

## The Dilemma

There are so many things I want to ask him

Like

“Did your mother cry when she found out?”

And

“What address can I write you at?”

And

“Will you still write poetry?”

There is so much I don't know

Like

If he can take his guitar

Or

If he knows anyone else who's going

And I might

Might

Not see him

Before he

Leaves.

My friends say

“It's so romantic

I wish I had

A soldier

To write to like

It's World War Two!"

But I don't think it's romantic

And please don't

Say

World War Two

Like it was one big

Romance Novel

You read and cried and

Forgot

About.

The soldier says

"I might be back sooner"

And I hope he is

But

Then he'll have

Failed

Like he thinks

He will

But if

If I say

“You can do it”

I am telling

Telling him to

Jump

Leap into

That dust bowl of a

Ruined country

Overseas

To go to

War.