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This poem was conceived to be delivered as a "performance piece," spoken by a dead soldier, commenting on the false pretenses used to justify the invasion of Iraq in 2003. The W.M.D.'s turned out to be Weapons of Mass Deception. Let us consider that today as we see the world stage being set for Weapons of Mass Distraction.

### THE GRIM REAPER

"It's a rich man's was and a poor man's fight."  
And a metaphor for man's darkest night-  
When the smoke has cleared, just who stood to gain,  
Would the ones who cheered, now care to explain.

Did someone profit after I was killed,  
Somehow benefit when my blood was spilled?  
Was it for "freedom" on that foreign soil,  
Or did we need 'em to give up the oil?

What as the reason that I went to war,  
That killing season, what was I fighting for?  
Do the people know why I had to go,  
Did we "strike a blow," or just overthrow

One evil regime to install another?  
Was it just a scheme that we will discover?  
Follow the money! See who stood to gain,  
From disharmony, it will ascertain

How a trillion bucks has somehow been spent,  
Follow armored cars to see where it went!  
When a trillion bucks has been expended,  
And they say "Aw Shucks," how did they spend it?

Not Patriotic? Material gain?  
Would be psychotic causing so much pain.  
They say, "Oops, my bad!, W.M.D.s  
Were not in Baghdad, but the maladies

That those folks once had, Including Saddam,  
Who was oh so bad, for all of Islam-

Er...rer. .um, he's gone! "Mission accomplished!"

By the way, that land, now covered in blood,  
Hope you understand, way before the flood-  
Held Eden's Garden, so scripture s relay,  
"I beg your pardon, what did you just say?"

Where Abel was slain, near Nasiriah,  
By his brother Cain, that first pariah-  
Where the blood cried out from the ground,  
Genesis 4:10 said was heaven bound.

But the echo's here, whispers in my head,  
The message is clear, this is what it said-  
"Where was my brother, where was my keeper,  
Who will discover the real grim reaper."

Was my enemy just a man like me

Only twenty-three, with a family-  
I was much too young, I was fancy free.  
Now a song un-sung, what a tragedy.

What of my mother, did I caused her pain,  
Tell her I love her, that love will remain-  
Tell my fiancée not to cry too much,  
We have yesterday, she will readjust.

And the memories of the times we shared  
Are embroideries of that love declared-  
Like a tapestry, an immortal scroll  
For eternity, hung upon my soul.

So much destruction, what a tragedy  
An introduction to democracy-  
Yes democracy, sent to foreign lands,  
For their liberty, by our bloody hands.

With guided missiles and misguided men,  
Warships that bristle like a lion's den-  
Start raining fire from a clear blue sky,  
A funeral pyre stacked a mile high.

I wonder if they appreciate it?  
Do you think they say "We're liberated."?

Just stop the clock! Look at the picture!  
Does this not mock the Holy Scripture?  
Is this called "love for our brother man."  
Death from above, hope they understand.

"They'll be better off once they rebuild,"  
And they" just scoff at the numbers killed-  
But will those voices echo in their heads?  
And who rejoices, voices of the dead?

Just a rich man's war and a poor man's fight,  
A sad metaphor for man's darkest night.  
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"Why my fellow Americans, is there any man here, or any woman's-let me say, is there any child here-who does not know that thge seed of war in the modern world is commercial and industrial rivalry?"  
President Woodrow Wilson 9/5/1919

"Give 'em all the same grub and all the same pay, and the war would be over and done in a day."  
From: All's Quiet on the Western Front." by Erich Maria Remarque

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