

## Reconciled

by 'quilla *Saturday, Dec 1 2012, 11:11am*

international / poetry / post

nothing leaves  
or is ever erased --  
regrets, achievements  
joys and sorrows  
all trail like tin cans  
behind the vehicle of newly weds

running is not an option,  
the rattle drives  
one to distraction  
if oblivion or refuge  
in substances is sought

i must accept all my actions  
every last one, good-bad,  
the horrific, sublime  
and indifferent  
if peace is to be my  
companion

where did i learn to deny or  
avoid responsibility for  
my actions/life,  
was it that period in the USA  
the land of reality divorced?  
who can say,  
i was conscious of  
its cultural pathology

where did my hands learn  
to kill children  
via remote consoles  
and label them 'bug splat?'  
what sickness has overtaken my being  
that i would disregard  
the life of God's precious child?

what perverse belief accepts  
the murder of innocent children,  
dumb animals and the slaughter  
of entire towns?

Fallujah never sleeps  
its horrors  
haunt the guilty and drive  
the instigators insane

but i have been redeemed  
i have renounced war  
and killing for corporate profits,  
the bottom line no longer written  
in innocent blood

my name is not Stein  
or Meyer  
nor is my faith  
perverse

with open arms only  
and full embrace  
i am redeemed,  
and released

reconciled,  
today i serve judgement  
on those that continue to kill  
for profit -

all arbitrary divisions overcome  
today i am become my brothers' keeper

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-268.html>