

JOHN AKINS

Wounded Woman Sentry

Still, I ponder the night I wound the sentry.
I fire one round at a shadow of movement,
listen to moaning.
Daylight and I sneak closer.
Two hogs feed on her wound—
leg sheared open from knee to hip.
My gut says run, hat out.
We have no back up; we carry no radio.
Stick around and our war is over.
Darkness rolls up like a balky windowshade.
Seconds tick while my brain interferes.
Do I shoot these stone-skulled hogs?
Do I finish her?
Decades later I figure it out.
A replay flashes like a pop-up flare:
Send the others out.
Jab her with morphine.
Blast the hogs
Run like hell.