

B R I A N E D W A R D S

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## Acoustic Shadows

Gunshots strum the sky across the plain  
hours after bullets lodge, and hush  
invites a rendezvous with sound's mirage.

Applause deceives the horses like mirage  
colludes with thirst. Fingers grasp the plain;  
front-line whispers ricochet the hush

till prayers form in huddles. What will hush  
this blue expanse of chaos when mirage  
recedes, the air refracts, the sodden plain

breathes? The dead. The dead will hush the plain's mirage.

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