

November

*A hundred years have wavered by since “the war to end all wars”,
by history dubbed “needless”, it rose on Europe’s shores
Where thousands upon thousands paid dear with life and soul
in visionless and dire pursuit of some dark, mesmeric goal*

*And in November, every year, since then a full five-score,
we bow in humble silence, tear-stained, grim and dour
As we fully must and should, or stand in shameful breach
of faith with every life foregone on battlefield and beach*

*And the poppy red, with lowered head, the flower of Flanders Fields,
Serves well our hearts to urge and our memories to wield
Our deepest prayers of gratitude, our never-ending thanks
to those who sacrificed their very all, to all the troops and ranks*

*Yet there’s much more that we must do to square up what we owe
Why are we not sworn to peace, as surely do we know
That any further conflict, any war, in any place on earth
Can naught but further eat away our solemn right of birth*

*The right for every one on earth, woman, man and child,
To, in freedom, live and breathe and be not beguiled
By the ego-driven imbeciles who chance to run this world
Who in their tiny intellects so tight and inward furled
Cannot conceive that the ark we’re on can only well survive
If only we all work as one in peace to keep us all alive*