

# Candidate 3

P3/1

The Boy Soldier

Soft skinned, blue eyed and wellie-shod

he lifts his face to soaring dog fights

spiralling in the sky.

Earth bound, turned hunter he seeks out

metal treasure,

cast off remnants of Icarus' fatal flight.

In stagnant craters he commands the fleet

scuttling the paper-folded hulls of abandoned ships

whose long-gone silent sailors are condemned to

keep watch, forever in Poseidon's watery embrace.

Quiet now, lying low in red-bricked trenches

squatting behind the terraced rows,

with marble shots he peppers his rat-tailed enemies

P3/2

sending them scattering to their dust-bin lines

and sanctuary from Orion's wrath.