

The Price of Freedom

A gun fired from somewhere near,
I began to shake, overcome with fear,
I heard a cry of pain as one man fell down,
I watched his last moments as he collapsed to the ground,
Suddenly, I was face to face with a soldier
If I didn't shoot him, he would kill me,
One space in my family left empty,
With no time for hesitation I shot at him,
I watched him twitch, limb by strong limb.

I tried to run, but I could not move,
My legs were locked together,
I saw a woman drowning in her tears,
She had lost her husband forever.

So here we all were, murderers in war,
Some men dead, some dying, some embellished in sores,
Some men hissing their last words, revenge as strong as hate,
Allied soldiers shooting back, their enemies suffering the same fate,
I was angry, I was hurt, but suddenly I was filled with drive,
I was furious with those who had taken my fellow comrades lives,
I stopped for a moment and reflected on their families' loss,
I searched myself for compassion, but it was lacking,
Reality was a war that nations were backing.

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Thoughts were shattered, as bomb shells clattered, deforming the ground,
Cries for help were reduced to whispers by the deafening sound,
So few of us left at the end of the day,
Death for freedom was a hefty debt to pay,
Some of us lived, but thousands died,
Land of blood was awash in as ea of pride.

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My legs were locked together,
I saw a woman drowning in her tears,
She had lost her husband forever.

Fiona Kirkpatrick