

Head Shot

Tom Schmidt

My sergeant said take him out and you don't think
plus the guy was running at us low plus I was scared
so I raised my arms there was a pop and he was down
half his head including where the eyes were just gone
and then what was left in that bone bowl kind of slid
halfway out into a puddle and mixed with the rain,
yeah, sometimes it rains and gets cold in Kandahar.

So here I am taking classes in American rain and cold
and this shrink they send me to says the right stuff
about how I did what I had to even though they
never found any weapons on the guy, like what the
fuck was he running at us for, and in the dreams
he keeps running without the top half of his head
right up to me grinning like he knows something
I don't, I mean where's it at, that part of my head?

After decades of launching academic paper airplanes from the ivory tower, **Tom Schmidt** now composes poems from a tree house he built above his bee-loud glade in Vermont. His outlook is much improved.