

Battleline

Enemy upon us...

(c) 2018, by Don Poss

100% alert tonight, with constant strings of flares,
casting ribbons of amber light over the perimeter and triple-wire.

Black curtain of night pushed back by the light, the advancing
enemy as frightful sight. Attacking forward in near
overwhelming numbers, doubled their strength dancing with
their own shadows,

The ground quaked a mighty stampede, collapsing perimeter
wires, their bodies a bridge for comrades to cross over.

My firing merged with the calamity of explosions and incoming
rounds, as my fingers tickled canvas bottom of the last ammo pouch.

AMMO! I yelled into the night--no one could hear-- and unsheathed my bayonet
for the ending fight.

And suddenly I recalled the roman gladiators' Emperor's salute ...

*We who are about to die,
salute you.*

Rewritten, 2023.