

From: [DPoss](#)
To: [Don Poss](#)
Subject: Poem - Fields of Fallen
Date: Tuesday, November 6, 2018 7:46:15 PM

Poem - Fields of Fallen
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Tread the battlefield strewn with bodies more,
tell me what you feel

how you value life for all
your answer shall reveal

how can smiles in death abound
amidst carnage of steaming gore

that body there bears no wound
yet grimiest mask he wears

is there not one who died in peace
bodies strewn like cobblestones
broken, stained, or pristine,
marrow cold or cooling

puffs of last breath's vapor, morse code adrift

fading, fading, last proof life is lost.

what say you to these spirits wondering, destinies in doubt.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone