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## **Bombs**

Another flare-up on the horizon as a bombing run approaches  
Men cry, "Get Down!" from already scorched lungs  
As roaring of engines drown out the barking of machine gun fire  
I gesture my comrades into a fox hole and  
As we compress into the small muck fill  
The air that dreadful whizzing sound we all fear  
As the shells carpet our frontline, I grasp my helmet in desperation  
Fully expecting my life to end; I am relieved when the ground ceases to shake  
With the onslaught over and the deafening hammer done  
I stand to witness the fiery conclusion  
The previously green meadow now a cratered wasteland  
The earth now a grotesque shade of brown  
The trenches now a labyrinth of bodies and barbed wire  
The innocence of young men blown away with  
The soil and fellow brothers in arms  
Soldiers advancing into the ordnance of both sides  
The words of charismatic recruits offering no protection now  
Men shooting and blaring as they storm the enemy lines  
The blood curdled screams filling the rancid air  
A temporary silence as we finish off our nameless foes  
Me light cigarettes and sip from their polluted canteens  
Our brief conquest is cut short as another bombing run looms