



•Children run crying down a Viet Nam road in 1972 from the holocaust of their village. Phan Thi Kim Phuc is nine years old. She has torn off her flaming clothing and is screaming because she is in pain as well as mortal terror.

HENRY "NAPALM" KISSINGER

•Written by Denis Kevans to mark the recent visit of Henry Kissinger to an Australian Business Convention.

His name is Henry Kissinger, just call him Henry K.,
He's come to tell yuz what to do, he'll only stay a day,
He wants yuz all to listen, and to put him on the tape,
And he wants to collect the peppercorn for the North-West Cape.

Henry is a peace dove, coup coup, he says, coup coup,
He's brought disaster to the world, but that's what strong men do,
He is a man of classic mould, he's white as alabaster,
At bugging and ballsing up, he's positively master.

Success upon success, H.K., but could you tell me, Jack?
What has Henry got to do to get the sack?

How to be successful, that's what he'll tell the mob,
How to be successful, with a special word for Bob,
He'll tell Bob Hawke to keep Pine Gap in case he starts a war
He'll let 'Charisma' know, of course, a minute or so before.

Imagination's Henry's go, he builds upon the past,
From Auschwitz and Treblinka to a nuclear noloocaust,
But no-one really understands how sad he feels inside
When getting his peace-keeping troops right into genocide.

Depressed? Oh, Henry gets depressed, burdens of the State,
Man of the hour, anguish of power, tragic is his fate,
One touch of his pen, and a million men and women disappear —
But Henry gets much more depressed with every passing year.

He just feels so unwanted, but he's tried to leave behind
His intellectual monument to all of humankind —
The murderers at the altar who shot Archbishop Romero,
The South American millions singing: Fight on, Companero!

Don't judge Hud too harshly, he has failings, justlike you,
He has planned the nuclear holocaust, he needs assuring,
too,
You'll feel his sheer sincerity, when he tells you how and why,
You are wired to an early strike, and how you're going to die.

Don't call him a bum arms salesman, he's made the business boom,
When the war was lost in Vietnam, it increased his sense of gloom,
And he made a resolution, and, chucking out his chin,
Said: "Next time we go to war, we'll make sure that we win."

Success upon success, H.K., but could you tell me, Jack?
What has Kissinger got to do to get the sack?

Success! it dims the vision, the trickling tears that glint,
A statue in the Parthenon, the waiting masses squint,
Ready, drop the napalm, and shout a prayer to Jesus!
But no photographers allowed in the Santiago freezers!

What could be his monument? ONE demilitarised zone?
One Australian soldier weeping in his room alone?
A Turkish hunger striker? Victor Jara's severed hands?
Three million brave Vietnamese who died to free their land?

Cluster bombs, five thousand pounders from forty thousand feet,
Phosphorus bombs, and napalm, metal splinters in a sleet,
Bombs disguised as flowers, Oh, Henry, you were great!
And we're glad you've come to tell us how to run our country mate.

Success upon success, H.K., but could you tell me, Jack?
What has Henry got to do to get the sack?

Why do you think on burning, is your guts, then, all alight
With the flames from all your victims who were torches in the night,
in the darkness that lit the world afar,
That lit your new dark ages and told us what you are.

Buddhists in the noonday, Hanoi children, too,
People burning, burning, as long as it isn't you.

Success upon success, H.K., it's all a man can do,
And now your ultimate success, we're terrified of you.

Terrorist, your favourite word, terrorist, your favourite ploy,
Terrorist, you torture them, the fearless girl, the fearless boy.

Success upon success, H.K., but could you tell me, Jack?
What's the bastard got to do to get the sack?

— Denis Kevans.