

Tony is a great observer of details. He has the ability to then translate these details into a rich description of events and tap into the universal elements of human nature to create a poem that is appealing and layered with meaning. He does a fantastic job in this particular poem of capturing the tension between two sides and the pressure opposition places on those circling around the center struggle. It was a pleasure to work with him on this poem.

~ Tressa Smail, Master Tutor

War

By Anthony Probst

It's a war
between
equal sides

The fighting sides
though relatives
in a distinct way
show no mercy

The brawn says
I'm sorry
YOU didn't
mean it

The beauty says
There's time for
YOU to
change

The outsiders sense it
they know no change
can come or that
any change will come
until a truce is found

The battle
has begun

But there is
nothing

the yelling
the combat
the fighting

where is it?

This conflict
for as nice
as it would be
to claim a
victory
so soon

does not
fight along
those terms

With no words
flowing from
him to her

With no signs
of weapons of
mass destruction
aimed at the other

We prepare for
The war of the Worst

A fight between
the closest of kin
the sibling war

Not bonded
through blood
to one
another but
by association

by commonality
by the tightest
of non-nuclear
family bonding

The war
sparked
and flared
and severed the
bond

leaving a
path of people
in its wake
not dead to the
world

but dead to
each other