

## Chapter 1 : Richard Peabody

*Poets Against the War is a collective of poets writing about peace from around the world. Todd Swift had the idea and acted fast: within a week, the first edition was up on [web-address]. French, German and Portuguese-speaking editors took up the challenge and collected poems against the war within the next several weeks.*

You can download originals from. Photocopying on both sides, and then folding and binding as you choose , gives you a classic DIY chapbook. An opening between anvils blocking the sky: The late afternoon light surprises someone hoarding his dogs and chicken coop in the shadow of the overpass. Would a pot of coffee shimmering on a hotplate bring years of peace? It is widely expected that this report will either act as a trigger for war, or begin the process whereby the United States of America in fact disregards the will of the UN, and makes a unilateral give or take a few cronies preemptive strike upon Iraq. Among other things, it may hold the record for being the fastest assembled global anthology; it was first conceived and announced on January 20, , a mere week before its first appearance. Only the speed of the Internet, and the overwhelmingly positive support of so many poets, who shared the project with their colleagues and personal networks, could have made it happen. Many fine poets could not be included this time as we had to keep to 50 pages or less. The poets retain copyright, and grant you permission to make as many copies of this book as possible. You are encouraged to download, host, share, swap, print and copy, this powerful book of poems, in all its versions. By photocopying on both sides, and then folding and binding as you choose you will have a classic DIY chapbook. We encourage you to spread the word about the Poets Against The War project " in your community, and beyond. This anthology could not have been assembled so well and on time without the dedicated intervention of Val Stevenson, chief editor and publisher of www. And freeing them, for what? One girl bunches up her skirt and stares at her own pale legs extending down into the riverbed into another, matching pair. Her half-naked twin, attached at her soles, looks up. They laugh, squeezing the invisible muck between their toes. This is how we invade without apology, this display " the backs of her calves, her loose underwear. New and Selected Poems ECW Press 1 2 poets against the war Collateral damage Jackie Sheeler In a place of sand and wind and want, worn cotton looped across her forbidden face a woman without pleasures tends to her sons. We meant to bomb the airport one mile north of this village with no name, this village on no map, this village of no more. The barrel holds no water" but somewhere in its depths there is the dark, iridescent sheen of oil. One afternoon, he brought home cans Of carrots, peas, Carnation, Spam. He reinforced the concrete walls With mattresses. You are Late coming home for an argument: The night holds terrors every parent knows. Your mother is away. The morning paper Demonstrates with images how words Can lose all meaning: Wars begin when language fails us. The missiles Fall, undiverted by the right command. How has it been for you You, the Arab, you mean. You say it with such sincerity and love that I almost forget to be frightened. Ask them where they lay their heads at night, and will it be there tomorrow. Ask the people of Iraq whose prayers now must condemn our country because we have bulls eyed them, hair lined them; taken aim. Homes of broken chairs, half-standing walls, empty door-frames, another fresh grave. Town square, open market rows of orange-red tomatoes, tattered clothes, blood-stained plaza centuries-old buildings stripped bare to brick. Once friends, now enemies. Once lullabies, now eulogies. Old women in black bent in half, whispering across the world Notwithstanding and so forth But it is oil and the dark tunnels disappear and the ghosts of tanks the sand covering dead bodies The missiles, where are they stored? And imports of uranium and of aluminum tubes for making missiles and stores of VX nerve gas and United States spy planes? Signs proliferate as we pass by. Plastered on the auto dealership plate glass: Save thou souls, save thy soul, grain of sand, rain of rant, cycles of want and plenty. No seasons now, and lost the loving interplay of light and dark. No dusk or dawn, no night and day. No future now, all options, choices gone away. Impossible, no songs today. Just sadness now because Time heals, they used to say, and without Time of course our pain will always stay. Transmitters fail, the clocks are still. This warrior tradition emerged in my son in a fantastical, twisted way. During an acute psychotic episode, my son was hospitalized. His terrible adventure, coinciding with the Gulf War, took on metaphoric overtone. Mind the gap, mine hole. At the height of concern about the

