

Fields of Fallen

Slain Warriors

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Tread the battlefield of fallen, strewn with
bodies asunder. That body bears no wound,
yet grimest mask he wears. Is there not one
who died as if in slumber's sweet embrace?

Slain bestrewn as unshackled cobblestones;
broken, polished, stained or pristine;
marrow-misting as trampled bones' last
warmth cools eternally away.

Tell me what you feel...if you value life at all.
Expose why smiles in retched death
abounds amidst the carnage of dead men
still warm.

What say you of these fields of fallen with
misty spirits aloft? Last breaths' vapor still
about in testament life once was ... now
fading, faded, lost evermore.