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End of the War on Terror

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Johnson: End of the War on Terror

END OF THE WAR ON TERROR



**KENT
JOHNSON**

We have taken custody of his body.

In this spell of intimacy, may our sins seem washed away.

For look: Thousands of youth with phones mass in flash release:
They bear flags; they scale trees; they stand, pushed up, balancing
on the hands of their companions. They are astonished to be living it.

Sudden shot on the screen: Two boys leap into the air, again
and again, crash ecstatically against the chest of the other. Someone's
beautiful daughter breaks away, runs screaming towards the lens,
thumbs up, tongue out, in a kind of ululation.

Try to understand us. Try to see we share your fears, desires,
dreams. Poetry matters to us in same measure it matters to you.
It has been this way, and so it will. Deep grief and joy, great pleasure
and pain get fused; who can tell, sometimes, the difference on the face?

Anchorman asks a guest on Skype: "He has been called
the very face of Evil . . . You who lost your father in the tower on
that terrible day, how does this historic moment make you feel?"

"O," he says, "It's hard to find the words. At first I was so happy,
and then I felt guilty, all of a sudden, to be celebrating a death,
so to speak; it felt strange, you know, no matter how evil he was. But
then my mother said, 'No, son, you have every right to feel happiness

his face I recall right now. It is the face of my father, a picture
I carry in my mind from long ago, and he is holding open a door.”

04/02/11

KENT
JOHNSON

We have taken custody of his body.

In this spell of intimacy, my own eyes seem washed away.

For look, thousands of souls with phrases mass in dark releases.
They lean large, their scale from their stand pulled up, balancing
on the hands of their commenters. They are supposed to be strong &

Subtle shot on the screen: Two boys leap into the air, again
and again crash ecstatically against the chest of the other. Someone's
beautiful daughter's breathless voice, arms screaming towards the base,
thumps up, tongue out, in a kind of oblivion.

Try to understand us. Try to see we share your kind desires.
dreams. Poetry matters to us in some measure it matters to you.
It has been this way, and so it will. Drop your mind, your great pleasure
and pain get fresh; who can tell sometimes, the difference on the tape?

Anderson asks a guest on *Spiegel*: "He has been called
the very face of Bill... you who had your father in the tower on
that terrible day, how does this historic moment make you feel?"

"Oh, he says 'It's hard to find the words. At first I was so happy,
and then I felt guilty, all of a sudden, to be celebrating a death.
So to speak, it felt strange, you know, no matter how well he was. But
then my mother said, 'Oh, son, you have every right to feel happiness