

Poetry—

Battle Won Is Lost

They said, "You are no longer a lad," I nodded.

They said, "Enter the council lodge." I sat.

They said, "Our lands are at stake." I scowled.

They said, "We are at war." I hated.

They said, "Prepare red war symbols." I painted.

They said, "Count coups." I scalped.

They said, "You'll see friends die." I cringed.

They said, "Desperate warriors fight best." I charged.

They said, "Some will be wounded." I bled.

They said, "To die is glorious."

They lied.

—PHIL GEORGE