

POETRY

Ares: A Poem

Books VI and V

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Thutmose had never known the facts of war,
But I'd soon see that he would learn the truth.
"Show all that you are worthy of the crown.
To Megiddo take twenty thousand men
And murder all the rebel Canaanites."

With points of ivory, the arrows flew
Across the field and many found their marks,
Soft flesh of necks and chests and arms and legs,
And finished with bronze axes and with spears,
The crumpled bodies fell in three-deep piles.

In all, eight thousand Canaanites were killed.
A thousand men of Egypt lost their lives.
There is no counting of the wounded men,
As they would not live long beyond the day.
Tjaneni tells the tale but there is more.

I relish not the blood of those who fought,
Who had no stake in who would win or lose,
But died as fodder for the haughty kings.
I knew, of course, of the futility,
And how the war would end at Megiddo.

To know is to be sure, to have in hand
The certain truth that cannot be denied,
That time and circumstance can alter not.
I am the truth, for I, among the gods,
Remain unchanged throughout eternity.

What naïve humans say when they confess
Is often false and only wizardry
And cloaked behind a veil of make-believe,
A tangle of impossibilities,
That never can be proved by evidence.

Beliefs that gods of ancient myth still live
Corrupt the mind, but that's all right with me,
For it is in the clash of those old creeds
Where I find opportunities to fight
On one side then the very opposite.

The gods professing love for humankind
Command the carnage of the infidels,
And to the last to wipe them from the earth,
The men, the boys, the women, and the girls
Are sacrificed to some god old or new.

Returning warriors who won their fights
But lost their arms or legs or came back blind,
Received with loathing by the populace,
Hear hollow platitudes sans gratitude,
With precious little common dignity.

I've carried broken men and damaged boys
From bloodstained European battlefields,
Across the grassy plains of Africa,
And over highest mountains in the west,
To places where they should find rest and peace.

But I've been shocked when I have set them down
Among their "friends" and fellow countrymen
To find these best and brave disdained by those
Who did not fight and do not know the pain
Of those they sent to war to fight for them.

Ingratitude appears to be a trait
Inherent in the human heart and mind,
Unwillingness or inability
To recognize the service they receive
From those they send to do what they will not.

I soar above the rest, those impotents,
Who once had massive temples built for them,
And while the temples glorious remain,
They've been abandoned by their long-dead gods,
But simple worshippers assemble still.

Few temples have been built for me, except
In Pelops' Isle, where warriors are held
Above the rest in honored dignity
Apart from hollow men who shout but run
When calls to battle sound their reveille.

But Spartans' sacrifice I do reject,
When on the altar lay the prisoners,
For they at first are bravest warriors
Who in the battle fought for their own state,
And are unsuitable for sacrifice.

Give me the craven, spineless, greedy men
Who hiding in their homes send youth to war
So they could grow in comfort and in wealth
While still unproven boys would shed their blood,
Perhaps to die, on far-off battlefields.

“Get off my property!” the owner screamed.
“Get off my land or I will get my gun!”
So many wars have started with those words,
Encounters with the others, known or not,
The neighbors or the strangers from abroad.

This notion that “The land is mine” is false.
Who gave to you the right to dominate
The land and all that dwell in nature’s home?
Your thieving ancestors who stole the land,
Declaring it to be their own by force?

That *lebensraum* that Hitler in conceit
Asserted sovereignty that was not his
Shows how an autocrat can justify
Invading lands that someone else calls home,
Initiates a war of strong and weak.

Return, Thucydides, and prove your truth,
“The strong do what they can” is what you said,
And then, “The weak will suffer what they must.”
But strong is not alone in height and weight;
It’s in the mind, as well, and in the plan.

In Tegea, the women worshipped me,
Beseeching me that I might spare their men,
And once I did so for a girl alone,
Awash in tears for brother far away,
So young, the caring girl; I spared the boy.

So do not trust the mean and nasty tales
That other gods and their believers tell
Of my brutality and viciousness.
My fury’s left upon the battlefield
And never brought to families at home.

