

THE AMBUSH

They crawled through the tall grass
A moonlit night
Making slowly for the tree line
Forty yards ahead.

They slithered silently
Through gently bending blades
In slow rhythmic motions
In hopes they would not be seen.

Eternity passed – pausing often to mop the sweat.

Cover at last.
In the dense thicket beneath the canopy
They crouched
Ears riveted on every sound
Eyes on every movement.

They waited.
Watched.
Listened.
Breathing slowly, deeply.
Not a sound among them.

Eternity again, then they moved ...
Walking in a deep crouch
Single file
Each footfall carefully placed
To blend with the rustle of leaves in the night's breeze.

Only their gut told them how far to go.
Bending in an arc
Around their perimeter
Stopping often to listen
For the sounds of an enemy as invisible as they.

Ghosts stalking ghosts.

This was it. It felt right.
Like mimes all in black
 One at a time
 One movement at a time
 Then silence, listening, then another
 Until all lay out flat
 In a firing line.

Another eternity – then they heard it.
 A snap. Silence. A crunch.
 More than one.
 Crouching low, perhaps
 Not far, approaching
 Crossing from left to right

They couldn't see but knew every detail from sound alone.

They waited until the enemy were directly in front of them
 One more moment
 One more step

Then Hell
 And Death
 And Fire