

## **Living by inches**

The rain, merciless, relentless,  
Fills our trench,  
The water level  
Just inches from our knees.

We are told to get ready,  
That soon we will go over the top,  
Into No Man's Land which lies,  
Just inches before us.

Lying,  
Chilled to the bone,  
Bullets whizzing above,  
Inches from our heads.

The call comes,  
Soon we will go,  
For we are surely now,  
Inches from our death.

Some of the bravest,  
But most terrified people living,  
Lying.  
Just inches from each other.

For we know,  
That, whatever happens,  
Our final resting place will be  
Inches from here.

The cries from the enemy,  
Warning us, telling us,  
That they are just,  
Inches away.

Our final moments,  
Our last few living breaths,  
Now we accept that we are just,  
Inches from the end.

The end of our story,  
Of what could have been,  
We are on our last few,  
Inches of page before...  
Silence.  
Living by Inches

