## 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