

## **The Battlefield**

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As the broiling bronze sphere  
rises high in the turquoise sky,  
circling black scavengers wing  
on winds of high.

The smell of blood and carnage  
inflame their nostril beaks as  
their prey lie dead or dying on  
the desert floor so surreal and bleak.

The blood curdling cries of the  
black winged vultures echo over  
the now silent battlefield where  
the reeking bodies lie.

The battle is over and the victors  
have gathered their wounded and  
dead as the vanquished silently  
await their fate flying high overhead.

A gruesome scene to behold as  
death takes its bloody toll.  
An eerie silence prevails over the  
battlefield as the victors march silently  
off in their triumphant victory so bold.

Losers lose and winners win,  
and that's the rules regardless  
of their warring sin.

As long as there's wars there  
will be warriors to fight and  
die and the count will forever  
be too high.

The birds of prey will continue  
through the centuries to survive  
in this hideous way.

And the continuity of death will  
provide for these feather beasts  
on battlefields of upheaval,  
in a life and death struggle  
for causes of good and evil.