

Living Carcass

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Here I lie victor, or vanquished, though left-behind, wounded for sure. Blinded by gritty eyes sand-scraped and swollen closed, his one hope for someone to return.

The battlefield is quiet...last shot hours ago...
he lay there wondering,
Am I body without soul?

Someone crawled near him...
placed palsied-hand upon his chest;
then deep into torn pocket felt a prize, hissed snatched and wiped clutched treasure upon him,
and began to crawl away—then froze like dead ‘til sucking boots could pass.

Silent desperate-seconds—a deadly muffled-struggle began, both men tried to hush... until a gurgling one-way exhale ended with a hissing-gush.

I knew not who the scoundrel was--his boots in hurried-caution mud-squished and faded away.

Night’s ghostly fog hugged the ground, stirring as indifferent killers crawled to and fro. Another sudden scuffle and muffled curses...frantic plea then a primal scream so desperate and shrill, perhaps in recognition death was imminent; a single heavy shot banged out followed by seconds of heavy breathing—he to scampering away.

He lay still, playing another round of dead, a game he was learning to dread. I needed to know who’s near me, enemy or friend. I have no voice to alert a comrade and no clear sight to mark an enemy.

Manhandled now and then... *someone dragged me, I know not where*, then suddenly left me alone, hopeless and in despair.

Chilled and exhausted, eyelids pimpled by sand-grains beneath, *I don’t think I can make it ‘til dawn*, rescue forlorn as the war resumes its flow.

Here’s another dead one, someone exhales in cloaked-hush.

Heart’s still beating... blood’s very wet upon his chest, I try to still my fear and calm my heart and paralyze my breath—tiny puffs a sure give-away.

Someone is sloshing towards me==Friend or foe I know not yet, though he has not yet killed me. Frantic thoughts sense his presence—measuring if he’s worth a bullet, or heel of his boot.

The visitor knelt on bended knee— could feel warm breath upon his face and heard—*He’s alive...he might make it...get a stretcher over here!*”

Am I prisoner, or patient...a good thing to know...still blinded...and mute...must wait until told.

Dream Side of the Wire

buried within my heart...

forever in my dreams

I wonder why you stay there,

clips, snips, and surreal.