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Language of the Common War

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A spontaneous overflow of smoke to the lungs and powder to the teeth, spitting black tar dust onto my knee accidentally. I vomited daffodils at the edge of the trench. We are not your Vatican ceiling.

The blunt end of my rifle ended life whose face had more color, more property than a sand-toned silence. He did not raise his arms to divinity; the blood bubbled in the back of his throat.

He couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t breathe.

La Belle Dame holds a rifle to my head, a Grecian Urn shatters in my brain. The Rime of the Ancient lie of war: War is always, war is courage, war is hell.

War is there, sitting at the wrong park bench with the wrong toy gun that one man wants so desperately to be real. Excuses are piled higher than the bodies of the battles that should not be.