

Morning battlefield . . .

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Pub Date: 12/07/11

Rev Date: 02/12/17

The dark soldier,
bracing himself for night,
lays down his sword,
and waits,
for the coming dawn,
but the storm is there instead.

First Herald,
awaiting noise of fire and shot,
is left in the fog,
without horse,
without hope,
and with gods abandoning men.