I’ve never been asked this before,  
asked to inscribe a book  
for someone who’s dead.

I can barely deal with death  
in the backyard, voles preyed on  
by cats, a squirrel caught in the rain barrel:  
late, late fall and water as cold  
as the gnarled hand of death;  
my hand freezes as I pull out  
the ice-stiff remains of squirrel.

It would take a month  
of intense contemplation,  
serious philosophical and theological  
speculation on what would be done  
with the book after it’s signed

before I might come up with something  
appropriate to say; I’m not a priest, not  
a philosopher, not even human  
half the time except when consumed  
by anger, dreams of a holy vengeance.
Yes, the sacrament of revenge
defines me best and would give
this woman whose husband recently died
from wounds suffered in Vietnam,
wounds from decades ago, wounds
eating away every day of his life—solace?
A semblance of peace? Rectification
of wrongs? There is nothing I can offer:

anger and retribution a poor
compensation for loss such as hers.

Loss, it’s been said, is the new poetic
philosophy, but that entails remembrance,
and therapists say
looking back is a time distortion,
a displacement of events,
a danger, self-destructive,
if one stays
for more than a fleeting moment,
causality just a jumble of debris.

Time is an art choreographed
by memory. This woman is beautiful,
lovely in her sincerity. I’m a flippant

SOB; I have to work hard at being nice
in a world where the bastards
always win. I want to write something,
anything,
that will somehow ease or make sense
of her loss, but I know so little:

the world spins from one war to another
as the gods play out their wrathful dreams.
I provide platitudes, nothing more,
hoping the small words will help.

I know what I wrote;
I can’t say it to you.
He was a master sergeant, E-7
when I met him, recently retired,
sitting on his front porch
watching patterns of clouds,
a burgeoning summer storm.
I had stopped—a young lieutenant
with orders for Southeast Asia—
to put the top up on my MG,
the car filling with a sudden, southern rain.
I was driving home after my work as OIC
of a rifle range was done for the day:
my uniform, fatigues freshly starched
and stiff, wilted in the slight chill
of a pattering rain.
So he walked down off his porch,
offered to help, and when we had the top
secured, he invited me to sit and talk
for awhile, to wait until the rain let up,
to have some lemonade.

And then he told me
of his military service, of Korea, of Pusan,
of attacks along the Yalu,
_A police action_, he said,
_like a traffic cop giving out a parking ticket_,
human waves, hordes of Chinese,
the yells they made coming out of the hills
and saber jets, F-86’s, dropping napalm and HE
on waves of Chinese infantry, incinerating
one line of attack after another.
_A police action_, he said.
And then he put the glass of lemonade
to his lips and set it down again slowly
without taking a drink and looked out on the rain.

It’s probably not like that

in Vietnam he said, a bit later.
Can’t hand out parking tickets when the scofflaws
won’t come out of the brush—and then he laughed.
Just a conflict he said, like my wife
wanting to watch one show on TV
when I want to view another.
We watched the rain together,
our voices quiet in the heavy hour before evening.
Rain gusted, slowed,
dripped off the roof, the eaves,
puddled in the flower bed,
the brick pathway to the street.
Skies clearing, no reason left to stay,
I rose to leave. He invited me back;
I could tell he wanted to talk,
or not, perhaps just share the silence,
one war as good as another
for staring at the rain.
Kneel Until Your Knees Bleed: a Fable

Diodorus records a paradigm shift
of some importance, no importance really
if you were a person of little consequence,
a poet perhaps, but if a king your life
would be longer and more prosperous. Ergamanes,
King of Nubia, disdained the divine recall
of the gods, refusing as was custom
to take his own life when issued
a nullification decree by priests of the highest
standing, those few allowed to enter
the inner sanctum of the temple, their holy
of holies, practicing the daily rite of water
worship and sacrifice to the sun, given
the word of god that the king, his time,
his reign, finished on this earth, must
dispatch himself and give way to the next,
a sycophantic heir favored thus by god.
Ergamanes, risen from his marriage bed,
a brace of wives content to a point of satiation,
feels no compunction to obey the priestly
emissaries at his door. He declaims his
god’s command, assembles an army
by mid-day and rides to the forbidden place,
the golden temple, and slaughters all
the priests, both high and low; their marrow
yields to sand. You would likely do the same:
the golden calf or lamb pulled down
and turned to trinkets, statues pummeled
to powder and shard, columns pulled
apart and down, and the whole place
burned. Now a king shall live
forever and the poet’s word,
the historian’s hand, burn with obsequy
long and long and long into the night.
Human Terrain

