

The Heath

Silence and exposure threaten me.
As I stride knee deep through motionless bodies,
Death lurks overhead, watching me like a hawk.

Colossal rocks are curiously shaped,
Naked trees scabble at my clothes,
Echoes of soldiers wailing in quiet anguish float from distant
battle.

Stench of heroism creeps into my lungs,
The remains of a polluted river trickle beneath me,
Or is it something else entirely?

Guilt licks my face as my heart gives an agonizing lurch,
I gasp as I remember visions of the dead or the dying,
The vulnerable killed or waiting to depart this life.

The sun cries at the sights and rapidly shuts its eye,
The clouds create a protective layer,
I can only wish to be anywhere but here right now.

Faye Batten