possibilities of chemical, biological or nuclear warfare, he became convinced that he himself was radio-active, a bomb about to explode. Yet who is to say what his response to threats of nuclear annihilation should have been? With the end of the Gulf War, my son recovered. That stress was internalized by my son with dreadful accuracy. I believe this literalization of memory occurs down the generations all the time. How do we experience peace as a fullness of life, not an absence of action and adventure? How do we live peace without constellating its opposite? Dad gently warns me not to pay more attention to the dead. Their time is over. Sparse spring rains demand we plant the desert in grain. He deserved to die. They ought to be shot. The words fall glib. Throwaway lines sentencing them to death. Distant observer, you speak without guilt, or fear of misplaced allegiances. The death-dealers deserved to die, you say. Death is easy to pronounce. January , Mumbai, India. God, I remember your father and his father before him and all the fathers before that. Brows knit in the media glare, a penchant for current affairs leaving songs like legal briefs littering the clear cut swath of history. The stupid shall inherit the system and everything else shall follow, like unto dominoes or fractal equations. Sail on oh mighty shit of state. A gunshot across the bow of the ship of progress. At least the Egyptians had aesthetics, Amerika has all the bad taste money can buy. Power rabid and destructive just out of view, the other side of calm pronouncements. Actors all around me chasing the script, everybody should just fuck their time away, forget the oil and the geopolitical bullshit. A good, healthy obsession is all anyone really needs, take that shampoo hair and jazzy beer ad body out of the television and re-install it in reality. What lives in us? The morning sky twists yellow above the nearest peak. I think of the spirit dissolving. You lift yourself onto a shaky elbow, your voice so low I can hardly hear. You speak of the origin of hymns, move your head slowly from side to side. You talk about the mind, its grooves carved deep. The hollow the head makes. Shocks to the psyche, buried in years, no light touching the body as detonations ripple through. From time to time, my hands warm on your skin, I dream what was intended. As the world threatens to implode, I turn in a strange kind of hope, though I am a child of the only myths in which the gods die too. What can we do against the determined dark? John Asfour Since the death of , Iraqis goes unmourned so I will not mourn them but continue drinking to excess. I will not mourn the dying and deformed because an idealist cannot be happy. And I want to be happy. So I will laugh and marry and continue drinking to excess. I will light a candle and talk to the children, ask them how they tolerate one another, how they abandon play once they disagree and later invite their playmates to the same game. I will light a candle and die for a day, only to see if death would teach us to choose peace over war.

### Chapter 2 : Jennifer K Dick - Wikipedia

*The most talked-about and successful ebook of recent years is published here for the first time in paperback. Poets Against The War, a trilogy of downloadable electronic chapbooks was first published online on January 27, and has since made world-wide news from the LA Times to the Moscow dailies.*

Share via Email As Christmas approaches, you might, I suppose, think of buying a book of poetry for a loved one. But would they thank you for it? The amount of poetry published in any given year is considerable; little of it reaches ordinary bookshops, much of it goes unreviewed, the bulk of it sells extraordinarily poorly. There are a number of reasons why, in market terms, poetry is a non-starter; but since few people have the energy or opportunity to change our political, economic and educational environments, it has instead been decided that poetry must appeal more to its "potential market", and that the best way to do this is to suggest that poetry is therapeutic. Therefore uplifting and reassuring anthologies are what you will be offered for Christmas, as you have been all year, and all the previous years. This has been going on, arguably, for several centuries. There was also the small matter of Iraq: Just the thing for the benighted of Baghdad, perhaps? The best anthology, like the best compilation tape, is the one you make yourself. Given that the poetry anthology as lifestyle accessory is now ubiquitous, how might our "general reader" decide between them? Judging by their ill-informed and badly argued introductions, many of these books conceive of the general reader as stupid, fearful, parochial, conformist, politically unimaginative and tweely sentimental: Choose the one with the prettiest cover and use it to furnish your room. Here is a book entirely committed to the efforts of women and men throughout the past century to unite against injustice and inequality, dream of a better world, fight for it, grieve their losses, and still keep faith. At a useful remove from the commercial lists, where editors have to balance aesthetic choices with market forces, Bloodaxe celebrated 25 years of subsidised breadth theirs is, taken as a whole, a truly diverse list. Carcanet also boasts an intriguingly wide range of poets. Most recently comes a rapidly swelling and unignorable list from Salt, which has intelligently embraced print-on-demand technology and the internet to disseminate a great deal of poetry exploring traditions other than the English domestic lyric. A far from exhaustive list of other individual volumes of interest and curiosity might include: Otherwise, there have been a number of hefty collected poems to enjoy: Sadly, major bookshops are not stocking poetry in adequate quantities. Ultimately, this might even benefit the smaller publishers, so long as poetry readers commit themselves to staying informed. There are many discussions going on, and by sharing our enthusiasms and opinions we can all continue to make happy discoveries.

