

## **Duel In The Jungle**

Clad in armour, bullet-proof  
More than Gawain at Camelot.  
A Super-Warrior, dripping with guns  
And other tools of battle.  
Over-sized steel pot, a helmet  
Not deep enough to crawl into...unfortunately.  
Knives, grenades...and rations for post-battle  
Refreshment.  
Not invisible through the bamboo and vines...  
I see his armour, his man-kill weapons,  
And olive-drab bandanna at his throat.  
Two-hundred metres between me and Super-Soldier.  
Bigger than me? Probably.  
Better than me? I don't think so!  
Lacking in combat-time, but my aim is true.  
Aims at me, certain of victory.  
But I'm quicker.  
Rapid-fire thunder screams through the jungle,  
Scorching the air.  
Straight to his chest, through his fragile ascot.  
His tissue-paper shell.  
Triumph! Now: souvenirs for 'show-and-tell',  
Booty to flaunt at Bravo Company's debriefing.  
His dagger...didn't save his life -- my dagger now!  
This Goliath with ripped trousers,  
Exposed to show a pale, hairless Chicken-Leg.  
The holes in a white and soft chest...  
As a carcass hanging in the poultry-shop.  
Who is this Super-Hero, this dead samurai?  
Dog-tags tell his history - Name, blood-type, religion and  
Date-Of-Birth  
Knight in Armour no more...  
Born eighteen years and one month ago –  
Died in this silly jungle today.

**Joseph Schrader**