Poetry; At the Fort

Howard Kratzke
AT THE FORT

On Sacred holidays, the soldiers stand
In a formation that outlines the Cross
Of their redemption. Sunlight on the land
Steals from their hearts and the shadow of home's loss.
Sustained by faith, they face whatever comes
The Chaplains voice is healing as he prays.
My sweetheart stands there, and in my heart the drum
Of fate are beating in fantastic ways.
The Cross extends to every sweetheart door.
She is the witness as not tears confess
Her secret misery. In every war
The hardest Cross to bear is loneliness.