

The Blood Of My Fathers

by rade *Saturday, Sep 12 2015, 4:49am*

international / poetry / post

spilled in vain some would say
to grant us our liberties
and freedoms
so carelessly forfeited by the spineless,
narcissist generations of today,
the digitally captured millennials

freedom is never granted it is won
with blood and valour and i pay tribute
to those that fought the evil of their time
to liberate themselves and future generations

when anything is granted freely to others,
regardless of the cost, it is taken for granted
and not valued, as is clearly evident today

my kin before me fought for centuries
as indeed did my father and i in separate wars
today; we gained our independence, freedom
and self-determination and continue the fight to
preserve what we gained, we *persevere* to the end
a concept completely lost on today's digital jellyfish
masquerading as human beings

me, me, me!
is all that matters to millennials today
and yet they remain captives and
have no notion of who or what they are,
as their lives have been circumscribed
by shrewd, self-serving, evil elites

slaves distracted by their own images
are herded and led without their knowledge though
they imagine their thoughts and behaviours are free
and original,
it would be laughable if it wasn't tragic and pathetic

when freedom is forfeited by those entrusted to preserve it,
it is lost for everyone, and the world reflects that loss
with social plagues of horror, destruction and chaos

the radical, creative impulse is also lost and its loss
subverts the ability to survive and evolve --

grab what's left by any criminal means
becomes the order of the day,
very few are able to think outside the prescriptive
box and fewer still live in the freedom that space offers

old, failed formulas are provided and dressed as new
though their direction is a straight road to hell
and with that accurate observation i am unable to continue,
this piece is neither prose nor poetry it is a lament,
a grieving for the noble souls of the past
that would have made short work of the mass murdering
elites of today

devoid of awareness, creative vision becomes paralysed
and atrophied, most youths today are completely unaware
their minds are captured and directed by the technology
that enslaves them

i hold in my hand a blood-stained scarf passed down
to the eldest son of each generation,
it belonged to my great grandfather who fought together
with the nation of my blood and defeated the mighty Ottomans.
he paid the ultimate price but knew his sons would live in freedom

his blood is my blood and was not spilled in vain, as today i fight
another evil empire with the same relentless persistence, fervour
and cunning the people of my nation are noted for today.

behind the lies and propaganda of today's evil empire
truth remains inviolable and that truth is written in Cyrillic
not the Latin alphabet of slaves.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1856.html>