

SOLDIERS IN THE SAND:

A Message for All Armed Fighters

Does it matter which color flag you followed
when your skeleton rots in the sand?

Does it matter which ideology you believed
when maggots burrow into your hand?

Perhaps what matters is simple:
the person within your rifle cross-hairs,
the child walking towards an immanent snare,
the families near a drone attack
are like you in many ways.

Blind allegiances make people insane:
why can't we affirm what unites us
instead of seeking selfish gains?

Will we ever cease the rhetoric
poisoning our ears?

Isn't it obvious knee-jerk reactions
only lead to more bloodshed and fear?

When we look beyond dogmas,
and actually begin to see,
an ocean of suffering then appears:
how many millions have shattered dreams?



Ying: The only way to have peace in Iraq is to divide the country along ethnic and religious lines: let the Sunnis, Shias, and Kurds each have their own independent states.

Frida: (chuckling) That would only foster further conflict because no one can agree where the boundaries should be.

Dmiritri: (shrugging his shoulders) The Middle-East always has had – and perhaps will always have – conflicts. There's nothing anyone can do about it.

Satoru: (vexed) How can you say that so nonchalantly?

Dmiritri: Well, if you look at the stars and start to remember how inconsequential we are, isn't it easy start to feel nonchalant about everything on our small planet??

- T Newfields

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