

Panic

I knew the end was near,
As the last man fell,
I was on my own,
Allies were near to approaching,
I shot,
I missed,
I tried to hide the panic inside of me.

As the allies approached
I could feel the thunder of heart beats,
Drifting through the air,
Now I wasn't alone,
They shot,
They hit,
I tried to hide the panic inside of me.

The roaring of the bullets flew over head,
I knew the end for me was here,
I began to panic,
The Germans shot,
The Germans hit,
And I fell.
My panic flew outside of me and through the air,
And the end for me was there.

By William Thommes