

Poetry Series

**Dylan Barker**  
**- poems -**

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## Dylan Barker(May 2nd,1994)

My intrest in poetry started when we were assigned a poetry assingment in reading class. I have been writing poems ever since. The poem I enjoy most that i wrote is Minutemen. Since i found this website, i had found a beautiful and unbelievable girl named Megan Cook, who just broke up with me.I recommend her work, and talking to her for advice.

# Bayonet

\*Please Note\*

This is not a poem. It is a short story.

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Joseph Winters winced as a wave broke over the front of the Higgins Boat shared by his company. 3rd platoon. A. Company. 1st Rangers. In a few minutes those numbers would mean nothing to him. In a few minutes, all that would matter would be survival. "Thirty seconds to landing, , " screamed the boat's pilot over the roaring cloudy water of the English Channel. "Keep your heads down and your actions clear, boys, I want to see you all on the beach, " said the Captain. Without warning, the gates lowered on the boat and the pilot screamed, "Go, go, go, " Just as the gate opened, German MG-42 fire poured into the boat, dropping a quarter of the company. Joseph reacted without thinking and bailed into the water. It was deeper than he imagined, and he was sinking quickly. Before he knew it, he was sitting on the bottom of the Channel, and he was going to drown if he didn't lose some of his extra weight. Joseph pushed his BAR off of his shoulder and started to gain buoyancy. He was rising, but it felt like his lungs were going to explode if he didn't breathe now. He took a gulp of water in, and looked around at the bullets whizzing through the water. Joseph hit the surface,

coughing and sputtering. He managed to pull himself behind the cover of a murder hole. Where is my company? The thought had occurred to him numerous times already. □

Joseph saw an M1 Garand beside him. He reached out of the cover of his murder hole to get it. He grabbed it just as a hail of machine gun fire forced him back. He stood up and ran to where he saw his company pinned down, while at the same time firing a bandoleer of 30.06 bullets at an enemy that he could barely see for the muzzle flash. "What's the situation here, Cap?" said Joseph. "Well, we're where we're supposed to be but no one else is," said the Captain. "What are we going to do?" screamed Joseph over the constant noise of the ongoing invasion. "Fix bayonets men, we're going to charge," barked the Captain. "Charge," And just as he stood up, he fell just as quickly, and the rest of the company jumped up and fired on the German bunker. "Get down," screamed Joseph. "Now who's in command here?" "You are Sir," said a private. "Alright, covering fire," said Joseph. "Go, go, go, Jump that barbed wire, move," Joseph found himself leading a charge across a beach loaded with barbed wire, mines and flying lead. Joseph looked up in time to see the German machine gunner fall. "Clear out these trenches, secure the area," ordered Joseph. "Area all secure, sir" said a private a few

feet from him. "Good work, you men get some rest, tomorrow is going to be a long day."

Joseph awoke from his crude and restless sleep, knowing it was D-day plus 1. "Okay men, it appears that I am your designated company leader for now. Our job today is to take the small town of Carentan. There will likely be heavy resistance, because it's the only town that we can move armor through to Germany, and it's the only path they can take to get to Normandy." We're moving out, let's go, "

As A. company was walking down the road to Carentan, a burst of machine gun fire sent a private to the ground and the rest of the company taking cover in a ditch. "Alright, get ready, this is going to be clearing houses, so there will be close quarter fighting, use your bayonets. Suppressing fire, Move, Clear out those houses, " Said Joseph, with a note of authority in his voice for the first time in the war. The first rocket exploded, and shocked the entire company. "Take cover, they've got us zeroed, " the company waited for at least 10 minutes before the constant barrage of rockets and mortars ceased. Joseph knew that the barrage was a distraction by the Germans to get more troops into Carentan. "Alright, they stopped firing, clear these houses, and make sure that all of the German resistance is cleared out. Joseph was not used to standing back while others did

the work, so he wasn't about to start that habit now. Just as he rounded the corner, he saw the flash of a panzershreck in the bright sun, aimed toward the house that two platoons of men were searching. The panzershreck was zeroed in and preparing to fire, when Joseph charged at him full speed, bayonet out. He killed the panzershreck man, ending the threat to his platoons. Joseph swung around to look behind him, but he was too late to avoid the Nazi bayonet from plunging into his abdomen. "Lieutenant, " screamed a near by sergeant. He heard a shot ring, and passed out.

