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Untitled

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There shall be wars and rumors of wars
But where sounds the trumpet
That separates battle from myth?
Need I enlist
 to defend the faith?
 to defend the faith from defenders of the faith?
 from the mutiny of regiments who march
 one beat behind the drummer like some
 harsh, flat tenor holding the final note
 of a mass just too long?
but I have no rhythm
and I see no armies gathering.
so the years pass
as I plow my fields,
you plow yours,
but the pruning shears rust alone.

Jared Campbell