12-1-1997

Stuff

Tom Farruggia
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol6/iss1/17

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
The Fall of Corporal D.

It was supposed to be a routine watch detail. They’re always supposed to be routine. Outside a hospital in a far-away country he crouched with his A-gunner in a machine-gun nest, waiting for the relief watch to come so he could drink and sleep.

There’s an expression used to describe the sound a bullet makes — it cracks as the air near your ear is disturbed by the speed of the projectile. You can’t really appreciate this expression until you’ve heard the sound yourself.

The air around Corporal D. began to crack, and crack. The New People’s Army was at work, and they were shooters. He had orders to return fire, but self-preservation mandated pulling the trigger anyhow.

When morning broke they searched the grounds for casualties. Two NPA soldiers had died from rounds out of Corporal D.’s weapon. He shared it with his A-gunner, and there was no way to know for certain which had fired those rounds.

Both were given two confirmed kills. At least one discovered his life had changed.

John Boots
some of those hours were spent sharing with our children all the pleasures of the creations God put on this earth? What if we taught our children to be stewards of these creations?

What would you choose? If you could choose between working more hours or taking your son fishing, what would you choose? If you could choose between working more hours or playing on the floor with your baby, what would you choose? If you could choose between working more hours or sitting on the porch on a warm summer evening with a friend, what would you choose?

It's simple, isn't it? We would all choose working less and spending more time with our loved ones. Wouldn't we? I know it sounds impossible. For a lifetime now our priorities have been based on worldly things, not Godly things.

I don't have the secret formula, YET. But I know one thing for certain, it's going to take a leap -- a leap of faith. And I know that God wants us to concentrate on passing on our own legacies and His promises.

Once Again

Once again I'm here with you
Uneasy of just what to do
I scrutinize every thought
That goes through my head
I grind it into the ground
Until my courage is dead
Unrealistic expectations
Solely of my own creation

Once again I have the time
To hold your body close to mine
I realize this is the last
Chance you'll give me
To correct mistaken past
So that you'll forgive me
All this time in contemplation
Will it come to realization?

Once again we are face to face
Uneasy of just what is my place
I analyze every plan
To do what I want to do
I think of everything I can
To get closer to you
Unexpected complications
Lead to my hesitation

Once again I see you smile
It tears me apart
I want you to smile at me
But I don't know where to start
Internalize all the signs
That things are less than fine
Unsuccessful application
Of my plans, soon resignation

Once again I have the time
To hold your body close to mine
I realize this is the last
Chance you'll give me
To correct mistaken past
So that you'll forgive me
All this time in contemplation
Will it come to realization?

Once again I feel you warm and near
Trying to overcome my fears
I rationalize the reasons why
I won't leave my protection
Seems like every time I try
I suffer your rejection
Unintelligible explanation
Breaks my manic concentration

Once again I want to sleep
But I can't, for thoughts run deep
Ostracize all ill will
Coursing through me now
I'd take advantage of the moment
But I don't know how
Can't see my inspiration
No longer see my motivation

Nick Vall