

## The Blood Of My Fathers

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international / poetry / post

spilled in vain some would say  
to grant us our liberties  
and freedoms  
so carelessly forfeited by the spineless,  
narcissist generations of today,  
the digitally captured millennials

freedom is never granted it is won  
with blood and valour and i pay tribute  
to those that fought the evil of their time  
to liberate themselves and future generations

when anything is granted freely to others,  
regardless of the cost, it is taken for granted  
and not valued, as is clearly evident today

my kin before me fought for centuries  
as indeed did my father and i in separate wars  
today; we gained our independence, freedom  
and self-determination and continue the fight to  
preserve what we gained, we *persevere* to the end  
a concept completely lost on today's digital jellyfish  
masquerading as human beings

me, me, me!  
is all that matters to millennials today  
and yet they remain captives and  
have no notion of who or what they are,  
as their lives have been circumscribed  
by shrewd, self-serving, evil elites

slaves distracted by their own images  
are herded and led without their knowledge though  
they imagine their thoughts and behaviours are free  
and original,  
it would be laughable if it wasn't tragic and pathetic

when freedom is forfeited by those entrusted to preserve it,  
it is lost for everyone, and the world reflects that loss  
with social plagues of horror, destruction and chaos

the radical, creative impulse is also lost and its loss  
subverts the ability to survive and evolve --

grab what's left by any criminal means  
becomes the order of the day,  
very few are able to think outside the prescriptive  
box and fewer still live in the freedom that space offers

old, failed formulas are provided and dressed as new  
though their direction is a straight road to hell  
and with that accurate observation i am unable to continue,  
this piece is neither prose nor poetry it is a lament,  
a grieving for the noble souls of the past  
that would have made short work of the mass murdering  
elites of today

devoid of awareness, creative vision becomes paralysed  
and atrophied, most youths today are completely unaware  
their minds are captured and directed by the technology  
that enslaves them

i hold in my hand a blood-stained scarf passed down  
to the eldest son of each generation,  
it belonged to my great grandfather who fought together  
with the nation of my blood and defeated the mighty Ottomans.  
he paid the ultimate price but knew his sons would live in freedom

his blood is my blood and was not spilled in vain, as today i fight  
another evil empire with the same relentless persistence, fervour  
and cunning the people of my nation are noted for today.

behind the lies and propaganda of today's evil empire  
truth remains inviolable and that truth is written in Cyrillic  
not the Latin alphabet of slaves.

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1856.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-616.html>