

New Poem from Olivia Garard: “Hurry Up”

Hurry up

—

Halt. And quiet,
Marines sleep.

—

Covers askew
necks cocked
weighted by
the waiting.
Dozing softly
in dark down-
time flutters by.



U.S. Army Soldiers from the 4th Brigade (Airborne), 25th Infantry Division, in support of Talisman Saber 2013. (U.S.

Air Force photo/Staff Sgt. Zachary Wolf)

—

Sweet & sour
breath bellows,
flickering life.
Bellies swell &
roll heaving
hearts into a
billowing pyre.

—

Ares kisses each
Achilles slowly.
From his lips—
welding dry ice—
wafts the incense
of men burning
in god's slag.

—

Still in sleep—
mouths *agape*.