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A Poem from Falluja

Austin Clifford Brooks

University of New Hampshire, Durham

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A POEM FROM FALLUJAH

A. Clifford Brooks

I am awoken by the sounds of mortar bombs
Firing off in the middle of Iraq, and
Mothers who've lost their sons
With no way to bring them back,

Ruins replace what use to be,
Stores and homes
Gray are the faces of those who now,
march alone

Walking amongst their belongings,
alone, yet amid crowded streets
Imagine trying to scoop off the ground
what remains of your father's feats,
His father--raised on this land
Yet our family still retreats
What was once—whole and just
Now, seems incomplete...

How did we find ourselves in this position?
Reaching for light while confined in a dark condition

Over a thousand satellites orbit freely up in space,
But yet I'm not allowed a passport that permits me to Kuwait

I've often found myself asking questions
And still I have no answer,
Yet Day to Day I watch bullets kill
friends like cancer

Artillery shells shine like stars
against a background the night has cast,
Not a day of military training
although we all can name the blast,
Seems funny how we are more aware of freedom,
Now, than in the past
With alcohol still forbidden, to foreign brews we twist the cap

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Voices from far away say: "Peace to the World"
But I think someone missed Iraq....