

# A Sonnet for Anna

*by* Robert Vaughan

When you're sold into slavery  
blushing bride to a rebel toting  
a sawed-off shotgun at the altar  
when your schoolgirl reverie  
is choked, forced to swallow  
yet another drug-riddled dogma  
when your parents are  
shredded, quarantined, killed  
the world seems a remove  
behind the lens of cameras  
and phallic microphones  
when it appears only women  
are despondent and protest, how  
then am I a man who cannot rest

