

POETRY AND DIALOGUE
with ADEENA KARASIK

AMUSE BOUCHE

(for Chef Rossi)

food glorious food hot oil and flustered

Oh gourmand! Just mop up those ketyusha
encrusted garnished margins
all blasted and beat-up like whipped ricotta --

yeah, i'll have a plate of artillery shells, with a
zesty bomb-water pottage, a fuzzy naval (base)
with an umbrella of Arab allies

What do you serve at a beheading, a prisoner swap?
a missile launch?

Oh go on, just terrorize my
palette -
your approval rating is
falling like a cold soufflée.

So, just take your explosive liquid
and *smear* it all over my
sweet sweet sweet peace, heavily decorated and all trooped out / hot
'n beefy like a gaza strip
sirloin broiled over a burgeoning cease fire
'cause over here the stakes *are high*,
colossal and strategic
with a garlic-enfused shi'it-
aki mushroom
cloud all jihad
and caramelized
with a berry strewn

hezbollah crème fraîche

and may i suggest
some frothy framboise where boise
will be boise-
enberry like poised
oiseau was o-
let them eat
caked on
Islamist Hamas with side of
pita paté picked a peck of pickled patriots

moistly skewered and
topped with flaky herb flecked fromage
forged with the chaos of clogged artillery
all bollixed up like clumpy béchamel

What do you serve at a statue toppling? a
guantánamo gala? A border invasion?

Just sauté 4200 civilians
a handful of morphing militants,
4 salted sunnis , 3 shias shopping
2 condied Kurds (and whey)
with 1 September that never ends

and ask, *what's in your Lebanese cabinet?*

*Say, is that a raging skillet or
a pan Islamism?*

Oh just suck the savory juice of this unilateral lexicon and
the lingering zing of your saucy
imperialism laced with a tapenade of
terror, a
creamy trouble-scented galette a cornet of
sweet corsette a cornish garnish flourish a florette a fleur de darfur
for tubors or two by
forays. topped with a dizzying *oh mama ma ma sha'aryiah*
of oily *allah la* holy olé mullah aioli
braised in suni-dried
cabbage, like a ravaged
battalion, wrapped
in an artillery fire cluster
a po' boy *oy polloi* envoi of
honey glazed humvee
with a cup of kaffyieh
all embroiled in conflict

II

*i'm sorry, did i order this insurgency? This aerial onslaught of premature
detonation?*

Does that threat level come with a side of terror cells?

*May i substitute these liquid explosives
for an escalating attack of piquant parliamentary leeks?*

oh this is delicious militia

SOUPEÇON! ...of terror

*You know, i will take that plane bomb platter, so terribly inexpensive
and effective...*

(just HITS the spot!)

III

So, take that Pyongyang gangbang angrily felanged
dried kimchi beanpaste
broiled beef cabbage fishcake; and *hanjoun-*
sheik it up baby

honey, you ARE the bomb...

But, to tell you the truth, i am *more* terrorized by my refrigerator -
There's an ongoing low grade war
between my carbalicious coffee cake
and my low rise hipsters.

y'know sometimes, after that succulent
nosh o' ganâche, there's a
nuclear explosion going on
along *my* southern borders.

Oh dill sprigs -
anytime is a good time for an invasion!

So, dip your nuclear-tipped
schnapp crackle pop pop fizzled warheads
in my juniper pear jus de jewy
jewy jouissance,

a bisse! a fisse!
an extended range ballistic missile
with just a hint of

terra gone gone gone, shia be gone so long...

Yo, i'll take my rogue state medium rare
with a fully accountable transfer
seared with a lemon herb crusted
axis of upheaval, effervescently
crushed like a thermobaric cocktail with a
nuclear umbrella -

Just a sec, my despot is boiling over.

So, *don't serve me* no cut 'n run cumin-tinged phyllo-wrapped tank shell
crema gratinata, frittata pannacotta
duck breast con[flict] (low in saturated fatwa)
no dirty rotten scallions, shallot
solutions, because

this is just a jalapeño in my as-

paragus. *i just don't want* no more
kaffir and loathing, punk ass bitch fragrant sweet tease
buffer beefy boeuf burr in my

il fait (fated) froid

gras - nope, just couldn't eat another bite
o' that petit four, three, two, one...

(kabombastic flavor!)

i simply cannot *stay the (4) course* for that
fudged hegemony high reason treason raison, low rise
maison d'être (national debt) no frill fret de floret
stir fried black current. *au current;*

So, give it up to
drenched antidotes and icing licks
soixant croissant jews and g[oy]za
yuzu hoisin ouzo azul oozin' muezzin

a bluesy früz frissé
for social change
and to all
those misty
watercooler memories for

The Way We War

POETRY IN RESPONSE TO ADEENA KARASICK

by JAMIE ZAGATA

I grew up knowing war was bad.
WWI
WWII
Vietnam
I read about them,
Studied them,
And discussed them.
I learned people died and countries were conquered.
I was taught the "Big Three" allies of WWII
And the importance of Hiroshima,
But still after all that, I had no clue what war meant.
Maybe it was because I was young,
Thinking the whole world revolved around Cinderella and care bears
Maybe it was because I was naive
Thinking that my secluded neighborhood was the only neighborhood that
mattered.
But as the years grew upon me,
I began to observe, not learn, more about my surroundings on a larger scale
And began to notice how everyone in our world may say they care... but very
few do.
Very few care about the crucial situation that our country is in
Very few care about the two wars that we have occurring

and the ones that may begin

Very few care about the brave souls we have fighting for us

Very few care about the months that pass when a soldier does not get the luxury to

physically see

The grass in his back yard

The bouncing of his wife's hair

Or the smile on his newborn's teeth less face.

