Serbia or Massachusetts?

by: John Esmond

It ripped the wall away in chunks
Like paper mache

A call for a medic,
but
the medic is dead.

There's Dorn trying to work the radio...
There's Diaz trying to breathe, choking on his blood

Someone yells
"There's nothing we can do for him!
Get his weapon! Fall back, NOW!"

It's good that the older guys know what to do.

Perhaps he also knows the why of this,
of a child tearfully rocking, arms around her knees,
beside a headless civilian corpse.

Father?
Brother?
I grab Diaz by his wrists to drag him.
(We are dead if we don't pull back...)

Then another shell hits.
And she is gone.