

A poem by Mary Margaret Park

WHY DO NATIONS FALTER?

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"Flags that Fall Benign"

by

Mary Margaret Park

Why do nations falter
with the vice of war?
Perhaps our leaders have forgotten
what they're fighting for?

We think ourselves the masters
as we behave as slaves,
black crude and Saudi silver
have come to rule our days.

What glitters is not gold
but a tool of strife and hate,
unlike the kings of old
we have bargained with our fate.

Our leaders take by force
what we can't rightly claim,
our imperialistic vision
is a very dangerous game.

The European countries
see our fatal flaw,
in strong arming other nations
the dust of war on us does fall.

Fighting unseen enemies
we think lie outside our doors,
we end up crippling freedom
within our very shores.

The ropes we cast to vanquish
our enemies far away
burn the hands that wield them
in the truths we will not say.

When the salt of discord
has dried upon our cheeks,
will other nations turn their backs
on the empty words we speak?

And should civilians scream
and die upon the streets,
will we still think we're clever
will victory be so sweet?

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