

War

He feels the vibrations
as his blade bites through flesh and bone
Blood drips down his sword
He wrenches it free from the lifeless body

For half a second he pauses
The man he killed
was probably somebody's father
maybe someone's husband
The dead man fought
because he was told to
just like he himself does

But he lets go of the thought
There is no room for compassion here
this is war
they are not human
they are only the enemy
He moves on
ready to kill again
because that is what he is trained to do

The Wolf