

But I Remember a War

Nate Fife

I can't remember my Grandfather very well.

But I remember a war, I remember bullets waving goodbye to rifles,
and intelligent little bits of
metal finding their way home through the bodies of men around my
age.

I don't remember his voice.

But I remember the roar at the end of a barrel, the eruption of lead,
and the death filled
laughter of the man standing next to me.

I don't remember his face.

But I remember a labyrinth dug into the ground; mazes dedicated to
Esther, and the warrior king

David, a no man's land lined with barbwire and bodies

I don't remember his hands.

But I remember pushing through the bush, the prick of metal pushing
into my skin, and the
feel of the trigger as I squeezed.

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But I remember a war.