

Senior Division Poetry

**Shell Shock**

Joe Bishop

is what it was called when the Regiment  
who returned to harbour life couldn't keep  
trench from synapse, flash from optic nerve,  
canals from fugal ambush, couldn't keep  
snare drum and screeching of artillery  
at bay, a lifelong ally laced with slugs,  
the finest kind of Fortune feller curdling  
beside them as they knelt in pelted mud  
that churned arms and regurgitated blood  
and bred cesspools of blessed bacteria.

All the shaming in the world couldn't shrink  
It's malignancy; no volt out-shocked trauma.  
Sigmund Freud was drafted to reconsider.  
Eli Lilly strives to impair the disorder.