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## The Sentry

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# The Sentry

Paul R. Cummings

The Tennessee flows slowly now,  
Waters cold and deep.  
Over dirt and shattered breastworks  
A battery, peaceful sleep

Clouds gray, storm, southwest,  
Lightning, a display,  
Guns blazing, ship and shore,  
Battle of another day.

Old rifle pits, vines and trees  
Swamp slowly takes away  
A fortress, built on solid ground?  
The enemy it's to sway.

The hunter, bolt closed, rifle up.  
Butter brown he does see.  
Fires into pine and brush,  
But the hunted, not there to be.

Woods, swamp, river, all quiet now,  
For a second, echoes of the past  
Hunter tracks back, hunted gone,  
Game ends, Battles, never last.

A white tailed buck, the sentinel,  
Swamp ghost of an older day.  
Fort Henry still stands, protects,  
As history is sinking away.