Look now on all of Athens’ highest hills,
And at the base of one, see there a house.
Areopagus is my hill of fame;
The house a temple built to honor me,
But temples are as nothing to my mind.

My temple’s in the hearts of greedy men.
Such pleonexia corrupts those hearts
With love of having and of getting more,
The lust of grasping for what others have
And never satisfied but craving more.

“A splendid little war” is what they said,
American expansion on the move,
Replacing Spain as the colonials
To dominate the helpless Philippines
Nine thousand miles away from Washington.

John Hay, the man who coined the “splendid” phrase,
Had never heard the gunfire of a war,
Had never seen the body of a man
A deadly cannonball had torn to shreds,
Or smelled the stinking guts of those brave men.

How dare this feckless lawyer in the rear
In ignorance and arrogance opine
On aspects of a war so far away!
I know the answer, as I know the man,
A man I’ve seen so many times before.

“Expand the empire! Take it to the seas!”
“The world is not enough. I must have more.”
The proper word is pleonexia:
His greed for more cannot be satisfied,
Voracious driven maw that must be fed.

When Hirohito was the Emperor,
Divinity he claimed from God of Sun,
A strident military took control, 1932
And I predicted there would be a war,
But even I could not foretell it all.

Expansion was the single strategy
Of those determined martial Japanese
To capture nature’s bounty that they lacked
From Chinese and Korean properties
And others in the Asian continent.

But in a blunder born of ignorance,
Miscalculation of the consequence,
They bombed Oahu and the U.S. Fleet, 1941
And opened up the door to suicide,
With millions dead and suffering defeat.

There’s nothing new to civil governors
Who claim descent from old divinities,
As Ptolemies and Alexander did,
As well as Caesar and the kings of Troy,
But mortals trying to be gods are doomed.



How could the brutal Hirohito know
That cruelty to prisoners of war
Would end as suddenly as it began
When Little Boy came to Hiroshima
With fifteen thousand tons of TNT? 1945

Then Fat Man came to Nagasaki next,
On August 9 of nineteen forty-five,
Dispelling any thought of self defense
Of what remained of Hirohito's realm,
Its cities now in ashes from the bombs.

An army's cruelty comes from the top,
And history records the Emperor
Applauded bestial behavior
Among his pack of callous conquerors,
Deserving the severest punishment.

The Nanjing massacre should let you know 1937
What kind of devil was the Emperor,
With poison gas and inhumanity
Why he was not hanged by the neck till death
Remains a mystery to all mankind.

Nippon, the Empire of the Rising Sun,
Fell with a thundrous roar into the sea
And well-deserved it was, its cruelty
Held to a just accounting for its crimes—
Shout, "Hang, disgraced Hideki, by the neck!" 1948

Your Sunday sneak attack was ill-conceived
With no regard for any consequence.
Did you reflect upon your tiny size
Compared to giants you woke up that day?
You are no David and your stone's too small.

Beware, you Tojo followers, take note
How haughty pride can lead you far astray,
To unsafe places wise men never go,
Where leaders fitted out with common sense
Avoid the darkness of the fiery lake.

I'll fight your shady battles, but beware,
For I may change my side opposing you
If it will add to my celebrity,
And you will feel the point of my steel sword
As those you send, those men and boys, to war.

Finlandia's a place where Russian troops
Were sent to die in nineteen thirty-nine. 1939
If frostbite did not kill the Soviets,
It was the Finnish soldiers did the job:
Three hundred thousand foreign casualties.

Suomi people have not much to say,
But when they choose to speak, it is with force,
So when their land and lives were under threat,
They fought like tigers to the bitter end,
Through bitter winter's freezing snow and ice.

The tiny Finnish army lost the war 1940
To massive Soviet invasion force,
But global admiration and respect
They won, while Stalin and the Soviets
Would be condemned as thugs by all the world.

