

# The Plea of a Falling Droplet

## A Soldier's Memory from Gallipoli

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Lusty breezes,  
Reminiscences,  
Floating bodies ashore,  
Rattle of gunfire,  
A crimson blanket of death.  
Lost dreams,  
Lost loves,  
Death.

The spirit vacillates,  
Back and forth,  
Red and blue,  
Back and forth.  
Waves charging in with them,  
Soon pulling away as  
Ripples fluctuate shades-  
The red topples the blue,  
The blue topples the red-  
Blue, scarlet, crimson...  
Blue.

As dark shapes sear in from the horizon,  
My battered body betrayed the  
Vicious weapon vacillating in my grip.  
Each drop falling off my helmet onto the sand  
Screaming amidst the silence:  
Time! Time! Time!