

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](#)

<http://www.informationclearinghouse.info/article27691.htm>

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