



napalm

America's prayer

by Ian Boyden

Gentle Jesus, bless each bomb
We drop today on Vietnam
And keep our helicopters safe
From natives they fly low to strafe.

Lord of Life, increase our skill
To build up added Overkill,
And let no pacifist decry
The strontium-90 in our sky.

Heavenly Father, we entreat
Let no one sell the Cubans wheat,
And grant us power to chastise
All insubordinate allies.

Holy Spirit, give us grace
To win the guided missile race,
And help our scientists amass
Vast arsenals of germs and gas.

From further dwindling, Lord, preserve
Our ever-shrinking gold reserve,
And we beseech Thee, come what may,
Let overseas investments pay.

The world's most upright Christian land,
We ask these blessings at Thy hand—
Be Thine the glory, Lord on high,
When women weep and children die.

Amen.

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