

*The*  
**Soldier's Lament**



Anne Williams

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## Introduction:

I asked,  
Why a soldier,  
in his grave of foreign soil,  
still exists as life dead, but speaks  
to those open and living a life?

And in the most horrific tone,  
cried aloud,  
lovingly felt, hard at first,  
but understood what was meant,

*I am but living in a state,  
consciously  
crying of loss, lament in me,  
about a life so young and brave  
to come at first,  
before knowing hell on earth.*

*So please explain to those alive,  
war as weapons, as hate-filled men  
depart battlements entrenched  
fear as loss and ugly hellish-ment  
falls asunder everywhere  
and in how, never once  
but do constantly regret.*





So sad, the lament  
deeply bedded inside me

## The Soldier's Lament

He cried incessantly as he slept.  
Or was it contemplation or reflect  
on what had been and he had been  
part of that horrific unending daily scene?

He knew he had been there once before  
remembered well and truly what was war for ...  
and then, as if a burdensome task  
he was ordered once more  
to be part of that horrendous task.

What is it, he asks inside  
that makes one obey the idiocy  
of war and democracy?

Is it that, I am so trite not to see  
what it is that I am working  
on whose behalf?

No such reality as death in one's face  
face to face with an enemy  
before not to have known or faced.

What is it about the soldier's lament  
after the task to deal with those  
who apparently need to be eradicated  
from their own soil and life now spent?

Are we real  
in a twenty-first century ...  
or more of the same



God,  
I ask of thee right now ...



## **Are you for real**

or part of this enormous task  
to sort out in man what he,  
in Your name does do  
to those who are now victims  
of a war insidious as this  
and others appear now to be?

What are You asking of me right now,  
as I sit and contemplate the village ahead  
destroyed by us, the futile crew  
who know in our hearts the damage done...

and to those poor and disfigured  
now suffering?

## **What type of human are we being?**

Or is it more about that part  
being something as yet  
known and felt  
but left prior to the battle  
and lives of hell now spent?

Task, oh task  
whatever is that 'being' about?  
Try as I may  
the story is the same,  
battle after battle, day after day.

Years now have passed and still it rages on  
toward a never ending type of lament  
for those now having to face that storm,  
religious in its fervour - for what?

Now as I sit alone  
the box of a soldier,  
dear friend I have known.

***Dead as dead.***  
***And dead***  
***no more of me to him.***

But there you are  
the story being war ...  
and torn from limb to limb,  
body no longer formed as was.

Creatures sure ... but what for now  
so horribly disfigured  
no more could bear ... let alone we men.

No more of him to me







Soldier dear to me.  
Soldier valiant,  
but what for ... in coffin spent?



No more than  
for a shilling, a cent,  
of currency.

No one here  
of value to him  
and they  
to mourn just yet.

Take me aside somewhere safe.  
Take me to a place where the smell  
of fuming bodies rotting does not reach.

### **Take me far, far away**

to a safety no one, any day  
from now will access as I pray,  
preaching  
toward my known thoughts  
about greed and hunger,  
destruction and such.

But most of all  
the loss of those dearly departed,  
both sides I now cry to sleep  
waking though with sweated brow  
knowing I have had a hand  
in all of that ...

### **massive hell on earth man creates**

while women we love supposedly,  
cry too for the loss enormous  
for they did in me carry and bear.



Take me aside somewhere safe

**They say,  
that the life of a soldier  
is very brave.**

But nothing more about  
the ridiculous battlement stage  
where men in uniforms, once grand  
stink of putrid-detritus.

Something only known  
on the battlefield prior and after.

And then again and again  
in nightmarish endeavour  
trying to rest -  
away from such as these.



*Stained by mud, blood and entrails*

## *A sense of death*



You sought out the mind  
of we, the soldier crew  
on battlefield dawn to dusk  
and know we are not to listen  
because we contain no heart any more  
in this fighting stage of our lives.

And yet,  
in that fight is a sense of death  
and that brings reality forward  
into a once laden-less heart.



**B**ut now of course,  
well aware the lament  
is a torrid, not peaceful,  
love-hate affair.

You are not a religious type,  
this God of many,  
mostly here on the battlefield  
where cries enormous,  
in struggling to survive is heard  
as loud as any in torment mode,  
but there you are, a sectarian too  
not just for the many praying here to You.

I thought God  
some form of superior,  
skywards being.  
But here on the battlefield  
it is more about  
the way forward, once done.

For there  
in the nightmarish world,  
we take on the thoughts.  
And feelings are more about  
something far greater  
than our minuscule-ness.

How can this be possible  
to such as I here  
trying to stave off death and live  
for what is an eternity  
of that nightmarish-ness?



How can this be possible



## Questions, questions ...

arise out of the quagmire  
to ask the proverbial, known now. ...

