

What *is* War About



Sunday Nail © 2019

I wondered *why*



I searched my soul and wondered why I had left
and my darling had at that wharf that day, cried and cried?

I wondered *why* ...

no joy in seeing me depart.

I wondered why no hurrahs
upon returning from that camp
where previously deployed.

I wondered why so many men
thought it ever so heroic back then.

I wondered why so many other men as boys
young enough to be at home in school still
had looked to war and ventured there
never ever to then return home again.

I wondered if my life was a blur
when I went and left her there.

I wondered even more since
here on the road walking where ...
nowhere known but go anywhere for them.

No hope of ever to return again.

No hope to know if she with child back then.

No way of knowing anything at all
part of a mighty military fodder store.

So *war* is all about ...

let me think ... disaster all about,
damnable destruction of every soul
there to battle for what ... no idea at all.

-----0-----

Battle hardy, so they, up the line have said,
but we down here in mud disagree
peeing blood ever so more now regularly.

-----0-----

What a debacle
war is now to be found
that is, when one is around
and not ever more dead
buried here
in this horrendous muck as mud.

-----0-----

Love is a burden in a *war*.

Love is torture

to know one is to die well before ...



well before that due date,
but then it has no meaning here
with this horrible *death* rate.

So we search for the battle ground
no idea, moves from one to the another
no time to count
because it is so mud drenched
hard to tell them and their trench.

Fighting has begun again
and no one but the surgeon
without any form
of pain deadening chloroform.

How will one survive
battle front all the time?

Guns blazing round upon round
and then of course the big guns come to land
blowing man to where no one ever quite sure
if they or that piece is left anywhere?

-----0-----

So I looked to the right and left of my side
and thought it only a mere matter of time
as those enemy closing in
had all the right protection
and we on the ground here very, very thin.

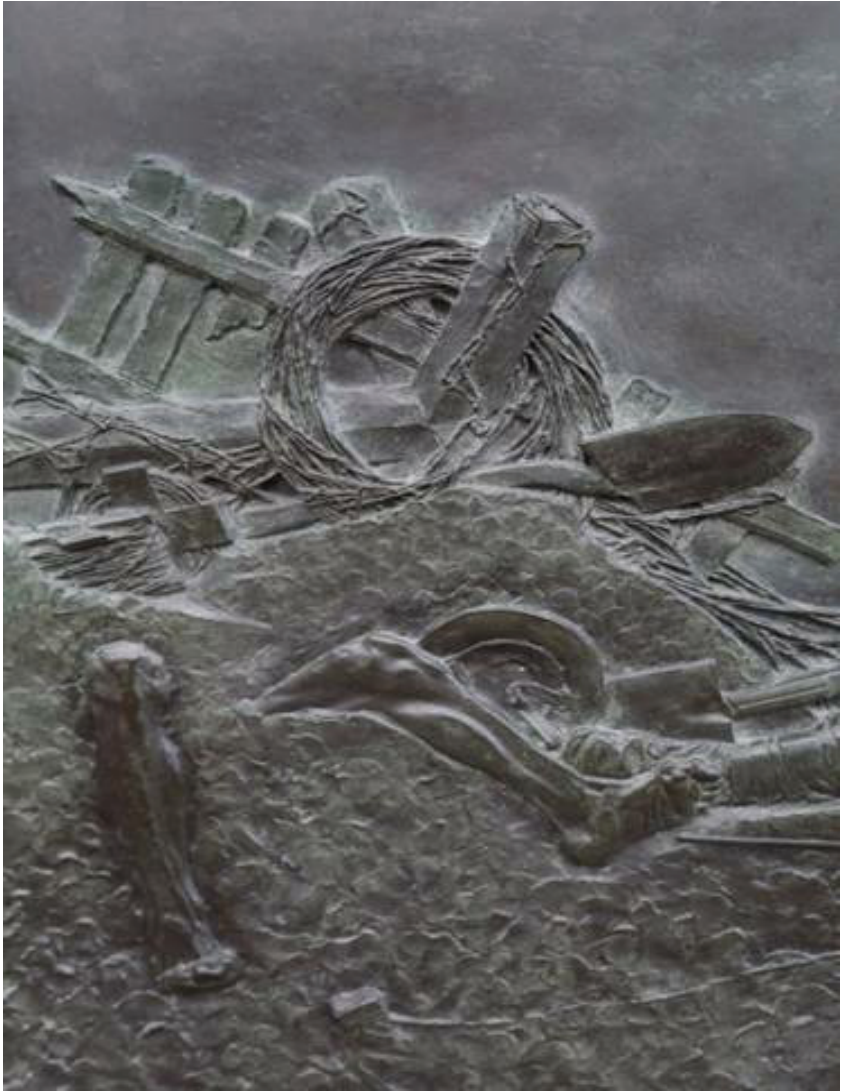
Trouble though - that I have found
is that no sense
when here on battle ground
the earth so mud entrenched
with our own blood and guts
hard to tell if enemy or *us*.



