

## D-Day

I watched.  
Easy Company's boat moved swiftly away  
From the crowded harbour.  
Messages of love boosted their hope,  
It would be our turn soon.

I dipped my hand in the cool, calm water –  
It soothed me . . . a little.  
Messages of love echoed over the ocean,  
This time for us.  
Our time had come.

I turned.  
Looked at my men,  
And smiled.  
Reassurance was all I could offer –  
There would be no return.

Bullets whizzing past my head.  
Of my men,  
All but one . . . DEAD.  
I shouted, "Follow me!"  
We ran,  
Covering our heads.  
Storms of bullets  
Tattooed the sombre sky  
Overhead.

We took cover,  
In a small, abandoned trench.  
Or so we thought . . .  
A wounded German emerged  
From a fog of despair.  
We shot him dead,  
Without remorse.

A sudden pain.  
A silent scream.  
My leg in shreds.  
My last man dead.  
All lost.

Messages of love echoed over the ocean,  
This time for me.  
My time had come.

Carl Perrett