

Marching In Mexico

George S. Patton, Jr.

The column winds on snake-like,
Through blistering, treeless spaces;
The hovering gray-black dust clouds
Tint in ghoulish shades our faces.

The sweat of muddied bubbles,
Trickles down the horses rumps;
The saddles creak, the gunboots chafe,
The swinging holster bumps.

At last the halt is sounded.

The outpost trots away;
The lines of tattered pup-tents rise,
We've marched another day.

The rolling horses raise more dust,

While from the copper skies
Like vultures, stopping on the slain,
Come multitudes of flies.

The irate cooks their rites perform
Like pixies 'round the blaze,
The smoking grease wood stings our eyes,
Sun-scorched for countless days.

The sun dips past the western ridge,
The thin dry air grows cold,
We shiver through the freezing night,
In one thin blanket rolled.

The night wind stirs the cactus,
And shifts the sand o'er all,
The horses squeal, the sentries curse,

The lean coyotes call.

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General George S Patton Jnr