



On ANZAC Day We Stand and Think

On ANZAC Day We Stand and Think is a poem dedicated to millions of Armenian, Greek and Assyrian Christians who were brutally killed by the Ottoman Empire – 70 civilians for every ANZAC (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) that fell at Gallipoli fighting the Turks.

Shamefully, USA, UK, Australian and NZ leaders have pretended that the religious/ethnic cleansing of Christians during WWI from their ancient ancestral homelands isn't genocide, because – in their view – human life is less important than a 'strategic alliance' with Turkey. In the name of humanity, please recognise the Armenian Genocide.

On wind-swept hills the Turks await,
Among sweet thyme and bush ablaze,
From distant lands men know their fate,
From ships they stare to hell amaze.

They stood for right against our foes,
To fight the Turks Great Britain called,
An Empire dying, its final throes,
Killing its people, the world appalled.

Christian soldiers forced to fight,
For the Ottoman, threat to rear,
For the Pasha, using might,
Against Armenians, full of fear.

On ANZAC Day we stand and think,
Why fight here now, this blood stained cove?
Excitement gone, in a blink,
Into horror, brave men drove.

Now we read a mournful story,
Of tragedy and tales so bold,
But do we remember history,
Or only partial truth we're told?

ANZAC soldiers, muddy trench,
Cry for our fallen; heaven sent,
The smell of dead and dying stench,
Weep also for the innocent.

You can hide it, fog of war,
Preaching murder it was not,
But it's a truth we can't ignore,
Christian suffering never forgot.

On ANZAC Day we stand and think,
Of sacrifice at Gallipoli,
But we fought for right, thus the link,
Blind to genocide we cannot be.

