

A tall Shadow

By : **PoeticKing**

My poem is based around a soldier in the midst of a crisis. His country used the excuse of "war" to invade, take over and deprive a 3rd world country. After hiding the truth for almost a century he finds out the real reason and realises his whole life had been a lie.. Please note that this poem did infact win a national poetry competition and raised money for 'Hope against cancer" Charity.



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A tall Shadow

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A Tall Shadow

There he sat in the sun baked plains,
Hanging his head with remorse and sheer shame.

He leaned up against the tall palm tree,
Which loomed over so that nobody could see,
He sat there slumped in the desert sand,
With a cigarette burning in his right hand.

.

The pitch black sky and the eerie moonlight,
Made the atmosphere dismal and for a frightful night,
His eyes were bloodshot and his face was pale,
As he sipped from his flask to drink his very last ale.
He sat there disgusted, dead inside,
That the leaders of his nation had hidden the truth and lied.

â A heroâ they called him, â A hero of warâ ,
Little did they know how he was forced to slay the poor,

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Regretting partaking in slaughtering the innocent,
How could he have known, he was merely just a militant.
Told that he was a soldier, a proud member of the forces,
Later he found out how heâ d deprived this country of its resources.
The memories flourished back through his head
Perhaps these were the taunts of those who were dead?

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How heâd caused death and piled bodies upon one another,

He once even took the life of a child in front of its mother.

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He shivered with regret and held on tight to his bible,

Took off his uniform and threw down his rifle.

He fretted and shivered pulling out a thick rope from behind a rock,

Whimpering and beginning to cry as a sufferer of shell shock

Began praying and wailing due to aberration,

He had to do this, he owed the people of his nation.

He threw the rope around a thick notch in the tree,

And whispered to himself, â Soldier, soon youâll be freeâ .

.

The rope came round, already looped as a noose,

Pulled on the knot to ensure it wouldnât come loose.

He placed the rope around his neck,

Shivering and crying, his emotions were a wreck.

He closed his eyes and dreamt of the hereafter,

Praying that once again he may find happiness and laughter.

As he stepped on an elevated rock he took a deep last breath,

Then jumped for freedom, with open arms he welcomed death.

.

Minutes passed and his struggling came to a standstill,

Suddenly the atmosphere became serene and tranquil.

His face appeared relieved and somewhat calm,

As his exalted body created a tall shadow alongside the palm,

No longer insane or severely depressed,

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And in the famous words of Mr Lincoln;

"The oppressor must suffer, just like the oppressedâ .Â

O.T (PoeticKing) 2012

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