

# **WAR'S SILENT CRY**

By Blade Ta'var

Rhyme scheme per stanza (ABABA)

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War is such a terrible thing,  
where innocents suffer the most.  
Now you know why they sadly sing:  
“King’s toast while we turn to ghosts;  
ambitions always take center ring.”

“Stop! I beg you, stop!” they say,  
As they bury loved ones amidst the fray.  
“Your enemy always makes us pay  
the price of your madness and so we pray:  
Let us live, O’ tyrant. Save the day!”

Silent tears for the dead.  
As I walk on their ashes,  
dust gets caught in my tread.  
Never forgetting their gashes,  
nor their pleas to break bread.