

Pieta

by Beate Sigriddaughter

I.

A woman at work solicits paperbacks for our soldiers, especially action/suspense.

I feel for her, wanting to help, yet here I sit trapped in my white marble grief for our sons that are always so broken.

Often it feels we lose our men long before they enlist in their dreams of glory that we haven't healed in more than 10,000 years.

II.

In Papua New Guinea women make a pact to slay their male babies, as there seems to be no other way to stop a brutal war of already far too many generations.

At this point men in the west are crying "murder." Would you rather wait till they all grow up and kill each other properly then?

III.

In Israel they are willing to imprison high school kids who do not want to kill and do not want to die.

IV.

You say it is too difficult to simply withdraw and let go of righteous dreams. You say I don't understand the staggering complexities.

Do you believe then that it is easier to simply die?

V.

Come home, my love, and live.

I want you in the fields beside me, not huddling in far-away trenches. I want you to climb with me the narrow path toward intelligence with its dangerous cliffs and its breathtaking vistas.

I don't want you on my lap, broken for any reason.

Come home, my son, my brother, my father, my husband. Come home, my love, and live.

