

2018

Catherine

Sean Lause
studio1@csbsju.edu

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Catherine

It was the screaming
took him whole,
that second day,
Abraham, my godly man,
his faith shot all to pieces...

The wounded were strung
across the wheat field.
As death crept near,
the human cries grew bestial,
the horses' cries near human.

On the third day we screamed together
through the cannons dueling for the earth.
But he continued after, screaming
through silence as I held him,
screaming at the empty air.

The Fourth was the worst.
All day he watched them bury
the Rebels in wide trenches, some hands
and eyes still uncovered in the moon,
while the still living begged for death.

After they took him, I wrote
for compensation:
"32 acres grass, 27 acres wheat,
16 dead horses. My husband, Abraham
Trostle, taken to an asylum."

I can still hear him screaming.

-Sean Lause
Bluffton, OH