

**Nathan Hesketh's poem composed read at the Monument rally on No War in Ukraine - 12-03-2022**

It's an old war this cold war but it warms up so fast.  
Thermostats rise, penned in sentiments evolving to a blast.

Can we risk, and do we dare, when we weaponise the Baltic's against a great angry bear.

France, the UK, Belgium, Turkey, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and the U S of A, joint holding of nukes to keep the bear at bay.

See it's an old war this cold war - and the truth is hard to see, that picking sides makes no sense, no sense at all at least non to me.

Flag waving pacifists celebrating arming our friends to the teeth, then citing stop the war, like weaponry gains peace.

No war has winners, and in death do we cry, it's an old war this cold war, good vs evil is a big fat lie, come Russia, or NATO - both sides have an agenda, spill the blood of innocents while they sit in their hacienda.

Born into this threat, a gun to our head, a big red button controlled by sick men, twisted in motives no shame for what's said, it's an old war this cold war, and it's heating up so fast - 4 minutes is all the next step will last.

White flash, hold your nearest close, they melt to your sides, no mistake no one survives, pray these psychopaths stop the sharpening of knives.

Pray these psychopaths think more than twice.

Pray these psychopaths want a world for the future.

This will be the last war if we choose to go nuclear.

Because It's an old war this cold war, and it needs to slow down, before it all vanishes and we are left in the ground.

It's an old war this cold war - it makes no sense, men educated in Harvard, Eton, Cambridge and the rest, educated over seas.

Yet their stupid enough to have this world on its knees.

It's like they're in the past, devoid of sense, it's getting really tired now, they need to change their tense.