

Not For Them

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Remember World War 1



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Not For Them

A poem about World War 1.

(ich totete is German for I killed)

(Jâ ai tue is French for I killed)

(Yellow mist refers to Mustard Gas)

.

Not for them

this poem of life

for the pen is full of blood.

Writing the names of yesterday

on lichen memorials

washed by the tears

Of these forgotten years.

.

Not for them

a sunny day

only shadows from the cross.

Hiding their faces from tomorrow.

Stored in this warehouse of silence,

kept secret by churches reverence.

.

Not for them

to burn this candle of innocence

their light was sold for war.

To search out death in no man's land

Not For Them

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for machine gun and snipers hand.

.

Not for them

the words of love or the gift of flowers

for only poets can pick their dreams.

No nightingales and moonlit nights

or gentle caress upon the shore.

For death is but a moment,

Inspiration dies,

with the pain in soldiers eyes.

.

Not for them

to sleep in peace

or to wake to mothers bread.

Only memories of a yellow mist,

for the banshees longs to be kissed.

.

Not for them

to lie to God

to say we did not kill.

For in death they can all say

Ich tÃ¶tete, J'ai tuÃ©, I killed.

We who came from Eden,

are now comrades in heaven.

.

Not for them

Not For Them

to know the future

for we see only the graves.

.

Let this be our peace,

less we forget the meaning of war.

And pray historians will never write again,

with a pen full of blood, this poem,

Not for them.

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