

Syria: 2011 – Present

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“It’s time to go” the people cried.
“Mr President, you must step aside.
We want elections, democracy.”
They demonstrated peaceably.

“Corruption, we have had enough.
The elite just line their pockets”
The people ask for dialog.
The régime replies with rockets.

The rebels respond; the army retreats
And loses the upper hand.
The rebels advance effectively
Slowly taking more land.

The President’s army is losing the war;
Damascus is surrounded.
The air force is useless at fighting back
And is effectively grounded.

The régime calls in the Russians
Who bring their bombers and skills.
Their objective is to maximise
The rebels losses with kills.

They bomb the schools and hospitals,
Markets and homes galore.
No one’s spared from bombardment
Neither the rich nor the poor.

Women and children are not exempt.
Cities and towns are flattened.
Thousands and thousands lose their lives.
All their houses are battered.

Over nine years this war has run
With still no end in sight.
The remaining enclave of Idlib
Is slowly losing the fight.

Never before has a ruler
Wrecked his country this way.
All because he wants to hang on
And certainly determined to stay.

Pity the people of Syria
Who no nation goes to aid.
The Russians just bomb with impunity.
A tragedy Assad has made.

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