

Another War Dream

Drafted, you are consigned.
I had denial in my voice - look,
a mistake made - but
no sound would come.
I had khaki thrown on
sudden as lesions & a gun
of certain know-how
not even instinct knew how to use.
I had rims of other peripheral images pressing between-----
Camp rustles, sergeants stoic,
laughter & hostility amid pans rattling
down corrugated halls where a mess stretched
into trenches of shadow-spilled limbs.
To take such cloth, to take it seriously;
to be brave without belief, a reasonable cause,
I fell into line behind bugles whose alternative
seemed silence, seemed a porch light left on
in another country where home was asleep.