

A painting of a red flag on a pole in a landscape. The flag is tattered and hangs from a wooden pole. In the background, there is a two-story house with a chimney, and a landscape with rolling hills and a path. The sky is blue with white clouds. The text is overlaid on the flag and the sky.

Not the flag of a community,
That was forced to leave their farms.
This is not the flag of a nation,
Nor an heraldic coat of arms.

This is not the red of the passion,
That enflamed the preacher's brow;
Nor the red of the primary school -
For they're both a memory now.

This is not a cloth of comfort,
That warmed the children's beds,
Nor the fabric of society,
Because that was torn to shreds.

This is not a symbol of welcome,
That shone from the old inn's hearth.
That was not the snap of laughter,
Nor a wave from a neighbour's path.

This is instead a warning -
"This land is now not yours."
"Keep out. Be gone!" Uprooted
The native song is paused.

Where once men toiled on their land
There now, they just sow war.
This flag flies inviting death,
The cape of the matador.