

Frontline Jim

Douglas A. Borer

In the fog of morphine
a robin told him to follow
the cat into the forest
where Artemis waited.

The soldier looked
For the cat and the forest
then awoke, ashen faced
as the soft mouth of the corpsman
stopped forcing air
into his lungs. Jim's gone.

Jim noticed the artillery
had gone silent
there was no cat nor forest
or even sunlight.

Only a full moon rising
as he chased the
the red robin
into the light.