

VISION

Abstracted,
The soft pastel colours fuse.
Ambiguous yet leading
To that barred window
Engaging my third eye
To the turmoil behind those angry bars
That scream of captivity
As the pastel warmth recedes
Filling my soul with uninvited memories
Of those long lost prisoners
Haunting phantoms who permeate
My mind to become
The custodian of their nightmares
It was a country at war with its self
Feuding tribes both right and wrong
Both hating and hurting and hurting and hating
Herded as cattle
Choking in the heat
Flies and urine
Partners in squalor
People penned like sheep
Stare at the barred window
To hear the whiplash crackle of the firing squad
Women sob and babies cry
Men unmanned and impotent
Pray to a god who doesn't respond
Leaving them to drown in
A vale of tears
The vision fades and I view
Your painting of quiet gentleness
An abstract backdrop
On which I paint my words
So dark, painful,
And sadly true:
*I saw a vision on a wall
With words that tried to scan
For nothing is so terrible as
Man's inhumanity to man*

Roger George DELLER

15TH June 201