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## Interrogation Womb, War game, Infalmmatory Verse, Free Throw, and Free Enterprise.

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## Interrogation Womb

No waterboarding tactics so compel  
a prisoner to waver and confess  
as her salacious probes did in the cell  
constricting him with amorous duress.  
Notwithstanding sweet words in her ear,  
which he pronounced like mantras in the hope  
the chains of his constraint would disappear,  
her supple limbs would scarcely give him scope,  
until he ceded what she wanted most.  
And that was written in the DNA  
she garnered from him after her riposte  
insisted she held unremitting sway.  
Thus, yielding up this data for surcease  
of torture, he was granted his release.

## War-Game

You'd think she'd cower from the frontal vault.  
into his body. Yet she plows full speed  
ahead with virulent resolve to halt  
her foe's advance amidst the tumbleweed.  
Indeed, her pert physique seems scarcely buff  
enough to tough out his imposing bulk,  
she psyches herself to weather any guff  
she's given by her adversary's hulk.  
And though the altercation's clearly staged  
and we're hard-pressed to think she'd hold her own  
against such force, she's physically engaged  
to show her combat skill's bred-in-the-bone.  
Indeed, she plays the part with such finesse,  
I'd heed the pluck behind her politesse

should she assume a more domestic role.  
Still she displays sufficient tooth and nail  
to warrant that she'll exercise control  
beyond the prowess needed to prevail.  
With both of them colliding to the ground,  
her adversary lies in disarray  
while she deploys resources that rebound  
to make sure he's excluded from the fray.  
With energy she still holds in reserve,  
she uses it to forage through his pack,  
then grabs his tricorn hat with all the verve  
of compensating for her wardrobe's lack.  
And seeing how she tries it on for size,  
her captive should be wary where he lies.

### Inflammatory Verse

Why would you smuggle in a renegade  
idea inside the outskirts of the mind?  
Although a foursquare sonnet's to be made  
it nonetheless will put you in a bind.  
For otherwise you'd have to let him in  
and brook the consequences of the law,  
or keep him out with his subversive grin  
revealing his incendiary flaw.  
But now your verbal finery conceals  
his mischievous intent behind a set  
of quatrains and a couplet. This appeals  
to sensibilities that will abet  
the fugitive to snuggle in your breast,  
while his unwitting host will scarcely rest.

## Free Throw

Imagine if Dan Sterling's senile rants  
were not made public to the autocrats  
who smugly dictate what we can and can't  
communicate to girlfriends in our flats?  
Our black Americans would still be riled  
by fruits of their oppressed ancestors' plight.  
and street gangs would be running wild,  
ensuring that their neighbors heed their might.  
But now that Sterling's forced to sell his share  
of ownership by Teflon corporate shirts,  
the black community will get a fair  
proportion of the wealth for all the hurts  
inflicted on them. Poverty's passé  
when knights in mail that shine like silver slay

with magic dragons those who scarcely puff.  
Forget a hundred years of slavery.  
A sacrificial goat appears enough  
to show the world belated bravery.  
Who cares if it's 200 years too late  
to fight the battle when it mattered most?  
They also serve the cause who sit and wait  
self-righteously to trumpet a riposte  
against offenses in an old man's brains.  
Instead of reparations to oppressed  
descendants of those victimized by gains  
acquired thus, those presently obsessed  
to compensate the loss of photo ops  
to jocks, insist this worse injustice stops.

## Free Enterprise

Some politicians opt to plant the seed  
of lenience to cultivate its soil.  
As such, constituents are fit to breed  
the fruits engendered by another's toil.  
Nor do they have to share the husbandry.  
Indeed. How often do they spare each weed,  
surrounding rosebud, bush and maple tree,  
if only for promoting rampant greed  
against the prudent farmer's hacking scythe.  
What matter if it generates a blight.  
They much prefer the forlorn farmer writhe  
with grief at harvests lost than that he slight  
ambitions that they'd shrewdly bring to fruit.  
And should he balk, he's cut off at the root.