

## Action

*He's big, he's mean, and he kills a lot of bad guys.*

*No one cared that he was gay.*

—testimony from a Pentagon report

More than grunts,  
we tongue Pashto and Arabic  
in the dusty streets and shops. Watching, listening  
carefully—very carefully—between  
straight black abayas and embroidered white caps.  
We'd rather talk them down, but we'll shoot.  
We know the soft and hard of man. Face in the tower,  
bulge in the pants. Our M-16s and that nasty SAW  
put the *queer fear* in their Sharia law.  
Like Blacks marching on the old South,  
we're a nightmare bayonet up their hanging moons.  
*Don't get fucking captured*, I tell my men, and they don't.  
Snugging green belts across our tight abs,  
we smarten our collars  
and slip on those big blonde boots. Fit in? Come on,  
we're good at that. We had to be.  
Give us some action  
and we can all relax.