

In Afghanistan's Fields

—Chris Heatherly

In Afghanistan's fields the poppies blow
The seeds of war flowering, row on row.
We know the places where they grow
Following orders, soldiers pass on by
Leaving the demons where they lie.

Rules of engagement tied our hands
Prevented us from entering enemy lands
Lines on a map more important than a line in the sand
Lying awake in bed, we ask the night,
“Why were we there, if not to fight?”
In Afghanistan's fields.

Across America, a slowly falling snow
Thousands of white crosses stand row on row
Our government sleeps; the poppies grow
Perhaps we lost our way,
Avenging a fateful September day
In Afghanistan's fields.