Rachel Gonzales

**Iron**

We are not youth any longer;

We had to shoot it to pieces.

We are Iron,

Thugs,

Murderers,

God only knows what devils.

We have neither flesh nor muscles any longer.

Our bodies a thin skin stretched painfully over a

Repressed madness,

Forever pressing on under the wide night sky,

Fighting for nothing but deliverance.

Peace.

We believe in such things no longer.

We believe in war.

Death is working through from within,

It shows through blue-black like poison.

As before a judge, we march

Between the glow of the dawn and the black silhouettes of the forest.

They are lost to us.

This way lies the abyss,

A vast, inapprehensible melancholy

Full of ghostly secrets.

He it is still and yet it is not he any longer.

A mournful life in the memory.

*From “All Quiet on the Western Front,” by Erich Maria Remarque*