

# Communion

By Skye

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Thunder rolls overhead,  
And the sergeant slouches amidst the ruins  
Of a town whose name escapes him.  
Exhausted beyond all measure, he yearns  
To sleep, and dream of home...  
A place where soothing notes of music supplant the earsplitting din of guns.  
Where the unfettered bliss of children replace the tears and cries of the wounded.  
Where the heady scent of gardens overcomes the noxious stench of Death.  
The thunder rolls louder.  
He cranes his neck and looks toward Heaven,  
Into the night.  
The rain descends,  
And tracks in tiny rivers, washing away sweat, grime, and gore  
From creases that will never leave this face,  
From the deep lines of memories he will never share...  
Save with the ever-present silence of the Angels.