

Why Them?

Icy winds stalk them more deadly than the enemy.
The soldiers march, half asleep,
To the sound of bombs falling gently in the distance.
Forward, through a canvas of dull grey clouds littered with bodies.
Why them?

Exhausted, they trudge through mud as deep as rivers,
Cautiously creeping through the confusing maze of the trenches.
Many are close to death, but still the men march on,
Worried by the uncertainty of the next day.
Why them?

A rolling cloud of menacing yellow smoke slithers up behind,
Engulfing them. Helplessly they stumble around each other,
Choking and drowning in the poisonous gas.
Why them?

The whistle breaks the painful silence,
The moment they were dreading has arrived.
Their hearts race faster and faster as they draw closer to the edge.
One by one, over they go, fearful they will never return.
Why them?

Back at home, their families pray their loved ones will come back. They're
always there in their hearts. But all they can do
each day is...wait...and wait.
And wait.
And wonder.
Why them?