

AMBUSH

by **Diana M. Raab**

Yesterday across
my television screen
far flung pellets
and bodies were launched
like rockets
into abandoned fields
of hidden soldiers
body parts scattered
through midnight quarters
nestled in hovering faces
of confused new brides
laden with blossoming bellies
and cryptic kids screaming in fields
of unknown futures
holsters hanging loose
with barren retrievers
and ash-filled faces
stomachs against sandy fields
all in the name of freedom.

Let's never give up.

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