

saad haddad is dead

by

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I was poking at a wilted salad from burger king,  
when I heard the news.  
He died in bed.  
They called it cancer, but  
I know better.  
You see the people's militia marched  
into his intestines.  
Handgrenaded his liver. And massed  
a frontal attack on the kidneys.

Weeds are now decorating his plot  
and the rumour is that grazing sheep  
are producing two-headed freaks.  
His virgins named mary have been  
seen lately at the wailing wall trying  
to conjure up some sleek pigs copulating  
in the missionary position. But to no avail.  
The pepsi can people he crushed and  
redeemed, a penny a piece are screaming down  
black clots on clean folks unused to soot.  
They also redecorated the holiday inn.

But this funky old chameleon seems  
to grow another tale as fast  
as we can pull them off.