

Light Trail

A trail of soft blue light stretches on heavy wheels.
Ghosts of conflict ceased haunt the trees,
Half dead, wounded and worn, we attack the follies.
Soaring above the ceasefire, our only hopes,
A handful of starships, lifeboats
Off of our lost world for which we struggled
In trench and creek and behind tree felled.
Was it all in vain?

The trail of light moves, another lifeboat lands.
Bodged and battered trucks on wheel-churned road
Return to move the surviving load.
To our saviours, are we a burden?
Distracting from the larger war, from planets burning.
The light trail shifts, retreats from this fallen world,
Alongside shallow graves where friends were hurled.
Was it all in vain?

None dare speak of this evacuation.
Silence throttles every soldier, depression of defeat,
As we are carted off onto ships of the saving fleet.
We have broken, we have failed and fled.
On the planet remain not only our dead
But the innocent dead and formerly free.
From above what horrors can't we see?
Was it all in vain?

The world is singed and the people are distraught
Solely because of the war we brought.
And as we run from yet another fight
One question occupies our flight:
Was it all in vain?

-Garvhed Hortag