**The Dead Can’t Sign Peace Treaties**

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Can it be called a war when only one side has

power? Power, on a cosmic level, is shaped by

the construct of omnipotence. There is war against

sin, but never against the existence of it, & there

is war among lesser things, but never against

God. To be less is to stand in hierarchy to the

heavens, ants to the angels or demons, above

or below.

Power, on a geopolitical scale, is measured by

more than the tanks we mow over graveyards,

held together by names we’ll remember or

forget, engraved granite flattened as paper pressed

to leather, illegible until someone cares to open

it up. Power, in this sense, is weighed against

greed, against resources cursed to fertile soil,

oil-saturated headstones set to the sound of thudding

boots sent to bleed the land dry. The dead can’t sign

peace treaties, & the graveyards howl with that

knowledge, while pop music blares in the

background & women suck dick until we’re all

blessedly the same, globalized against the idea

of social anarchy.

Power is the ability to hurt each other, but also

to forgive. Power is also forgetting where you

flowered or where you fell, & can it be called

a war when one side neglects their responsibility

to respond? *How is the cold war with your parents*,

they ask, & is it that or is it a failed state consumed

by the concept of division, of revolution in squares

bloodied by their brothers, warring factions bent

by the same gods that watch from the heavens above

ambivalent to the sin they claim to war against.