

New Poetry from Amalie Flynn: “Celebrate”



TREE / SKIN / BONE *image by Amalie Flynn*
1.

Celebrate them.

2.

Celebrate the soldier who went to war
Just to kill.

This soldier accused of shooting and
Killing civilians. How the men from
His own platoon. They say *he did it.*

He shot civilians. He shot at civilians.

Shot a girl in Iraq in a flowered hijab
In her stomach.

Blooming wound. Like a daisy eye or

Hole in her gut. How he shot an old
Unarmed man dead. His white robe
Drenched red. The stain a spreading
Blood sun.

And they say they saw him. Saw him

Kill a teenager.

An ISIS fighter. Wounded and waiting
For a medic on the dirt floor in Mosul.
How they say the soldier said
Lips into a radio

Don't touch him.

Because *he's mine.*

Before driving his knife deep and deep.
Hunting knife
Into the boy's neck. Through skin and

Muscle. Tissue and ligaments an artery.

3.

Or how

There is a photograph.

The soldier squatting in the sand.

Full battle rattle next to the ISIS boy.

His dead body. Face up. Arms bare.

Calves exposed. His legs sprawled.

And the soldier. How he has the boy.

His hair. Gripped in the fist. And he is

Yanking. Yanking him. The boy's head.

His face up. For the camera.

How in the photograph.

The boy is dead.

And the soldier is smiling.

Because the boy is not a boy.

He is *deer kill*.

3.

Celebrate him.

Celebrate that soldier and the way it felt

When he held that soft sweat tuft of

Human hair.

Between his thumb and fingers like.

Like feathers.

4.

And why. *Why stop there?*

How there are more. More soldiers

5.

Soldiers who stood over dead bodies

On a video. Standing over the dead

Bodies of Taliban fighters they killed.

Killed in war in Afghanistan.

How the soldiers exposed their penises

And urinated on the bodies. Urinating

On the dead bodies or how

They are laughing.

Celebrate them. Celebrate those soldiers.

Celebrate how they felt when that stream
Of urine. Their urine.

Hit the men. Hit the dead bodies. Hit dead
Legs and dead torsos. Dead faces. Splashing
Open dead eyes. Into dead mouths.

Celebrate how.

How it felt. When their urine
Filled the dead men's nostrils.

6.

Celebrate Abu Ghraib.

Celebrate that it happened. Celebrate

Soldiers who stripped prisoners naked.

Raped them with truncheons. Strapped

Dog collars around their necks. Soldiers

Who dragged men on leashes like they

Were dogs. Who placed bags over heads.

Made men stand on boxes with wires

And electrodes attached to fingers and

Skin. Soldiers. Soldiers. Soldiers who

Tortured men.

Soldiers who piled men. Piled men up

And into contorted piles. These piles

Of tortured human flesh.

7.

Celebrate them.

8.

Celebrate all the soldiers who do it. Who

Do *things like this*.

Celebrate them even though. Even though

The military is filled and filled and filled

With soldiers who

Would never. Who never do these things.

9.

Just don't say. It is because

They did nothing wrong.

Don't say. Don't say *they didn't do it.*

10.

Celebrate them because you know.

You know they did.

11.

Celebrate them because you like it.