

Two Poems

By Peter Yeomans¹

Delivering Water

He went to Iraq
so that girls could find beans
and not bombs
in the market
so that boys could doze under palms
one eye on the goats

he loaded up trucks
mountains of bottled water
wet with condensation
he passed out oranges to men
and sweets to children
“Mista!”

One day along Route Irish
EOD could not find Sony parts

Six months later
with good aim, and a little luck
he could knock kids on their backs
chucking plastic bottles of piss
from the speeding convoy

¹ Peter Yeomans is a pioneering Veterans Administration psychologist with a successful methodology for treating moral injury.

Echo Company

The traffic cop softens
as his eyes spy
the giggling gaggle
my daughter and her friends
their eyes straining for the next "q", "x," and "z"
their delighted faces peering out
the back seat window

and I am reminded
of the staff sergeant in my office
weeping

how at the checkpoint
his attention withered by the heat
he waved the car through
upon spying three girls
their delighted faces peering out
the back seat window

and how then
the driver fled the car
alone
as the sergeant and his men
cradled themselves
against the blast