

Cold Bodies Lie

Running on the flat caked cracked land,
Jerry sniffs the airless air
as gunpowder substitutes,
mixed with painless silence.

“It stopped finally,
crouch low and let
your body take it,
don’t think, just move
we’ll be there soon.”

Training is in the past,
no legs and arms lost yet-
it’s the quiet that is the
unknown fear.

No pouncing on it
“just keep moving”.

It was finding the bodies
stench owned pieces by pieces
level out our conversation
in asking, to whom, where,
why and when?

A cold hidden moon
made our march sounds scary.
The themes in Jerry’s thoughts
really had no place-
the search for a warm spot
must come soon.

Bodies without uniforms
would be a problem.