

“My Child of War”

*Oh my little child who I left behind,
I pray for your understanding and hope you'll be kind.
You were born of my blood and of my heart,
and when I desperately needed, your mom played the part.
We were all simply actors governed by scripts,
without knowledge of endings, not even a hint.*

*You see, the war was our hell on heaven and earth,
the flames of destruction was our only hearth.
Sometimes we were warriors, others just a lonely child,
emotions strung out from one end to the other, totally wild.
Yet loving was a requirement just to survive,
an emotional swap for taking a life.*

*Plans for a family had no place in the field,
only war strategies were all that was fulfilled.
And child you weren't merely a product of war,
you're born of desperation for survival, our only real chore.
It doesn't mean that I love you less, oh child of mine,
I grieve for making you a part of that horrible time.*