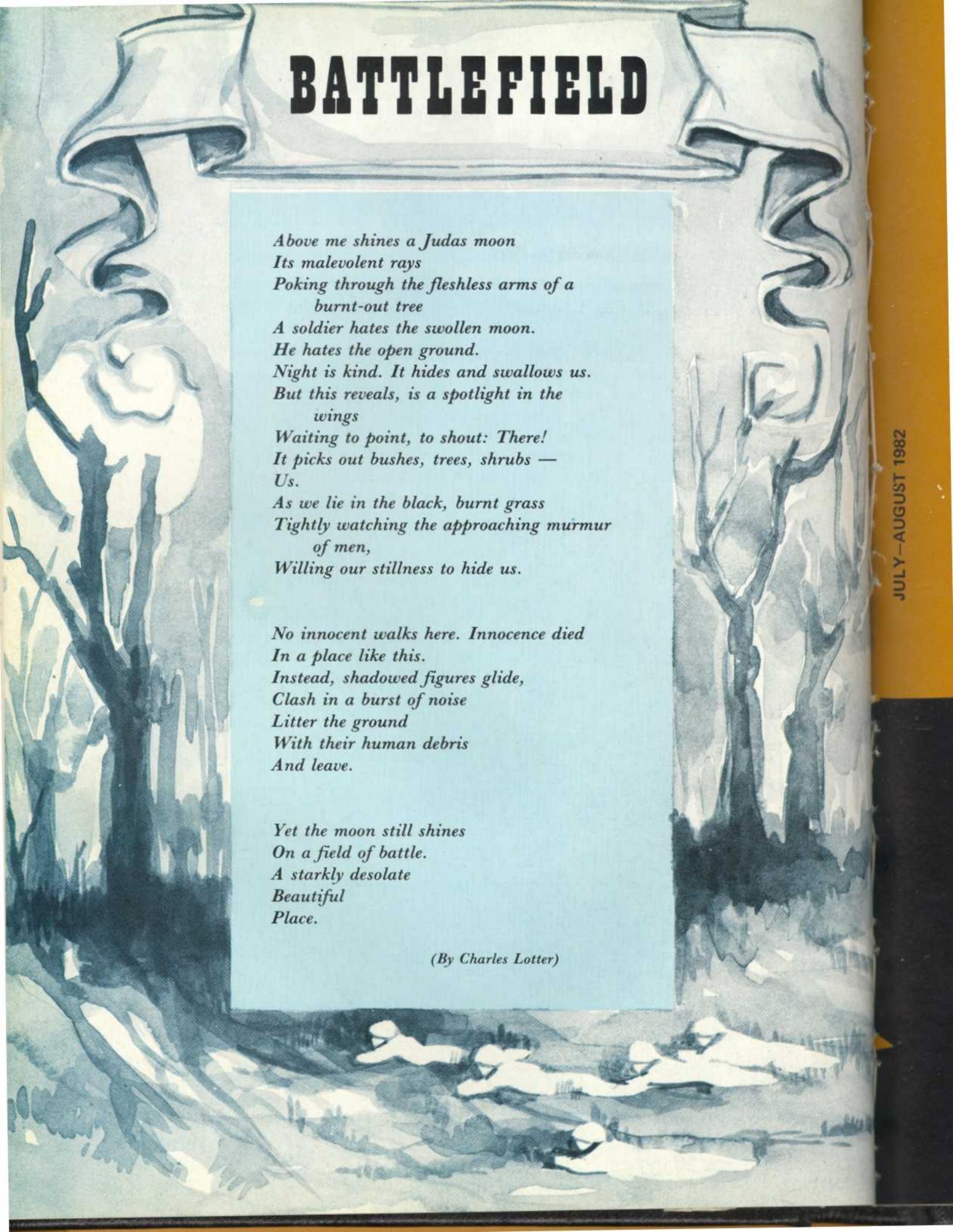


BATTLEFIELD



*Above me shines a Judas moon
Its malevolent rays
Poking through the fleshless arms of a
burnt-out tree
A soldier hates the swollen moon.
He hates the open ground.
Night is kind. It hides and swallows us.
But this reveals, is a spotlight in the
wings
Waiting to point, to shout: There!
It picks out bushes, trees, shrubs —
Us.
As we lie in the black, burnt grass
Tightly watching the approaching murmur
of men,
Willing our stillness to hide us.*

*No innocent walks here. Innocence died
In a place like this.
Instead, shadowed figures glide,
Clash in a burst of noise
Litter the ground
With their human debris
And leave.*

*Yet the moon still shines
On a field of battle.
A starkly desolate
Beautiful
Place.*

(By Charles Lotter)