

Masters of War

by jesse *Saturday, Aug 11 2018, 10:02am*

international / poetry / post

the glazed eyes of dead men
picked from their sockets by black crows
and other scavengers

they lie motionless in the battlefield where uniforms
do not distinguish, they all belong to one flag when dead,
such is the futility of needless wars

their souls have taken flight leaving gaping mouths
infested with flies, maggots and rotting flesh --
and they say there is glory in war,
dying for what? the greed of sick rulers,
nothing else

yet the senselessness of it all screams silently from every battlefield
since before recorded history to this day

people never hear, they cannot, do not listen
to the message of death, all here died for nothing before their time
to fill the coffers of war mongers that manufacture the means
and weapons of death, for the god of profit --
all hail and drink to profit with golden chalices
brimming with warm blood

but all is not still, dead gaping mouths scream one last
word -- FUTILITY -- empathetically heard by the sane and free,
as real freedom can never be overwhelmed

chains, brutality and torture cannot confine a free mind nor do they
perturb free spirits,
only blind fools fight their brothers of other nations
while the masters of war in every nation watch from afar
while counting their filthy lucre