What was the point in all of this, you ask.
Why were so many Russians sacrificed?
Did Stalin think that treasured Leningrad
Would ever be invaded by the Finns?
A paranoid dictatorship the cause.

Although my milieu is the solid ground,
My calling also takes me to the sea,
Where those at war contend against their foes
As well as turbulence of roaring waves,
Poseidon's challenge to enfeebled men.

Unjustified aggression must be stopped,
On land or on the oceans' wide expanse,
And I will join the force that's in defense
Against belligerents in sneak attacks
By peoples from across the stormy seas.

From Siraf Xerxes sailed near thousand ships 480 BCE
To Salamis in brazen confidence
That he would overwhelm the fragile Greeks,
But in his calculations, Persia's king
Would underestimate Themistocles.

I joined the Greek alliance in the fight,
Along with troops of Theseus and brave
Laconians, to humble and to send
Proud Xerxes back to Parsa in retreat,
His naval venture brought to shameful grief.

Three hundred thousand naval warriors
On seven hundred ships in Sicily
Contended for superiority.
I stood apart for I could not decide
Who had the greater claim, more just and fair.

Pecuniary squabbles I avoid.
Disputes between two peoples are not just
If all they want is what the others have,
And I will shed no blood on their account.
So Rome and Carthage, you are on your own.

From Ostia the Roman triremes sailed
Three hundred miles south on the western sea
Commanded by the Consuls for the year
Were Regulus and Longus in the lead,
Outnumbered in both fighting ships and men.

To Rome, the Carthaginians were trash,
Unfaithful, treacherous; and liars all,
Deserving of contempt and ridicule,
And after all the counting of the deaths,
The Roman merchants won Economus.

I fought the fierce Germanic warriors
When Caesar's four brave legions crossed the Rhine.
With twenty-thousand Roman legionnaires,
One hundred fifty thousand soldiers died
As red-draped Caesar won his victories.

I knew the Germans were not done with war,
And I was proven right in Italy
In Poland, Kievan Rus, and Hungary,
Against the French and the Americans
Allied with Britain twice in twenty years.

I would respect the German warrior,
His skill, his valor, and his discipline,
But I will see the concentration camps,
And I will be a witness to the crimes
That violate the code of chivalry.

The warrior will fight his enemy,
With every ounce of energy he's got,
But never will he torture anyone,
And neither will he kill his prisoner.
He treats his vanquished foe with dignity

The Somme! The Somme! The Somme! A million dead.
It makes a seasoned warrior break down
In tears to see the gross incompetence
Of those in leadership who lack the skill
To plan and execute a strategy. 1916

The generals who know the prior war
Have not kept up with the technology
That obviates what they have known of war
Condemning soldiers to untimely death
From unexpected lethal weaponry.

The Maxim and the Lewis took their toll,
As untrained soldiers ran across the field,
With bayonets and eagerness to fight
An enemy remaining in a trench—
Six hundred rounds a minute did they fire.

In face of withering machine gun fire,
The soldiers fell on barbed wire barriers
Like flies on windcreens crushed against the glass
They never saw until they felt the blow
Of bullets in the chest and arms and head.

“The War to End All Wars” did not prevail
In ending any wars but introduced
Machine guns, tanks, and deadly poison gas,
Trench warfare and artillery to greet
Each day with death and corpses piled high.

I watched two battles on the River Marne 1914
And saw six hundred thousand casualties,
Cut down as in a bloody slaughterhouse,
On muddy fields where poppies used to grow,
In sacrifice to me, the God of War.

The final battle on the River Meuse 1918
Consumed the lives of fifty thousand men.
Two hundred thousand more would come away
With bodies broken and with shattered souls,
Forever haunted in their darkest dreams.

How fatuous the claim that wars would end!
Revenge against the victors would arise,
With black-shirt Nazis leading from the front 1919
Exploding wide across the continent
Inflaming hate-demented zealotry.



Long after I was born—"How long?" you ask—
Let's say three thousand years ago, or more,
The human species sprouted wings and flew,
Less to enjoy the view than go to war,
Reducing cities to a pile of stones.