### Chapter 3 : The Best War Poems Everyone Should Read | Interesting Literature

*The most talked-about and successful ebook of recent years is published here for the first time in paperback. " Poets Against The War," a trilogy of downloadable electronic chapbooks was first published online on January 27, and has since made world-wide news from the LA Times to the Moscow dailies.*

War has long been a source of inspiration for writers, prompting recognition of the bravery and patriotism involved in service to a cause, or reacting to the damage and destruction to life and property that often result from such conflicts. Poems about war often reflect both points of view, as can be seen in the poem quoted to introduce this article. One way to approach reading the poetry of war is to choose a specific conflict and find an anthology or collection of poems that arose from that particular war. Words for the Hour: In addition, the editors have provided a section for collections of poems by individual authors, including Emily Dickinson, Herman Melville, John Greenleaf Whittier and Walt Whitman. Their arrangement of poetry in chronological order, along with a Civil War timeline and a list of source collections from which they obtained many of the included poems, helps the reader understand the context and impact of the works showcased in this excellent collection. With *The Penguin Book of First World War Poetry*, editor George Walter has collected poems by both well-known and unknown writers and arranged them together in themes to provide readers with differing perspectives on common experiences. The introduction discusses the role and scope of First World War poetry anthologies and looks at how these works have been viewed and understood over time. With a notes section that includes context and explanations for the poems, Walter has prepared a collection that provides an excellent overview of the genre. In *the Cambridge Poets of the Great War*: The volume includes a lengthy introduction, in which Copp provides biographical information about the authors, details of the incidents described in many of the poems, and commentary and criticism of several of the featured poems. The balance of the book is given over to the poems themselves, thematically grouped, and includes indexes of authors, titles and first lines for ease of reference. In *The War Poets*: Thus, the experiences of those who served " in the trenches, in the planes, in the ranks " during both the First and Second World Wars, are represented with poems about daily life in the service, memories of home, and the consequences of battle. *Poetry of the World Wars*, edited by Michael Foss, includes but a brief introduction, and lets the poems of two World Wars stand on their own, interspersed with small but affecting illustrations most without credit. Poems from each conflict are gathered into thematic chapters, and many well-known poets are represented in this volume. *Taps on the Walls*: Borling was a prisoner of war in Vietnam for over six years, and the poetry in this book is a record of the way he survived, and helped others to do the same, under brutal and often hopeless conditions. Tapping in code on the walls of their cells, he and his fellow prisoners tapped out their own names and the names of their family members, messages of hope and strength, jokes and prayers—and poems. The poems he has set forth in this book are his memories and experiences from that time, forty years ago, when poetry helped keep him and his comrades alive. With an introduction by his fellow POW and now Senator John McCain, this book is a testament to the ways that poetry can help and heal. As with any academic library, the USMA library collection includes probably thousands of volumes that provide literary criticism of prose and poetry; what follows is a small selection of criticism on the poems of war. Stallworthy, a poet himself and a Fellow of the British Academy, sets the poetry and prose of the First World War in a wider context, examining the meaning these poems have for survivors of warfare " both past and future. Auden, and Ted Hughes. Each chapter is an in-depth exploration of the poet and his or her war writing, covering many different eras, with the exception of two notable chapters. With *Memories of a Lost War: American Poetic Responses to the Vietnam War*, author and critic Subarno Chattarji introduces us to poems written during and after the conflict in Vietnam, predominantly by veterans, but including other voices as well. In this, the dissertation he completed to obtain his PhD, Lennox examines poetry written by Americans during and about five separate wars: Even though National Poetry Month has come to a close, all of the war poetry resources referenced in this article " and many more! Come on in and check one out!

Chapter 4 : Poets Against the War by Todd Swift PDF - PEDS Peditria Book Archive

*This essay critically examines the invocation of poetry as a strategy of ethical resistance against the war on Iraq in the chapbook anthology Poets Against the War, which was assembled in a matter of few weeks before the war.*

