The times seem to call for an updating of the well-known acrostical war-horse "The Siege of Belgrade". I have kept the lines as in the original—omitting J, and ending with a second A.

An American army, aptly arrayed,
Boldly, by Bosnia, beleaguered Belgrade;
Clinton's commanders carrying charts,
Dealing democracy's deadliest darts.
Every endeavor, enlightened essay,
For fame, for foggy Freedom, far away.
Generals goad generals, grasping good:
Heartland hails heroic hardihood.
Insular Izetbegovic irony-instilled:
Knotty knowledge—kindly kinsmen killed.
Labyrinthine land learning life's long lore:
Mines midst mortars; Milosevic murders more.
NATO's neighbors: nonconforming nations,
Out of ordinary order, overdone orations.
Paris pact promises peace—pols persevere:
Quickly qualified, quixotic, queer.
Reason recoils, religious rancor rules—
Serbia shells Srebrenica's schools.
Tudjman thinks, then talks timely truce:
Ubiquitous UN umbrella unloose.
Virtue's valorous victims verify:
Washington's warriors walk whilst wond'ring why.
X-rated xenophobic Xanadu:
Yugoslavia! Young Yanks yell, yearn; you
Zillion zealots—zigzaggy zooey zone:
An ancient ardor aches, almost alone.