

Words From The Front

Tom Verlaine

January 23rd
There's no road.
It's been raining now for three days
We're in mud up to our knees.

If luck prevails and I'm given leave
I should be home by the 17th.
One word I hear all the time
This word I hear
Blind

John died last night,
He had no chance
Beneath the surgeon's drunken hands.
It's hard to see
Who's about
The fires we light
Soon smolder out.

Up on the ridge
They're dug in deep
We move in waves,
As if asleep.
And there they lay
Four thousand men
The general orders "Attack again."