

Geordie de Boer

The Draft

In Portland, 1966, a flock of sheep,
we bunched up for a shearing.
Bent over, cheeks spread, we watched
the privates watching our privates,
all heads between our legs. I heard
my name and an order to step
out of line, which I obeyed
like shying from a gunshot.
I watched my new-found friends
troop off to war, weary-eyed from
forced-back tears and vodka shared
the night before. The tune to which
they trudged sounded eerie. I sat
and waited and waited and sat for
my marching orders. In my file,
said a lieutenant, the Army docs
had noticed my list of knee injuries.
He ordered me to march up the block
for an evaluation by a civilian doctor.
I limped up, but ran back when he
said I could kiss the Army good-bye.
The lieutenant's let down seemed
so sincere I could have kissed him.

Geordie de Boer, a rambler and writer of fiction and poetry, lives in Washington State. He has been published most recently by *Leaf Garden*, *Bird's Eye reView*, *PANK* and *Right Hand Pointing*.