

From: [DPoss](#)
To: [Don Poss](#)
Subject: Poem - Battleline
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Poem - Battleline
Deep sh
Enemy upon us...

A string of flares cast a thin ribbon of Amber light upon the perimeter wire, the black curtain of night banished briefly, revealing advancing enemy like a forest line of trees where I knew none to be. So close as to appear overwhelming. Their numbers storming forward, moving without taunting shouts...the ground shook with their stampede, erasing the perimeter wire in a sudden surging-tide.

We who are about to die....

I wondered if my weapon's smoking barrel would melt, but dare not cease feeding it ammo.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone