

# Little Spoon

Tired warriors each unpacked,

In a shallow hand-dug hole,  
Not fit for a grave

Afghan soil cold and hard,  
An unfit mattress, a slotted drawer

Evening wind blows sharp,  
Limbs above slices chilled flesh

Cold cut, perhaps protected,  
A thin poncho sheet to ward

Woven Kevlar, stitched ceramic,  
An unfit pillow for the night

Slab of arm nestled between,  
Shivering between hocks of thigh

Will you be my little spoon,  
Don't be weird, bro.

—Adam Fenner, U.S. Marine Corps, Retired