

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## WHEN THE WAR ENDS

We've been at war  
For a hundred years  
Or more; you could say Centuries.  
That would be imprecise.

Will it end? Can it end?  
Does it just keep going?  
Morphs: changes appearance  
Gains a new cast:

The same tired script?  
Who gets to be  
The good guy does  
That mean I'm bad

That's really sad  
You get the best lines  
The best music  
Orchestral flourishes

With a massed choir  
I only get sombre  
Ominous music  
No singers

No heroic theme or  
Crowd-stirring speeches  
Just the negative stuff  
It's very effective

Tapping into people's anger  
Their sense of outrage  
Their sense of (un)fear-ness  
Their casual spite

Their unthinking sense  
Of superiority, of purpose  
And being. Effective? Yes  
But temporary.

The sense of anger,  
Wrongdoing and detachment  
Burn itself out  
What then do they shout?

If the bad guy, I am.  
It was not my choice  
There are far nobler virtues  
To which I could give voice

Who dealt the cards?  
Did they play fair?  
Who cast this passion play?  
Who decided what I should be?

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