

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## BURNING HOUSES

Houses are burning. People are screaming.  
Is there any need to sort out what they are?  
Altars to our lust for destruction and greed  
A readjustment of the social hierarchy in our favour?

Houses are burning. People are dying.  
Don't worry, they will run out of combustible materials  
Or breath eventually. Death slips in silently. The noise  
Is of the process. Then do I see the devil laughing?

His sycophants dancing as houses burn?  
They dance and cheer, and yell abuse  
They aren't devils or sycophants, you say  
Who or what are they? Humans, sir; soldiers

Hungry, ill-equipped; facing the reality of their actions  
Their chain of command. Yes, houses are burning. They do that  
When incendiary devices land on or near them. People are dying  
The result of too many bullets, I suppose. My heart breaks

Stop burning houses, shooting people; go home; please

Leslie D Bush  
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