

Watchtower, Argonne Forest

red memories of ypres,so long ago
fiery troops left as smoldering embers
broken dreams,shattered like glass
the edges still sharp,to slash and dismember

wasted lives? or noble ends?-innocent victims,lay staring in wonder..
troubled minds go over the edge,fall to the ground, and are torn asunder....

battle weary patriots,in blood stained uniforms...
trading death with the enemy,in the volleying cannon storms...

noble lives, with wasted ends-fates are controlled by impersonal friends..
fragile lives,hang on delicate threads...
woven through hell-and cut short.

charging towards,the battlefield,..attacking underfire
injured soldiers in the aftermath,waiting in pain,to die!