In Guernica, the Condor Legionnaires
Committed acts of rampant genocide
Against a harmless native populace
Without a cause, to practice their technique
Of dealing widespread death from cloudless skies.

If ever I had any doubt about
The side with whom I'd choose to risk my life,
The massacre of innocents in Spain
Made up my mind, so I prepared for war
And climbed into the seats of fighter planes.

I learned to fly those instruments of war
When it was clear that they were here to stay,
As dragons breathing fire from the skies
On helpless people on the ground below
Who run for shelter from the searing flames.

Those instruments were all designed to kill
With streams of bullets and with heavy bombs
On factories and farmers' fields, as well,
To terrorize the cities and the towns,
The hospitals and kindergartens, too.

The vaunted Luftwaffe had its day of charm,
With Nazi Hermann Göring at its head,
Until the few of Britain's best repelled
The vile and loathsome dragons of the air
With their audacity and bravery.

1940

Survival of Britannia at stake,
Courageous people rose in her defense
Against invasion by barbarians,
As vile an enemy as I have seen
In any war, in any time or space.

I never dreamed the field would be above
The filmy clouds, where armies would engage,
Where warriors would fly as eagles fly,
Where courage would be shown by just a few
Who brought a nation from despair to light.



I know that in the end, the men will yield,
And though they say they do not worship at
My altar, still they do what I command.
They spill the blood of hated enemies
And innocents, as well, without remorse.

When Diomedes pierced my gut with aid
From spineless Pallas at his side, they thought
They killed the God of War—How arrogant!
I needed patching up and Paian's care,
But I knew I would live. I would not die.

I knew. I always know the war's result.
The God of War is not impervious
To pain. I bear the scars of swords that tore
My flesh, and though my royal blood was spilled
My body healed and gained the strength to fight.

To know, to understand, to see ahead
Is to decide the courses of one's life,
Resolve to act decisively, exploit
The moment, take in hand the rope of fate
And yank it from the Moirai's knotted grip.

Deceit in war I judge with certain doubt.
If it is done to fool the enemy,
And done with clever ingenuity,
Then I applaud the tactic's craftiness
As one more weapon in the arsenal.

But if the manner of the ruse lacks thought
Of possible adverse contingencies,
Then sadly I predict catastrophe
And whisper caution in the fighter's ear
Advising just a more direct attack.

When Patroclus put on Achilles' kit,
And posed in Troy as that famed warrior
He little thought of what that hoax could do
If he should die that day on Hector's sword,
Unleashing all the wrath of Thetis' son.

The strong Achilles' love had known no bounds,
Or limits on the anger that emerged
When Trojan Hector killed the one he loved.
Ferocity exploded from the depths
Of that Achilles' anguished, tortured soul.

Thrasymachus of Chalcedon was right, d. 1400 BCE
When asked by Socrates about the just,
Replied that justice is in might alone,
That it is in the nature of the man
The strong will always dominate the weak.

The weak will pray to their divinities,
But those are feeble prayers to the gods
Who are themselves too weak to intercede
Against the well-armed and the powerful,
The avaricious lust-filled men at war.

Voracious men, insatiable, will win
In competition with the satisfied,
Because within their breasts their hunger lies,
Compelling conquest over all the rest
Who have what they would claim by force of arms.

Whose side I take is immaterial,
Irrelevant when I decide to fight,
To bring my sword, my spear, my shield, my skill
Dispatching all who come to join the fray,
Condemning all of them to Tartarus.

I'm born in Greece, and Greeks I understand,
The stories and the history of wars,
All neatly packaged for the books and files,
Some truth and some imaginings inspired
By fervent longing for validity.

I think I understand the followers
Of Yahweh, that old warlord Canaanite
Who promised Paradise to worshippers,
Perdition to the rest who disagreed.
His jealous nature never did he hide.

