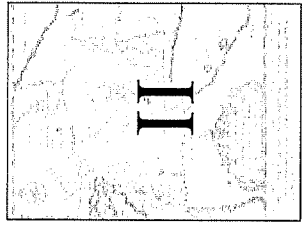


Brian Turner

Eulogy

It happens on a Monday, at 11:20 A.M.,  
 as tower guards eat sandwiches  
 and seagulls drift by on the Tigris River.  
 Prisoners tilt their heads to the west  
 though burlap sacks and duct tape blind them.  
 The sound reverberates down concertina coils  
 the way piano wire thrums when given slack.  
 And it happens like this, on a blue day of sun,  
 when Private Miller pulls the trigger  
 to take brass and fire into his mouth:  
 the sound lifts the birds up off the water,  
 a mongoose pauses under the orange trees,  
 and nothing can stop it now, no matter what  
 blur of motion surrounds him, no matter what voices  
 crackle over the radio in static confusion,  
 because if only for this moment the earth is stilled,  
 and Private Miller has found what low hush there is  
 down in the eucalyptus shade, there by the river.

PFC B. MILLER  
 (1980 - MARCH 22, 2003)



This is war, then: All is well.  
 The missiles bomb the cities, and the airplanes bid the clouds farewell.  
 It is nothing but a corpse which grows and stretches...  
 Between time and time,  
 Between blood and blood.  
 All is well.

—FADHIL AL-AZZAWI