**Thoughts on the Oxymoron, *Military Intelligence***

Where there is murder there is no mind.

Where there are weapons there is no well-being.

Where there is fear anger comes.

No one remembers a time when there was no murder.

Abel was the last who did not fear his brother.

But how can we abandon our weapons

Any stand unarmed on the battlefield.

Murder, said an old sage, is only

The beginning of a series of escalations,

The second of which is theft,

And the last and gravest, lying.

Where there is mind, there can be no murder.

Realizing our kinship, there can be well-being.

Everyone longs for a time when there will be no murder.

We are not the first to refuse

To live in fear of our brother.

Where there is no threat, love comes.

Therefore I disarm myself even on the battlefield.

We are not the first.