

By Raymond Nat Turner

"...there are known knowns. There are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns—things we do not know we know..."

—an infamous War Criminal

We know "extraordinary rendition" wasn't Gladys and Marvin dropping smash hit versions of "Grapevine" the same year...

We know "enhanced interrogation" wasn't

probing philosophical conversations regarding

Grand mysteries of life...

In a dark, damp, dank, demonic den of depleted uranium shrouded in white phosphorus clouds belching fracking fluid; A devilish war criminal WMD dances around gaslighting Dr. Goebbels and

Empire's death rattle. The stench of sulfur swirls

up into his flared nostrils. Alas, he's home!

Bloodthirsty thug in Brooks Brothers suit; Architect of Terror on War; Walking war crime; he arrives on a Hellfire Missile—Fallujah, Bagram, Abu Ghraib tags in his baggage. Unapologetic for The Hague leg of his

journey, he's the latest ghost detainee housed in the

Hitler-Hoover wing for the worst of the worst.

War criminal crème de la crimson, his place is cemented in the pantheon of war criminals. For continuity he leaves behind warlocks like Ol' Schmo, Raytheon's Craven Raven,

The Drone Ranger and Warlike Rice Women, Ladee Blu, et. al.

Now he can devote himself full-time

to stress positions, 20-hour interrogations, weaponizing phobias

After the war criminal's laid to rest—and off the news cycle; after boots are gone from the ground, Ol' Schmo will keep on sending and sending and sending shareholders drones "over

the rainbow" to Afghanistan/Pakistan. And Congressmembers

sporting red, white and blue Wehrmacht jackets will keep

Huffing and puffing hot air...floating war profiteer balloons...

And now...A Moment of Silence—wet, cold, Wikileaks, foghorn loud— for Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, Pakistan millions slaughtered on the

watch of a cunning sadist-torturer-mass murderer; devil of death...

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