

Good Riddance "West End Memorial"

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they give us

no slaughter

too sacrilegious

the smoke clears

on bloated bodies

I feel safe now

do they want me

service

we fought there

in the jungles

I saw nothing

I felt no enemy

we died there

in the foxhole

my companion lay bleeding in my arms

so proud

pride

so quick to murder

for posterity

hatred

trained to operate

manually

Good Riddance West End Memorial

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