

Refugees I

Max LANE

Cartridge poppy fields drones not bees buzz above
Stranger soldiers stand atop of armoured cars
Turrets turning pointing spitting
Roadside revenge awaits to main.

Mother father boy girl radar surrounds searching for a future
Cloak swaggering corruption advised by straightened ties
Escape, escape the pings on the radar speak
A boat brings them to backs turned and the hateful frowns
of the soldiers' masters.

Cowardice

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Silent, whizzing, spying, killing drone
Bombs dropping shock and awe, death and amputation
Cowards worship mammon, hearts of stone
Humanity defeating them will see them wither, dead, alone