The elders (though that word does not contain sufficient substance to describe the strained and weathered faces, demarcated by a hurried youth disrupted and denied) approve of my entreaty to their sense of liable paternal influence. They linger though, reclined, content to drone in colorful, if futile, martial tones, on lavish (Persian) carpets on the floor, as old Kalashnikovs in younger, more determined hands (paid in rupees), sow that lethal seed—unrestrained, row on row.

—Poem by Capt. Chad Lewis, U.S. Army