

Crawling through the mud on a sunny, hot day, as hot as the sun  
The days become weeks as we prepare for battle  
I miss the sweet comfort of my faraway home  
I hear the sounds of screaming and footsteps  
The gunshots are the loudest of all  
I can't feel my legs but I have to keep going  
The Germans are on the other side  
The side that is 1000 feet away  
I look around and see bodies, blood, and rats freely crawling around  
My allies laying shocked on the ground with missing limbs.  
Waking up every day at 5 AM on high alert with a rat next to me  
The smell of them is stronger than ever  
There is little food remaining yet my empty stomach needs a lot.  
Random shovels, bodies, and guns lying around remind me of the danger and death that surround me  
Christmas was the only time we had peace  
We would play soccer against the enemies as they became our opponents  
It is not long until we're back in the trenches