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Tent Flaps

Michael Rutter

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Tent Flaps

Michael Rutter

A wind tugged at the flaps of my tent; night long
 I've heard the lyric
 Before as other battles came, with dawn, and went;
 The frozen earth's floor
 Stained with soldier's blood, having been rent
 The earth is sapped with jagged wounds,
 For death loomed,
 Bringing vision
 Of cool winds on mountain lakes
 And flowing fields of dry-land wheat
 Near a childhood home
 On the Salt River, Starr Valley;
 Then, the Ghent Wind,
 The frozen body, face up, pale,
 And a jammed rifle
 Told of nations sinning
 And not caring for their sin—
 The carrion flower;
 The wind's power
 Tugged at the flaps of my tent,
 And morning was dashed by cannon fire.

Michael Rutter, a poet from American Fork, Utah, is a master's candidate in English at Brigham Young University.