

Clementine E Burnley

Response to 'Missing Time,' Morgan Quaintance

Homing

But do all soldiers feel like this, I ask,
Upon return?
Investigate the yesterday
Where he sits
Size him up against yourself
Pray he's alive, though you and he
You say, would not be friends
Then say, the strongest hold
You ever had over a man
Was in the moment
He placed his weapon in your hand
Yesterday's solitary body
Window-glass heart
The unvarnished voice
These days it's hard to find pride in your work
Punch the clock, gouge eyes
For sport, at the weekend
in a barrel, jump the falls
The strongest hold anyone has over you now, you say,
Is just before they place their money in your hand