



Things to Ponder

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The Dark Side of War

By Felicita D. Robinson

And so I am thrust into this hellish wilderness,
Afraid and cold and filled with great bitterness.
Yet, this is all so senseless: In my mind I scream!
I should not be a part of this foreign scheme.

Why am I so far away from home anyway?
Is it because I am young, strong, or maybe gay,
Or could it be because of the color of my skin,
Or maybe it's retribution from my father's sin?

Damn the governments who control our lives,
Who put us to fight and ignore our cries!
Through glazed, confused, and saddened eyes,
I look around me and my broken body sighs.

Please, dear God, stop this endless carnage.
Mama! Oh, Mama, I need your gentle touch on this bandage—
So much blood dripping, wasting on stark white stones.
Dead skin entwined and tangled with broken bones.

Suddenly, I am caressed in a beautifully bright light,
And someone in white takes my hand and all is so quiet.
"Is that you, Mama?" I ask as I tremble and weakly smile
Yes, my son, my hero, my love, my one and only dying child.

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