

Questioning Service

What happened to the happy 19 year olds full of fun,
Who lit up the room like the noon day Sun?
What happened to our dreams and our ambitions,
What lead to our spirits' sinking submission?
Do we now inspire naught but derision,
From this fallen, irreconcilable position?

Do they do a double take when we say we served?
The foreign name on the document is all they've observed.
Do they regard us as uniformed kin,
Or erect a barrier because of the colour of our skin?
Does our community know of the sacrifices we made,
Or did our wearing a uniform leave them feeling betrayed?

Does the truth of it all hit you now,
As the bodies are buried with the establishment's plough?
While we drape a ceremonial rag over our uniformed dead,
Who looks after the innocents and ensures the orphans are fed?
Did the lie of honour from above blind us to the reality?
As the blinkers were place by the oath of fealty?

Does the anger fuelled by realisation threaten to consume,
As you sit by yourself in a cold, empty room?
As the labels pile high on your once exemplary file,
Do you feel everyone else in society has you on trial?
When you're sat on a pavement and passers-by frown,
Are you happy to be seen as a blight on their town?

When you go to the charities that say they're legit,
When asking for their help, does their lofty refusal feel like shit?
These charities that you supported with your donations,
Looking instead after the directors and workers of their organisations?
When others push and try to take what little you got,
Do they get scared when you come out fighting and protect what's left in your pot?

But are we not what they carefully created,
To do various jobs that they had dictated?
Did we not fight for the fiction of democracy,
Alongside our brothers and sisters of a vast ethnography?
I remember this Sunday how we have all been betrayed,
While you watch the chosen few marching silently on the parade.

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