As the Turk Turns

All crusades are the Children's in a sense:
Well meaning, uninformed, ill planned, intense.

Nothing but second childhood can explain
Ford's *Ship of Peace*, or Wilson's trek by train

Toward apoplexy. Activists who tout
Their diets are the inner child come out.

The medieval counterparts en route
To Palestine first were the captured loot

Of Turkish pirates, and thereafter slaves.
And can we say a Jolly Roger waves

Today above the waiting chains of cults,
Street gangs, addiction, to the end results

Of which the adolescent odalisque
And neutered harem guardian might speak.

"Jerusalem was freed, but not by us.
Mantras do not accomplish; fighting does."

Assassin is derived from hashish; blame
The victim, not the drug and not the name.

More and more abstract are the crusades "pride"
Mounts: gender-neutral ads, promotion tied

To quotas, pressures same-sex unions mate
Their fragile lifeboat with the ship of state.

The unattainable is still pursued;
The unenforceable is still renewed.

In fairness to the Turks we have to say
It's piracies, not fetishes that pay..