

misplaced hatred

“We’ve occupied our separate ruts
yet simmered in a single rage.”

* Richard Katrovas

the same blood spilled in the same mud we’ve
scratched and clawed while generals were occupied
with devaluing other lives where our
goals are one and the same peace separate
from the rifle our instrument of failure ruts
the brain trained not to feel not pity or remorse yet
no celebration echoes from victories simmered
in deflated numbers less troops fewer tanks in
play this piece of dirt we would give up in a
heartbeat while we still have one trade for a single
ticket out of this hellhole well past the time of rage