

# The Wall

We formed up in five ordered lines for the coming brawl  
Each headed by a tank for use as a shield  
All aligned perpendicular to the opposing wall  
To push across the open field.

Our march began slow and the air hung dull-  
Only engines and murmurs pierced the auditory mist;  
Each of us was ready for the coming cull  
Of the enemy that hid in the wall's midst.

Then the air exploded.

And a screaming mass of burning metal  
Smashed into the ground and  
Thrashed through the sky in our wake.

The tanks returned a volley;  
The wall crumbled and erupted  
In a blaze of murderous lights  
That choked air and tore turf  
And bombarded leading armour

Behind which the five columns writhed  
Under the pressure of the fire  
And trampled those felled

As I was showered by a baptism of spark and ember.  
The air had burst again.  
The shell howled and grazed  
And scraped the turret ahead of me  
And yet I pushed on  
Into the streets and rubble  
And flame and death.

*-Garvheg Hortag*