

## **Interlocking Arcs of Fire**

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The night air was cool and sweet  
Scent of nectar wafting wide  
Under the arms of the Baobab majestic spread  
We dug ourselves into the ground

Spirits of our ancestors spun  
In the branches high above  
Were it not for the presence of the guns  
My soul would be at peace

The radio hissed as the message was passed  
From now on silence prevails  
Alone with our thoughts and the palms of our hands  
We gingerly caressed the guns

The blast was loud as the Claymore went off  
The ambush had been triggered  
And then with the most spectacular sight  
We engaged with all our force

Hot streaks in the dark we spat out our lead  
From the guns until then silent  
'Til the barrels glowed near-red  
Interlocking arcs of fire

In the middle of that hail  
Some soldiers bled and died  
But in the rush of battle fierce  
We had no time to stop and think

That these were sons of Mother's sad  
Simply doing what they must  
To answer the calling of the day  
As we ourselves just did

But now as time and distance pass  
Between what happened then  
We can in peace stop to reflect  
The senseless anger of the time

For a life so lost is sad indeed  
Because it is a one way street  
But now with wisdom deadly bought  
We reflect and mourn

As we begin to remember  
And we try so hard to forgive  
We start to feel we are human beings  
And not just lumps of meat