

The Casualty

# The Casualty

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Survival in a field hospital was slim. Doctors sometimes had to help those with no hope to die in peace.



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The officer's whistle opened the door,  
the pain of mortar did greet the damned  
and I did nap with death in no man's land.

.

In cold of night the stretcher did wake  
from peace to hell and burning pain.

These eyes will see the stars no more,  
no comrades smile for me.

The darkness has won  
for light has abandoned me  
and my face is for others to see.

.

Am I alive? The pain agrees,  
my hand can feel this fevered brow.

What will home think?  
to only half a man  
and will England still respect this man?

.

The sound of an angel, who talks with God,  
a poor soul for sale,  
could that be me?

And God condemns  
that I am not worthy,  
for others deserve better

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than half of me.

.

And in my darkness

Opium's womb enters my veins

the pain chased away by foetal claim,

while the music of war in shrapnel fragment

screams a tortured lament.

And youth will queue to die in vain

among the ranks of nightingales reign.

.

These deities who tend this holy fodder

grow distant with bloody rags.

My mind feels the heat of shrapnel's breath,

the thought of box in foreign field

the feel of sun and breeze denied

and claustrophobia feeds my fear.

Lonely is the grave with no goodbye

and I do not want to die.

.

But god is my surgeon and he is beat,

the angel will deliver mercy

and death will get his degree.

.

For compassion was hers to give,

the touch of her hand

will wipe this brow.

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The cold of the scissors will cut the tag  
and I will join a corpseâs march  
obeying the ghost of captain's orders  
uniting friend and foe in melting borders.

.

In death I will believe  
and hope will leave this earth with me.  
My reward is tempered by sword and cross  
epitaph is poured over another loss.  
And country prepares to count the cost

.

The drone of the letter  
this paper of man  
typed in halls by Vatican whores,  
delivering their knock on motherâs door.

.

This pain of Englandâs son  
will lie in empty bed,  
silence will be hers to see.  
A candle for me in winterâs light  
but death will play in motherâs night.

.

Her tears will wash this wooden cross,  
the house will cry for little boy lost  
and the dog will sit with eye on door,  
never to wag his tail no more.

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