

## THE POET

he writes his words,  
towns burned, cities razed  
the country washed in blood  
stops starts again  
creating all the time  
children lay in obscene repose  
their guts ripped apart by  
his wants are few bar the missing word  
that eludes his biros ink  
Hero's bullet  
Mothers raped, insane, dead,  
Fathers lost in war  
at last it's done  
the battle's over, the war is won.  
he signs his name  
the Leaders smile their approval  
toasted their terrible success in wine  
"LET THE PEOPLE REJOICE"  
and waits the critics revue:

the reply comes, he opens it and simply reads,  
"What confused mind spewed forth this stuff,  
no, no it just won't do  
you're missing by too far, please  
try again next year

Sincerely yours . . . . .

he takes his pen  
towns looted, cities burned  
and starts again  
the country bathed in fear  
creating all the time.