

# Chin Up

*Sher-Mon Clement*

Day one and out the womb, the soldier greets her family.  
She gives her war cry, she had a long night, but she is happy  
to make their acquaintance.  
First day of school, the soldier is armed, yet she is far from  
ready.  
She left base camp escorted by dad, now they approach the  
drop zone.  
She comes to a halt, stares at his shoes and watches a tear  
drop land.  
He takes a knee, re shines his shoes, looks at her and says:  
“Chin up, Soldier! I’ll see you soon.”  
Raising her head, she saw his smile, all would turn out fine.  
Regaining her bearings, wipes her tears, then she presents  
arms.  
The dad comes to attention, salutes back and says dismissed.  
They march their separate ways, with their chins up to the  
sky.  
Flash forward, first break up ends in heartbreak.  
The soldier is hurt, but no bandage can stop the torrent.  
The dad comes to aid with supplies, he is armed with snacks  
and a movie.  
Laughing to tears, the movie terminates, he looks at her and  
says:  
“Chin up, Soldier! I’ll see you soon.”  
Raising her head, she saw his smile, all would turn out fine.  
Regaining her bearings, wipes her tears, then she presents  
arms.  
The dad comes to attention, salutes back and says dismissed.  
They march their separate ways, with their chins up to the  
sky.  
Flash forward, dad is lying on a bed, knowing full well this  
may be his last.  
Soldier sitting right beside him, wetting his sheets with tears.  
The dad feels the end approaching, the cancer prepares to  
finish its mission.

He cries and opens his mouth, but finds no words.  
The soldier raises to her feet and says: "Chin up, Soldier! I'll see you soon."  
Raising his head, he saw her smile, all would turn out fine.  
Regaining his bearings, wipes his tears, then he presents arms.  
The soldier comes to attention, salutes back and says dismissed.  
They march their separate ways, with their chins up to the sky.  
Tears fall to the ground saying: "but not soon enough."

## Fallen Angel

*Rebekah Hill*

I stood alone and you grabbed my hand.  
I understand you, you said.  
I see you, you said.  
Lay in bed.  
You drew the curtains, its dark.  
You left your mark.  
Black wings wrapped around me.  
Your feathers do don't make me free.  
Wrapped in darkness I couldn't see.  
Caged.  
You set the stage and I was the star.  
I felt I had nowhere to go,  
So I played in your show.  
Your little puppet.  
Bravo!  
A performance done very well.  
Cheers to mockery.  
Bravo.  
But today is not tomorrow.