

# Murder Generation

Sean Arthur Joyce

The murder of John Lennon was the murder of a generation. I can see the boiled-egg eyeball lizards in a CIA Star Chamber, playing it out, cool as ice. Psychological warfare. Kill the hopes and dreams of a generation, execution-style to the head. Slaughter the princes of light and plunge the kingdom in despair: JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King, Jr., John Lennon. Try to make us believe the filthy, blood-soaked lies.

Yeah, I know, it's hip now to slag the peace and love hippies. But that's nothing more than the children of the '60s generation carving out their own identity the same way the younger generation has always done: by belittling their parents. Very human, but not very original.

Living in a dreamland, were we? Reality is brutal, is it? Convenient. Kill the messenger, then kill the peace. Create a self-fulfilling prophecy. But who is the prophet? The blood-grinning Wizard of Oz, yanking the strings? Think about it. What is the Number One industry of the global economy? Oil? Computer technology? Pharmaceuticals? NO. War. One trillion dollars annually.

Death becomes us. I doubt Angelina Jolie and Bill Gates combined can generate that much cash. Americans are being shafted out of 400 billion a year to feed the military machine. Meanwhile, schools have bake sales to buy pencils. Inner city mothers give birth in Third World conditions. Desperate husbands join the army because the only other option is hopeless poverty.

Skull and bones. Blood and guts. It's all just business. Another product. Gotta control the population somehow. These 'leaders' actually believe they're a breed apart. A step up the evolutionary ladder from the seething masses. But in reality what they are is something far more frightening than all their weapons and Machiavellian intelligence agencies: Emptiness, with a capital zero. The thing they fear most.

Which means they lose. And John knew it. A soul that compromises its integrity for gain slowly but surely diminishes. The spirit light snuffs out. Choice. It's all we really have. All we really

are. The sum total of our choices. It's all written there, in the face. In the body that walks out into the light. Or hunches into the shadows, pale as walking death.

*Love, love, love.* It was more than a million-dollar chorus. More than a mantra to lullaby the masses. But we missed it. Babes of understanding, we failed to make it real. Sacrificed ourselves to security. Let ourselves be lulled asleep by the melody. *Love, love, love.* Not just a mantra, a key to the spirit light. *"We all shine on, like the moon, the stars, and the sun..."*

But HOW do we shine? How does a gold wedding ring shine? A child's beaming face? The singing foil of birch? Bridal veils of falling water? Maybe the world depends upon us to make it shine. Maybe the bloody wound depends on each of us to heal it and change reality. *"War is over, if you want it..."*

Creator key. Reality-maker. Heart-healer. *Love, love, love.* Mother Ship and Father Sun. Spiral dancer in a yin-yang cosmos. Somehow the wise fool knows without knowing. Skips across centuries to land smack in the centre of your heart. We may not all be gods, but by God, we can all love like one. That alone changes reality, forever. One soul at a time. *"We all shine on..."*

The war-lizards can snarl all they like. John was right. *"All you need is love..."*

*Lyric quotes from Instant Karma (John Lennon) and All You Need Is Love (Lennon/McCartney)*