

## **ROBERT KLEIN ENGLER**

### **The Happy People of Afghanistan**

They want to give themselves to something more  
besides a dull monotony of days—  
some gauze to damp their pain, to bind their sore,  
a truth that trumpets through the PC haze.

An endless string of taillights beads the dark.  
So many cars, but then nowhere to park.  
Why is the Lord and end of what they do  
so loath to grant a TV interview?

Come shop the aisles with music by Mozart.  
The bright-faced boys, the long-leg girls, all smile.  
French horns announce the chase. They start—  
the two of them in bed—but just awhile.

Asleep the bombs rain down beyond their eyes.  
Our global policy unravels to lies.  
Sieg Heil the corporate-liberal State.  
In dusty caves the sons of Hagar wait.

(Written January 2003)