

A Decision

Up again, another turn

In the tunnels, terror,

Courage, and tension

Silent companions, always present

Check the .45, the light

The lifeline or maybe the body line

If s... hits the fan

Buddy jokes, "should'a gotten fat

So, you wouldn't fit." A chuckle

You know he's on the line and

Will be racing to your aid if you need it

Trust, a strengthening guide

Hard packed earth, familiar scent

How do they build these things?

Circle of light probes, and pushes ahead

While the shadows rush in behind, your world

Defined in a pool of light, wrapped by the dark

Ahead a trap? A gun? A mine? Or emptiness?

Ahead a widening, soul's wires tense

Mind comprehends in a slow motion second

What fills your eye, beds

Abandoned bamboo IV racks

Discarded bandages, some American

A shape, shallow breaths exiting, quiet

Occupies a wall-side rack

The foe, harmless now, gut shot, fading

Now what? Shoot him? Leave him?

Be no complaints either way

You, alone, will know the end
Search his rack, his pockets
Pull some papers, get ready to leave
Still the choice to make, you stare
And eye contact is made and held
No fear, no hate, just another like you
The discussion starts, you versus you
"Shoot him." "He's dying anyway." "Can't."
"leave him, he's done." "CAN'T"
In a tunnel half, a world from home
Man/boy struggles alone
Only God to witness, nobility
Rises with a curse and a groan
Body line undone to muttering self- ridicule
While wounded officer watches in silence
Never speaking, yet you talk
The journey starts, hours of dragging
Somewhere on that journey
A warrior's soul departs
Leaving another warrior touched for life
Enemies once, now joined forever
Accept the nobility you chose – he did

Don H