

Pretty Girls of War

I wonder how it would be
If I were young and pretty
In the wilderness of war
And I were told to line up
With my small sisters
To politely smile
Spread my legs
For many a platoon
Of chinky-eyed soldiers.
Then be lost
In the ecstasy of war.

Perhaps I would run away
Seek a mountain of dreams
Where I could silently weep
Lulled by the trees to sleep.

But I haven't been to a war
Where new born babes, I was told,
Were tossed into the air
To neatly fall
Through sleek, silver bayonets.

If I were young and pretty
I wonder what I would do
In that wilderness of war
Perhaps, I'd rather be tossed into the air
But, who knows?
Perhaps, I'd spread my legs, too
And like them
Just be lost
In the memories of war.

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