



The war can only end with more war

by

Good Citizen

on

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Sacrificing Ukrainian youngbloods for the western war machine.

The youngbloods cry out with screams of mercy while prone in the sunflower fields of Lugansk

"The Cauldron is forming and soon we'll be surrounded! When does it end!?"

The big blue sky above ignores them.

A nearby Azov officer hears them ask to surrender. Two by two the screamers get taken to the shallow side of a slope and shot in the back of the head.

Final thoughts while gazing out to the horizon to take in their last breath: my death is happening because it was entirely preventable.

The entirely preventable war can only end with more war. The entirely preventable deaths can only end with more death. NATO's orders.

It was always going to end the way we know it will end.

With more war.

The only thing they're trying to prevent now is any narrative that undermines their aims to prevent it from ending.

They say World War One was fought for reasons nobody really knows. The death and devastation were so unfathomable, so inconceivable, it was to be the war to end all wars.

As long as people believe only war can end wars, then the war will only end with more war.

This war is being fought for reasons nobody with a functioning brain really believes.

Democracy? Freedom? Insert all the laughing, crying, rolling on the muddy death fields of Ukraine emojis in the digital universe, plus all the facepalms, and pregnant men facepalms.

Forget the Nazis, the Oligarchs, the cocaine comic, the NATO clowns, the American empire war complex, the district of corruption, the demented diapered one, the EU tyrants begging for economic and energy catastrophes a la carte.

They all stand to gain from the blood of young Ukrainians, from their sacrifice for a set of conditions that were never going to be met even when all the world knew it before a single shot was fired.

They played Russian roulette with a country and most people celebrating its sacrifice for global evil can't point to it on a map. They all cry out in unison like one mindless drone across the earth: "Keep dying youngbloods! The war will only end with more war!"

Now we can see the wave rising at the border of Poland and Ukraine, on the horizon set for a prearranged destiny that nobody wants besides those with nothing to risk. All their instruments of war crossing the border will ensure that the war will surely end with more war.

You can see the wave of youngbloods across the muddy fields. They wore their boots out running for the Oligarchs safely in London.

They were there in late February, forced to stay and fight. The young men in cheap nylon ski jackets, trapped in their national prison, kicked off the trains, stopped at the borders, told to go and die for the Oligarchs safely on their yachts in Monaco.

"Putin is evil young man, don't you know that?"

The youngbloods nod in agreement and move their gaze toward the ground utterly disgusted with themselves for nodding and not asking, "Why?"

The baby-faced boys of Kyiv fresh from their gaming chairs and Uber Eats delivery routes. Once giddily bouncing from school classes to casual conversations at cafes that young people have. A rifle stuffed into their hands, three days of performative training, and a swift shove to the meat grinders. Forcibly conscripted into the NATO death machine.

The war must continue and will only end with more war. Five hundred million for more war. Seven hundred million. Do I hear eight hundred million? Do I hear nine hundred?

There's money to wash through the national laundering operations pouring forth from the U.S. Department of treasury like a fire hose plugged into the central bank of the fourth most corrupt country on earth. Too many pockets need lining before the youngbloods can be called back home from the fronts.

All wars really end with a negotiated peace. Not this one. The word *peace* is forbidden. So is the word *diplomacy*.

Even when Russia has mopped up the final villages for liberation in the Donbas and taken Odesa in the south, and the final Ukrainian Nazis are rounded up for trials and detention and a decade henceforth after all regions are flying the Trikolor flag, the Americans will be finding more weapons to send and demanding the comic find more youngbloods to sacrifice.

Their mothers and sisters sit in Polish and German refugee shelters, waiting for news. That dreaded news that no mother ever wants. It's the waiting that's most painful.

The mothers know the Oligarchs agreed to the war. And the mothers know that western powers created the war. And the mothers know that the cocaine comic who ran on a peace mandate acquiesced to the war before showing his bloody fangs to the parliaments of the world begging for more weapons of war and more money and more cocaine and claimed "democracy" was at stake, as he was told.

And the mothers know it will be their sons who die for the Oligarchs, the western war powers, and the cocaine comic. They all dreamed of riches that could be justified by making Russia suffer and turning half of Ukraine into a post-apocalyptic hellscape. The mothers know their sons will be the ones to make their dreams come true.

And if they don't know all this now, they will know it very soon one day after they get that call. And start asking questions.

Why did my son have to die for this?

Didn't his dreams ever matter?

How about my dreams for him?

It's been two months in the fields, on the trucks, in the bombed-out concrete ruins of old brutalist apartment blocks, now gone forever. The only silver lining of the war.

Thousands of youngbloods are already dead.

The living youngbloods are skinny, thirsty, tired. Their boots are worn down at the toes and heels. They haven't showered for weeks. An American colonel yells orders at them with a southern drawl they can barely understand.

Soon the war will heat up. The eastern cauldrons will form. The Russians will surround them. The supply lines will grow thin and then stop and even with no water, food, or ammunition left to fight, the commands will come over the radios to the youngbloods of Ukraine, "The war will only end, with more war. Hold your positions."

And the youngbloods who were conscripted into the NATO-CIA meat grinder will one day find themselves on some godforsaken pile of unfarmed dirt. They will look to their right flank and see Nazi hooligans that bullied and beat them at school and threatened to shoot them in the back if they deserted.

Then to their left flank and see the pink flicking uvula of a screaming American Colonel they cannot comprehend, and in that moment of chaos and confusion and inevitable madness that they were forced into, they will grab their unloaded rifles and charge the Russian line.

A newfound burst of energy propels their skinny legs forward directly to the phalanx of Chechen warriors, eager to get their bayonets into Azov hearts.

The youngbloods are racing, they're in it, they're moving now, they're getting there. They haven't felt more alive since they were told to die.

Their faces light up with smiles as they confront the inevitable, which finally makes sense as they



meet it on their own terms, in their own way.

As they hear the first cracks of Russian bullets overhead they turn to one another with the only sane weapon they have left and burst out in fits of raucous laughter.

As youngbloods do.