

Fall 12-1-2014

Weapons of War

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Recommended Citation

Moran, Liam (2014) "Weapons of War," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 1, Article 70.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss1/70>

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WEAPONS OF WAR

The clip feeding on ignorance,
Sleeps securely in the warmth of its metal womb.
The Sand welcomes our arrogance,
Without vegetation, rather crosses will bloom.
We've warned them with hypocrisy,
When we unloaded our consciences from within.
Firing our democracy,
Into the confines of their feeble armored skin.
Bullet preaches patriotism,
As it deactivates another enemy.
Barrel filled with optimism,
Demonstrates all the pride it has in its country.
The disarmed weapons dyed in red,
Now desecrate and defile our Mother Earth.

And prove again to my country of its worth
I glance up reloading my hate.
The gun's impotency has played a major effect,
As the bullet ventures straight.
Now this insignificant weapon shows its defect.
I fall bleeding into the dusk,
Remembering friends and family before this hell.
A man dies looking for a purpose,
But to my country, some blood flows from an empty shell.