

Three Poems by Victor Henry

Another World

Love begets love.

Theodore Roethke

He loved her like she was from another world,
A place not measured in time or distance,
An unheard place, an unnamed planet,
A future embedded in a future.

In his quiet moments
When he couldn't quit thinking about her,
He wept, as he whispered her name over and over again,
Like the soft sound of cries a whimpering child makes.

As if his tears were beams of light bearing down on her,
Flashes of fire burning out while entering her
atmosphere,
Engulfing her in the universe's first attempt at creating
love,
A primal love creating and destroying itself.

Love at First Sight

Ah, I have picked up magic in her nearness.

Ezra Pound

He saw her for the first time at *The Brick*,
A downtown bar on the east side,
During a stiff, hard, wet run at lust and love.

After a year of no communication and no sex,
His wife finally divorced him.
Now he was on a pilgrimage, an expedition, a crusade

To make things real again.
In a strange moment, resonating with fear,
He casually looked into a dark corner

Where she was sitting, her legs crossed, fingertips
Nervously playing with the rim of her Margarita.
She took his breath away. Then, in a moment

Of sudden realization, like he'd been mugged,
Rabbit punched, kicked hard in the ribs multiple times,
He realized it was his ex-wife.

Remember This War

It is my conviction that killing under the cloak of
war is nothing but an act of murder.

Albert Einstein

Remember this war
Was propelled by blind patriotism,
And a Media starved for news.

As governor, Dubya murdered 131 inmates
On Death Row in his home state Texas.
As president he murdered

Children under the age of fifteen.
Went to church the next day,
Thinking his God had absolved his sins.

Did he discuss mass murder with Laura
At the dinner table?
Did she know, the school librarian,

Who loves kids,
That 50 percent of the population in Iraq
Was under the age of 15? Overall, twenty-two million

People targeted for death.
How did his warrior heroes
Feel when they came home

From feasting on the young, after eating their fill?
Did they puke on their pride?
Did they brag in bars? Confide in their closest friends

That they reveled in nicknames like
“Coming Out Hard.” “Burn Baby Burn.”

“Cruel Intentions.”

Did they file grievances when their applications
Were turned down by the VA
For depleted uranium poisoning,

Invading their bodies and their loved ones too?
In the Court of World Opinion
Were they like the Winter Soldiers

From Viet Nam who regarded their victims
As less than human, persuaded they had permission
To commit War Crimes. Did they confess

They were motivated to carry out criminal policies
In a world, united, opposed to killing,
For the pure sake of killing?

Victor Henry's poetry and prose poems have appeared in *Misfitmagazine*, *Dead Snakes*, *Homestead Review*, *Monterey Poetry Review*, *Paterson Literary Review*, *Slipstream*, *Vietnam War Poetry*, and others. His book *What They Wanted* was published by FutureCycle Press on Veterans Day, November 11th, 2015. He is a Reference Librarian at Monterey Public Library and a member of Veterans For Peace.