Brian Doerksen "Bonebomb"

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My body

So thin

So tired

Beaten for years

Ploughshare to bomb

So hard

Bonebomb

Bonebomb

Bonebomb

My town

So dusty

So dry

Buildings pushed over

Lives heat together

Young girls dreaming of beautiful deaths

Pop star pictures above their beds

Above their heads

Troops

Everything stolen

Except my bones

Now I am only bone

I waited for peace

And here is my peace

Here in this still last minute of my life

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