

Lest we forget

I walked into a war zone, a white coat ablaze in the sultry air;

Peace eludes me, the sides are mortal enemies, who love each other,

To death.

The putrid casualties, litter the field, moaning, dismembered, oozing;

And I love them all.

There was a time when you didn't hear

The universal battle cry, set in motion by angry Gods, clamouring for attention.

The taste of pungent vengeance embitters

Even the most noble of soldiers

Lend me your hand, O fallen one,

I'll understand you, if that's what you need

Pray you don't take another life and leave what's been given.

Bury your head in the soil, taste the rich Earth I've walked on before.

You take my hand as if it were your own

Look past me and see the heavy sky from whence you fell.

No one deserves this more

Than you.

Cry on me if you must, let the tears purify your soul

I'm no stranger

To wet eyes.

And maybe I'll shed a tear too, and the Earth will be greener for it;

I will be the tears, when you run out, our water returned to broken soil

Let there be no distance between mortal embrace, my hand touches

The universe, through you, I find myself.

And when your sunken eyes plead with me

I will be, listening to the whispers, as if I am not there

But really here, with you and by you, on this war-torn battlefield·

And if the truth, breaks down my walls, I will turn and face thy enemy;

Join hands with you, be helpless with you, lament with you·

Unarmed, naked, stoic·

This white coat cannot surrender an army, so fight if you will

I supply the soldiers with munitions, toxic smoke in a barren landscape

When you see them rising over the hill, shoot towards the Crucifix, that lies above·

I know this game of war, the winners never win

And the losers never lose, but I'll clutch your shoulder again and stare at the Earth

While your mouth contorts and faces fire with fire

Lest we forget

How to kill death

And when it comes, I'll make you ready;

Shield you from a dancing sun, cavort about the curious gulls,

Lay my heart down next to yours· They'll be waiting for us at home,

To tell of tales abroad, how the Earth trembled at our mere longing·

And when the sun sets, and the frost snaps at your toes,

The yawning sky

Will draw you back

Amongst the stars