

REBIRTH

*We fled to our bunkers
As the whistle of mortars flew down.
Our small arms carved up the dark
In futile search.*

*Three times the night bled fire.
In between
We crouched in the earth,
Tensed, edgy,
Waiting. Until dawn
When it stopped.*

*The sun never looked
So friendly
As it did
Washing away the shadows
That day.*

(By Charles Lotter)

