

POEM OF THE WEEK

WAR AS NEVERENDING ENTERTAINMENT

There's a war in Crimea. Where?
Crimea. Russia has invaded under some
Misrepresentation of truth. Lies?
Possibly, probably. Truth is as Putin sees it

You are mistaken, sir. That particular conflict
It was in 2014. The fortunate country to experience
Russian benevolence is Ukraine; a dangerous situation
With mutterings and intimations of World War III

One world war too many! You might cringe at my levity
I apologise. The thing about war and wars is that they shouldn't be
A topic on the 6 o'clock news, newspaper or radio
They shouldn't happen. They shouldn't exist!

What do we individually or collectively know about conflict?
Unless we have experienced it. Too many of us (humanity)
Have. Are they popping up on talk radio? No, they are the quiet ones
While the uninformed and the brainwashed babble on, suggesting

"Obvious solutions". I share mornings regularly with a lady,
She's in her late 80's and has memories of the air raids, events
Of a forgotten war. Forgotten war? Wars are never forgotten
Their memories lay coiled in a person's mind, awaiting a word

A song to rear its ugly head. In conflict, one does not get to choose
What side are you on, the good guys or the bad guys; how soon do you learn
The truth. Terms are relative. Memories never die, and terms are relative
People die, memories don't. The Vietnam War lasted from late 1946 to 1975

Three decades of conflict, first against the French Colonial Government
Ending in 1954; then the United States, for another 20 years (1955-1975)
Apart from this war coinciding with an explosion in popular music, filmmaking
and reporting, it might have been forgotten. Apocalypse Now!? Which version?

The director's cut or the theatrical version? This war and subsequent wars
Are part of the collective consciousness; we've been there (Via television pictures)
Films, novels; we have learnt the dreadful reality of conflict; we hunger for more
War is entertainment; Hollywood has been churning it out for decades.

So, is this it? Our fascination with, our interest in war? Is it entertainment?
People die, for real; homes get destroyed, cities and towns - for real!

Are we just so used to it, comfortable with it, that we can look, listen and observe
And say, "I'm glad it's not happening here; it's over there".

There's no gold at the end
of the rainbow either.
Turn the television off
Render the talking heads mute

So much better for your mental health

Leslie D Bush
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