"Glorious! Victorious!"

by Timothy Russow Jr.

My blues fit deep with meaning | fabric and metal and cloth | and the spit-shine that mirrors the sky | flagged with joy or sorrow or dissent | the mourning voices morning | we march in-step and bugled | a karaoke chorus

Or covered in green and brown and black | adjusting the sight and the rat-a-tat-tat | and *at the count of three you will sing the Air Force Song 1, 2, 3* | off we go

Or the monochrome suede tan and brown | humming to myself because no one speaks | just heat and sand and metal | and diesel exhaust and faces longing for home | I look in the rearview mirror | and twist my hand left then right | their heads bob to the beat of my silent laughter

Or the helmet vest and all the gear | at the head of the convoy | the driver's seat where I would be | and the sniper lying in wait | with the bullet that should be mine

Without the tune of the wind | or the sixteenth note of desire | Like *Taps* in a minor key