



THE UNITED WORLD OF WAR



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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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