

In the Carnage of Lament

by Brenda Bishop Blakey

It's a war over principles. Principles and power,
too hard to measure so we call it money and oil.
There are places in the world where women and
children don't venture out for food or worship.
The ground shakes from bombs and gun fire.
Inside, a hovel, complete with statues and colorful
candles, the centerpieces of hope.
Outside, protesters wave their plastic guns, mocking the
enemy, they cry for justice and liberty.
Walls crumble, yet we are still divided in spirit.
We tell our children cautionary tales meant
to keep them safe from harm's way.
But the bedlam of war
is the ticking time bomb under the crib.
The real enemy doesn't march down Main Street in plain view,
but lies to us and we acquiesce.
The prophecies are unheeded until the tipping point is long past.
Then comes the universal chant: If only we had known,
why did no one tell us?
It is only in the carnage of lament
that mankind can ultimately see clearly and respond nobly;
only when it is too late and too little,
and finally,
lethal.

