**LEARNED TO CARE**

Comfort for his mother

Blossom of her seed

Such a fine strong sapling

Yet such a sorry time round

But laugh.

The bugle spoke

Cried out and sang

Bells of country’s need

Tolled pang and rang

Pulpits cast once more throughout the air

The sad seductive verse

Pope and kings perverse

Call upon the masses

Wars old prayer

In turn come fight for freedom

In a blink a wisp mere flash and gone

He was gone

Gone forever

Say no

Not gone

Say not never

Speak or think

Not of the ashes nor the silent room nor hallways

No one really understands

Or knew to where

Why for whom

Who we feared

Or sought to kill

Why we dared

Said we must

Need once again

Fight a war

To spread the peace

Guns and tanks

Bombs and planes

Let them know

Of freedoms reach

Seed our sons abroad

To leave to die

What for

Because we must to believe

We are so sure

Close the fist

Because we can

Spread the creed

What more answer

Might a grievance

Mother need

And the names are tucked away

Each day or so

Who will dare to reach or

Care to know

Next to die

Lose eyes and limbs

Or next to go

Why keep score

The numbers must

First one hundred

Then one thousand and times ten

Who can really count

Distant places

Faceless names fall like rain

Mere soldiers

Gooks, Ragheads,

Old and young

Strewn like husks

Plastic trash cast about

For to us

Whole hold earth’s rich’s

Pull purse strings

What is death or life.

For whose account

Given right of ours to own

Control

Consume

Possess

Query only this

Only this

If we can, is it ours

Answer. Yes.

Yet perhaps one note might

None the less still sound

Thought faint

May deep within one’s soul be found

The wonder of

The wonder of

Path of man

Through trackless time

Relentless tides

Shifting sands

A mother’s

Father’s

Struggle for them

To live to be kind

To survive

Desperate silent will

To will him well

Still alive

Blind themselves

Strike out their eyes

Seal ears resolve

Deaf to hint of news

Think not

That wretched thought

For it might come ask not

Ask not the aged one of who must play

The pipers awful dues

For them alas one knows

Must say

The ancient naked heartless truth

Those like Helen Charles who work

Toil and tend the stick

Mine the coal

Carry hut

Plow and rake

Serve masters whims

Haul water

Stack the rock

Bake the bread

Cut the cloth

Wash and mend

Dig shovel pick

Harvest

Cut the hay

Eat a bit

A bit in bed

Face another day

So goes hellions thoughts

So lies Helens life

Who came of toll

Who owe must bear

Such burden of such strife

Yes alas once more

A missive from the kill

Timeless as the past

Another one for naught

Has killed his breathe of grass

The cook will sing

Know again former now

Guess

The just on go away

Open up

Let them in

Just two earnest

Find young man

In uniform

At 9:00 am

Telegram. Of course. The end.

What else left to say.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 11/12/2007*

*Side of the Road*

*En Route Home to Rabbit Creek*

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