

To a soldier killed in War in this sad year of 2026

After the Battle

A song in shadows,

a sad gift returned by firelight.

Wrapped in blood juiced clothes,

damp litter of the battle field.

I asked for immortality.

Dead. I will now eat with all

playing words with your eyes.

Eleven hours counting. One more.

I have no fear of shadows

as we stand within our shade.