The *love* ...

of any form of life is lost
in one fleeting passing moment
gun fired and us to dust
or here, mud and more
no hope of ever finding us.

-----0-----



Will *they* know it is *me* - buried here?



Is *this* ... what *I* was born for ... ?

Love is love and that is that.
But on the home front ...
one did not appreciate it that much.

But *here* on ground blown up
we have naught to think about when battle done
than be thankful ...
and then think of our beloved ones.

-----0-----

So I suffer less when I think of them.
I suffer more on the battle charge -
and if I shoot or maim one of them;
and if I am to die then in comes a God
that I had not thought prior before.

You go a step
and hope like hell it is not your turn
and there to no longer be
but of a piece of human flesh
what once was your form ...
and *no more* any form.

-----0-----

Love

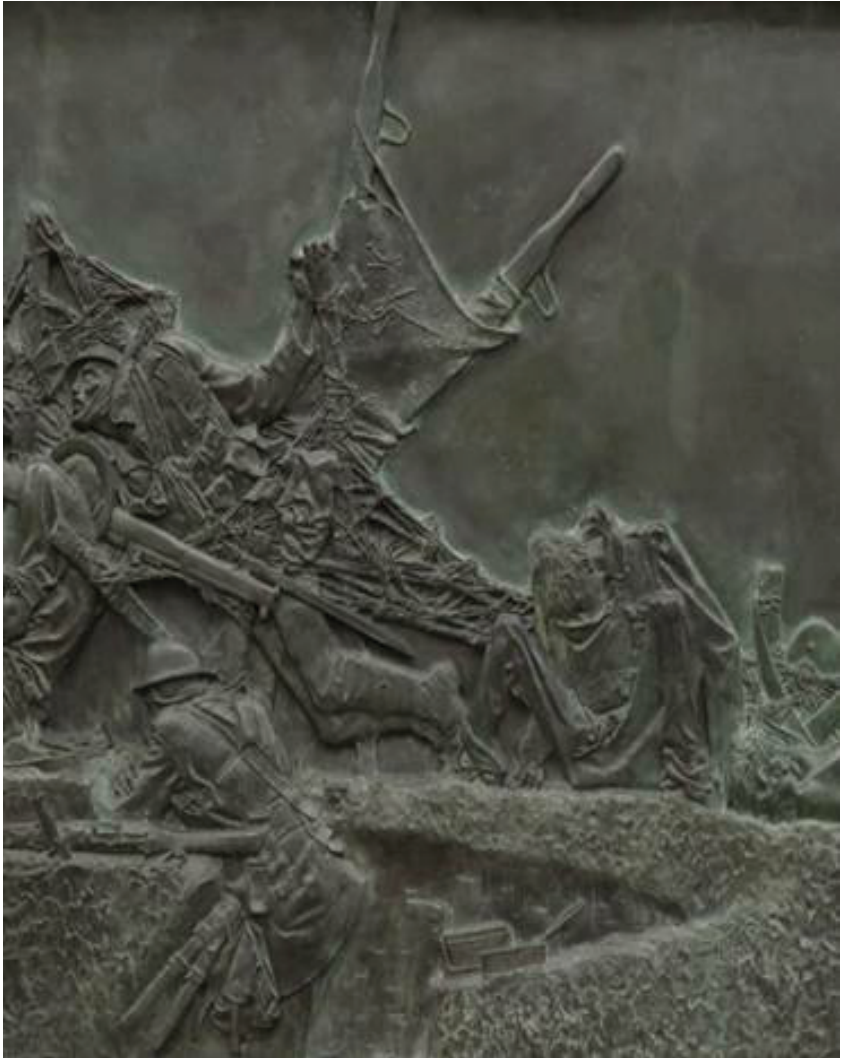
is the article the poetics write
but have no idea - unless here
on battle field this day to fight.

For here ...

in this enormous armoury
of military might
no one but the ones of flesh
do have to fight for their life.

And I have become cynical
that life on the home front
is where I want to belong
and leave this battle field of hell -
from now on.

-----0-----



The choices *we* make ...

B*ibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to Truth

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Adrift in Retirement
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are Shut
- The Other Side of Midnight

Continued...

- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- Hello Mister Bee
- The Aloneness of Standing Apart
- Standing Apart