

Resurrection of the Soldiers
After Stanley Spencer

When we woke it was to the sound of voices,
the scrape of shovels on packed earth,
donkeys braying and the groan of horses, struggling
to their legs beside us. A pale sky of early morning
hung above us and distantly the Downs emerged
from mist, familiar as on those long- past Sundays,
when we strode early up the bone-white bostal.
Strong hands reached down to grasp us, brought us
blinking into brightness, a tattered regiment
bearing grave goods of shrapnel, shell shot, buttons;
mouths dumbed by clay, our own scold's bridle.
Abandoned by dog tags, unnamed, unknown,
too numerous to mention. And so we rose
and looking to the hills, we started walking.

Miriam Patrick