

## Small Poppies

by quill *Tuesday, Feb 21 2012, 9:05am*

international / poetry / post



the great battlefields of yesterday  
can only be located by map today;  
black and bloodied desolate earth  
(once) decorated with charred bodies,  
and scattered human remains  
have given way to lush grasses,  
forests and fields of wild flowers;  
the warble of birds has replaced  
the hellish sound of artillery barrages.

devastated towns and cities,  
once adorned with hanging corpses  
and rotting dead, have been rebuilt,  
the horrors of war  
all but forgotten these days.

war amnesia is a very dangerous  
thing, forgetfulness creates  
prime conditions for sowing the seeds  
of new wars and engaging in more  
mindless destruction.

poppies grow from the ashes  
of long dead soldiers  
the breeze creates a dancing array,  
of these flowers whispering a warning  
not to repeat the mistakes of yesterday.

a nation that requires permanent war  
in order to maintain its viability  
has sealed its fate;  
defeat and ruin is inevitable.

i died fighting for too many noble causes  
to allow myself  
to be duped into fighting unconscionable  
Corporate wars for profit today.

when will soldiers learn?

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-3020.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-221.html>