

{worms don't understand war} by Baileigh Hinds

Do you see it
A man with a hand hovering over a button
This to me is see a child
I see A boy
This boy has a rock in hand
hovering
A worm wiggles underneath
hands slams down
something dies

We are worms
We become bodies
Corpse squashed into concrete
A mass of skin, mouths and segments

Picture me standing there holding a bucket
The bucket filled with worms
I am saving them
Peeling up corpses
Playing pretend
He's playing with power

Forced to give over faith so we feel safe
burning alive
A bedtime story caring comfort over
concern
Story of a man giving and taking life
Worms in the hand of a boy
whos power hungry
His teeth mashing guts and flesh
A Child throws a fit
Throws rocks
He throws a fit and launches missiles

The worm never made it back to the flower bed
A flower bed that lied empty
There is no love in the face of war
Worms can not love
Worms don't know violence
So are soil will fill with unwanted bugs
Scrub and pull the soil clean and raw

Can you smell it
the worms guts on concrete
The earth under his fingernails
The deadly air sliding past your nose hairs

We're all ground into the ravenged earth
We die and turn to ash
Or char
Or wet mush
This world turns into senseless decay
The raw skin burnt flesh of bodies
The radiation soaked soil
Plutonium uranium and blood
That's what we become

Can you see it
Mangled bodies of your friends
Sick twisted blood filled earth
Can you see it
That's what we become
dead or dying
Do you see us all dying
I do

This path has no peace
the only peace we will have a solemn peaceful
death

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