

***“Undercover Warrior”:
Finally Honored***

It's a problem
when doing right
is something wrong.

Covert missions:
Food droppings
into the devastation.

Leveled land,
and a horizon
full of nothingness,

and you, crashing –
the ammunition like a
splinter in your side.

They called them Marxists,
and you didn't know
what to call Them.

Falling inexorably
to the ground
is not worth the shroud

of Secrecy. Presumed
dead after forty years,
you feel the People.

And the celebration begins.
(You are Home.) “I told
Them before,” you say,

“that those neutral
People caress the Good
with a delicate hand.”