

# Occupied Territories

By Al Douglas

Between screaming RPGs and barking Kalashnikovs,  
Some one is crying out for more blood to be spilled.  
The pain stings when lead rains down on targeted individuals  
Like women, children, and innocent bystanders.  
Separated behind burkhas, women grind their teeth  
And squeeze blood from broken hearts.

Pain has a way of circumventing security elements  
Creeping into the most secluded and secret places.  
Fundamentalism tears the face off the enemy  
As Jihad Inc. niche marketing spreads **“Death to the Zionist infidels”**  
**Via roadside bombs and beheadings...**

Under the weight of main battle tanks, the ground grumbles  
The metal monsters belch smoke and violence towards rebels,  
Who wield words deadlier than uranium tipped rounds.  
Regimes and ideologies are propped up like bowling pins.  
But some principles  
Get rooted in the hearts and minds of those without a voice  
Like women, children, and innocent bystanders.  
The propaganda being pushed by the occupiers  
From both sides is countered by  
Psychological operations or call it disinformation