

Killing the War Machine

by Kim Blanchard Devine

I swear it makes me want to scream
And tear apart the war machine
That murders unsuspecting young
Before they have begun to dream

Recruiters come into their schools
With tales of pride and deeds
Of loyalty to country
And defense of our right to be free.

Of course they have a choice, you say,
Enlist or just move on
To live a normal life like us
And not be preyed upon.

But what of those who heed the call
And never make it home
What of their lives, cut short for what,
A plaque, a flag, and gravestone?

And what awaits those who do come home
But battered and abused
How can they live a normal life
Their bodies, minds, and souls so bruised?

So Stay, you armchair generals
We want no more of this
Find some other way to fight
And do not take our kids!

In fact, why not just end all war
And let us live in peace
Keep our families intact
With happiness in reach.

There must be other options
Besides killing one another.
The human race could become one,
And every man a brother.

To coexist in harmony
And teach our kids to love
All people of all races
Not like the Hawk, more like the Dove!