

## The Men Who Have No Name

In woods of dark  
I lie;  
heart beating against the pine needle floor.  
He is there, in sunlit place, marching up in  
haste,  
up a sloping green meadow.  
With the bend of my finger,  
gliding metal hurries intensely for a private  
embrace.  
Leaves rustle  
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l  
l)  
in autumn mourning.  
Through the looking glass, I cannot see  
reproachful eyes,  
Therein meadow, blood red poppies blow,  
A soft wind carries off a nameless soul.

—Staff Sgt. Christopher M. Rance, U.S. Army  
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