

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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