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Implicated

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IMPLICATED

I'm in No Man's Land, between two opposing forces. I lie crouched down below the crossfire. At the signal, they charge with drawn bayonets, and as they near each other directly above me, they plunge their weapons into my back. I am dead and bleeding; they lift me on their bayonets above their heads and carry me back to the trenches, first to one side, then to the other. Then set me down to have a heart to heart talk between them. They embrace and walk off arm and arm to tea or to dinner, ignoring my body and my death. I am relieved and get up on my feet and walk away in the opposite direction.

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