

Small Poppies

by quill *Tuesday, Feb 21 2012, 9:05am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



the great battlefields of yesterday
can only be located by map today;
black and bloodied desolate earth
(once) decorated with charred bodies,
and scattered human remains
have given way to lush grasses,
forests and fields of wild flowers;
the warble of birds has replaced
the hellish sound of artillery barrages.

devastated towns and cities,
once adorned with hanging corpses
and rotting dead, have been rebuilt,
the horrors of war
all but forgotten these days.

war amnesia is a very dangerous
thing, forgetfulness creates
prime conditions for sowing the seeds
of new wars and engaging in more
mindless destruction.

poppies grow from the ashes
of long dead soldiers
the breeze creates a dancing array,
of these flowers whispering a warning
not to repeat the mistakes of yesterday.

a nation that requires permanent war
in order to maintain its viability
has sealed its fate;
defeat and ruin is inevitable.

i died fighting for too many noble causes
to allow myself
to be duped into fighting unconscionable
Corporate wars for profit today.

when will soldiers learn?

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-3020.html>