

West End Memorial

Good Riddance

True freedom
they give us
no slaughter
too sacrilegious
the smoke clears
on bloated bodies
I feel safe now
do they want me
service
we fought there
in the jungles
I saw nothing
I felt no enemy
we died there
in the foxhole
my companion lay bleeding in my arms
so proudpride
so quick to murder
for posterity
hatred
trained to operate
manually

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