

A Third Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries
by Edwin Morgan

We write our own; no one does it for us.
Only those who have been there know the score.
The pay was good, but thousands more before us
Would testify note-counting's but a chore.

Adrenelin, adrenalin that courses
Along the blood as bullet's do's the key
Shouts, cracks, burning buildings were the sources
Of the hot joy that made us die—or dee.

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