

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