Children on the Crucifix of War

At this fragile turning point in history,

the anvil of evil glows so fiery,

the souls of children it holds captive

casting them on flames, durst they live.

On another ledge of life in desperation,

Love holds out its arms in expectation,

in vain, alas, o’erlooked by ranks,

which, blinded by passion, swagger and swank.

Of mortals decision this vision of horror,

the hearts of mothers broken by sorrow,

and innocent gazes ask in wonder,

why are elders beasts tearing asunder?

By Takis Ioannides

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