

POEM OF THE WEEK

DADDY, WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR?

[a.k.a “Who won?”]

There are times to remember
And times to forget, forget to forget
It never happened; it was too horrific
Do not, I pray, ask me to be more specific

Those who dare, write of events
Some were there, some were not
Carnage, death; death, carnage
Beyond your imagination

They say. We didn't question,
we served. You look at us now and say,
why won't you talk about it?
I want to know,

I want to understand

Understand? Understand what?
Bodies being blown apart,
Being buried in a sea of mud
So we could advance a few inches

No, my child; you will not understand
That we went to war as young men
And if we returned, if we had survived,
We were ghosts who had seen too much

Experienced too much;
incapable of expressing the horror of it
Shells of the human beings we once were
The world we went to fight for

Is no more; the traditions, the customs
Have gone, with nothing to replace them
Vague talk of revolution and re-defining society
Did anyone ask us? We were the ones who sacrificed

You ask me, what did I do in the war?
I'll tell you. I followed orders from the officer
Superior in rank to me. It was an unspoken
caveat that they knew what they were doing

Sometimes they did; sometimes they didn't
When they didn't, we died in the attempt
We died trying to achieve what they thought
To be effective. It didn't matter, we died.

You ask, was I a Nazi? Wrong war, my son
I'm still speaking of the First World War
A family quarrel between the royal houses
Of Germany, Russia and Germany,

locked in fierce competition
What happened? We served
many of us died
Those who survived,

died a little more each day

Daddy, Who Won The War?
Who Unleashed The Reign of Terror?

The military-industrial complex, my son
The Masters of War

Leslie D. Bush
#mlip #zen
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