—And in an instant, suddenly, you will be
visited . . . with thunder and with earthquake and
great noise, with whirlwind and tempest, and the
flame of a devouring fire.
Isaiah 28:6

The proper translation
isn’t All is vanity though
such is found everywhere—
belief in hegemony among nations,
the necessity of imposing one’s hegemonic will:
consider my neighbor manicuring his lawn,
a pungent odor of fertilizer, herbicide,
permeates my clothes as it wafts through
the window. I can’t concentrate
even on the silliest TV; I think of stiff,
impregnated uniforms harder than starch,
bulwark against VX, GB, HD, and laugh
wishing I had my old protective mask.
My neighbor bends over, stiffly, slowly,
presses a multitude of small signs
into the grass, signs required by law
warning, Danger! Herbicide & Pesticide
Application: Do Not Walk or Play
on the Lawn. No, the proper translation
I’m told, explained by a studious seminarian
who almost took his vows but quit
choosing a secular life instead,
reads All is pfff, a sound like the last breath
of air pressed from a bicycle tube
as it’s compressed when removed from the rim, the sound of everything, one time or another, like the theory of everything, this the sound, everything vanishing, pfff, the sound we’ve all heard taking our breath away, present always, background noise to the cosmos as evidenced when the Religious Program Specialist—what used to be called a Chaplain’s Assistant—tells me of being on patrol, long hours penetrating deep through stone portals, along rock ledges, landscape of scarf and scree treacherous as any promise made by faithful and infidel alike. A soldier stops, kneels and pfff, gone, vanished, all ears ringing in the silent rain of dust, blood dry as rock and sand, as a pebble placed in one’s dry, cottony mouth to cure a desiccated tongue to allow speech, but there is none, all vanished in the heat of vaporization as he saw his Christian friend disappear, an IED that could slash and gut a Humvee, turned just at that moment to see him kneel and pfff nothing left because all is vanity, and what stays is the nothing that is there and is not there; his face recedes, his name, not even a replacement because time is short and the mission, the prayer, pfff; an image not an image staying and staying because where else the scripture that explains pfff . . . pfff . . . pfff.
the poems in this anthology engage in an active resistance/negotiation of war/ and the war to come, and by extension, an inquiry into the power of poetry as an act of cultural resistance. This anthology succeeded to counter or resist war. Resistive powers of poetry against the war on Iraq. He speaks to this effect in the final stanza of his poem "After the Anti War March": It’s the day after the march, I should have been there, but here I am now, walking through my words to where. His silence and creative impotence are not signs of his failure as a poet but are due to the bigness of the war event and his fear that he might add, rather than repelling it. The final series of of-verb phrases cast ironic light on his worries and obsessions to reflect on the deteriorating. Sign in. English A book of English poetry. 424 Pages 31.92 MB 21,065 Downloads. sclwol81 as a Reading Book in English Poetry for the Each c:up a pulpit, and ee.cb lear A book; The tuft.ed crow-toe The Cambridge Introduction to Modernist Poetry 277 Pages 2012 1.24 MB 10,329 Downloads. The Cambridge Introduction to Modernist Poetry / Peter Howarth. p. cm. poem’s narrative is doing, telling you about a z Reinventing Romantic Poetry. 320 Pages 2003 1.03 MB 5,125 Downloads. The War on Consciousness - Graham Hancock. Money, happiness and eternal life - Greed. This company tested out a 4-day workweek. War poetry: Free collection of poems about war & soldier poems written in combat. Find First World War poems & videos, poetry from 9 wars & Vietnam War Songs. More than history books are able to do, war poetry captures the essence of wars and transmits emotional legacies to succeeding generations. This collection represents a range of thoughts and experiences as only poets can capture them. Every November 11 on Remembrance Day (Veterans Day) and on Memorial Day (May 26, 2014), it is war poetry that people want to find. People search for the poetry that reflects their own emotional experience losing loved ones to military conflict. They don't want history books. They know what happened. What they want are words which share their pain. War Poems poems from famous poets and best beautiful poems to feel good. Best war poems ever written. Read all poems about war. War Poems. 1. A War Song To Englishmen William Blake. 2. The War Films Sir Henry Newbolt. 34. Song-Books Of The War Siegfried Sassoon. 35. To Lucasta On Going To The War - For The Fourth Time Robert Graves. War is never over Thought the treaties may be signed The memories of the battles Are forever in our minds by Cecil L. Harrison. Read More. A Prayer In Time Of War. The war will change many things in art and life, and among them, it is to be hoped, many of our own ideas as to what is, and what is not, "intellectual." Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea, Whose footsteps are not known, by Alfred Noyes.