

Bullet Wounds, Broken Bones

Erin Frick

(Editor's note: Erin Frick's poem is based on the LCSR reading, Emily Dickinson's poem, "Because I could not stop for death," and the painting Travoy's Arriving with Wounded at a Dressing Station at Smol, Macedonia, September 1916 by Stanley Spencer (Collection of the Imperial War Museum, London). Erin wrote this poem as an assignment for HONR 341, The Artist and War, Fall 2004.)

Bullet wounds, broken bones
Suffering fills the sky
Unsteady pulse, unsteady hands
People passing by and by

Dirty hands, dirty face
Smeared and caked with mud
Remove the dirt, remove the grime
But you can't remove the blood

Screams of fear, screams of pain
People in the way
Implore your king, implore your god
It's your one last chance to pray

Cut the arm, cut the leg
Do not hesitate
Quickly arrives, quickly departs
Death will come but will not wait