

The crows of Pennsylvania, Gettysburg.

Nancy Finney

The battle begins as Whitman portrays, a field of darkness,  
In the midst of a fairly un-known town, Gettysburg.

Solemn soldiers advance and retreat.  
Pennsylvania will be a legacy.

The blood seeps into untouched soil as fertilizer.  
Faith has left this field and fate takes its place.

The bodies – leftover limbs – are piled amongst the future – maggots  
silently suck the marrow of men.

Is there a desire to die? A longing to love a country  
so completely that bonds between brothers are broken?

Disease and dismantled bodies grow like poplars  
defying the gravity that each man succumbs to.

Tarps cover the tarnished land, and crows  
scream at the delight of flesh-filled fields.

Oxygen of the air is overcome with decaying,  
incinerated flesh.

The war is of three colors – blue, grey and red.  
Cannons, buttons, breasts, dirt – all are stained red.

The country is no longer red, white, or  
blue. It is divided

in such a way that red represents the agony, the perils of the United and  
Confederated peoples.

Every gentleman carries his good gun, his righteous rifle.  
The trees in the distance will always remember this fated field.

And the crows call overhead a battle cry – *fire at will*.  
And one man, grasping the earth, dies for one reason –

His heart is grass, and like everything else,  
is stained with a betrayed and barbaric blood.