I Remember

“Dig!” Shouted the commandant
Into the small mic.
“Dig!” Shouted the commandant
Through the trenches that night.

But all I could think of,
Were my friends back at home
Not drafted though
Cause they didn’t need to go
For a day, in this Polish snow.

I remember…..
Back when life was good
The bullets guarded us
From a hood
Of Geopolitical gangsters,
Rankers, who think they could
Take us police makers.

But that time is gone
The gong of time
Is rung
Our culture soon
Will end, in
A fiery inferno in the Polish snow

The guns won’t win
Like opposite colonization
As I defend a land
Far from home.
And I suspect
That soon we
Will face this threat
On our own turf.

I fight in Europe
Against new foes
That are already
Stepping on toes
Like Poland and Russia, and the Eastern lands.

I remember…
When the time at home
Was spent debating
The new cologne
And all the rage over the
Latest video game.

But now they fear an enemy
Created by genetic testing
Supposed to fight terrorism,
Now only the terrorists.
Explosions caused by man
BAM BAM
Like firecrackers that
Go off with lethal projections
From their hands.

Kids I hear
In Ohio
Constantly preparing
For a new Cold War
Hiding under their desks.
And to go along with this
Now the US faces
The fact that only the poor
Are sent to war.

I remember…
A capitalist land
Of private men
And ownership,
Only to be crashed
A political mash
Of workers who realize
They are not well treated.

Now all I hear from my land
Is all the turmoil by the hands
Of soldiers denied their battlefield presence.
Now they shoot their fellow man
And must face the ravage hands
Of those that once worked the machines of war.

And while my land falls apart
Europe makes us take to heart
For Europeans now want
A fascist dictator
Who can save them
From a war we can’t win.

I remember…
Looking over the trench
To see a wench
Who shoots the destructive
Electricity from her hands.

But maybe
I thought,
I,
Could talk to her
And persuade her
Not to kill us.

I remember
Getting out my trench
To see the wench,
And all the bullets went
Quiet.

While standing there
I simply asked
“Why do you do this?”
And she replied
“Revenge”

I stepped back in surprise
And didn’t know
That the genetic theorists
Stole her from her family.
Now she and her friends
Haunt the land
On a never ending quest,
For their half Imperialistic
And Half revenge wants.

And I simply said
All that I could say
For our survival that day
To the small child of only 16,
“I’m sorry”

She didn’t care
She didn’t wander
From her misson
Redemption.
Now I sat
In mortal danger
Death on my doorstep
From my small venture,
From the trench
Where I would have been
Safe.
But that’s not the point of a soldier.

I retreated too fast
And fell on my ass
And soon found myself
Facing the death of
My mortal soul.

And like a miracle
A gesture from god,
I heard a BANG
And it seemed like a gong
The girl fell
Dead.
I said
“What have we done to bring about this”
And her final words
“Ambition”
I was speechless
And mourning
And also relieved.

And when my friends came to
Congratulate me
I left,
Dropped my gun,
And walked away.