

2018

Toy Soldiers Don't Bleed

Steven Graves

Western Michigan University, steven.w.graves@wmich.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Graves, Steven (2018) "Toy Soldiers Don't Bleed," *The Laureate*: Vol. 17 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol17/iss1/18>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

Toy Soldiers Don't Bleed

Steven Graves

"BOOM boom BOom!" my squad was hit by a sweeping hand missile.

"Return fire! I barked and my men unleashed a volley of flicking fingers. "Pow! Gakakakakakaka!" Two little green bodies whizzed by my best friend's ear. He retorted with a fist bomb, shaking the linoleum battlefield upon which we fought. I watched my men rigidly tremble then fall. He was a cunning opponent.

"Hey! No fair! No fist bombs!" I had to call him out on his war crimes.

"You can't complain cuz you're all dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly. We both laughed, picked up our guys and began standing them up for another round.

"Guys?" my brother said softly. He lay on my bed behind us, studying our strategies no doubt.

"Yeah?" I asked.

"Didja see the news today?"

"Nah."

"Oh, me neither." There was a long silence.

"Do you think we'll get some letters today?"

"I don't know, man."

"Oh, okay," he said. The sound of clicking fingernails nervously scraping against one another echoed in our room.

"Mom come out of her room yet?"

"Nope." There was another long silence, but in the distance we could hear a soft sniffing.

"Ready to get whooped again?" my friend challenged me.

"Hell yeah!" I replied. I couldn't let him keep beating me.

"Oh you think so? Cuz my sniper just took you out!" he said, flicking one of my men away. I picked him up.

"Ah shit...you...you *urk* got me."

"Aw just die already!"

"I'm b-bleeding bad...but I think I can make it."

"No," my friend said matter-of-factly, "toy soldiers don't bleed."