

Twilight in Ar-Ramadi

Slip away fire fingers of the red sun. Know that night has begun.
Stand fixed toward the west. The millennium of minutes of another day has past.
Marking the passage of ten thousand random thoughts, like sand.
Bats flutter free. The night avengers to the sparrows' sunny canvas.
They herald the reaper, who claimed more of us. Screeching the Archangel's
Trumpet culled the living with the scythe of God's redemption.

Amidst the heaven stars pinpoint our home.
Archer Orion in repose sleeps. A thousand warriors doze while in Ramadi cars explode.
Yet in falling temps, we vigilant keep watching for insurgent spree.
Flares burn bright a flickering light of freedom shines. Life's toil undone by smite.
For Hamurabi's laws had it right. The plight of man called to task.
Twilight's hue of purple crowned newly king the night.

—Maj. Joseph A. Jackson
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