

A Soldiers Tale

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A journey into the First World War. To be constantly bombed is something that thankfully we should never experience.



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The trembled hand

the twitching face.

A desperate draw on cigarette

looking for courage in a cordite breath.

.

Huddled in mud protected by

slime filled walls,

these walls of Jericho shake

crumbling into my fear.

.

My tomb beckons another inspection.

Buried alive under corrupted soil,

a land lords greeting from the

putrid remains of the tenants before.

Did Mother give birth to me for this?

.

The screams of the howitzer,

Marching in footsteps, stamping itâs wrath,

for fear of the dead rising.

And we who are alive, that dare to look

will see the face of death that hides within itâs light.

.

A face I would gladly see,

if bargain I could contemplate

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in exchange for silence,
and the solitude of darkness.

Where fear cannot go,
where the cold becomeâs a welcome blanket
for I wish this suffering to end

.

To hear the guns, all seeking me
to shred my guts with shrapnel scythe
and amputations rip.

To die with blood soaked ears
punctured into silence for manâs aggression.

.

This man placed here by anotherâs ambition
to pay the price for no manâs land,
The only thing that is really free,
for dead men will not stop you
from taking a soldierâs walk.

.

Another draw on my cigarette,
and a prayer from my anonymous conscience,
trembles upon humanities lips.

â Gives us this day our daily bread

Though I do not forgive them

For thine is the Kingdom

And men will destroy thy glory

Forever and ever

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Amen.â

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