What is this life on earth all about here  
as women and men struggle to survive?

What is the purpose and meaning  
in all of this warring, hating, hurting  
and vile behaviour ensconced  
as we breathe putrid-ness everywhere?

What is the purpose and meaning  
of a life once born to establish and create,  
design and desire a courageous, caring  
and lovingly felt life time here, while alive?

Take for instance,  
this world I am in presently,

What type of living is this,  
when those I love are wondering  
if I will come to them ...  
ever once more - or again?

**What point to all of this?**

**Who is to gain ... and what is it,  
that they actually contain?**



*I have given enormous thought  
to all this waging of wars  
on the scale incomprehensible.*

*And come to now believe it is  
purely a means to scatter the globe  
into tiny pieces of detritus.*

*So one enormous capacity for might  
can be controlling,  
as if the devil in sheep's attire*

*But with an intent to control  
as and when for their insatiable  
greed-infested desires.*

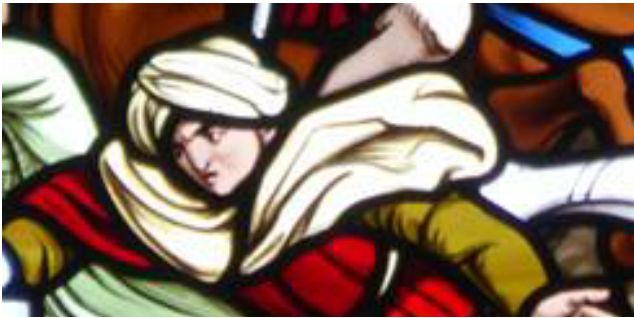
Conquer at your peril



Conquer at your peril dear one  
for this is the last battle to now be run.

**No winners**  
**in any form of cause.**

And for you dear fellow  
this that you are a party to  
has no cause that you consider of valour ...



For you dear friend  
will have created hell on earth  
both to these unknown cultural crowd  
and too those dear as dear  
to mourn forever more.

## **There is a sense,**

a type of cloud  
that causes  
men and women alike  
to know,  
at some form of stage in life ...

that the platform will erect  
some forward scene  
to remember and reflect  
toward the value  
of a human being.

And that part,  
being left untouched  
but value full-some,  
is waiting in the wings ...  
to be found,  
loved and resurrect.



Waiting in the wings



*A tragedy*



**So tragic  
the death of one so young.**

But there you are,  
an offer too hard to neglect  
the incentive on the table square  
giving all those promises ...  
and wealth to be shared.



But we know quite well from here  
that the only hope for wealth extraordinaire  
is to believe in one's own true sense of pride  
about worth and worthiness inside.

God bless all the angels  
that surround one on earth



But of course in battle,  
to protect themselves  
they wait as those fall ...  
and in the quiet spaces in-between  
gather up any soldier's soul.



The loss of one so precious

God, who or what is lovingness



You spoke to me about *lovingness*  
and what that means away from this.  
And here are a few clues to consider  
away from that mess.

**God is not a male**  
**as is touted over the years**  
**and being used to excuse**  
**the likes of wars.**



**No, God is a form,**  
**a seed, a speck that sits**  
**within that part of your brain**  
**while in you at times**  
**comes as thoughtfulness.**

Sadly so,  
the world is crying out  
for a saviour type mentality  
to work a miracle  
as you, who sit describe  
as needed here in war.



But this is already happening  
in some awakened on earth.

Those to whom have had enough.  
Those to whom decry such as this.  
Those who are able to use their wits  
to provide a forum that others may join  
even if technology connects.

I sought out to know why  
these instruments  
are valued so highly, as the Internet.

And was struck to know  
that it is the only means  
for others to communicate,  
as time permits naught  
especially to meditate and or reflect,  
think and contemplate.

All of the above forms are required  
to set the dial onto another course  
away from a sense that violence is a normality ...  
when in fact peace is the way forward  
to hurt no one and re-address  
the destruction of everyone and everywhere,  
especially the life saving planet we are on.



**Peace is the way forward**

So I settled the bet,  
that I may live a while  
and this is what I got  
in reply to my request,

Look to the damage done  
and ask of yourself,

## **Who is to blame when the day is done?**

Who is able to take responsibility  
for those actions in each soldier  
and civilian partaking in those  
horribly destructive, devious ways?

Who is responsible at home  
away from the evidence  
never ever to be shown?

Who is aware and sleeps in slumber  
known as, the deniers lament?

## **Who are the people struggling to tell the truth?**



## **Who are we when the day is done?**

And believe it or not  
consciousness has never been  
fully appreciated as yet.

But I am now  
fully appreciative  
that the way forward  
is a hellish landscape to live.





## Take no prisoners



## I have heard it all before

Why not take anyone  
willing to be spared?

The answer simply.

