

It

This is it! their last, brave sound
as they charged, fully armed, over enemy ground.

Is this it? the sick child said,
to the tear-stained faces surrounding the bed.

This is it! - just as they planned
as they leapt from the bridge, hand clasping hand.

Is this it? he gasped to his wife,
weakening his grip, as he let go his life.

This is it... the old woman sighed,
alone in her room, unnoticed, she died.

Is this it? asked each soul in delight,
venturing on, to the wide, bright light.

Martin Brown