

Friendly Fire?

There---- On a hill
Can't you see
It's Incoming
Artillery

I dive to the ground
There's nothing to see
It's the sound that warns
No more Revelry

No place to go
No more time
Lord give me a hole
And none to sublime

The scream
The explosion
Fight to comprehend
What the hell is going on?

Don't get up
There it is again
No time to reminisce
Of where I've been

I look back
To the grassy knoll
To where I'd just been
Two new holes

A long pause
The silence is Golden
For the Infantryman
Whose Life has been Stolen

Shouting
Profanity
A radio chirps
Mistaken Identity

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