Suddenly one of his friends
leaped to the top of the
foxhole, yelling . . .

He was wide awake
and there was
standing over his foxhole,
not his friend—
but the enemy.
Chills, fear, ran through him
as he raised his hand and screamed,
"Help me, God!"
BANG! BANG! BANG!
The man screamed as he bumped
to the ground,

His body deformed by the bee-like
bullets; in agony
he writhed, then lay still.

His wife and child, whom he had
never seen, mourned his death
quietly.
And in the Spring the flowers bloom,
the birds sing
and the sun warms the earth.

David A. Narducci