

## Deserter

Prove me wrong——  
the charges, the light brigades  
too quickly dimmed:  
on either side, advancing  
uniforms, picked  
picked off——  
Numbers ticking  
on a work camp list,  
names misplaced & then  
the pages——  
Letters, novels, biographies,  
who will write history?  
Snow songs, sand songs, tropics  
of green, of mud, an ocean,  
these landscapes, waves  
singing lives.  
Shelter, food, loved ones smuggled,  
deported, sold——  
People will do anything, anything,  
& I have no more taste  
for war, Mother Courage.