

Two Poems by Victor Henry

In the Museum of Misery

They're all here.
The President, the Vice President, the Secretary of State,
The government that sent him to war.

The politicians who claimed to vote their conscience.
His father and mother who deemed it was his duty
To protect country and family.

To make them proud.
Like his grandfather did in WW II,
And his uncle did in Korea,

And his younger uncle did in Vietnam.
But where is he?
What has he become?

He carries his sutured wounds,
Open and in sight,
As an offering

For all who can see
He is, in truth, suffering.
He has been refused admission

To the American Dream,
Ordered not to rejoin society
In his molecular state.

Told not to rejoin society
Until he gets his shit together,
Gets his Oorah back again.

For him it's been a constant struggle,
Filling out form after form,
Expecting help from the VA,

Help from those who sent him to war.
Yet, year after year,
Leaping through hoop after financial
hoop.

Still he's received no help.
Hardly anyone recognizes the hero warrior
They sent to Afghanistan.

He's invisible in a country
That's in sink hole financial debt.
He's given up now.

His parents have ostracized him.
He's crossed the thin line of demarcation
Between caring and not giving a shit.

Now, he's not welcome in the home he grew up in.
They don't understand his constant outbursts of anger.
His excessive drinking, the drugs he's ingesting.

After his last rant and rave that lasted all night
They kick him out, send him to the streets.
Order him, by a police restraining order,

Not to come back
Until they recognize their son again.
Talk therapy doesn't cure him.

Failed promises smash headlong into shattered illusions.
He yells maniacally to those
Who don't hear him

That he will take his life,
Commit suicide,
On the front steps of city hall.

But, still, no one listens to him.
War mongers continue to build their altar of greed
Vote by vote,

Protecting their shareholders.
In his nightmare he patrols
Another sector of the oil-enriched desert,

Killing anything that moves
In the silent shadows of his mind.
Don't bother to answer your cell phone America

You're too fucking late.
He came back dead anyway, from the neck up.
Years later, like all the wars that preceded him,

His war will become nothing more than a footnote
In the Museum of Misery.

Marisa Was Born Today

Into a world that may not be a world
In a hundred years.
Polar Ice caps melt,

Eventually disappear,
Causing serious flooding,
Change the map of the world.

Seas eventually rise
250 feet above sea level.
The oceans acidic, lifeless.

Permafrost ice thaws,
Reaches a tipping point,
Unleashes billions of tons

Of methane into the atmosphere,
A greenhouse gas more potent
Than carbon dioxide.

Man, naturally greedy and short-sighted,
Gluttonous from his belief
He rules over nature and

God provides everything,
Is cooking himself in a cosmic soup
Like a frog slowly boiling in water.

The human race,
now an endangered species,
Faces mass extinction.

Victor Henry's work has appeared in various small press magazines, anthologies, and Ezines. He holds two earned master's degrees, enjoys working as a reference librarian, is a Vietnam veteran, and a member of Veterans for Peace. His book of Vietnam antiwar poems *What They Wanted* was published this past Veterans Day by Future Cycle Press.