From: VSPA
Subject: Poem - waiting
Date: Sunday, December 7, 2014 7:00:49 PM

Poem - waiting

I set straddling sandbags of the K-9 fighting hole,
Watching the twilight slip away to golden dusk. Blackie is scanning the tall grass around us,

Almost time to move out
And quarter my post.
Find a dark place to hunker down
Watch
Listen
Be ready for the dangers of the night.
Another minute
The golden lights drag the starry host in its wake, erasing the last Amber glow.