



Today's poem is by [Ned Balbo](#)

## Holy Wars for Us

*No Holy Wars far them; the most the small  
Can ever give us is a nuisance brawl.*

— Robert Frost, "No Holy Wars for Them"

Frost's world is gone, if it was ever here.  
States strong enough to do good bring, instead,  
more wrong than he imagined. Every year,  
they offer threats designed to silence dread  
(nothing restores the confidence they've lost),  
and brute force — self-perpetuating, vast.  
Frost, are you listening? Those states too small  
break into tribes that rise up in a rage  
of bloodshed that won't stop. The nuisance brawl  
is sneak attack and murder, ancient page  
and verse updated to record the crimes  
that add up, death by death, to countless lifetimes.  
The great lose ground. What should they guard it with?  
Real bombs explode all rhetoric and myth.

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