

Calm Night to Remember
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A wind came up during the night, moist and warm off the South China Sea.
The enemy rested, as did we . . . a respite from war.

Distant horizon, a single flare drifted, winked out, was replenished; a cycle
that continued.

Calm reigned— uncertainty its companion —sounds of war; ears strained to
hear.

Dawn's morning glow a thin string of amber separated earth from the dark
vault above, an expanding gesture of a day yet to be.

A calm night to remember.