

## Kat's Death

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# Kat's Death

Based on the book *All Quiet on the Western Front*

## Marijke Pieters-Kwiers

Kat looks up at me with soft eyes,  
They reflect the gloomy grey skies,  
They reflect the horrors he has seen,  
Too wise and experienced to be innocent and clean.  
We reflect the war,  
That's all we will know anymore.  
We kill because we are told that they're our enemy,  
Slaughtering and thrashing with our weaponry.

I am carrying him,  
And my mind becomes dim,  
I watch as the scenery becomes a blur,  
And all noise around me becomes a soft purr.  
My mind becomes numb,  
I'm used to seeing the gruesome.  
My fallen comrade,  
                    my friend,  
                            my guardian,  
he is not going to die.  
Keep yourself together Paul, don't you dare cry.

Kat is saved.  
Kat is saved.  
I have brought him in on time,  
My shirt is stained with blood and grime,  
An orderly speaks, "He is stone cold dead."  
My body with agony and dread.  
The orderly's mouth is moving but the words are lost.  
My mind feels as if it's clouding with engine exhaust.  
Kat is not dead.  
Kat is not dead.

I stand wiping sweat from my forehead,

My body feels as heavy as led.  
It's isn't true,  
I begin to argue,  
I'm stubborn,  
And choose to think that Kat will return.  
He's still here and warm,  
Still in his damn uniform.  
Kat is dead.  
Kat is dead.

My eyes become blurred with tears,  
I'll try to forget all these years.  
The years of battle and tragedy,  
Lost friends and rum-filled tea.  
The brutal truth of war,  
We are not youth any more.  
This is all I'll ever know,  
How to throw a grenade and watch it blow.  
How a human life is so cheap,  
How to drink myself to sleep.  
Forgetting is all that I can do,  
My life has lost it's value.