

# Germans in the Wood

His eyes, spectral, moon-like discs, scanned and searched;

panic took hold like an angry fist around his throat.

His chest, like the rhythmic motion of a steam train,

puffed and panted;

The sharp, cold air stabbed at his lungs like the cruel blade of a

bayonet.

His hands shook violently; uncontrollable terror surged

through his veins;

Beads of sweat, like poison jewels collected on his brow in

bitter pools.

Ears pricked like a mad dog, listen, as the tormenting trees

whisper menacing words, chanting and provoking.

His heart, a pounding war drum, hollered and screamed.

The ghost-like moon searched unrelentingly through

the twisted, gnarled branches, like insipid torchlight.

## *EXAMPLE OF POEM DESCRIBING THE GERMANS IN THE WOOD*

The darkness was heavy;  
A thick fog of anguish and trepidation firmly pressed downward,  
crushing any sense of escape.

Finger twitching on the trigger, he held his breath.

A lone wolf, wearing the axis sign of death, came into view.

Painfully pulsating, adrenalin raced through the soldier's body,  
petrifying and contorting his muscles into writhing spasms.

The wolf's eyes fixate in the direction of the ally.

Like cyanide gas filtering through dead, wooden bodies, he steps  
silently, nearer  
and nearer  
and nearer.

An explosion of fear; an eruption of terror; a cataclysmic cry -

**SURRENDER!**

A flash of blinding light!

***EXAMPLE OF POEM DESCRIBING THE GERMANS IN THE WOOD***

A single silver bullet raced, shouting with the voice of a  
thousand men!

The enemy: a blonde, blue-eyed angel, fell onto the  
frozen forest floor.

A single sigh -  
Exhaling fear and fright, yet inhaling the fragile and shattered  
soul of his enemy.

Joe's fatigued and bruised body lay motionless;  
relief soaking into his aching bones.

The night sky fell, hitting him hard like a  
sledgehammer striking an anvil.

Sleep.

Deep and beautiful sleep.

Calm,  
quiet,  
soft sleep.

Dreams drift on stained, quilted memories.

Memories...

*EXAMPLE OF POEM DESCRIBING THE GERMANS IN THE WOOD*

Memories of death;

Memories of destruction;

Memories of fear and apprehension.

Poisonous venom seeped silently into his mind;

curdling and souring his heavenly slumber.

An sudden shock of torturous torment stiffened his body -  
his languished limbs, granite-like.

A cry!

A weeping man!

A violent punch to his stomach.

A gut-wrenching surge,

“No!

Forgive me!

Forgive me!"

Sadness stilled his silence;

His heavy heart sank;

Whimpering in the darkened corners of his thoughts -

***EXAMPLE OF POEM DESCRIBING THE GERMANS IN THE WOOD***

Alone.

Alone.