



Fool's Day

Spring, the time of birth!
And what do we humans do?
We *kill* the new born ...

Ewes suckle their lambs,
as cooks prepare Easter roasts
—of quivering flesh.

We marvel at *LIFE*
... yet Pass Over our cruelty:
Death cult devourers.

We pray for mercy
—but show none to our brothers.
Blind hypocrisy.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Thou dost know who made thee.

Little lamb, God bless thee.
Little lamb, God bless thee.

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