

MONSTERS

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We've created monsters out of the boys who we once hoped would father our grandchildren.

We have denied them their youth and have driven them to war with each other, teaching them that the only way to ensure that you own something, it is to show your strength and authority over it, whatever way possible, whatever the outcome it may be.

We've coated love with the face of hatred and put infidelity above all else. We've rushed them into a battle that was never supposed to be theirs and today they sit on building blocks and wish they could have been given the chance to lay at least one brick wrong and make that life changing mistake.

They have thoughts that change the world but they have been robbed of experiencing their youth, their unjust laughs are but distant memories of a childhood that could have been.

Today they sit on top of the world, reminiscing, trying to figure out this life thing with its ups and downs, what's next? We've hurt their souls and moulded them into spiritless, clones willing to do as told and when told to.

We've created monsters out of boys who could have been presidents and leaders, we armed them with guns instead of books, stuffed them with hate and spat out their love, drowned them in religion and deprived them of spirituality.

We have castrated their humanity and given them balls of steel to present themselves. Only then do we

say they have earned our respect because we have buried them deep in the system, we have let them rot so that all we are left with are skeletons in the closet.

Dragging deep breaths, we have fed them the opium of the masses and have turned it into law, today they die for us like men of honour, dressed in their Sunday best, their shirts beautifully ironed, a smile on their face and their eyes closed as they hum what could be their last hymn watching over a flag that has defined them and will continue to define them for years to come.

We beat them drums that sung songs of freedom only to have them marching in lines, crosses on their chests, their feet together as they move forth, ready to destroy all that may stand in their way only to bring them back in dark brown coffins, hearts having stopped, we robbed them of their humanity, we robbed them of their life.

We have created monsters out of the young men we once hoped would father our grandchildren. We have fed them images of a promised land and have created a rat race which they have to undertake in order to reach the promised land.

We have taught them the art of lying and the skill of looting, we've created monsters out of the young men for we have fed them images of ourselves and have promised them a land that does not exist without hardwork.

We have created a monster that forces itself upon others even when being told not to, its forgotten how to listen and its escaping the hands of its creator, now my question is, will we be killed by this monster we have created?