

Eric Geissinger

THE CALM

It is a curious thing, the calm of distance.
In battle few men dare to sight
the enemy's head and squeeze the trigger,
Preferring, rather, the torso.
But miles above, no man waits
when told the city sleeps below,
and downward drop munitions.

A failure of imagination? Of course.

It is a curious thing, the calm of distance.
For in the room, within your gaze,
your tears invoke complete devotion,
I am forever yours...
yet when I turn my traitorous back
and fail to write, or call: it's funny.
I cannot hear your sobs.

Would that that were true,
Poetry can save the world
If only they experienced that
Subtle soul-expansion which
We poets (yes, *WE*)
So value.

An inculcation to massacres.
Yes, inculcation, many lives my verse
Could save, force feed the kids, youth, teens.

Poetry *can* save the world, you see!
It can it really can.
By night I sometimes believe,
Always, by light of day, never.