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### When They Ask, Tell Them This is a Sonnet for the New Order

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# When They Ask, Tell Them This is a Sonnet for the New Order

The war, like all of us, was once merely a being alone in a field of becoming.  
The war (which others call the Universe) is composed of infinite numbers of bodies.  
The war, flown by a squadron of birds, is still dropping its wings on our damage.  
The war, some believe, is an action. Not so. It is a place. Not so. It is placed. Not so. It is.

The war is the sound of you being born.  
The war does not rely on invisibility but rather on luminescence, gossamer, the always unfolding.  
The war the way the day the door the din the win the corps the core the kill the fill the for the for.  
The war is here, right here. Look closer to find your face in its glow. See how you shine.

Turn away if you must. You don't have to look. There. Let me tell you all about the war.  
What you want from this life has nothing and yet everything to do with the war.  
The truced trees filled with smoke, the stars in helmets of bone, the broken hills still hot with war.  
One day, of course, it may stop, but that doesn't mean the end of the war.

By *help* I mean *assets*. By *soften* I mean *bomb*. By *love* I mean *cleansed*. By *save* I mean *war*.

The war begins. The war does begin. The war begins. The end begins. The war begins the war.