

War ; a fragment

by David Ackley

But we shouldn't forget the war. Even underground, subdued below the trials of the depression, it goes busily about its perennial business of preparation. Some, mothers among them, by intuition or experience—like Lela who'd seen Eugene off to The Great War—feel little electric sizzlings in the night. Wars past and future trouble the weary present. She is keenly awake to Mussolini in Ethiopia and the army captain who tells a Nashua gathering to expect one every twenty years or so. She has sons, and grandsons maturing and she eyes their future like someone standing too far above a path where a deaf child wanders toward a rail crossing.

