

Jesus is a Mimic

David F. Freschi

Eight days, Operation -Walk on

Limited contact but plenty of

Booby traps and snipers

Frustration matches the strain

Of tired muscles, sore shoulders

No contacts today though- that's good

Yesterday's gore finally dry

Blending with sweat and dirt

Two days' march to "clean" clothes

Entered the village, good size one

From three directions

Not a male under 60 in sight, crap.

Women, children, and the old

Senses alert, fear's vice tries to grab

This can't be a good news sign

We're staying the night

"Everybody sharp, two on, two off"

A long, sleepless night coming

Empty the pack, Most "rats"

Go to Mama-san and her hungry brood

Eye contact brief, and cautious

A brief nap before night slams down

Drifting, scrabbling sound slices exhaustion

Instant alert, eyes pop

.45 in hand, turn and she's there
Hands deep in my pack, probing
A grenade, a trap, a snake?

Sight picture is instant, clear and sharp
Center face, safety snicks, I won't miss
Anger is cold, clear, a mountain stream
Fear floods her face
No feeling except survival and anger
Trigger tightens, 230 grains of destruction ready
The last movement starts- "Don't
You don't want to do this."
Then that warm grip, so loving

Dad? Wha...? Who? His voice
Other side of the world but here
Muzzle wavers and drops, sights blur
Last food lady, take it and go
Safety up, barrel down, so close, so close to
Dealing death which would have been
My companion for life, dad's voice real
Who? How? I am with you
You know who, you know who