

Condensed Humanity

By Robin Lipinski

Let's talk about war,
That you know,
However,
Not the reason why.

Beginning with rocks,
Sporting engorged cocks,
They played in caves.

Tribal reason you could say,
But why?
Maybe they could have chosen law,
Barter,
Or peace,
Or did they try?

Religion, now there was a good reason,
Kill for a belief,
Texts even showing they were right,
If so,
What gives God the right?
So we still don't know why.

Look at those breasts,
Those thighs,
Now THAT must be a reason,
Sex is always in season
Ever since monkey's tried.

No?

It must be color,
"I'm black you're white, lets band together and kill yellow."

No?

Political aspirations,
Royal rights,
Broken treaties,
You spit in my eye,
Crossed the line,
Treason,

Hate,
 Conflict,
 Greed,
 Ego flamed passions,
 Ignorance,
 Lies,
 Revenge,
 Loyalty,
 Allied...

All those many reasons for war,
 You'll find in a dictionary,
 Yet,
 Still,
 It must be the reason.

No?

There is a reason for war.
 Simple in logic,
 A word above all others,
 One that sets humanity apart.
 Choice

"Robin, you're an idiot.
 War is caused by (fill in your choice of reason.)"

When in a situation
 You feel the need to choose offense
 Or defense, with victory in sight as the finish line,
 Do you fight?

Maybe not with an M-16, knife or bomb,
 But with words?

I know I do,
 As I am humanity,
 I as in me,
 I as in you, they, them,
 In the end,
 It is how we choose to live,
 That shows the world,
 We tried.

The End