



"For God and Country"



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A Day in New Britain

Morning in New Britain, and I rise from my cot.

To gaze out at the sunshine, but the sunshine it is not.

I stumble out into the morn, my little face to clean.

And the rain blots out the mirror as it splashes my bean.

I then go to breakfast, but I cannot eat a thing, the rain
has drowned my appetite, oh death where is thy sting.

Midday in New Britain and the rain at least has
stopped. Now flies buzz around the mud holes, where
before the rain had dropped. They follow me to dinner,
and nibble on my bread. They land in the potatoes and fly
around my head. I slap at them to shoo them off, I hate
them all, and still, It's a good to know there is a creature,
who will eat the damn swill.

Evening in New Britain, and again it looks like rain.
And so I grab my shovel and start digging out my drain.
The chow whistle starts blowing, and from the ground I
rise, a yellow pill of atribine, I deposit down my throat.
And I try to kill the taste with tuna or goat.

Midnight in New Britain, and I tuck me into bed, my
mosquito bar around me, and my raincoat neath my head.
I drift in dreams to better days that I knew long ago. Oh,
yes those dreams are beautiful, but sad it is hard to tell.
For I must wake again to face another day in hell.