Why bother,  
they are the enemy  
and of no considerable use,  
unless a scientist  
or creator of weaponry  
for the next killing war  
and destructive behaviour elsewhere?

So the story, as truth  
is a difficulty to be spread ...



As everyone  
is afraid of the next step  
if they confess as is  
what they heard preached  
as war drums  
and making for the next exercise.

Or is it more about  
the value, the prize?



## Take no prisoners



Take no prisoners,  
is an excuse to do naught.

Instead to value each life  
as was given on earth to be lived.

Take no one of any use.

**What type of an individual  
would sprout such hate  
without knowledge  
of the individual  
they want to eradicate?**



Oh how I have suffered  
these last few  
slumber enriched days  
away from the battle  
of trying to value a life  
of which is naught -  
now that the lives and homes,  
buildings extra-ordinary,  
I have caused to fall.

## **What type of life now am I expected if live?**

What type of husband and father will I be  
knowing in my head the disastrous effect  
on those living over there, now dead and left?

Please give me some form of advice  
about the way forward, if I am spared  
to homeward again live my life?

The story begins again and again,  
but in reality  
it is a soldier you will be to the end.





Perplexed

There is no clear cut answer  
to who we are ...  
because no time is spent to uncover  
the goodness type of value  
we have and hold inside.



## ***Killing is a form of disgust***

But not on the pages  
of our uniquely interesting tales of old,  
historically written, Biblical texts.

So why now do we care to advise  
when in history, men as women too  
have striven to destroy lives?

Are we not a source rich  
for those willing to put down the gauntlet  
or AK47, gun hugging machinery?

A source, a magnitude  
far greater than weaponry,  
far greater than thought  
as naught in battle  
or home-front spending spree.

This that I am to offer  
is greater than all on earth  
considered as wealthy to adore,  
explore, expand and accept.

**This is a form of thought,  
inwardly expressive.**



Who are you God



God, I said, Who are You ...  
if a seed, a speck, a tiny, tiny  
membranous type of infection  
upon my brain stores?

Are You some form  
of destructiveness ...

or is that -entirely my own  
to accept, correct and re-invest?



Nothing of worth  
is ever  
to be acquired on earth  
apart from  
addressing the behaviour,  
un-necessarily sprouted about.

Nothing of worth is acquired  
because it required you to accept  
that you are not perfected. -

But on a path  
to re-address and resurrect  
for the benefit of those  
to who you love and care.

But mostly for yourself  
and that part inside,  
you deny at your peril,  
for that is thought, extraordinaire.







Someone said,  
the battle  
is for collecting those of evil  
and destroying their lives  
because they are not  
to democratise.

Is this a fact  
or man made  
Propagandize-ment?

Sorry Lord, I forgot  
what I was actually wanting,  
as the soldier in command  
was sprouting about another hill  
or barrier to overtake, subject.

Or was it just another mosque,  
hill or hut, village as such?

## ***What are we here for?***



No hope of understanding  
what we are here for  
as I am unfamiliar  
with those types here  
not like us at home.

**What is it  
about difference  
I find so hard  
to come to terms?**

What is it  
about my own life  
and how I am naught  
when in conversation,  
a soldier away, has nothing  
back home to report?

Then there is all that  
of a deep throat mentality  
that should we break the golden rule  
hell on earth in some form  
of containment will ensue.

So God, is this the type you put on earth?  
Or is there another form inside  
we can bring about and consider more  
about loving and all forms of care?

Oh dear God, I am to hope  
for those night sweats are horrendous  
and keep me in total containment.

## Battle fatigue



The thought  
of battle craze  
keeps me afraid  
I will kill my wife and children  
on return  
as so many have suicided ...

and told before their death  
that the fear of killing, maiming  
or destroying a married home  
is what puts them in a state of craziness.



Oh how I love them,  
but fear the worst

**I love you,  
Do you hear that voice  
in your mind of loving care?**

Comes because you are to struggle now  
about your own life and validity,  
about the value of others  
regardless creed, colour, or religiosity.

The value is surfacing  
and needs to be understood.

It is not necessary to kill yourself  
because inside the value of yourself  
does truly and faithfully to you exist.

It is a thought form of consciousness.

It is brought about by considering your life  
and what is important now to contemplate  
and no longer battle toward  
more wars and killing of lives.

It is about conscience and how we relate.

It is about the value of everyone  
regardless of the lies  
propaganda spreads.

More about the value  
of everyone on earth,  
the preciousness  
and uniqueness  
of their life and birth.



More about the value  
of human endeavour  
and living a rather  
wonderment time on earth.

Some form of learning  
is part of that exploration  
but only to allow time  
to explore the value of yourself  
and others living a life.

Some form of horrific-ness is involved  
but hopefully at some point to rectify  
how you were to exceptionally survive.

