

Thoughts on Ukraine

The carnage and destruction being visited upon Ukraine in the current war of attrition, and the declaration by President Zelensky that Ukraine will not cease fighting until every inch of territory is regained and the Crimea reclaimed, gave rise to thoughts concerning 'what price victory', hubris, and the future of that ravaged country. Almost immediately the insightful poem, Ozymandias, sprang to mind, and brought forth: Thoughts on Ukraine, a Prose Poem.

Thoughts on Ukraine, a Prose Poem

(With apologies to Percy Bysshe Shelley)

I met a traveller from Ukraine,
Who said – 'There a statue stands,
To Volodymyr Zelensky, the Great Liberator,
Yet all around was desolation and ruin,
The graves of a generation of young men,
With missing women & children scattered abroad,
A country in name only, uncultivated,
A vast ruin of destroyed homes and infrastructure'.

Such is the fate of those who fail to seek,
A peace based on compromise to end a war,
Who are determined to prolong a valiant fight,
To the death of the last man, while they seek,
To regain every inch of territory in dispute,
Heedless of the ultimate cost.

A pyrrhic victory at best with the spectre
Of a humiliated colossus bent on vengeance,
Rearming and restoring its military might,
For the launching of a future, final blitzkrieg.

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