

Poetry Series

Wayne Guy Butterfield
- poems -

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Wayne Guy Butterfield(1948)

Calling All Fanatics

It's not difficult to live with
deceit and delusion
Want to believe and you will

It's not difficult to tolerate
killing civilians
Greater cause dictates they die

It's not difficult to recognize
those who are evil
Only the other side qualifies

So join a crusade
Enjoy the charade
It's not really difficult at all

Wayne Guy Butterfield

Gone

She looked into his eyes, hurting
Her lips still pursed, flirting

She took a step forward, halted
Her mouth tried for words, faltered

The line of his jaw, resisting
The glint in his eye, insisting

Her face froze for a moment, cold
She looked down again, old

He spoke softly then, rhythmic
His words seemed to help, sympathetic

She looked up again, searching
Her mind tried to work, lurching

Her arms reached for him, hoping
She almost braved a smile, coping

The quick touch of his hand, drifting
The frame of his body, twisting

He began to move away, betraying
His steps down the stairs, fading

Her heart seemed to stop, broken
She broke into sobs, choking

After so many nights, unending
After so much hope, unbending

There was nothing to show
There was nowhere to go

(dedicated to Zhang Ziyi and 2046)

Wayne Guy Butterfield

If Only

What if nations
what if people
what if you and I

Stopped zero-sum gaming
others blaming
gave our leaders the lie?

What if justice
what if tolerance
what if shared respect?

Could we do it?
Would it matter?
Might earth at least survive?

Wayne Guy Butterfield

Irreplaceable

When night's veil slowly lifts
And moonlight shines through the mist

Deep in the stillness of Irised pools
Where thought alone transcends

Through ne'erending frames of string-tuned domains
As memory bends and only emotion resists

I feel your love a bright timeless star
The world far away, adrift

Wayne Guy Butterfield

Nowhere To Hide

So it was just lies
The need to go to war
Intentionally created
Secretly debated
Subtly misleading
Endlessly repeating
Lies
Lies
Lies

Yet somehow we fell for it
The need to go to war
Presidentially purported
Congressionally supported
Journalistically followed
Publicly swallowed
Lies
Lies
Lies

Lies about the reasons
Lies about the treasons
Lies with every breath
Lies that led to death
Over and over
And over again
Lies
Lies
Lies

Somewhere the souls of thousands
Remember our need to go to war
Somewhere the souls of thousands
Cry in horror for ever more

They see through our justifications
Can no longer be fooled by our lies
The charade that we wanted to free them
Permanent bases carefully disguised

They know the war's real reasons
Pivotal power from control of black gold
Contempt for the views of others
The value that each life holds

And they cry out to us now in shock and awe
To warn of the terrible price we will pay
If we keep swallowing the lies of our leaders
Till we join them on judgment day

Yes, somewhere the souls of thousands
See the truths we fail to grasp
And they hear the rattling bones of the dead
From the graveyards of empires past

Wayne Guy Butterfield

Songkhla

(please click Biography above for
two photos that go with the poem
.....it takes a few seconds.....) :)

On the edge of Southernmost Thailand
Rolling hills and a lake meet the sea
Where a slumbering cat and somnolent rat
Live as islands in rare harmony

Dolphins rollick along the littoral
Sands stretch out in languorous caress
And a mermaid lazes atop of a rock
Golden sunlight her only dress

Painted fishing boats ripple the waters
Fragrant rice fields and fruits dot the shore
The rich harvest that fills local markets
Suggests no one could ever want more

Many live in the town of Songkhla
Ethnic Tai, Malay, Farang, and Chinese
Working together is felt to be crucial
Progress made by determined degrees

The community cherishes learning
Schools at each level respond to the call
Children plant trees to help nature with greening
A clean environment healthy for all

Songkhla treasures its diversity
Promotes tolerance and mutual rapport
The way its people coexist peacefully
Suggests no one could ever wage war

But just past Songkhla, Southernmost Thailand
Is a region of murderous bloodshed
Bombings and drive-bys and blowing up rail ties
Both sides daily counting the dead

The conflict defies all solutions
Through mistrust and misdeeds long skewed
Yet poverty and lack of empowerment
Clearly lie at the heart of the feud

Attempts at reconciliation proceed
Both sides Muslims and Buddhists implore
But an ongoing goal of military control
Suggests more folly all should abhor

Yet Thailand's Southland but echoes Earth
Where power and privilege reign
The poor shall inherit but don't seem to merit
While yet they in this life remain

Why then wonder they feel such malice
Subjugated siphoned and stifled
Though wrong to kill, better help with their ills
Than attempt to have them all rifled

No more of this frightening tempest
All sides reeling from anguish and gore
Failure of force in the face of injustice
Suggests lessons no one should ignore

Far better seek tolerance and harmony
Share the Earth's harvest so none are poor
Spread beauty and reason, empower each person
Till no one could ever need more

Wayne Guy Butterfield

Without Question

As I grew up I was told
That Jesus watches over me
That freedom trumps equality
That success is measured materially

As you grew up you were told
That there is no god, only the people
That one should never stand out as an individual
That saving face and living in harmony is the ultimate goal

I believe that all I was told is true
You believe all you were told is too

If I'd grown up you, and you'd grown up me
What different people we'd be ... or would we?

Wayne Guy Butterfield