

War: What Glory, What Lies?

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What deeds greater than the eternal outcome
reap glory?
Why sow foreign soil with our blood...
Why bury youthful broken bodies in the land of the free...
Why hear the words, *On behalf of a grateful nation...?*
Which was not grateful...
Not caring...
Not there for us.

Would we do it again?
Would *they* do it again?
Would you have us do it again?

War--What glory for
those who *fell* by and by in obscure fields
still waiting for those who never came?
or *fell* from the sky and burned to ash, as
others still hang from silk cords amongst knurled veins,
with skeletal white bones where flesh once smiled.

Did God catch their souls, or shrug, or even laugh?
Are we stronger from the lessons learnt?

What lessons?
Too many dead...not enough?
Too many with scars and pain,
Too many with missing limbs,
Too many in early *DOW-Chemical* graves,
Too many PTSD suicides,
Too many black dreams and nightly returns
against their will to soil still moist and dark.

War--*What glory, what lies you throw against the wall?*