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## World War I

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World War I  
Sarah "Sadie"  
Dalla Costa

I stand at the battle grounds  
Seventy men shot down  
One my brother  
Three my friend  
Their bodies spilling color  
Vivid against dirt land, the bland grounds

I leave the bodies to rot  
And load my weapon  
Eighteen minutes, says the general  
Eighteen minutes until scrambling  
Out of the trenches  
The general's watch ticks but my time stiffens

I inspect my feet  
Puss and cuts  
Curse the rats;  
Curse the lice  
Hatching against my skin  
A life of one can end another's

I watch smoke fill the sky  
A missile slams into an ally's trench  
The goners,  
The poor troopers  
No, there's no pity in war  
So lift your head towards heaven as the world darkens

Ten minutes, says the general  
I vomit in the trench  
Seven minutes  
My knees shake  
Three minutes  
A prayer for my mother  
Tears for my sister  
One minute  
A breath for the world  
Now!  
Time unfreezes and speeds  
Everlasting time as I dangle over death