



ON WAR

I have not done
Many, many things,
Not done a life of Poems;
But I have:
Stood on a small hill
Engulfed by cotton softness
As Honey hinged clouds
Devoured mountains
Bottoms up,
As the Sun rose
Igniting a many jeweled prism
In the dissipating mist.
Stood, till that reality
Was hastily shattered
By a nightmare scream;
INCOMING...

Arnie Raimondo