□

Joseph awoke several days later with a piercing pain in his stomach. Where am I? Joseph thought. Joseph stopped a medic as he went by. "What's going on here? Where am I? " Joseph stuttered. The medic stopped, turned around, and started to speak. "Lieutenant, you were injured in Carentan, we're gonna fix you up. You're going to have a special visitor today. He will be here around noon. Get some rest." Joseph awoke to the sound of a doctor telling him his 'visitor' had arrived, and to come meet him in the lobby of the makeshift field hospital. As he walked into the room, he was astonished to see General Eisenhower, commander of the U.S. Armed Forces in Europe. "Lieutenant Joseph Winters, I am here to present you with the Congressional Medal of Honor. You showed bravery and courage in

saving the lives of your men and stopping a disaster. Congratulations, soldier." said General Eisenhower. Joseph struggled to find words. "Thank you sir." He stammered. "That's not all, soldier. Because you were wounded in this great battle against tyranny, you receive a Purple Heart." Eisenhower said, handing him the Purple Heart with the Medal of Honor. "Thank you again, sir." said Joseph. "You get some rest, and I'll see to it that you get linked back up with your company. They can't afford to lose a good man like you." "Sir, will I be reinstated as the company's commanding officer? " questioned Joseph. "Son, I'm sorry to say that no, you will not. The lead of the company has been taken over by a higher ranking officer." said the general. "Yes, sir." replied Joseph.

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Joseph was returning to his company in Bastogne, Holland. It was late winter and cold. He wasn't sure that he could handle taking an order from an officer that had just joined the company. He knew these men. He had known them since basic training. Seeing them fall under the command of an officer that barely knew the men and their limitations made him feel uneasy. " Winters, How you doing? " shouted the sergeant that had saved Joseph's life. "What's your name, sergeant? " questioned Joseph. "Mcgraw, sir." answered the sergeant. "Sergeant, you saved my life back there in Carentan, and it

is the wish of my superior officers and I that you be promoted. You will be receiving a field commission to the rank of lieutenant." Joseph said, pinning a golden 'I' on the collar of the new lieutenant. "Personally, sir, I believe that you made a better company leader than that new fella, Captain Kirkpatrick, was it? Can't ever find him when you need him most. Least you were there for us, " said Lieutenant McGraw.

It was cold. That was all he could think about on the day of the attack. Cold. Constantly snowing. Joseph climbed out of his foxhole to find Captain Kirkpatrick. It seemed just as he opened his mouth to ask a platoon leader where he was, the German 88s opened up and lit the woods up like it was the Fourth of July. The first shell exploded, throwing him like a rag doll into a tree. He looked around and saw trees exploding around him. He could hear screams of 'get down' to the rest of the troops. Suddenly, the artillery stopped. "Jeez, Lieutenant, how did you make it through that? " "I don't know, but where is Captain Kirkpatrick? " "I'm not sure, sir. No one is, " said the medic. With that, Joseph got up and walked away from the medic and into the open field of the woods. "Captain, Where are you? " "Lieutenant, get out of there " commanded Captain Kirkpatrick. "Coming, sir, " Joseph said. He felt a sudden burst of pain on his back. Suddenly, he couldn't hold himself up. He fell on the



ground in the field.

Joseph looked around and noticed he was in another a hospital. Not again, he thought. It was all happening again. He stopped a medic and asked "Where am I? " "You're in St. Francis hospital, Massachusetts. Back in the states for good, " said the medic. And with that, Joseph Winters blacked out.

Dylan Barker