

## THAT DAMNED FENCE

(anonymous poem circulated at the Poston Camp)

They've sunk the posts deep into the ground  
They've strung out wires all the way around.  
With machine gun nests just over there,  
And sentries and soldiers everywhere.

We're trapped like rats in a wired cage,  
To fret and fume with impotent rage;  
Yonder whispers the lure of the night,  
But that DAMNED FENCE assails our sight.

We seek the softness of the midnight air,  
But that DAMNED FENCE in the floodlight glare  
Awakens unrest in our nocturnal quest,  
And mockingly laughs with vicious jest.

With nowhere to go and nothing to do,  
We feel terrible, lonesome, and blue:  
That DAMNED FENCE is driving us crazy,  
Destroying our youth and making us lazy.

Imprisoned in here for a long, long time,  
We know we're punished--though we've committed no crime,  
Our thoughts are gloomy and enthusiasm damp,  
To be locked up in a concentration camp.

Loyalty we know, and patriotism we feel,  
To sacrifice our utmost was our ideal,  
To fight for our country, and die, perhaps;  
But we're here because we happen to be Japs.

We all love life, and our country best,  
Our misfortune to be here in the west,  
To keep us penned behind that DAMNED FENCE,  
Is someone's notion of NATIONAL DEFENCE!