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## Tom Verlaine "Words From The Front"

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(Verlaine) January 23rd There's no road. It's been raining now for three days We're in mud up to our knees. If luck prevails and I'm given leave I should be home by the 17th. One word I hear all the time This word I hear Blind John died last night, He had no chance Beneath the surgeon's drunken hands. It's hard to see Who's about The fires we light Soon smolder out. Up on the ridge They're dug in deep We move in waves, As if asleep. And there they lay Four thousand men The general orders "Attack again."

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