

Night Patrol

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(Dedicated to our Afghanistan Troops)

This low light night the winds rise,
To blow out another rock desert day
As reluctant clouds slowly stray
A crescent moon stalks the skies.

Stark darkness moans; a dust storm seethes
A mottled squad huddles on genuflected knees
The lookouts peer from craggy hillside posts
Night-vision scans for pale green ghosts.

The mission goal will never change —
To seek the seekers as they stalk
Slipping through rough, rocky range
To kill the whispers as they walk.

Darkness makes all blood run cold
The sweating fear—the daunting foe
The wild unrest as thoughts run slow
The silent gut check, the rise to bold

The waiting ends, the rush clatters higher,
Out and upward drag these ragged best,
To meet a millennial foe, in an endless test,
Buried in a dust storm ringed with fire.