

A War That Never Ends

Phinehas

First light
Under quiet clouded cloak
All hell broke the ridge
Wry trees
Up a narrow trail
A wordless story
A war that never ends

Brothers and sisters sleep in a bed hollowed by staves
Like discarded shells from guns of powerful men
Last one lays in red under swinging single light
No pulse; a war that never ends

How clever you lie
How many ways you kill
Your cure is worse than the disease
Your stated shrine
Your cup overfilled
Your cure is worse than the disease
(A war that never ends)

Our proudest legacy is how unendingly we scheme
Of new ways to kill than condemn
A war that never ends
It became our greatest prize to keenly wield skill to devise
More ways to cut than to mend
A war that never ends

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