

(VIII) war

final agreement to settle the bill
with bankers decrepit and reeking of death
abstract counting of figures all red
on books made of paper the wind
turns to wind white words are the names
of people as gifts to the sight of honest
snipers inanimate statues for broken tombstones
planted in blood of vain hopes
left to dry up between hymns of peace
and speeches – packed with nothing

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