



Sentimentality on our Doors

Sentimentality on our doors,
floors and doors, ceilings high

what is it about -
all this flooding of tears
going absolutely nowhere?

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*What is it about our sentimentality about who we are
and everyone else lesser-than a perfect picture of the U.S.?*

What is it about we Westerners
some form of breed
left to ourselves to breed and breed,
but what sort to breed
as these killing and maiming perpetual disease?

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What are we, if not a slave
to that of a televised screening
of those horrible stories of war games and scenes
exploding in droves upon those kids we have left
to fend and believe whatever stories they do see ...
and see in tremendous vivid colour displayed
into someone else who is in fact splayed.

Oh I know it is the perfect form
to leave our beloved little ones
and not have childcare,
but at least they are home...

home where no one can be seen,
hiding behind some form of television screen
to look at day and night,
to be looking at what is not quite right.

But there we are caring less
and they, well they
are trying hard to do their own very best
believing all that is in view
even the target looking like the likes of even you.

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So when I do think long enough
I have to refer to the evidence
and then quite ordinarily think
that is another persons/peoples problem -
until it happens to you – out of nowhere land
where these kids roam
they come then into someone else's home,
classrooms and all of that to do again
what was on the television normality track.

So what is it I am to believe,
well it is more about us, the human being.

And who are we, when the truth be said,
part of that tremendously growing infinitum
in fact the whole world of Westernised belief
that we can be and do and have all that is wanting for,
regardless of how.
And in most cases - taken against another person's will.

So walk and talk the best able,
but when it comes to your home and dinner table -
What is being left unsaid, undone and done?
What is being taken from and not given more of?
That is the fact and no one can argue with that
for just look at all those childhood stats.

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Walk and talk the best able,
but when it comes to your own dinner table
are there any forms of significant chats
or just hardships and those television bi-lines
it's war and war is that.

No form of discussion take it or leave it
the facts speaks for themselves
we are part of the war mongering train and chain,
we are part of that uninformed moron frame.

What a tribe, a breeding throng
to leave us in this dilemma,
following in that chain
of no mans land to nowhere
but more of the same.

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You and I and you and me,
corrections here and there
doubtless needed
the subject occurs to all in sundry.

Lock up your children
and throw away the key.
Pen down all the hatches
and throw away any form of duplicity.

Give them a bath and purify
and get rid of any electronic device
that puts them into harms way.

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That is that and no more need be said,
if the world in which we venture forth
has a hope to clean up their act -
and start from tearing away
at the fabric of human decency
into a form of animalistic survival
and dependency.

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