From Wounded Knee to Afghanistan

by reese *Thursday, Mar* 17 2011, 12:48am international / poetry / post

(inspired by a poem by Larry Kerschner)

when people are taught to walk backwards believing it normal; when their faces no longer confront the bright light of day

when they turn their heads callously away from their neighbours' woes and cries for help

when willingly the people accept crime corruption and deception from government and hide their eyes from reality to huddle instead before dream boxes marketed as 'entertainment units' know the time has arrived.

when the old, decrepit and dying force children to fight as soldiers and turn infants into gravediggers;

when crimes are committed openly in the bright light of day by those whose job it is to uphold order

when rich plutocrats regard the people that slave (for them incessantly) as expendable beasts of burden and mock them contemptuously by demonstrating how easily people are robbed of their taxes, savings and the pittance their earn

[when justice weeps and babes die]

it's time to wash your hands in tears and blood

darkness and calamity are about to envelop the globe

our stallions toss their heads in wild abandon, and gallop freely; no saddle has ever burdened their backs

everyone fulfils their role for the greater good of all walking forward together OUR faces go before us and confront the bright light of day

know that it's time to re-align and remove the poison that steals men's spines and turns lovers into enemies

it is time to do or die

Larry Kerschner's original:

walking backward my hidden face does not go before me I cannot see the dogs of war I hear salt blood and tears dripping down I hear children become gravediggers howling boy soldiers flung into the dark I hear the knife tearing cartilage between

the ribs

I hear two lovers one is walking backward

http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2390.html

Sweet Lullaby - Deep Forest

 $\underline{http://www.informationclearinghouse.info/article 27691.htm}$

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-175.html