

Thoughts Upon Visiting a War Memorial

Screaming blasts of light stab the mind
 Of the young killer.
 His elders tempted him with promises
 Of Victory and Honor.
 But now, he crawls through blood, searching
 For pieces of this shattered promise.
 He does not live to kill...
 He kills to live.
 Fragments of memories and corpses float about
 Him with the stagnant smoke of Death.
 "Why?" he asks.
 He doesn't know what he is questioning--
 He only knows that there is a mindless void
 Between logic and porportion.
 The shadow of dusk mists about the unknown soldier,
 No moon, no stars, no light.
 Even the Fires of Hell are black.
 Seventy years later his brave spirt echoes within
 The walls of a silent, somber chamber.

--Matthew Taylor

Dead

once red
 six roses stand stiff with hanging heads
 over the table top
 as if blood had dried on their very petals
 they are dark and brittle.

none of them look at the others anymore
 they all turn away
 leaning out over the vase
 and if they could
 they would fall from the table
 to rest
 once more
 gently upon the ground.

--Matt Butzow