

EPITAPHS FROM BAGHDAD

I wasn't there to kill.
Eighty pounds of gear
Dragged me down
I drowned in the dark waters
Of Lake Habbaniyah

They put us in a tin can
Me, and my four buddies
They take the turret off a tank
What did you expect?
Don't need much for a can opener

Home in March. Gotta go.
Long days and nights ahead.
I knew I bought it
Emptied out the magazine
Before I lay down to die

There were voices all around
Not friendly, Arabic
He had me in his sights before I did
Parts of the lieutenant's leg on my face
I didn't feel it coming

Whirlybird, whirlybird
Level the city
Make it a parking lot
Blackhawk down
Pray for me!

There was knocking at the door
I opened it

It was Mr. Death
A small delivery to the stomach
They couldn't stop the bleeding

Life is worthless over here
Killing everywhere and always
I won't give up
Unless . . .
I can't take it any more

I hauled out the bodies
Through rounds, rockets,
grenades, explosives
Who will haul me out now?
So many pieces

I don't know who's winning the war
I don't care. I'll get my boys home
The corporal, the wife, the baby
Are counting on me
I had to stay-forever

Gottfried Brieger