

A FAIR GO AND NO MORE BETRAYAL

We were soldiers who played the domino game
In foreign arenas for Caesars who sought global fame
They with other Canberra Suits often waved us goodbye
Uttered stirring slogans with fluttering flags held high
We were K Force, Regs and Nashos clad in proud thread
The game we played was scored in wounded and dead
We tightened our belts when hungry for a crust of bread
Faced the unknown and dangers but never complained
Endured stifling heat, mud and icy soaking rain
It became the norm for little rest, be it night or day
Fleeting fragmented visions of loved ones far away
Our bedroom a rocky ridge, a swamp or a trench
Too often surrounded by death and its terrible stench

Time marches on but the scene is very much the same
Youngsters in national cloth still play the bloody game
The Suits attend farewells for those with broken spears
Nod and shuffle as loved ones mourn with many tears
Then leave to visit yesterday but fail to plan tomorrow
In their wake are families left to exist in deep sorrow
Meanwhile false promises to vets who once did dare
Some who live on Struggle Street with cupboards bare
Pleas for a fair go are ignored by Suits who do not care
We need Allies and not Brutus or Judas with such plight
No more betrayals by Caesars who organize such fights
Never fear, create another memorial or a new gong
That's how Pollys make a right from a very old wrong

George Mansford © March 2011