

# Our Way

*Paris Anderson*

we were young  
and war was our way  
we'd fight in class  
or after school  
we'd die on the way home  
and after snacks  
of fruit and milk  
we'd fight again  
in neighbors' yards  
we'd have new weapons  
that never ran dry  
and force fields  
that never failed  
we'd climb on fences  
and crawl along the top  
(wooden slivers in our hands)  
and when we saw the enemy  
we'd point our sticks  
and jump and  
fire as we fell  
complete surprise  
in the enemy's eyes  
he was hopelessly outnumbered

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*PARIS ANDERSON is a preschool teacher living in Provo, Utah. He is currently working on two novels.*

one to one  
but we were many  
and I commanded all  
we'd hit the ground  
roll over once  
and fire again  
the enemy  
would bleed and die  
and we would gloat  
shots from his dying hand  
shots in our gut  
(our only vulnerable spot)  
we'd fall  
*"Medic!"*  
*"I'm hit!"*  
the enemy's sister  
angel of mercy  
Kiss me better  
Kiss the dead  
we'd both recover  
and fight again  
we were young  
and war was our way