

The wedding season will soon be upon us, so here is a little sardonic poem to keep it all in focus!

The Marriage Salient

Down the aisle they come,
wave upon wave of them,
uniforms proudly worn,
fresh from Blighty,
smart and polished,
into the trenches,
the well-worn spaces
vacated by the fallen or wounded
who came before them,
down this same aisle.

Some bear the scars
of previous tours of duty
at the front.
They walk with the poise
of heroes.

And I, like some
shell-shocked padre,
dish out God's blessing
on their zeal for battle
and then,
to a blaze of flash,
over the top they go,
to brave the war-zone's
shells and gas.

A few survivors return,
veterans holding each other up,
held together by a mutual disbelief.
For all around, they see
the dead lie still unburied,
and they hear the low laments
which haunt the air.
The wounded still cry out for aid.

For some,
the Last Post has brought the decree
absolute, at last.

Neil Richardson

QuickTime™ and a
TIFF (Uncompressed) decompressor
are needed to see this picture.