

Obama's Prize

by quill *Sunday, Oct 11 2009, 6:41am*

international / prose/poetry / commentary

Mooring

I was distracted at the time, my focus stolen by the promise of PEACE packaged and delivered with liquid words and liberal lashings of false hope - such was the character of this new hollow offering.

LIES and deceit of immense magnitude deserve a Prize of equal stature; a Nobel Peace Prize no less for FAILING to pursue war criminals and torturers in the next room and for failing to rein in war mongers hell-bent on destruction. In fact for **achieving NOTHING** whatsoever -- *the poisonous neo-con status quo remains undisturbed and not a single draconian domestic 'law' has been repealed.*

Honours are heaped on wolves while throat-cut doves writhe on blood-soaked altars and lambs are nailed to trees, daily! Such are the circumstances that prevailed when the vessel lost its mooring and found itself adrift in an unforgiving, loveless sea.

Adrift in a hostile ocean of blood and tears crying out for JUSTICE and sanity!

Yet these waters seem strangely familiar - they have been charted many times before by men of a similar cast and type as those that lead today - acquisitive rogues, mass murderers, thieves and the deceivers that expedite and facilitate their nefarious operations.

Entire nations have taken to intravenous ice, designer concoctions - the stuff of nightmares, contortions and mental paralysis.

In such circumstances I slashed at *my* moorings, set myself FREE and cut a new course.

 [UN Report](#)