

Sonnet Scroll

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By David Landon

A voice inside my head keeps whispering,
“Not just some random tank,” that war machine
commanding half page one, camouflage green,
half hidden in the trees, its ghostly tons
the future on its caterpillar tread,
some battle wonk named History the driver.
Today’s big news: power knows what it wants

Around the world, the replicas in steel
are clobbering the streets where people live,
and one day yours, and yours, and yours, and mine,
and though the end has just begun, it has.
I whisper to the voice, “Some battle wonks
are on the side of peace.” The voice shouts back,
“But History knows all the smartest tricks.”