

Poems about War

We bomb in peace

Innocent bombs
innocent bombs
the bombs of goodwill
are falling still.

Fall friendly bombs
destroy the threat.
Will what we sow
Be what we get?

We bomb.
We bomb
So that tyranny may cease.
We bomb with love.
We bomb in peace.

David Roberts

1 January 2010.

why must itself up every of a park

e.e. cummings

why must itself up every of a park
anus stick some quote statue unquote to
prove that a hero equals any jerk
who was afraid to dare to answer "no"?
quote citizens unquote might otherwise
forget(to err is human;to forgive
divine)that if the quote state unquote says
"kill" killing is an act of christian love.
"Nothing" in 1944 AD
"can stand against the argument of mil
itary necessity"(generalissimo e)
and echo answers "there is no appeal
from reason"(freud)--you pays your money and
you doesn't take your choice. Ain't freedom grand

The trouble with terrorists

The trouble with terrorists
is
that they have sunk to the level
of their enemies
condemning whole peoples
on the basis
of the actions
of a few
and with almighty arrogance
have assumed the right
to allot punishment –
torturing injuries, trauma and death
almost at random
as if they themselves
are innocents!

Let them forsake their hysteria
stop the rant
state their aims
make their case.

This cuts
both ways.

David Roberts
20 February 2010

In Flanders fields

John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

I Am a Veteran Of World War II

by Keri Larkin

I am a veteran of World War II
I fought for my country and am called a hero
For the pain I saw and the suffering I witnessed
I am a veteran of World War II
\I am a veteran of World War II
I fought for my country and am called a hero
We overthrew Hitler and saved the Jews
I am a veteran of World War II
\I am a veteran of World War II
I fought for my country and am called crazy
I hear bombs and guns shooting
I am told it's in my head
I am a veteran of World War II
\I am a veteran of World War II
I fought for my country and am called crazy
I hear cries for help
And see myself in the middle of a war
I am told it's my imagination
I am a veteran of World War II
\I was once called a hero, but now I am just crazy

There Will Come Soft Rains

by Sara Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pool singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself when she woke at dawn
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim

by Walt Whitman

A sight in camp in the daybreak gray and dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early sleepless,
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air the path near by the hospital tent,
Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out there untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish woolen blanket,
Gray and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.
Curious I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest the first
just lift the blanket;
Who are you elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-gray'd hair,
and flesh all sunken about the eyes?
Who are you my dear comrade?
Then to the second I step--and who are you my child and darling?
Who are you sweet boy with cheeks yet blooming?
Then to the third--a face nor child nor old, very calm, as of
beautiful yellow-white ivory;
Young man I think I know you--I think this face is the face of the
Christ himself,
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.