Across the globe, a thousand other gods
Demand the loyalty of worshippers
In ways that I will never fully grasp,
But there is one assembly that defies
Good reason, thought, and even sanity.

They claim to follow Yahweh's only son,
The babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace. c. 5 BCE
They build the greatest temples in his name
And shower opulence upon his priests
But persecute the people of his race.

Two billion worshippers of Yahweh's son
Playact to follow in his holy steps
And gather in his temples to confess
Their peccadilloes to his hallowed priests,
While harboring their hatred deep within.

Such irony! The *eirôn*'s there in full,
Exposing *alazôn*'s hypocrisy,
When Jacob's sons they hound and persecute.
The Son himself a Jew. His mother, too.
Disciples all were Jews. The Christian saints.

Campaigns against the heirs of Abraham
Are not my kinds of wars, but I will fight
Against the hypocrites, for they are vile
Companions of the lowest form of snake,
Though jealous Yahweh is no friend of mine.

I know those liars and those charlatans.
I've known them all my life, my work they mock,
Pretending that they occupy the space
Reserved for truth and rationality.
The deepest place in Tartarus is theirs.

Ex uno duo. Out of One is Two.
Chosun was one, one people and one land,
Until the blunder of the conquerors
Decided rashly to make two of one, 1948
Not giving any thought to what might come.

It came without delay when from the north
An army crashed into the southern state, 1950
The land of morning calm again at war,
With Arirang no longer sung in joy
From Namsan Mountain to the valley floor.

Three years the battles raged from north to south
Across the mountainous peninsula,
Resulting in five million people dead,
With half of these civilians in their homes,
And though the shooting stopped, the war has not.

A villainous dictatorship remains,
Developing such weapons as may bring
To earth a war that warriors can't win,
An Armageddon humans won't survive,
A planet poisoned for eternity.

Dictatorships abound in history,
From when the time of humankind began
Right up to now, and I believe I know
How they begin and how they grow so strong
And why they always end in infamy.

When Gaius Julius returned to Rome, 60 BCE
The people celebrated one great man
Who bravely conquered Gaul, Germania,
Britannia, and more, but then he erred,
Declaring absolute authority.

The Senate ended his dictatorship 44 BCE
With forty daggers plunged into his chest.
Assassination is a common way
To send the would-be god to his demise,
While suicide is yet another way.

Italians hanged Benito by his toes, 1945
And Hitler put a bullet in his brain.
Ceaucescu cried when up against the wall
He faced the firing squad near Bucharest. 1989
But not all tyrants died so horribly.

Then Kim Il Sung, a self-appointed god,
Would launch a useless deadly civil war 1950
While birthing a malignant dynasty,
Died peacefully from a malignant heart 1994
That claimed the life of one more evil man.

Some sixty million dead, the legacy
Of Mao Zedong who died at eighty-two 1976
While sleeping peacefully at home in bed.
Pol Pot three million killed in genocide
Before a heart attack would take his life. 1998

The Butcher of Uganda he was called,
Idi Amin and his dictatorship
Were indiscriminate in whom they killed
Before Mwalimu ended the affair, 1979
Allowing that pretender peaceful death. 2003

I've learned dictatorships can only last
So long as people tolerate the men
Who seize the seats of power by their force
And cow the populace with threats of death,
Until they're stopped by those who've had enough.

El Libertador became my friend,
His war was just, Simón de Bolívar,
To free the people from three centuries
Of slavish Spanish servitude
In New Grenada, sovereignty the goal.

At Boyacá, the battle was engaged 1819
Between the forces of the hope-filled free
And uninspired oppressors from Madrid,
Simón and Santander on freedom's side,
Colonel Barreiro on the other side.

High in the greater Andes mountain range,
Simón had won a fray at Vargas Swamp
And headed south and west to Bogotá
To claim the independence of the land,
Arriving at the *Casa de Teja*.

Three thousand warriors, on either side
The battle took two hours, then was done,
With more than half the Royalists removed
By death or injury or capture at the end
And Spanish domination in the wind.