Share via Email Poetry has had a diminished audience since the rise of the novel, and by the end of the 19th century, well before modernism, an explicit division between cultivated and popular taste is evident - one that has continued. In brute commercial terms, there is no advantage for most publishers in maintaining contemporary poetry lists, and its publishers generally justify their approach on the basis of prestige, as an Arts Council report discovered a few years ago: As the report also said: Far from leading readers towards individual collections, the anthology market increasingly becomes sufficient in itself for booksellers and then for readers. Of course, one needs to distinguish between different types of anthology. Educational anthologies - from schoolbooks like *The Rattle Bag*, edited by Seamus Heaney and Ted Hughes, to university tomes like the US Norton series, which save students much fighting in libraries or huge book bills - make many poems cheaply available, and offer varying views of poetic traditions, though most often tend towards the conservative. Canonical anthologies such as *The New Poetry*, edited by Michael Hulse, David Kennedy and David Morley, or revisionist anthologies such as *Conductors of Chaos*, edited by Iain Sinclair, assert the exclusive quality and importance of their chosen poets, but rarely encompass the true diversity of activity: Manifesto-style anthologies announce and argue for a particular movement in poetry, dressing it up as "new". In all these cases, though, limitations of space and pressures to be "representative" led to a strong and sometimes exclusive emphasis on the short lyric poem. In , the American anthologist JG Whittier editor of *Songs of Three Centuries* suggested that "brief lyrical selections" were the appropriate poetry for the "snatched leisure" of his busy readers. Poetry competitions many of them, in fact, insisting that poems be no longer than 40 lines and magazine representations of poetry, pressed for space, also emphasise the lyric. And so the poem approaches the soundbite, under the logic of capitalism. The long poem, or the poem sequence, or the unified collection, in which ideas and associations can play out and against each other, cannot be represented by excerpts. Complex subjects - and complexity is precisely what poetry can offer against the reductive simplifications of journalism and political rhetoric - often require a lengthy treatment, with variations of pace and viewpoint, and will frequently demand that readers are stopped short and asked to rethink language, rather than being lulled by familiar expressions. Furthermore, an emphasis on "accessibility", and a deference to the fact that the larger "market" for poetry consists of people antipathetic to what they see as highbrow intellectualisation which other people might term "complex and informed thought", tend to privilege empathy and recognition: So poetry becomes further narrowed to encompass only the familiar and recognisable. It ceases to be an artistic creation that, when the reader engages with it, might in some way change them: It looks good on the coffee table. It furnishes a room. It is a "prestige" buy only in as much as the word "prestigious" derives from that for "delusion" and "conjuring trick". The themed anthology, a tradition derided expertly but to no effect by Robert Graves and Laura Riding in , is the most prevalent commercial production. Based on relevance to life situations rather than critical criteria, these volumes cover "the brass facts" of birth, childhood, love, sex, weddings, gardening, depression and death. Next Christmas we will be offered *Essential Poems for Christmas*. One of his gifts was humour. Were all dead people gifted with humour? Two lines later we read, "our society often sugar coats mourning in dubious comfort". Ah yes, that "uplifting counterweight" of sugar-coated comfort. Not, one notices, racial hatred, political corruption, class antagonism, slave labour, imperial guilt, illegal wars, arms sales, etc. She could not tell the difference between Britain, the British Isles and the United Kingdom because actually the "we" she employs is always "English" not "British". Like Astley, she uses the pronoun "we" to assume a unity in her market, while struggling with its diversity. When she says, of a prize-winning amateur poem, "it seems ultimately British that its author should be a management consultant", she reveals more than she realises. Whatever these anthologies profess to be "about", they are, in fact, all about money. Commercial British poetry, fostered by anthologies and writing classes, focuses on autobiographical lyric, increasingly in prosaic cadence and language, offering banal experiences

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and banal thought. Individualism "look at me! If these poems mention the political, they do so with gestures of wordly-wise impotence, as if outside the problem, or ironised confessions of complicity that seek to defuse the charge. This probably is the legacy of Larkin, defeated and pessimistic, xenophobic and conservative, who spoke so well and so lastingly to and for Middle England. Fifty years on, in a situation of permanent war, what we need is less consolation, and more concentration. Robert Potts is co-editor of Poetry Review.

### Chapter 5 : Best poetry Anthologies (73 books)

*Poets Against The War* is an anthology of anti-war poems, by various poets from all over the world, which was assembled by Todd Swift in a matter of weeks to protest the upcoming war on Iraq. It made its first appearance.

### Chapter 6 : Anthologies (multiple authors) - Books Sitemap

*One Hundred+ Poets Against the War* Todd Swift, Editor Table of Contents Editor's Introduction 7 Are There Children 8 Collateral Damage 8.

### Chapter 7 : Poets Against the War by Todd Swift PDF - Impact Construction Books

*Get this from a library! poets against the war. [Todd Swift;] -- Anthology of over poets of the 20th and 21st centuries writing on war; most of the poems first appeared in the ebook of the same name during the first three months of*

### Chapter 8 : A Global Movement of Poets | Poets Against the War

*This chapbook anthology, Poets Against The War, has been timed to appear on January 27, , the date on which Hans Blix delivers his weapons inspections report to the United Nations.*

### Chapter 9 : Robert Potts on poetry anthologies | Books | The Guardian

*Led by poet Sam Hamill, February 12, became a day of Poetry Against the War conducted as a reading at the White House gates in addition to over public readings in many different countries and almost all of the 50 states.*