

WAR GAMES

Melanie Houle

Boy soldier, back from war unscathed,
not a hair on your brave head was harmed.
You spent a year's deployment bathed
in luck. Today you fly home armed
with smiles, handsome in your uniform,
invincible, above the storm.

Toy soldier, to us you will always be
the bright-eyed child maneuvering
his rows of tanks and infantry,
bomber models on the ceiling
hung suspended in full flight,
camouflage on everything in sight.

We soldier on beneath the pall
of correspondents' fire-fights,
the specter of the dreaded phone call
still invading restless nights.
Prize your luck, stay innocent of strife
and never know the weight of your charmed life.

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