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## Battlefield Gothic

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**Author Bio**

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Anonymous

To the mailbox! she cried,  
with mighty armour glistening;  
a silver ring.

The engine turned, the beast pawed its mighty hoof with a rumbling that  
shook the battlefield  
and frightened the neighborhood cat;  
the onlooker ran for cover in the safety of a rose bush.

Fix bayonets!  
The headlights switched on.  
Forward!  
The enemy, a pile of leaves, was defeated.

Some victories have no deciding factor in a larger war.  
She could slay terrible creatures with spatula and pan but would not quell  
the rage of he who slept beside her,  
settling instead to protect her children, the heirs to a liberal mindset and  
some old books.  
The dog was there to guard the house,  
so instead she watched over their handwriting and compassion and health,  
in both senses.

Up, soldier!  
She pulled the blanket off.  
Prepare for engagement!  
I took the lunch she had made me and kissed her cheek.

The sounds of battle were mundane to us;  
rabid curses, the shrieking tea kettle and her level voice,  
always calm until he broke her.  
She woke each morning to dress herself in his needs.  
He did not mean to be a villain, nor did he want to become one;  
but he was weak and could not fight himself.

Take cover!

Two white dinner plates shattered on the floor.

Retreat!

Her veined hands took my sleeve and dragged me to the car.

She would still be married when the year ended,  
the battles would not again be so violent as they were.

The sick king, the mad king, my father would ease his iron grip and try his  
hand at justice,  
but still with echoes of wrath like a shuddering window frame, a door  
slamming.

My mother in her armour slept on guard,  
the cat crept out of the rose bush.