

# Along the Path to Empire

## A Poem of Closure

My knowledge rejected  
Their ignorance grows  
stronger  
My courage rebuked.  
Though not for much longer.

For I dare not remain  
Amongst those who pretend  
That a Robin called Hood  
Are governments that mend.

In the year seven-four  
I fled when was told  
My homeland to leave  
Or, with love I should mold.

For poorly knew I  
To love bombs with hellfire  
Exploded on people  
For the sake of desire.

In the year nine an' one  
I left still again.  
Perhaps we'd erred once  
But again and again?

I knew it was wrong,  
But, elusive a cure.  
I watched and I waited  
From lands just as pure.

In two thousand one  
Vengeance begotten  
The answer remained  
Both elusive and rotten.

In two null and one,  
Then two null and three  
War upon war  
No sense could there be.

So distant two lands  
No threat to foresee  
To our land of the "brave"  
Our home of the "free".

In two null and eight  
Then, in two null and ten  
The cure and the answer  
Were not yet in pen.

Just a little more time  
And no idle effort,  
I would return still again  
But, this time in comfort.

For now in my grasp  
Were both cause and  
solution  
Of my homeland's malaise  
And source of confusion.

For the enemy without  
But a rueful deception  
Was an ill-gotten target  
Of malevolent conception

At home was the fiend  
I had several times fled  
An insidious growth  
A leach yet unbled.

The epithet now clear  
Is currency corruption  
The inexorable core  
Of a system of spoliation.

Surely beguiled, but  
Not without guilt  
Our guard we'd let down  
Much blood would be spilt.

Abandoned had we  
Our fathers so wise  
Their spirit of freedom  
A once glorious prize.

Government no longer  
A good born of evil  
But one born of good  
Yet a mask to unveil.

Then, many a boom  
With a bust after each  
A temptation for war  
A new lesson to teach.

Lessons of glory  
In books so well read  
The stories of heroes  
And so many now dead.

And so had it been  
That our empire grew  
Long gone was our freedom  
The sovereignty we knew.

The mask still in place  
Our heads in the sand  
We follow along blindly  
With money in hand.

Aware, but unwary  
Alert, but asleep  
We cuddle our fancy  
A false shepherd of sheep.

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