

Heartless

Today I am heartless
Looking around
I am finding
Hardened shades of blueprinted skins
Surrounding eyes staring back
from faces like you
icy saddened
Machiavellian words of wars
that cannot end on schedule or
any sort of timely fashion
but only in a style that brings back
red
paradoxically in death scenes

a waving young woman of 26 smiles with too quickly war matured lips and
fragmented thoughts of missing her father – leans too far out of her useless
armored vehicle catching death improvised and explosively tossed her way like
confetti on parade day

a beautiful young man of 54 minus 34 years of never fathering another,
remembers kissing the woman who would be his wife, sees his once living
parents, too soon after fighting for and against nations unable to honor his life or
death

a teen awakes one morning with an idea planted in her heart. She dresses for
school and wears the idea as armored accessory; she walks out of her family home
to a market where she releases death like millions of captive fireflies fleeing glass
prisons by dragging the shards into the flesh of market-goers

I am heartless
This is true
I am no starfish
My body parts will not grow back
What say you?
I am no demon.
What say you, if children be heartless and ice-eyed?
What say you?
Be they combatants, collateral damage or both?