlaws will think.

Think K.INK Radio Waterfall's Proposal for a New Way: The Innernet.

*An Organ plays as the
Reverend Waterfall pontificates.*

Most folks don't know
That all your cares are free:
If you are clever with your foe
You'll win, when we agree.

That what we need to teach
Is less suffering for all
But there's no need to preach –
It's not *your* butt in war.

What we want are ways to seed
The place where politicians work
With motives of constructive help
Not personal greed.

What's needed is a way of bliss.
Not nasty, godly bigots
With their, "Don't do this,"
And their, "Thou shalt nots."

Our rulers could discover, one day
A philosophy at a different site
To the current, Yankee way
Where, "We have the right."
(Because *you* cant.)

The cause of most wars
Is the cutting off, of trade roots:
Think Spanish gold bars
Or opium sold, by British brutes.
(And oil all over.)

It's obvious that war is sales
Marketing by another name.
Forget the army: Bring in the prose.
Let advertisers direct their game:
And Basques will smite their foes
With an ad campaign
In Spain.

Or make all wars illegal, with fines.
We'll sue for peace, what nerve –
Put the judges on the front lines.
Keep the jurors in reserve.

His handlers say that Bush is just
"Defending his fam-ily from lust."
With wealth, as power's plum.
For, "He who has his thumb
On the purse,
has the power."

Said Bismarck in his feathered-top.
To the Reichstag then did order
That, "Eloquence wont stop
My army at the border."

But talk can surely turn the day
Of making peace with ardor:
As Churchill talked his way
Before they bombed Pearl Harbor.
And by his silence, saved my skin
Never give in! Never give in!

From the nonsense excuses
That Prince Karl Rove now uses
To Bismarck's bullish rants
It all comes down to the suffering
 Caused by bloody
 Ignor-ance.

These schemers are not immoral,
With code of honor to dismiss.
They don't fair-share at all
They are amoral blight
With a world-view, like this:
The end makes mean right.

Of course good folk may do
 Horrible things too
But bad people do not do
 Any good at all.

What is the source of this spate
Of stunted brains to shun
Is it because we're in a state
Of organized aggression?

Now is no time for empire.
No lebensraum, tonight.
Now exponential growth's on fire
But there's no more sod in sight!

The real cost, of all our stuff
May be too high in strife
 Cut back on fluff –
Put some meaning back in life!

Wealth is power's unfair reward:
We need a new age of reason
Where we can have both, O Lord
With science and spirit, in season.

The religious right is scared of us
By the advances of science
And is still fighting Copernicus
Let alone Dr. Darwin's defiance.

At college the real priests
To me, were the engineers
Now it's the physicists
With the truth of brilliant seers.

But the uncertainty principle
Makes the Vicar very weary
"The money plate's not full.
And evolution's just that
 – A theory."

But spiritual thought of any kind
Is suspect as trite today.
Maybe it's time for us to find
 A graceful, easy way.

In contest with privilege, and its perks
Let our noble Constitution talk
For we have a vote that works
To help the lame man walk.

Use the Innernet! That's my thesis.
Say no to the Gods of Do Not.
This Innernet of bits
 And peace is
 The best we got.

If there is meaning to life's flux
I think there should be in it
A song of peace that rocks
With an element of spirit.

The wild disorder of life is found
Where 'ere the Innernet's in flower
'Tis there I kiss the fertile ground
 Of spiritual power:

A pleasant place
From which to push
For a quick release
From the spineless Bush.

*Now as the organ sneezes to a close
'Tis time to weep, and blow your nose.*

–Waterfall and Avid