

charge them too much -- we sit
there & fix, I fix again, the
so-called Enemy & I, but just
3 angry boys lost in the immense
absurdity of War & State sudden
friends who have decided that
our hatred of Government exceeds
the furthest imaginable limits
of human calculation.

1/65

I remember the time
Black got it
incoming knocked him back
into a snowbank
buried him
he was Missing In Action
all winter

spring thaw & we were
back on the same hill &
the Lt. stumbled on him
cracked his shin-bone on
Black's helmet & looked
down at Black, preserved like
a fresh side of beef
all winter

'You Sonofabitch' he said
to Black's stiff corpse

'You Sonofabitch, if you'd
been more careful I
wouldn't hafta write
all those Goddam letters'

'You Sonofabitch' & he spit

but I'd seen his eyes
watering before he looked
straight up into the sun

7/65

-- William Wantling

Edwards, Illinois