

Ambushed

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I lay still as if dead
Behind the rice paddy berm
Praying they would believe I was a goner.

Hours had passed
When I heard them at last
Whispering in their gibberish.

They poked and prodded
Jabbed and kicked but I
lay face down in the water.

I hoped they would buy it
Through a long straw I did breathe
Counting on their not wanting to get slimy.

It's true I was convincing
In my own pool of blood
And I would have believed my own con.

But there's always one own didn't get the memo, and I heard him splashing my way.

He flipped me face up and there I bobbed with that straw in my mouth like a hick.

Nice try I thought...an A for effort,
But that commie weren't born yesterday.

He pinched my nose till I opened my eyes and index-fingered a shush.
With a wink he departed with my gold ring, and he left someone's Zippo in my
pocket.

I rolled over, Hoping no one was looking,
and as I thought I might live,
Felt a bayonet in my back, and too quickly I did sink.

Well I gave it a try
No time left to cry
Night falls faster when you're dying.