And They Still Stand (a dialogue of one)

j. m. p.
Western Michigan University

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AND THEY STILL STAND . . .
(a dialogue of one)

Three still stand, Sir
We have not conquered them all.

Yes, Sir, we tried—
There is something holding them.
It is as though they were statues;
They stand so stalwartly.
Sir, can they be the ones
We've heard of . . .

Of course, Sir, I realize it's a myth,
But Sir they just won't die.
We've fired a complete round of ammo
At each of them—Three won't fall
Sir, it's eerie the way those three
Stand there among the dead.

No, Sir, they still have not fallen . . .

Yes, I'll go out there, Sir.
I'll try Sir.

Sir, they're dead. But they just
Stand there—Statues among the dead
And Sir, they're smiling—
How can they be happy in death?
Sir, there is nothing after this life . . .
Is there Sir?

I understand, Sir. Yes, I will.
I will remove them before the rest
See those smiles . . .
Can't have the men believing in a myth
That would destroy our
Purpose—our civilization . . .
But Sir, I still can't see
Why they believe . . .

jmp