

“Clearing the Range”

by Scott Ennis

We called out as we exited the range
“No brass! No ammo!” meant the range was clear
To some this declaration might seem strange
But strange or not our sergeant had to hear

Except when we shot LAWs our sergeant said
“Of course there is no brass! It’s fired away!”
“You hit the target; now the target’s dead”
“Now drop and think about the words you say.”

And so we dropped for push-ups at his feet
Except Edgardo—Private Gaud was smart
He didn’t like to exercise in heat
He answered sergeant with poetic art

He called to sergeant as he walked on by
“No rockets in my pockets,” was his cry!

Scott Ennis is a sonneteer who has written more sonnets than Shakespeare. Sonnetics is an anagram of his name. Scott’s creative approach includes screenwriting and poetic cinema. Scott earned his BA in English Literature from Weber State University. Scott was a paratrooper in the U.S. Army, and an endurance athlete who has completed the Boston Marathon and the Ironman Triathlon. Scott survived a near-fatal accident in 2010 and lives with the effects of a TBI.