

A Last Moment Caught

Tom Sheehan

It comes again,

without prejudice,

in another millennium:

I know the weight of an M-1 rifle

on a web strap hanging on my shoulder,

the awed knowledge of a ponderous steel helmet

atop my head, press of a tight lace on one

boot, wrap of a leather watch band

on my wrist,

and who stood beside me

who stand no more.

