

# Tom Verlaine, Words From The Front

(Verlaine)

January 23rd  
There's no road.  
It's been raining now for three days  
We're in mud up to our knees.

If luck prevails and I'm given leave  
I should be home by the 17th.  
One word I hear all the time  
This word I hear  
Blind

John died last night,  
He had no chance  
Beneath the surgeon's drunken hands.  
It's hard to see  
Who's about  
The fires we light  
Soon smolder out.

Up on the ridge  
They're dug in deep  
We move in waves,  
As if asleep.  
And there they lay  
Four thousand men  
The general orders "Attack again."