

We are parachuted to earth,  
to find the Garden of Paradise closed until further notice  
Breathing is a rude awakening  
Disoriented, we don't know which way is up  
In time, we will acquire a compass -  
which might be faulty  
For now, we depend on those who came before  
Supplies and training are at hand, if we are lucky  
Boot camp gives us skinned knees and broken hearts  
Then we are ready for battle  
The enemy is without - the enemy is within  
We fight with courage:  
Day to day - hand to hand  
With our brothers in arms  
With our lovers in arms  
We slog through muck with heavy packs,  
fighting for inches  
Whatever we gain, we lose in the end  
But there are breaks in the contest  
We are grateful for the tea ladies -  
(White with two sugars, please)  
And we savour the moments in dalliance  
But soon the guns start up again  
Shells land far away,  
or in our socks  
Cease fires never last  
So we battle on, burying our dead  
The Last Post is our wake-up call to finality  
We realise we are just mayflies in the cosmic scheme  
Our prime directive - to refresh the ranks  
Exhausted, we retreat under cover of darkness

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