

The Dreaded K-9

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In the mirror of my soul echoes
the ghost of a jungle war long
past.

Sights and sounds so surreal,
the smell of napalm as it
burns on a nearby hill.

A pop flare slowly drifts
across the razor fence,
as black pajama clad shadows
in slow motion perform
their strange, exotic dance.

The death defying silence
broken by the roar of a
noisy 105.

Instantly followed by the
crack of small arms fire,
and the jungle comes alive.

Out of the jungle darkness,
a single voice in time.

Heel Blackie! Heel!

Enemies beware!
For here lurks the
dreaded K-9

Dedicated to all military police K-9 Handlers and their dogs, past and present.