

DIVIDED BY RACE, UNITED IN WAR - Gone But Never Forgotten -

By Zita Holbourne - Poet ~ Artist ~ Activist

DIVIDED by race, UNITED in war
Could not have imagined what was in
store
First Class soldier, Second Class citizen
Treated as if foe rather than as kin

Volunteers from Africa and the
Caribbean
Their efforts in two world wars
forgotten
Proudly fighting for 'King and Empire'
Liberty and peace their wish and desire

Mistreated and humiliated
When they ought to have been
celebrated
Dispatched to different corners of the
world
Contending with isolation and cold

Putting their lives like others on the line
All blood runs deep red just like yours
and mine
Proud to serve for the 'Mother Country'
Shoulder to shoulder, onwards to
victory

But where are the awards and honour
For those forgotten because of colour?
We're born equal in the eyes of God
Same battle scars and path to victory
trod

Risking lives whilst stripped of dignity
But 'Mother Land' after not so kindly
Those fortunate not to have fallen and
survived
Could not have anticipated or conceived

That when they returned to help rebuild
the country
They'd be abused and treated so badly
Fast to forget their efforts and bravery
'Liberty and Peace' now a mockery

Without justice there can be no peace
All they wanted was for hatred to cease
So they could contribute to society
Live life equally and freely

It's time to erase this ugly stain
So all of us can know the name
Of each and every one that stood
Honour their memory as we should

For those who answered England's
calling
For those who survived and those sadly
fallen
For every woman and man
Caribbean and African

Who were divided by race whilst united
in war
Recognise what they were fighting for
Let us say their names
Not to mask Britain's shame

But to honour and celebrate
Lest we forget the impact of hate
When left unchallenged to fester
As in the days of yester

The best way to honour their legacy
Is to rise up for peace in their memory

Gone But Never Forgotten

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