War Ends War

Anthony Etherin
Tao maybe now a sign I knell afar, 
a wasted act in killing is to die. 
To newer awe, be sure now, onward eye. 
Defer old loss — I kill it. So, I mar.

It's one to me, revolt: a devil's tar. 
Erupt it. Fight life. Rot. Dirt up, I lie — 
vast sacredness, raw rats, a noose I tie 
(of redder foe, I tie so, on a star).

War's sender casts a veil I, putrid, tore. 
Filth! Gift it. Pure rats lived at love remote. 
No stir, am I — O, still I kiss old lore.

Fed eye, draw now. One ruse beware. We note 
I dot, sign ill, I knit cadets a war — 
A fallen king? I saw one! By a moat...
Due fits: *I, myriad. I, brutal war*....
Bone, dull as air, asserts I'm still a cog,
to rise in Eden ivy, raw as raw.
No wedded rage remote, soon it's a fog.

To hostile war! A faker tier: *I, fleets.*
We note no law — O vast, in evils knit.
I pote lorn rot. Deeps tall, I knife deceit.
Tie, cede. *Fin.* Kill at speed — torn, role-to-pit.

Inks liven. It's a vow, alone-to-new.
Steel fire, I trek afar, awe lit so hot.
Go fast: I noose, to me, regarded dew.
On, war's a wary vine — denies I rot.

"Go call its mistress!" arias allude.
No brawl; a turbid, airy mist: *I, feud.*
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This is no. I

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WAR ENDS WAR

consists of two sonnets in iambic pentameter.

The first sonnet obeys the Petrarchan scheme.

The second sonnet obeys the Shakespearean scheme.

Both sonnets are palindromes by letter.

The sonnets are perfect anagrams of each other.