

Bivouac: 1951

Men living in holes on a hill  
The hill riddled with their dugouts  
Each of a size and shape and padded  
To suit the fancy of its occupant  
Who crouches in it by day  
Peering warily, always watchful  
Against the enemy who lives alike  
On the opposite hill, creeping forth  
Under cover of darkness to eat  
And to seek out and destroy.

In and out of this earthen home  
His weapons are always with him.  
In this sanctuary he is safe  
He digs and carves and scrapes it  
To keep out the wind and rain and cold  
And afford him observation and safety  
From those who seek to tear and blast him from it  
And places in front of it his mazes of barbed wire.

The fox and wolf live in earthen holes and prowl by night  
Others of the animal kingdom, "below" us  
Seek sanctuaries in galleries in the soil  
Or behind brambles and briars  
Venturing forth by night and sleeping by day.  
But these creatures know no better  
Neither do they seek first to destroy their own kind.

The two-legged mammal, practicing grimly in this place,  
Is a fresh one, yet to stand the grueling tests of time.