

# New Poem by John Thampi: “Ad Memoriam”



AM A PART / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Here's to not killing yourself  
with DA issued narcotics  
with Deer Hunting Rifles  
Recreation what life left  
in forest in sand  
in the White Throne Room  
where you sat among  
blood & brothers  
and the Valkyrie your sisters  
when you raised up your call  
sign like a prayer  
and called down hell  
fire in our age  
where our every battle is  
ragnarok and you wept  
without shame in salute  
and the throng of well wishers

I am a part

the kind you met  
at the arrival gate  
shook hands and welcomed back  
visitors  
if there is anyone  
Welcome Back  
the kind that could mark  
your wounds by

your inabilities  
to speak to speak to listen  
in anything but blast fragments  
the kind that never knew  
the certainty of steel  
and the strength of the wild flowers  
as you patrolled with men  
and ate alone  
for what company  
is there in men?

leaving the divided house  
and the black tent  
the cry of the delivery room  
and the shout of the bedroom  
racing into the crackling fire  
that you mistook for sunrise  
the distant moon  
that you mistook for friend  
the laughter of wolves  
We allowed to circle us in  
and lay to rest  
We refuse to rest

warring till our company arrives  
warring till our company arrives  
warring for our company who holds the line  
in blood and breath and life itself  
here's to not killing  
yourself.