

New Poetry by Ben White: “Cold” and “Cold II”



JUST SPILLED FUEL / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Cold

In the tracks
The heaters never worked –
They just spilled fuel
All over our gear,
 So, winter maneuvers
Were saturated
With the depressing smell
Of diesel
That put the cold
 In the Cold War.

Cold II

We didn't have the chance
To become
Household heroes
As the battlefield games
 Were played out
In Cold War villages
With routine maneuvers,
So we weren't individualized
Into a series
 Of celebrated
 Action figures –

We just stayed molded
Out of plastic –
 Green and generic,

In the same
Old postures.