

# The Happy Warrior

His wild heart beats with painful sobs,  
His strain'd hands clench an ice-cold rifle,  
His aching jaws grip a hot parch'd tongue,  
His wide eyes search unconsciously.

He cannot shriek.

Bloody saliva  
Dribbles down his shapeless jacket.

I saw him stab  
And stab again  
A well-killed Boche.

This is the happy warrior,  
This is he...