

## **Gettysburg**

By Chris Minton

Every now and again  
the devil belches  
and the placid travails  
of human striving  
are usurped.

Earth yawns,  
creeks boil,  
winds carry fire from  
the belly of the beast that  
has slipped its leash and  
turned its rabid teeth  
upon itself.

Pools of blood  
sizzle under the merciless  
July sun and piles of  
shattered limbs obscure  
the horizon.

Even when the stench of  
entrails binds with the  
trees and the wheat and the  
stones of Devils Den...

we are blind to our part.

Despite its corpulence,  
we fed the beast its  
favorite treat and it  
ate and ate and ate,  
until the air, agitated by  
the wings of death,  
suffocated itself.