

The Thousand-Yard Stare

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There's nothing you can see
at a thousand yards
except through a scope

night or day, the bodies fall
over and over and over
shrapnel rains around you

you imagine running in
finally a hero
if only in your own mind

shooting, blasting, laying waste
to all that threatened
to all that made you

cover in your cold bed
you rise up, gun in hand
the enemy's eyes are red

and glowing dangerously
you fire and fire and fire
blood spurts in spouts of gore

the explosions echo like
a percussive orchestra of death
you bolt upright in bed

staring ever outward
terrified to look inside
where the stench of rot
rises and rises and rises.