REBIRTH

We fled to our bunkers
As the whistle of mortars flew down.
Our small arms carved up the dark
In futile search.

Three times the night bled fire.
In between
We crouched in the earth,
Tensed, edgy,
Waiting. Until dawn
When it stopped.

The sun never looked
So friendly
As it did
Washing away the shadows
That day.

(By Charles Lotter)