

## The Foxhole

The bullets flew overhead.

Bombs exploded nearby.

Terror gripped my heart.

Death was near.

“God save me!” I cried.

“I will serve you forever.”

Now the kids need a taxi;

I have a job to do.

Responsibilities are heavy,

Life consumes me.

There’s a ladder to climb,

I have to keep the status quo.

Vows long forgotten.

I was a believer once—

One day in my foxhole.