

Thistle Alley

Fish

Rockets are flying, signal distress over no man's land,
With hopes they are fading, splutter and die in a leaden sky,
The wounded resignation, the corpses on the wire,
a frozen tableaux flickers in the light
Flares are falling, chasing the shadows, nervous eyes, huddled
in silence,
Hugging the earth, biding time
Motionless as spiders caught out on a killing floor,
muffled picks and shovels hold their still,
Praying for the darkness to return and hide the graves
they are opening,
the graves they are digging
A storm of fire and metal tears the wood asunder,
Shatters stumps of scorched and splintered trees,
Cowering in the mud within the roots, incessant thunder
Tormented shredded souls are torn apart
Deep beneath the surface the chalk yields to the chisels,
bloodied fingers tear the face away,
Hollowing the chambers along dark stygian tunnels,
hooded candles light the spectres way.
Dragons crawl the ridges towards
the spires on new horizons
Ploughing through the charnel pits and gore,
The spawn of death's invention, a victory their burden
The promise stalls and wallows in the mire,
High above the stage, a chorus of dark angels,
a circus joins the theatre of war,
The props are in position, fuses primed and ready;
the wires pulse the signal
cue the mine exploding
The graves are opening
The dead they are rising, fear haunted faces, gaunt and grey,
Ghosts are gathering, the Danse Macabre, the hellish fray
Heaven above, Thistle Alley below
Whistles are blowing, the maxims** are waiting
To carve the flesh, shatter skulls and crush the bone
Guns stuttering relentless rake the lines,
The gas that whispers in the confines of the trenches
To choke the life of those who dare to hide
Heaven above, Thistle Alley below
Motionless survivors bloody on the killing floor,
praying for the darkness to return,
Praying for the darkness to return
and hide the graves of the living