

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.