

I HAD NEVER SLEPT WITH A BAYONET UNDER MY PILLOW

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Honorable Mention, Poetry

Ghosts return to our bed. They
Favor the young man sleeping beside me.
Running my index finger along the blade
I cradle his handsome blond head closer
Recalling Prom Night when he placed the
Corsage on my wrist, the empire-waist
Gown, and whispers dreamed inside
That night-time moment.

Now, riding shotgun in the Chevy Malibu after midnight
Cruising Bob's Big Boy.
It's Garden Grove, California. It's 1965.
The hard-shine of passing and parked cars
Packs all our dreams-tight.

Another incarnation. The dream spins again.
Young lieutenants die.
Fresh recruits in the growing army of returning ghosts.
This guy joins his buddy for a second tour...
I try to "Kiss the Sky"
Taste only napalm.