I overstate the case when I conclude
All wars are caused by immorality,
When some, as we just saw, seek liberty
From an oppressive foreign government
Or from an evil tyranny at home.

Such was the case in Ethiopia,
When sons of Solomon were dispossessed
By selfish European politics
In the Scramble for All Africa,
And Italy would not be put aside.

The Horn of Africa was Rome's desire
Which they proposed to take by trickery
And by deceit assert their dominance
Without the need for military force,
But the Italians blundered grievously.

It was the Battle of Adwa I saw 1896
Determined Ethiopians defeat
Italian would-be foreign conquerors,
Destroy the Scramble's immorality
And keep the Land of Solomon intact.



I fought against the Second Leopold
Who tortured Congolese for private gain
And sent his Belgian army to suppress
Resistance from the tribal families
With weapons Congo men had never seen.

Pneumatic tires had come upon the scene,
So rubber suddenly was in demand,
And central Congo had the rubber trees
Along with labor to extract the juice
By those who worked as hard as bonded slaves.

My comrades were no match for *Force Publique*.
They bravely fought with stone-age weaponry
Against machine guns, cannons, and the like
For more than forty years but could not win,
Could not compete with ancient swords and spears.

Who put this man in charge, this greedy man?
He was the son of Leopold the First,
But why the Belgians had their tyrant kings
Has always been a mystery to me.
Rise up, you mortals, put away your kings!

I know war's harvest is a bitter crop,
As I have tasted it so many times,
Unpleasant to the sight and putrid smell,
Surviving hardened veterans confirm
As they recall the rancid battlefield.

Some who have never been at war may say
That warriors no tears should ever shed,
And brave Achilles never would have cried
When seeing Patroclus upon his shield,
But I did see the valiant hero weep.

If any soldier's never shed a tear,
Then he has difficulties with his eyes,
For when his comrade, his best friend, is lost,
He curses his condition, and he sobs,
And asks in pain, "Why him and why not me?"

And if you think that I, the God of War
Have never wept upon a field,
Then you must listen carefully to me:
When I survey the battleground and see
What I have done, I cannot stop the tears.

At times, the battle done, I climb the steps
That lead up to a tower well above
The gory battlefield, and looking down
On all the ruins, men and property,
I shake my head at all the waste I see.

Besides the daring dead, disfigurement
Pervades the field of broken warriors.
Disease, corrupted flesh, the battle's blight,
The vomit and the craze, the frightful shock,
All tally up the price that someone pays.

Consume the fuel that feeds the fires of rage,
The contracts for the instruments of war,
Impediments to reasoned dialogue,
And use the ash to cover countenance,
Disguise the sneer beneath the powdered mask.

The sights and sounds of war are known to me,
The rancid smells and tastes I know too well.
If I should die (I know I never shall),
I know full well the place that I would go—
It's not Elysium or Paradise!

Why do they hate? The mortals and the gods?
I ask because it's one thing I don't know.
Where is the origin, the fount of hate,
That bubbles up from somewhere deep within
The dark abyss that is the clouded mind?

I've asked the other gods, but they don't know,
Or if they do, they can't or won't explain
The reason for pervasive enmity
Compelling violence from age to age
That all too often culminates in war.

Of hostile confrontation I know well,
The weapons that I wield and my techniques,
But hate I do not know or understand,
Although I often taste its bitter fruit
And wonder as a pupil might who asks.

The answer is, as I have come to think,
That there is not an answer to be had,
For it assumes that hate is rational,
But it is not. The deadly tree of hate
Is rooted in the Chaos of the heart.



Stupidity or ignorance—which one
Leads to disaster on the battlefield?
From what I've seen, it is the ignorance,
Not knowing the terrain or enemy,
Untrained in tactics or in weaponry.

Not everyone can be a warrior.
Some lack sufficient strength or stamina
To meet the challenges and overcome
The barriers that block the way ahead,
But they can build their strength if they persist.

