

**From:** [DPoss](#)  
**To:** [Don Poss](#)  
**Subject:** Poem - Charge!  
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Poem - Charge!  
(c) 2016, Don Poss

I saw the lines of blue and gray  
Collide across wide field of unharvested hay,  
Bayonets glistening  
Drifting smoke thick as choking fog.

Onward men to victory  
To glory  
No one sang of slaughter

And tread the lurking mind-field of explosive dreams wherever it led

Thank you,

Don Poss  
Sent from my iPhone