

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

