

PICKETT'S CHARGE

I stood in the shade on the far side of a dry stacked-stone fence.
It was hot, humid. The breeze felt good, cool on my skin.
Over that fence was 700 yards of flat, open ground.
Beyond, a steep, rocky rise atop which artillery sat.

Here, in this wholly exposed field,
Under a relentless torrent of steel,
we, ordered to charge the distant heights,
Drowned in rivers of our own gore.

What the hell were they thinking?
Were our lives so little, our numbers so great,
They could feed us to hell's hounds
Without qualm or concern?

It was obvious suicide.
Yet, we did it anyway.

Who's to blame for that?