

...anyway - here's the poem that I wrote - let me know what you think... I've called it:  
*war dreams again (a war poem)*

and it sounds like soldiers marching to war  
and in the war everyone is thirsty  
and the soldiers march for miles and miles  
(and in the war everyone is thirsty)  
there is never enough, never enough

water  
even the soldiers, marching with all their things  
their war stuff and guns  
they don't have enough to drink  
they march for days, their feet swelling in their boots  
and when the army stops, they stop

and stopping turns out not to be  
quite like anything anyone expected  
and nothing happens  
and nothing is everything  
and everything is nothing  
and nothing happens  
and nothing is quite like stopping

and you man, down there, young man  
shout along the trench man  
a picture: man shouting along trench  
a picture: snow falling on mud and us  
a story: the man writing about blood and us

and something about being without decent military footwear now  
and how they walked for miles and miles  
moved like water  
flowing down hill  
and lay in ditches  
like water

and something about the end of war  
- how that was one of the things about the end of the war  
- absolutely anyone who wanted a weapon could have one  
- they were lying all around, everywhere

and everyone was in the wrong place and had to find their way back  
had to find a way out of this  
this de-mobilising, they call it when people were still finding their way home for months, years even  
...maybe singing songs as they go:

*he won't back down  
stand him up at the gates of hell  
he'll stand his ground  
well he knows what's right, a son's got just one life  
when he sleeps this world keeps dragging him down*

and there was something about being finished with the war  
- people love writing about when war stops  
just like they like writing about how the war starts  
and then they notice the ways that the war loves lies  
the way things are hidden during the war years that then become not hidden later  
like the wallpaper on living room walls in gutted, bombed out buildings

meanwhile I'm writing something about our boots  
writing a way out of this  
about our boots  
and the bloody mud  
and no easy way out  
even when the war stops

even when the army stops  
and we stop  
stop your bloody singing can't you  
don't stop your bloody singing you  
can't you dance dance dance  
dance dance dance can't you

even when the army stops  
and we stop  
we stop: writing dancing singing  
stop writing  
stop dancing  
stop singing