1973

Vietnam : a Poem by Leo Scanlon

Sinn Fein, Republican Publications

Follow this and additional works at: http://arrow.dit.ie/workerpmat

Part of the Political History Commons

Recommended Citation
http://arrow.dit.ie/workerpmat/117

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License
VIETNAM

a poem by Leo Scanlon.
VIETNAM

O'er Vietnam the vultures fly
Their beaks are dripping red
With blood of children yet unborn
And thousands who are dead;
From napalm, shell and phosphorus,
From bullet and from tank,
The vulture is a cruel bird -
The vulture is a Yank.

He comes to free the poor oppressed,
The workers and the slaves;
He brings with him, not freedom
But foul murder, hate and graves;
He comes from Selma and Detroit,
Those centres of good will,
And in the name of Liberty
He'll burn and raze and kill.

He brings with him his chewing gum
His comics, flashy cars,
His coca-cola, juke-box too,
His dollars and cigars;
He brings with him the stench of death
Decay, corruption, hell -
He brings with him his deadly guns
His bombers, shot and shell.
He roams the skies, he wades the swamps
He wounds, he rapes, he kills,
He drops his high-explosive bombs
On schools, Red Cross and mills;
He rips the bellies of the young
The old, the lame, the blind,
He drenches children with napalm
No mercy in his mind.

They tell him the Vietnamese
Are not of flesh and blood,
But made of stone, of dirt and filth
Of excrement and mud;
They're only Orientals, Joe,
They're animals and lice,
They're rats and cats and dogs and such
They're beasts and skunks and lice.

They have no souls, no beating hearts
They're crooks and goons and Comms,
The only things they understand
Are basins-ful of bombs.
Hear this, Marine, the Hawks call out
You're fighting for your wife
Your Maw, your Paw, your Uncle Sam,
The Yankee way of life.

Hear this, G.I, the Prelates cry
You're fighting for your God,
For truth, for justice and fair play
And for your native sod.
Vietnamese for many years
    Had fought against the French,
Had starved and suffered in their fight
    And died in bloody trench;
They fought barehanded, tooth and nail,
Nor reckoned up the sum –
Against the scourings of the globe
    The Foreign Legion scum.

They smashed the foe at Dien-Phu
    Collected up their dead,
Rehoused their people, tilled their soil
    The hungry then they fed.
They wanted peace to live on earth
    To build their lives again,
Not die in bitter, savage war
    On mountain or in fen.

But many miles across the seas,
    The hawks and vultures met –
They saw the land was rich and fair
    With rice and rubber set;
With Tin and Ore and Manganese
    And bases for their arms –
They set about preparing war
    And sounding false alarms.

Now what excuse will we put forth?
    Just what Big Lie will suit?
Ah yes! We'll tell the waiting world
    We fight the Commie brute;
We fight to stem the Asian hordes,
    To rout their Godless threat,
To raise 'Old Glory' in the East –
    Repay our Country's debt.
To Wall Street and to Vanderbilt
    Dupont and Henry Ford,
Who built our Nation, Now we'll pay —
    With blood we can afford.
The blood of Nigger and of Wop.
    Of Hunkie and of Spic,
Of Polack, Froggie, Yid and Kraut
    And West Virginian Hick.

What's good for Gen'ral Motors, guys,
    Is good for you as well,
Altho' you'll die in jungle deep
    You'll know just why you fell.
You'll die for Nixon's millionaires
    And at Chuck Abrams nod,
For Cabot who but speaks to Lodge
    Who speaks only to God.

You'll die that stocks and shares may rise,
    That dividends may soar —
To clothe in furs, in silks and gems,
    The parasite and whore.
You'll die that Negroes may be killed,
    By gun or rifle butt,
Or live in filth and misery
    Under the white man's foot.

You'll die that Mansions may be filled
    With treasures and with gold,
That drones may live in luxury
    'Mid massive wealth untold;
You'll die that strikers may be clubbed
    By copper or by scab,
The Bill is being presented now —
    You're picking up the tab.
The rich don't pay this bill in blood -
   The workers always do,
Pacific Isle! - Korean Hill -
   Are stained a bright red hue;
For what? - For what is this macabre play
   Being written in life's tome,
Vietnamese are not the foe -
   Your enemy's at home.

He doesn't fight this obscene war
   His sons are playing games,
On Harvard's fields and campuses
   Or squiring costly dames.
He lives in peace and opulence
   Whilst you, poor brainwashed tools,
Are dancing to his deadly tune
   To die in bloody pools.

Each bomb you drop to wound and maim
   Means dollars for the boss,
Each bullet that you use to kill -
   His profit and your loss.
Each tortured, screaming child you burn,
   Means jewels for the wives,
Of those who sent you to destroy
   God's precious human lives.

Each school and every hospital
   Wrecked by your fire and steel,
Means you and yours are tighter pressed
   Under the Iron heel;
Of wicked men whose only thought -
   Is profit, spoils and gain,
Who fought you and your working class
   From Florida to Maine.
Who turned machine-guns on your kin -
   When they sought only bread,
And filled their bellies - not with food -
   But searing, biting lead.

Go home, Yank, take your guns and go,
   You are not wanted there,
Go back and turn your wrath on those
   Who fill the world with fear;
Destroy the vicious serpent
   You are clutching to your breast,
Then only will you find content
   Peace, happiness and rest.
Then only will you see the star
   That shines up in the skies -
The star of hope, of man redeemed
   From slavery and lies.

Go Elmer, Hiram, Hank and James,
   Go Richard, John and Seth,
Preserve us from your way of life -
   But more - Your way of death!
REPUBLICAN PUBLICATIONS

United Irishman
Monthly Journal
ARTICLES
OF NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL INTEREST
monthly 5p annual subscription £2

Quarterly "Teoiric"
Theoretical Journal
of the Republican Movement

IRISH PEOPLE
Radical Socialist Republican
Weekly Newspaper
from March 1973

book list on request.
all enquiries to:
United Irishman office
30 Gardiner Place Dublin 1