

Wars end

Towers, towers, burning bright:
Ask, where does the war begin?
In fiery penetration, burning glass;
or in a cold heart, distant years before?

Greed and hatred ripen slowly,
Seeds scattered in poisoned soil,
their violent fruit an instant's harvest:
whose the hand that taught the knife?

Recall the famine stones in empty meadows,
When oak trees grow from city streets;
walk the path through the woods
to ask, where does the war end?

In the silent no of quenched desire
and in the slow strong pulse of being

— Henry Wessells