Warcrimes

“Need a volunteer Bargearse”
Boss tells me
I look around the empty office
“Fuck” drew the short straw here

Quo fas et gloria ducunt[1]
That’s my regimental motto
To solve the gunnery problem[2]
Not warcrimes

Children, women, and men
Dead from gunshots
And petrol fueled flames

Urged to pray by priests and nuns
How many prayed? How many screamed?
Entering the valley of darkness

Pai nosso que estais nos céus [3]

Wooooooosh

Ratatatatatatatatata Ratatatatata

Christ was nowhere to be seen
He must have been busy helping
Someone find their car key

Black body bags crammed
Liked overstuffed Xmas stockings
Into barely coping refrigerated containers

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[1] Tr. Whither right and glory lead. This is the regimental motto of the Royal Australian Artillery. It’s holds gunners to the highest standards of honour and integrity. It is best understood as imposing a upon a gunner, regardless of rank, the requirement to always do the right thing (duty) honourably (glory).
[2] "The gunnery problem" refers to the complex mathematical and technical challenge of calculating precise firing data to hit a target with indirect fire, where the gun is not visible to the target, particularly when using predicted fire rather than trial shots. It requires accounting for variables like meteorological conditions, ballistic data, barrel wear, and target location
[3] Tr. Our Father who art in heaven

Children, women, and men
Died by BBQ praying for a god
Who doesn’t exist or give a fuck