Very few care about the little sleep they get (if even any some nights)

Or the uncomfortable dirt hole they sleep in.

Very few care about the ONE cold meal a day they eat

Which sometimes they aren't even able to consume.

Very few care that they are in 100+ degrees with 20lbs of equipment,
Sweating,

But not daring to remove their helmet for a split second.

Very few care that our government does not properly equip them with materials

Such as bullet proof vests or strong armored humvees.

Very few care that they are getting shot at

right now

As you read this poem.

Very few care about the lives that have been lost.

And that will be lost in the future.

Very few care about the thousands that have had legs amputated,

That will never be able to run with their kids again

Or that have had arms amputated

that will never be able to type on a keyboard again

Very few care about the tears that they shed

When they see their team member squirming because a bullet has just ripped through

his camis onto his leg

Or worse,

Through his helmet into his head

Very few care that the average age of our first time deployed military member

is 19 yr.

old

And although they are not old enough to legally buy a beer,

They Are fighting for our right to drink it peacefully

Very few care about the horrific screams they hear or body parts they see

Immediately after a roadside bomb explodes

Very few care about voting against the war, because "their vote doesn't count"

Very few even care, That when it comes down to it

they are all doing it for us.

But one thing they do care about, is pretending to be perfect...

Perfect with their perfect education

Which allowed them to get their perfect ob

That they go to in their perfect car

After they leave their perfect family

Perfect, huh?

It may be...

but it doesn't matter,

because in the end

its all just

Perfect in an imperfect world.

by LAURA CAMERLENGO

Oh, War.

WAR

What is it good for?

Croon the lyrics and scream your speech,

But do you REALLY support the meaning?

In the hallowed halls of a University,

Do you agree with the "liberal" sentiments

In a selfish attempt to prove that that you're "educated"

Or

because you believe that
NOTHING
Comes from useless violence and death and bloodshed.

by DANE VARRIANO

'Honey comb' .. your hair
Ill 'bee' right back
go read your magazine's while i unload mine,
Make sauce for dinner, ill make the sauce for sinners,
Of course we're all winners, thats what they all tell us,
Getting sliced in to spaghetti by an enemies machetti, is nothing to
Manfredi and Arabs who own Getty.
But what about Eddy, his son and wife Betty,
They weren't ready, to get the call they were getting.
A reason to a draft, is something I can't grasp
But I'll grab a Miller Draft in a toast to draft Miller's class
18 years old--- old enough to for a draft, but not old enough for a
draft--- get my drift,
o0o0o no, you just felt a draft.
Why teach war is bad, then tell give them a gun and tell them to go
fight,
It doesn't make sence, so0 politics can make dollars.
It's making kids horrors climb out of their shirt collars stay with
them forever, numb to emotion parlors.

by NICOLE DELLA BELLA

War for Peace?
War is terrorism with a bigger budget..
Waging war to stop terrorism is like trying to put out a fire with gasoline
Kill one and its murder...Kill thousands and its foreign policy...

God doesn't take sides in war...
Wake up and smell the CASH-astrophe!
Anything war can do, peace can do better...
Fight war ...not wars...
If war is the answer, we are asking the wrong questions...
Truth is the first causality of war...
War is FUELish...
Let's come together before we are blown apart...
Peace as a way of life, not as a result of war...
Oh say can you cease?
Let's stand for peace, not fight for it...
How many lives per gallon?
Justice or just us?
You can bomb the world to pieces, but you can't bomb it to peace
War is expensive peace is priceless...
War is over...if you want it.
Some people wear t-shirts screaming these slogans,
While other's wear armor for our right to say them.

* * *

How to make war...
Tools Needed...
1 corrupt government...
(1 tube of Elemer's glue)
1 fuel/money hungry president...
(1 piece of paper)
Thousands of brave men and woman...
(1 Picture frame)
Thousands of casualties...
(1 shelf or wall)
Millions of Dollars spent on ammunition
(1 black or red Sharpe)
Product: 1 morally bankrupt war

Directions...

Use the Elmer's glue to attach the 1 fuel/money hungry president to the corrupt

government...Draw a line down the middle of the paper with the red or black Sharpe...

Now make the thousands of brave men and woman use the millions of dollars spent on

ammunition...That will leave you with thousands of casualties...Place all items inside the

picture frame of your choice... Hang on shelf next to poverty, racism, hunger and

intolerance. You now have your final product...a morally bankrupt war, in my frame of

mind.

by VINCENT PALMIERI

Take your secrets, take your crowns,

Burn them all to the ground

Everybody wants to see the end

There's no mistakes and no resound,

With our own being gunned down

Nothing matters when the shrapnel flies

The last confession from our aggression

Left us with a hole in the ground

Once a sinner, always an alibi

All the bodies, all they were,

Swept aside like part of the herd

Live tomorrow, never the same again

We lost something else...

We lost the right to say we win

by HOLLY DELANEY-WADE

Political poem

Red rove errr, red rove err, we call George Bush over

To testify without the need for simply speaking

To the republic for which it stands for nothing and falls for anything.

Calling Janet Reno Nine One One!

Alberto has lost his power to the Tempest

The second son can never be first, just ask Teddy, who after Jack, it seems,
went from

third to second and after Bobby, went from second to first.

Or was it more like - and then there was one...not 'the' one, just one.

Like two people go for a car ride and the car drives off a bridge and only one
person can

survive the fall from Chappaquidick or Chappaqua.

Enter Hillary minus Norgay

In a quest for the summit

Mid-station is not part of the plan to

Fool the fool on the hill.

Halley Burton's Comet meets Eyore's chain neatly stored military industrial
inferiority

complex and remarks that it is all in the star(s).

W is after you

He wants you