## **You are a valued member of humanity**

But it would be far more beneficial  
to follow your own thoughts, religiously  
about the way in which you are to decide -

as choice  
is the conscience to undertake  
in far more  
wonderfully explanatory ways  
in your daily exploits -

the value of everything  
in which you are to learn  
has potential to uncover  
a person of considerable worth,  
purposeful and rich ...

to reunite with that Self  
of extraordinary value,  
that thoughtful space  
in mind, the brain -

the storage facility  
of all of your life  
and your family's lives.







The soldier laments

The soldier laments  
his time at war  
because  
it begins to unleash itself  
more and more.

Very devious  
how it creeps upon a mind,  
in turmoil  
for most of the time.

So, a time  
of allowing those thoughts,  
ugly as they are,  
to surface and re-address  
to allow healing, eventually  
to know that was part of a life  
now ready to let go.

The soldier  
is a valiant sort

but not quite  
of the humanity trail  
of caring and loving.

So a time away,  
a time to consider,  
a time to be kept in comfort  
supported and nurtured.

Until time eventually allows  
acceptance of those deeds ...  
and not to be  
destroying the future  
where humility and care  
can become as one.



*A time to allow for healing*



The message,  
in all of these thoughts,  
as verse ...  
is to compile a way forward  
from that  
war wracking disease  
to that  
of a more futile seen sport -  
time out for reflection  
away from the hoards.

# Salvation



Salvation is not a crime

Salvation is not possible  
all of the time ...



## Salvation is a way to rectify

what in our name  
and other peoples praises  
war is an insidious game to play ...

But this is not only a necessity  
but a crime to continue harming the planet  
and the in-numerous countries.



War is an insidious game to play

*So the story,  
as with Containment,  
is about learning to live  
a more harmoniously rich  
and worthwhile life on earth.*

**Caring too  
is part of that call.**

Loving too is part  
but more an end type form  
to allow healing  
eventually to show support  
and come in to the mind,  
prior suffering.



No more war, soldier dear



*So, Soldier's Lament  
came to me  
when in the battlefields  
of Flanders  
and Ypres, especially.*

**So many came  
and talked that day  
as I sat and lamented  
over lives lost endlessly ...**

**So many single sticks,  
planted as if trees.**

So many white edifices  
to what was a human being.

So many of everything,  
including standards and such.

Monuments of bravery to those humongous lives  
innocently, stupidly, un-educated in warfare, went.



**Hopeful young lives in droves  
to bear now as witness in rows  
upon hideousness.**

## God bless that life lost

For whatever reason, now  
makes no scrap of difference.  
But to the mothers, wives,  
children and lovers ... what of them?



*No one utters a word*

No one speaks.  
No one utters a word.  
Or looks how, from that day  
they too were able to sleep.



No one mentions  
the lives on the home front  
left to fend for themselves,  
starving some.

No one mentions  
the help given and lost.

No one mentions  
how little was done for those few  
who came home not themselves.

Not one is able to mention anything  
about that life and promise it had  
because no one who sent them - cared one bit less.

## Evil war monger tribe



So,  
the crime against humanity  
begins and ends  
with a statement  
about the value-less tribe  
who sends  
those men and women to graves ...

graves unkempt of loved ones  
because they themselves  
are now dead.  
And when alive  
too far, too expensive -  
to go to them.



And of course,  
which row, back then  
as perhaps  
those sticks, forest-like  
were not afforded for them.



*A crime against humanity*



Do not die my love  
for in me too I am now dead.

Love is lost  
in battle regalia.  
Love is not present  
in the fields of blood.

*What came to me,  
was a lament so strong  
I felt the weight of history  
bear down  
and sobbed with them.*

*Voices rich in stories of old.*

*Voices of harmfulness  
about what they were being told.*

*Voices of young and older too,  
women some  
who had, to the battle joined,  
back from the front  
but none the less  
bravery in them ... healers some.*

Where is love to be found



So lament,  
is both at home  
and too the front  
of any battle man has yet,  
in themselves  
to know how to address.

But is it love?

And where inside ...  
is that to be found?

Where inside ...  
is it to be reached  
when on this planet  
no love inside,  
including that of speech?

*This is  
the formation at hand  
for everyone -*

**Wake up, stand up,  
address behaviour,  
first point.**

**And then  
in your heart  
look real hard -  
truth exists.**

But you dear friend  
have to form that from your head.  
Not just think a moment.  
But try daily to observe,  
consider  
and value each day as the last.

Think deeply, within your heart,  
before to war you depart



## Voices of the dead lament



The soldiers' graves kept  
but where are they ... and meant



*The soldiers' graves  
give a hint,  
but most who are to visit  
get upset and weep.*

*Men, as women by their sides,  
or soldiers of the present brigades  
bus loads on days set aside.*

**But none aware  
how vile it is to them,  
those voices of the first  
and other wars do lament.**

## *Bibliography:*

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