

RHINA P. ESPAILLAT

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## News from the Front

The hawks are in the tavern, sipping beer.  
The paper's full of news, none of it good.  
But things are not all bad, looked at from here.  
Some people fail to see things as they should.

The paper's full of news, none of it good,  
but casualties are just the cost of war.  
Some people fail to see things as they should;  
why are there no real heroes anymore?

Yes, casualties are just the cost of war:  
our dead, by any count, are not too many.  
Why are there no real heroes anymore?  
That armor's going to cost a pretty penny.

Our dead, by any count, are not too many;  
those bleeding-heart protests are a disgrace.  
That armor's going to cost a pretty penny.  
These people have no guts. We're losing face.

These bleeding-heart protests are a disgrace:  
we need to squash this cowardly dissent.  
Some lose their guts, and this one's lost his face.  
The corporal's widow cannot pay her rent.

We need to track and punish this dissent.  
Things are not all that bad, looked at from here.  
The corporal's widow cannot pay her rent.  
The hawks are in the tavern, sipping beer.