Thoughts Upon Visiting a War Memorial

Screaming blasts of light stab the mind Of the young killer. His elders tempted him with promises Of Victory and Honor. But now, he crawls through blood, searching For pieces of this shattered promise. He does not live to kill... He kills to live. Fragments of memories and corpses float about Him with the stagnant smoke of Death. "Why?" he asks. He doesn't know what he is guestioning--He only knows that there is a mindless void Between logic and porportion. The shadow of dusk mists about the unknown soldier, No moon, no stars, no light. Even the Fires of Hell are black. Seventy years later his brave spirt echoes within The walls of a silent, somber chamber.

--Matthew Taylor

Dead

once red six roses stand stiff with hanging heads over the table top as if blood had dried on their very petals they are dark and brittle.

none of them look at the others anymore they all turn away leaning out over the vase and if they could they would fall from the table to rest once more gently upon the ground.

--Matt Butzow