

The fires burned. Johannsen crumpled the telegram. Ambulances clogged the roads. Stretchers surrounded the tent. Johannsen tossed the telegram into the fire. It sizzled and consumed the paper. Supply wagons charged to the front.

Johannsen blew a smoke ring above his head and returned to the tent.

Poem

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Frustration
born in blood
stained sheets
drip drip drip
and then again
like Burke
as we look
for
garbage cans

in the middle
of the night
by the lake-shore.

I said yes
to the world
of tall glasses
 three inch carpets
 and plastic chairs
but they don't
seem to grab me
like they used to
Instead
they give way
to a world
of
tall grass
 three inches of snow
 and never ending sunsets
all day long.

Caesar told me
in the year of our lord
as he came into his own.
That he never
in a thousand years
thought about christ
as a god.
But more like a son.

As I climbed
over the fence of marigold
sunshine; Rain burst
forth and drowned
the petals of mindless flowers.