

ABANDONED – ON THE BATTLEFIELD ALONE

1-31-16 (1)
(#10)

1. Abandoned on the battlefield alone,
implements of war I no longer have, nor own.
Wondering if the final battle ended years ago —?
But from this lost condition:
last soldier without a mission —
how could I have known or come to know ?

Abandoned on a battle field alone,
old tears I can no longer shed,
those years outgrown, turned to stone.

[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND & SHORT BIT] *

2. Abandoned on the battlefield alone,
great-grandmother in a frail wheelchair, back home;
overturned on a sidewalk while beaten by coward urban thugs.
Passers-by see her condition,
every last one lacks the drop of ambition
to stop their stealing of her life-saving drugs.

Abandoned on the battlefield alone,
her cries for help ignored,
by staring, hollow eyes and hearts of stone.

[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND & SHORT BIT]

3. Abandoned on the battlefield alone,
homeless veteran clothed in wounds that can't be sewn;
ragged blanket hides where legs once were.
No thought for his condition,
even at sitcom intermission —
but reason his debts aren't yours to incur.

Abandoned on the battlefield alone,
nameless throwaway hearts,
the world turned to disown.

BRIDGE: Abandoned on the battlefield alone . . .
tears I shed in crumbs of bread, instead
of water and meals homegrown.
Wasteland crags of last breath fears
fractured with running rivers of tears —
form me a river on which I can sail home.
form me a river on which I can sail home.

(Continued)

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(Continued)

(1-31-16 (1))
(#10)

4. **Abandoned on the battlefield alone,
images of a one-sided war are all I own;
a war that maybe ended years ago.
But in this lone condition,
still under fire with no remission,
how could I have known or ever come to know ?**

**Abandoned on a battlefield alone,
my tears have dried with the maimed who died,
instead of carrying me home.**

[END]

Written: January 29-31, 2016 (1) [P, G, M]

* 2 measures follow turnaround = short bit