

## Dead Soldiers

They came out of the night, from the womb of the mother ship  
Carrying their guns in their mouths and a song in their heads  
The will was implanted, deep in their heads, like a silicon chip  
Always the same  
The soldiers were many, but they played a losing game  
Locked in confusion that only rendered them dead  
Continuing forever there was no end, to a wave of destruction  
For the poor lost soldiers far from home, they continued to roam  
Until they no longer knew home and only continued to roam  
Making tracks in a foreign land that soon was just land  
Following following in a blind suicidal wave, never to stop  
While the queen sat at home and laughed off her head  
Feeling zero emotion for the poor soldiers dead  
For there were always lots more, she had nothing to fear  
And when some did come home she assembled the rest  
To await at the dock and give one final cheer  
Then they faded to nothing though they once were the best  
Now they sit in the back seat and face one final test  
Could a half whole being fit in with the rest?  
For a soldier once gone will never return  
Their souls sit in hell and continue to burn  
Kindled by hate and deceit and the rest, that goes with war  
And the boats fill, with more who have eagerly awaited to take their turn  
To fight for their Country Religion and Race?  
And only turn out to be a living disgrace  
An example to those, that live in peace on this face.

S. Garland

## War in the Big Apple

In the midst of the summer heat we went to the cool big apple  
Where the streets ran free with song and money flowed like wine  
Temptation waited at every corner opportunity knocked at every door  
We cruised the streets taking all this in, who would knock at our door?  
The light ahead turned red and the man came out from the shambled alley  
He came to the car and leaned in  
"Would you like some reds some blues or maybe some real fine heroin?"  
I'll take a shot of the good stuff we all cried in unison  
From beneath his coat he pulled a bag that held the stuff that we all wanted  
A shiny gun emerged at last and he shot us all with that fine white stuff  
Lodged in my necked the bullet ripped me from within my brain  
Tore loose my soul and I floated free, I watched my friends lie helpless, wasted  
My emotions burst, I cried a stream, I screamed out loud and I finally exploded  
It seemed as if I was a million pieces scattered afar with no attraction  
My eyes rolled back and saw my brain  
They rolled again and there he was with that pearly smile  
"Would you like some reds some blues or maybe some real fine heroin."

S. Garland

## Remembrance

Everyday you die for me  
And everyday I try,  
But I do not understand.  
I shall not understand.  
Why do you die?

Not for God,  
Not for your country,  
Not for me  
Or my security;  
We are just benefactors.

There is more to life,  
There is more to death,  
We all live for more  
And you died for something more.

As the days pass your memory lives  
But the realization dies.  
History is written and rewritten.  
I may follow you with my lies.  
Why does the realization die.

Everyday you die for me  
And everyday I try,  
To remember your name.

I shall remember.

Simon Pope

