

Throne of the War-Lord

Ares stood
often before
upon battle-field
so still..
contemplating

His cry echoed
in many tongues
'Matalo! Tuez-le!
Uqtul! Kill!'

Pitting mortals
against each other
challenging divine
wisdom and reason
each side claimed
its monopoly on heaven..
so Ares could claim
his new throne

Today Ares stands
upon battle-field
so vast..
contemplating

A prosperous land
forced to suffer
Mortals pitted
against each other
Deprivation
Humiliation

Modern warfare
beyond reason
offering a
beleaguered nation
quills from
the hawks of heaven

Quills unleashing
quivers
crashes
quakes
aftershocks
explosions
collapses...

For years
and decades
to come
Ares shall have
an abundance
of thrones

But none
as comfortable
as this

This, he dreams,
his coveted throne:

Each twisted hair
gray
black
brown
blond
adorns the seams
where tan
and fair
silken skin
come together

His throne shall be
unique this time

This time, he smiled:
Most of the slain
are young!