

Over Here  
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I reap the dreams of war I've sown ..... plowed fields mulched dark red  
..... and nightly trod those furrowed rows .....  
lingered sleep I dread

within my soldier's heart toil nightmare-shadows pale blood-gray ..... warriors twine in murky roil  
..... a waning cry ..... a dying bray ..... a wounded rasp-rattles .....  
over ... here

Raven lurks nearby ..... black hole in the night  
Wings unseen take flight, and seeks the mournful plea .....  
over ... here

Search in vain I cannot find what festers raw my Id .....  
wavering sigh echoes adrift, taunts talons eager for prey .....  
over ... here

I spy a fighting-hole asunder sheltering the wail from man-made thunder, pleading  
..... over ... here

I take up the coward's crawl, saucer eyes rake the plight  
find burst sandbag-mound and snake a hand with moldboard-fingers plow furrows of rancid-sand  
..... and worse I dwell not on,  
then feel for pulse ..... the neck of a headless man .....

from somewhere a faint caw wings, muffled by night-fog, and sighs a siren's call ..... someone, come  
stoke life's fading flame  
and cheat this unmarked soon-to-be grave

Last breath severs an orphaned soul ... freed spirit soars to light  
Fears and pain grow eternally cold  
Alas, echo's the long parting breath that fades last cry of life that was .....Over..... here ...  
over ... here ...  
over here.