

Please

I envy those sitting in the zone.

Bullets flying past

huddled up and prone

they may lose all past

places the called home.

But what they have

the only thing I can fathom

to cure me, so, on that behalf

come to my place

and shoot me in the face.

Nothing pretty is to be found

in the places of profound

massacres. Of amassed

suffering, despicable and despised

human evil. To me, only, surpassed, only

by a caretaker disinterested

in those they made sensible.

Nothing poetic is in war

but it has, what I want for me, to, sensibly be over.

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