

"To War"

by Corrine Ardoin

Rapture in this wake of dawn
mid-day afloat upon the
mass of seaweed caught
in currents back and
forth, in and out.

We send our youth to
war in these, strewings
of tangled dreams that
lose their aquamarine, like
blue-evanescence on winds
blown in past bygone days.

Do we ask them why
they must go?
But send them in our
haste, heeding not the
blood in our veins
the current in our hearts
that yet runs ships aground?