

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.