

ANTAGONISM

James Vitko

*The Dakota Center
Minot, ND*

While sitting on my porch one day,
along came a boy who asked me to play.
His eyes were so blue, his blonde hair a mess;
probably six years of age, no toys he possessed
I suddenly regressed to my childhood ways,
when I was able to play away my days.

We stood for awhile and stared at the clouds,
and thrones we had as we sat on the ground;
My partner's attention was drawn to ants,
his curiosity grew as they climbed on his pants.
We began to scan across the ground,
some red, some black, some brown ants we found.

I went and obtained a glass jar inside
a collection of ants we wanted to confine
About the ground we grabbed at our prey
and soon we had a varied array.
The two of us stared in disbelief;
the ants were at war and not at peace.
Brown against black, black against red,
They struggled about until the other was dead
My friend looked at me and said a few words.
He questioned, "How come" and "Why?" this occurred.

The reasons I said, made little or no sense,
when talking of such there was no defense.

For all in all the ants were the same
As on their ground they played their games
But when they had to share the same land
At odds they were—for no reasons that stand.

The day had slipped by and our time was to end
so I said “goodbye” to my newly made friend.

I entered my home, removing my shoes
turned on the TV to watch evening news
As I looked on I was dismayed
The clips that I saw, were seen while we played.