

Legions

Time is an army:
Massed, marching, murderous,
Utterly unaware of its own duty.
And we, the generals, too.
Though we have the rank to give any order
At any given moment or whim,
Almost always our conscripts fall to phantoms.

We, unworthy dictators,
Seem only to watch as the hours expire,
As waves of the dumb and the brave die
Under our careless command.
We surrender our soldiers to the second-hand
And nightly let out our last men
To tally their brother's bodies.

And, yet, legions of minutes
Have enlisted and garrisoned,
And await orders may never to come.

Carson Pytell is a poet and short fiction writer living in a very small town in upstate New York. Carson's work has previously appeared or is forthcoming in such publications as Vita Brevis, Literary Yard, Leaves of Ink, Revolution John, Corvus Review, Gideon Poetry Review, Poetry Pacific, Futures Trading and Former People.

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