

POEM OF THE WEEK

WERE WE CONFUSED OR BETRAYED?

It's a serious question regarding a serious issue
The twentieth Century was defined by its events with wars
That were far more deadly than in the previous century
Far more destructive, impacting civilian populations

As the conflict spread its mechanised arms across continents
With weapons that could spew out more ammunition as a lesser time
Causing more deaths. It was the century Mankind and the military went to hell
Once they got there, there was no turning back; no timeout, no discussion

It was the century that ceased to believe in what was possible, forsook visions
and embraced the probable covered in blood and gore, and shredded flesh
It was a century of militarism, nationalism and an absurd balance of power
From World War 1, I destabilised social structures that had held power for

Many centuries. It was a social experiment of so enormous a scope that it introduced
New ideas and structures onto the world at the rate they had little time to develop
It encompassed the globe, for the first time. The First World War caused about 40 million
casualties, both military and civilian, and introduced new weapons and tactics,

such as tanks, planes, submarines, and trench warfare. It was Change on a massive
Scale, leading to many social and political changes, such as the rise of nationalism,
communism, and fascism, the collapse of empires, and the creation of new states.
Innovations in science and medicine, communication and technology

The rise of the Technological State, controlling what we read and see
And how we read or see it An imperative of attack is "control the media"
The twentieth Century was defined by its events with wars
That were far more deadly than in the previous century
And a massive increase in impacting civilian populations

In the 21st Century, is it all spluttering to an end? The final days?
It's more and more getting that feeling to it. Optimism is becoming
Suspicious. Yes? The question is, "Were we confused
Or were we betrayed by the forces and institutions we put our faith in?"

Or, "Will we believe the answer, do we want to hear it"
WE can carry on hoping, "Tomorrow will be another day
Everything has a purpose. Another cup of tea?
Everything's gonna turn out OK, mate"

And, this is only a poem. What do I know?

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