



**THE UNITED WORLD OF WAR**



**KRISTIAN CARLSSON**

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Now be witness again, paint the mightiest armies of earth,  
Of those armies so rapid so wondrous what saw you to tell us?  
What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,  
Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous  
what deepest remains?

*Walt Whitman*

In the wars to come new silent deaths, new silent hurlers  
not yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

*Carl Sandburg*

No one wins  
It's a war of man

*Neil Young*

I.

War is war:  
praising the death-thought vanishing point—  
the edge of being inhuman.  
Raising kids comfortable with combat.  
The remains of the humanism are  
merely a moment of birth.

The uttering of desire  
as if nothing exists;  
the trembling  
as if even less exists;  
guidance is searched for  
as if out of routine.

War resembles war.  
War becomes war.  
International war-world.

War is war:  
the remains of war is war and  
surrounding peace is war—

meantime we need to remember.

2.

Ask me in the future but never about it.  
Teacher of war is all.  
Courage will be cropped in a while.  
*Culture* signing—sounding—  
visualizing—visioning war,  
translating senses into symbols;  
preserving the consequences of oppression.  
Violation never puts war at rest.  
Religions will not dodge.  
States will not dodge.  
Testosterone never dodge.  
Comfort is always degraded  
under the impact of modern comfort:  
war gets more comfortable—  
but collective death still annoys  
the common sense.

No liberation of any generation  
from awareness of undergoing wars.  
Mortality is the desecrated archetype.  
Postwar—merely a regional  
misinterpretation of the world.  
Stagnated mankind-societies.  
War-industry is the peacetime profit.

Children apprehending war,  
televised action sets the frames for their acting.  
Other kids raised to kill,  
youngsters in abnormal addiction;  
    breeding as pro-war industry.  
Release the children from the game!

3.

Soldiers allowing Words to translate  
impressions into comedy when  
practical jokes have turned into bore.  
Wartime amusement Grotesque,  
always rejecting common sense.  
Mutilated minds mutilating memory  
into laughable snap-shots of misery.  
Impressively happy.

Witted from war,  
but each day you must re-become,  
one way—no other—nothing original.  
Alas, a moon: critical moment of war and a moon.  
I change like you, to once again remain.

Deformation and defloration  
in pursuit of parental identification.  
Innovating the infantile. But Childhood is lost!  
Mankind is any kind—no one's kind in wartime.  
Unknown mother abused in war.  
Father figure figuring unfelt.  
The ossifying of unprotected vanity  
as stimulation for the simulated days.  
I can never open  
    the Eyes of Comfort.

Alas, the moon. Alas—moon—inevitable.  
Belief turns into myths that turn into fairy tales  
that turn into jokes that turn into reality  
that turns into the explicit that turns into  
hearsay that can turn into belief.  
Words replacing reality;  
fictional worship feels good.

Visions circumventing wartime state of memory.

Private visions are pacifistic sanctuaries.

4.

He still can not see Real Father,  
just rifle-dad, fatherly gun.  
But if he does—and this is the threat—  
words will empty all infancy  
in the paternal mouth;  
still a child, waiting to be raised.  
Running head over health,  
devastatingly fertile.

Yes father: War and Moons:  
first the same, second in change.  
And what is war?  
Lend me an ear, and I will tell you a—son.  
Unknown mother, I have sinned!

Father, mother—words remembered  
for the signing of Parenthood.  
But always reconstructed  
under impact of impersonal destruction:  
Father, mother—  
names *and* namelessness.

The past is as soon as possible—  
kept for future recollection;  
remembrance replaces real-time experience  
for endurance of the present.

In war voices multiply as lips are moving less.  
More voices always to remember, unfamiliar voices.  
My lips imitating whatever spoken.  
Too many voices. My lips twisting  
tales about the once told.

Common Words transformable as I.  
Picturesque visions during overkill—  
uncomfortable, unutterable.  
Words easily mispronounced—  
misinterpreted—reinterpreted.

The sacrifices for other voices,  
dead mouths' last voices.  
I scream with the beseeched voice.  
Parents in search for children—  
through their fingers I sense a tone  
of the specific voice; and from within  
the concordant sounds recall their  
lost ones, give Last Words for  
consolidation of parental memory.  
Sons lay their hands upon my forehead

in search of their beloved.  
Daughters do so, lovers.  
Killers and soon to be killed.

The questioners' own voices  
impressed upon my memory,  
merchandise of mine—  
common wartime poetry  
recited out of painful memory,  
never forgotten, nevertheless sometimes  
mixed up in the quest for knowledge  
about the own forgotten self.  
All time-shyness upon the vision of Family.  
The shame is deconstructing  
whatever the frustration hasn't already torn.

6.

Soldiers out of speech, speechless,  
forcing their tongues into screaming mouths.  
Hatred puts common sense at ease—  
almost kind to one's conscience.  
Taste of screams, seldom bitter—too familiar:  
the violators themselves once such burst-open mouths.  
The reshaping of human mind.  
First time abuser intoxicated by humiliating memories.  
The undergoing of cruelty-initiation—  
terminal deviation from society.  
There is no wartime like first time brutality.  
The forced-upon becoming forceful  
is the most brutal force.  
Always World in penultimate phase:  
the abused who will be the abuser.

Everything is beyond the beyond, no fairness—  
equality only in the lack of equality,  
vengeance never fulfilled.  
Same old wars are still unique.  
New face, new voice and—alas!—quite a moon.

7.

All passed-by seen in awareness of  
the need to remember for survival and  
the must to forget to remain.  
All concretion of language for the sake of endurance.

Significant shadow, trustworthy shadow,  
brotherly shade—clue for the recognition of myself.

    This is war, and he is forbidden as few!

    This is war, and he is forbidden as few!

He is the conscience of someone else,  
another war-child, closer to battlefield,  
Another memory of wartime, both me and unknown  
We have only to imagine each other!

Our shadows reflecting the human resemblance.  
I always look back in haste—carriage of parents.  
I will spare you the emptiness, brother, never recapitulating:  
I do always adjust to yet another war.

The memorizing of audible pains.  
My phases as Moon and faces as Poetry;  
one word banned—  
new  
wartime  
poetry  
censorship:  
Brother! as long as no-one knows our common name  
your shadow is protected in another war.

8.

Moon always in phase.

Gender in phase, sleep in phase,  
thought in phase, eye in phase,  
deception in phase, war in phase,  
generations in phase, death a phase,  
laughter in phase, experience in phase,  
wisdom in phase, rituals in phase,  
a poem in phase, the completed poems in phase,  
plenty of time-phases.

The fear of certain phases.

Moon always in phase. Fear in phase.

Fear primal phase of outraged courage.

Kissing in phase in thought,  
humans in phase of kissability.

Moon-target for bullets triggered in dejection.

Full moon a target, other phases of the moon  
shot at by lesser mistake.

Moon always in phase.

Moon always in phase.

The past pursuing memory,  
all forgotten becomes unsuitable.

Ask me in the future

*but never about it.*

9.

A Two-Figure Vision,  
bodies shaped out of my memory's  
abstract sound wave overload—  
yes, step forward to say that I  
have been inside of you!  
Re-shape my name!

Name dissolved by identification,  
embodying the dead  
when parents pronounce the no-longer-names.

For old times sake:  
Step forward to confess that I  
have been inside of you—mother!  
Step forward to confess that I  
have been inside of you—father!

Parents—  
Queen, save them Gracious Gods!

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