Into the Fire

The day's latest war…
Let's just be clear: we are not fighting over land, resources, security, ideology or theology.

We're fighting our pride. I detest idolatry because flags born of blood end up in tatters, driving the whole world into darkness. Pride and violence have never achieved justice, but we fight and fight, throwing infants like sacks of potatoes, into the fire.

No one is wrong. No one wants to take responsibility for their actions. Instead, each side appeals to the world, saying that the other is at fault, while an elderly man is thrown into the fire.

One man's sworn vengeance haunts another generation.

Violence is justified, based on a narrow, legalistic conception of "god" which endorses violence instead of abhorring it in all forms. Fundamentalism seeks peace through the destruction of tolerance instead of through the transformation of violence and fear. Now we're carrying God on a rail. There She goes, tarred, feathered and naked, into the fire. She cries for Her children as flames engulf Her.

The fire is burning without end; day and night the jingoists stoke the flames. I'll tell you what else is in the flames: economic security, as we destroy the resources taken from the earth. Smoke rises, flames continue to burn communities, as refugees look for a land to flee to.