

A Soldier Hits the Dirt



A soldier hits the dirt
Not daring to image what's beneath
The smell of death fills his nostrils, encasing his taste
Longingly, he remembers the girl back home
Beauty unstifled, pushing back her hair, waiting for a vow
155s, 82s, rockets, IEDs, killing and crippling
These things they do to men
Kill, capture, crush and run
To him they have no meaning
To cry is a shame, to kill a leisure thing
Why must these things be, O Great Deity

—Master Sgt. Timothy R. Ryan, U.S. Air Force Tactical Control
March 2014