

Field of Sorrows

by josh *Wednesday, Dec 5 2018, 11:54pm*

international / poetry / post

the black crows pick at the bones
of defeated soldiers and the peasants that joined them
only in defeat are lasting nations formed --
lest we forget

the field is everywhere tended by those that grow bones
and rob the people of their lives, labour and joys

kill, you must kill in order to live free
tho freedom is a lie that tyrants spin,
die for me, as I and mine are unable to fight
we have grown soft riding the lives of others
and building castles from their bones

the field is green today, nature is irresistible
life overcomes death at every turn
the flowing river reflects the green from surrounding trees
in which emerald green parrots squawk and chatter

the black crows are gone but will return as the farmers of bones
are never satisfied