

DEAD FIELDS GREW AGAIN ** A Flanders Fields inspired piece

In debate,
Created.

So safe and spacious,
Where one need not should.
Alcove in the woods,
Hidden oasis.

But blind watching prevented,
Ever leaving; contented.
Deaf listening detected,
Nothing coming; protected.

Bodies of the dead once littered here,
Grim interlopers now intrude there.
Honouring those that then served purpose,
Proclaiming their fate, gone and worthless.

The circles of past and present intertwine,
Squared within complex lines as they begin to,
Reoccur but never quite again align.
A story already shaped must continue.

Flags still march the distance, colours flapping through the air,
Sombre fluttering matched only by golden fanfare.
With every fallen prayer, always more followed, beware,
For on scarlet drenched earth stand white stone mounds at attention.

Committed to the fallacy, waging war to end war,
Spied across front lines emerge heroes leaping from their stations.
As he who dares, wins; rising above even that of nations,
Brief daring charge cut short, a field of unfinished narrations.

Standing shoulder-to-shoulder, wading through the crimson fields of death,
Alone I stray in flowered meadows, the gift of life fixed upon my breath.

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