

War Poem

Bob Barrick

We'd read war poems
next to his bed.
I swear we would.

We'd thumb entire lives
like a city wood.

We'd ash cigarettes in the bush.
And chatter like letterman
in the bunker.

I'd slip one in for him.
Something dark. Something to die to.
I slip shaded spruce leaves
over his bunk. Gravel pits.
A pair of matte black
lips.

And he'd know we'd go together.
I swear we would.