Baghdad April



Who would have thought even minutes ago Black Hawk swept from the taupe Medieval California Kuwait to the quivering sandust of Talil Sweat, Al-Hilah, Marine bird, older than damp crew, machine Smell, vibration ammo cammo scraped paint web belts, still Tighten gray roar and chaos, nose down brown. Just get us there.

Now green. For ten thousand lives this river ran brown with blood Helping reeds limber bodies once passed as blind. Just get us there.

Down, then BIAP, destruction for glory
Spurts and unthinking tremors, the shakti
of nonduality,
Bills unpaid as crushed planes kneel lame,
Torn tarmac shattered with dust
Fade, then the comic book, cantos: a prince
of Babylon, sword of Assyria, builder of
Ur, heavens perturbed,
Trauma hung close in crumbled glass, a
façade (yet more)
Meaning deep to those who looted that
brief cosmic day
Missed by those who watched.

Stories, reprise, thunder run
Endless dust nights of expendable men
Blind (they must have been)
To spin a rusty truck against a tank
With only, what? passion? hate?
fear?
Perhaps no thought at all
Except to hope the engine would start (or not)

and no one else would see. No matter. They are now mist, counters in a game.

We hurry, are watched, relief, no love and Bomblets are toys, slipping through dry canals with a last black smoke
To please a small hand as
Green towers turn red, mating in the night.
Somehow, we must have known (even a first summer wind will dry the eye). Yet
Rank on file is an army shrouds, mist,
And hot days turn gray, crafting wry smiles.

Then fade. Finally,

to destroy and build, Shiva in web gear While somewhere a bridge is lost. But what?

Who is destroyer, who a builder? Who know

Often great power is only owning the detritus.

Still there is BIAP, flight out, home, strong shoulders and

Hiphop, path to insanity and relief. And then, a tiny point of blood receding on the glass.

> —Dr. Steven Metz, U.S. Army War College November 2006