Some are unable to acquire the skills
They need in tactics or in weaponry,
For they were born without the means to learn
An easy or a complicated task,
And they will never be a warrior.

But there are some you simply will not trust
To be with you when you are under fire.
These are the cowards, liars, cheats, and thieves
Who only think to save themselves from harm
And may desert you when you need them most.

A thousand Austrians were killed one night,
Not by the hostile Turks but by themselves,
Between the hussars and the infantry
At lonely Karánsebes, they all died 1788
Defending hussar's hoard of fruity schnaps!

Napoleon in pride and arrogance
Thought he would win against the Russian Tsar, 1812
But he discounted Winter's deadly freeze
On soldiers ill-equipped to fight two foes,
The Russians and their ally, Winter's cold.

In ignorance of what he should have known,
The paperhanger made the same mistake.
He thought that he could catch the Soviets,
Who trusted him to keep his promises,
But sent the Fuehrer's army back to Hell. 1943

Two generations passed, but yet again,
Another autocrat went on the road 2022
To the mirage of a quick victory
In land too vast to conquer easily.
Go home Vladimir! Leave Ukraine alone.



I watch the blunders, and I shake my head
To see so many leaders make mistakes,
Who seem to be bereft of common sense,
Or lack the skills of probability,
When they attack a public they oppose.

The people of Taiwan look east and west,
Anticipating Mainland's hostile waves.
Beijing would make a terrible mistake
If they initiated an attack
Across the Strait to subjugate Taipei.

In my mind's eye, I see a bloody war
That Beijing cannot win without the loss
Of all they've gained by diligent hard work.
A classic Pyrrhic victory awaits
The side believing it has won the war.

What have they won, when at the end of day,
They find what Pyrrhus found at Asculum,
The price of victory may be too high,
That Death alone is left to claim the win.
So Beijing, listen! Leave Taiwan alone.

279 BCE

You humans seem to like to separate
Yourselves with unimportant boundaries
That neighbors must not ever violate
Lest war break out to punish—and for what?
To justify a lapse of common sense.

If you believe that war is just your fate,
You may be right, as it's the fate of all,
Both gods and mortals, the inheritors
Of that vile seed of ancient origin.

Don't waste your precious time or energy
In an attempt to understand the hate
That lies within the body and the soul,
Erupting in a passionate attack
With no apparent reasoning to see.

But I've seen violence, ferocity,
On battlefields that go beyond the pale,
When, for example, a companion's killed,
As when Achilles flew into a rage
On hearing of Patroclus' death in Troy.



In Hue, at Tet in nineteen sixty-eight, 1968
The People's Liberation Army came
En masse to terrorize the government,
To bring an end to Vietnam's civil war
And drive away the brash Americans.

The men in black pajamas won the war 1975
Against the army that was thought to be
Invincible with all its modern gear
But could not even win so far from home,
So distant from a just and valid cause.

When those who start the wars go to their beds,
Do they have nightmares as the soldiers do,
The apparitions of the youths they sent
In numbers much too high to count,
Or do they fall asleep without a care?

If there must be a war, let it be short.
A hundred years is clear insanity,
And thirty years is still too long a war. 1618-1648
A day seems right to me, a week, no more.
The cost of longer wars is just too dear.

They say a leopard cannot change its spots,
Or that a dog that's old can't learn new tricks,
And so it may apply to humans, too,
As when a man is raised in KGB 1975-1991
Like Putin and his poisoned remedies.

Assassination is as far from me
As East is from the West, or North from South.
I meet my enemy on battlefields,
Not in a theater loge or city street
I will not sneak around in some dark place.

It's not the KGB; it's FSB.
Two letters differ, but the third's the same,
As are the tactics that they've always used.
They say it's not a war. They always lie.
They're just assassins lurking in the dark.

Pavel Antov, Ravil Maganov
Both critics of the Putin war, were pushed,
Or fell "by accident" from some high place.
Rapoport and Lesin, Nemtsov, too,
And more, said one bad word and now are dead.

