

## Tree Darts

—Deb Hamilton

*Each morning I leave my tent and begin the long trod across the gravelly tent city. The temperature is bearable and the sky glows deep shades of indigo and violet because of the sun just below the horizon. There are a few clusters of tall eucalyptus trees along the way that emit sounds of ecstatic frenzy. Morning birds are preparing for the new day. It's as though the treetops are going burst! As the chaotic sounds peak, the birds suddenly begin shooting out from their leaved havens. This experience brings a joy to my heart which later flows through my pen.*

Zip they go  
‘cross the sky—  
winged silhouettes.

Dimly lit  
birth of dawn  
rids me of frets.

Chatter loud  
just ahead  
perched high—uptight.

Morning sport  
fast and fresh  
tree darts take flight.

## Echo of Wartime Drudgery

—Deb Hamilton

*While writing a portion of my journal, a thought occurred to me: Perhaps, I could best channel my thoughts and share my experiences if I selected one topic at a time to write about. I believe I will narrow the imagery I want to present with poetry. Yes, that's what I'll do! I shall close this morning's journal session and enjoy sitting on The Oasis' concrete slab with my white Styrofoam cup of hot brew. Then, if a few lines of rhyming verse trample across my brain, I will promptly have them march onto the page...*

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH . . .

Gravel being stomped,

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH . . .

Like granola being chomped,

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH . . .

Going to the job,

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH . . .

The military mob,

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH . . .

A sound that won't relent,

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH . . .

'Til you're back inside your tent.

# Steel-Toed Boots

—Deb Hamilton

Tan, like the camels  
of this ancient, arid land,  
are the boots on my feet  
as I tread upon the sand.

Their eyes keeping watch  
over every step and turn;  
laces hugging tight  
'round my ankles hold me firm.

Soles bound underneath,  
clinging tightly like my soul,  
marching on together . . .  
in my boots I know I'm whole.

Rarely off my feet—  
then, still close 'case evil shoots;  
like my vest and my gun,  
I must have my steel-toed boots.