

The Casualty

The Casualty

By : steven cooke

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



Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/steven cooke](http://booksie.com/steven-cooke)

Copyright © steven cooke, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The Casualty

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

The Casualty

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.

The Casualty

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.

The Casualty

The Casualty

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-11-26 09:54:55