

## MEMBER SUBMISSION: POETICALLY UNMASKING BDS

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Photograph by Christian Diaz

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*By Jesse Rosenfeld*

Worse than rigid in their scope and doctrine  
I'm here to reveal, not to mock them,  
Their horror that someone else somewhere disagrees.  
Human rights for them but none for thee?  
Where to start? What else to say  
About these Puritans and their morality play?

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We see them hiding behind each others' backs  
Laughing behind each others' masks  
Where knowledge is found only in emotion.  
Knee-jerks force pretzel-logic contortions,  
Feigning wisdom beyond their years.  
So easy scorning others' fears.

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Leaping parrots who've here reached little  
But a shoulder's height upon giants.  
Hiding their face and venting spittle.  
Thrilled, imagining they are lions,  
They snatch what they can get.  
So easy claiming another's sweat.

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They absolve themselves, all clean hands and smiles.  
Such virtue, removed at miles.  
For if someone dies at least  
They are committed to mouthing peace.  
Standing by, pious, 'terrorist' is not their life.  
So easy claiming 'non-violence' behind another's knife.

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With phantom funds to pay for treats  
Paid through credit is their Beggar's Ball  
While we watch our storehouses deplete.

Hire them while they still know it all.  
They recline, a fellow's privations are funny.  
So easy spending others' money.

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History beaten into crowbars they howl for division,  
Cooperation cancelled from their social justice mission.  
Bellies full, anonymous with masks.  
Ever so oppressed they grind their axe.  
Fickle friends to the poor, (or lupine guards for sheep),  
Citing law only when it guards their sleep.

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"J' accuse!" weeping about imperialism. Forgive them their surrealism  
They, unwitting preachers for slave-holding liars,  
Condemning others' burns while they stoke their fire.  
They imagine themselves hellions and play at rebellion.  
Window-dressing demands for democracy  
Disguising campaigns for global theocracy.

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But why not set the example? Why not lead the pack?  
Leave the country? Give their own land back?  
No! No no, please! Not their home!  
Better to deflect, to distract, to point at their cellphone,  
To quote the Leni Lenape, or model the Fenian.  
Safer to leave fighting to the last Palestinian.  
What siren draws these privileged to stand?  
So easy crying "Genocide!" and dancing on stolen Brooklyn land.