

To remember Veterans Day, Nov. 11, Street Roots Creative Writing group composed several poetry on the subject of war. Here are a few of their works.

Unknown Unknown

by Steven R. Miller

I don't know everything my actions
will create.

If I spill coffee as a gestate, a
mass of what I create...

Someone has to clean, I'm not
being mean, it ain't gonna be
me...

Laundry cost increases, only a
few cents but a cost and effect
nonetheless.

I justify... it was the first cup...
sleep was off... it's the cat's
fault... ought I be blamed?

What the heck, it's not like war.
but you can expect a similar
cause and effect.

unknown unknowns...what the
hell is that?

You start a war, justified or
bored...how many unknowns are
in store

Loss of life, your own or theirs.
Destruction, reconstruction, famine,
rape, plunder. I wonder how
Now you're surprised.

Pulling a trigger on a gun
or thought, brought actions,
reactions and subtraction.

If 10,000 die and you do not
see, what does that mean to
you and me?

Because we didn't know them
or know how they died, are
they unknown unknowns or
spoon fed lies?

Yes we did know what we didn't know

By Julie McCurdy

I could see
shotgun silence
in his stare

powderburns and flashbacks
that never go away
in an endless display official ticks

he left himself
back in Saigon

and we let him
decay in front of us
without notice

we sent him
to a nether world
where wrong
turned into right
and right to wrong

where nothing
but the next
minute mattered

where
the scent of survival
and deaths
danced in decadent display

then expected him
to just be OK
we expected him
to stand past

his lack
of welcome home
and to not choke past
choruses of promises

that existed only in conversation

And yes we did
know
what we didn't know

which is why
we shiver
as we pass
the stain
his soul left
on the concrete

Recognize

by Steven R. Miller

in a field of red, pretty flowers
to recognize the sacrifice of
the dead

the war to end all wars wasn't
enough...so we had dozens
more.

along with anniversaries of wars
to salute heroic deeds done
beneath the gaze of patriotic
flames.

you may protest the reasons, even
blame the politicians...
though we should always...always praise
the soldier who gave all...
and then some

Battle Lines

By Ron Sanford

Is world peace too much to ask for
Hidden within a limitless sea?
Six billion and growing, time marches on
Faster as competition breeds discontent

Some nations need so much help,
Not military intervention
In the shuffle they are last
And left to their own devices

Too bad, the battle lines have been drawn!
When our free will has been challenged
The herded masses must choose sides
As to redefine our manifest destiny

Our soul is the battleground, not the earth
The unaccounted weight of our bodies
The dark matter, which can be felt but not seen
The spark of life, which has been given to us



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