

## War: What Glory, What Lies?

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What deeds greater than the eternal outcome  
someone reaps glory.

Why sow foreign soil with our blood?  
Why bury youthful broken bodies in the land of the  
free?

Why hear words, *On behalf of a grateful nation—*  
Ungrateful nation...  
Without caring...  
Never 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 as dust to soil . . .  
still moist and dark.

War—*What Glory, the lies you've thrown before  
The Wall?*