

Miteirya Ridge
By Walter S. Zapotoczny

We stood on Miteirya Ridge
landmines all around us.
Heat rising from the desert floor
camels moving in the distance.
Echoes of Rommel and Montgomery
what was it like that night?
Someone approaches on the road
secret police move towards them.
A fuel truck stops beside us
we move out of blast range.
Secret police talk with the driver
more movement in the distance.
Back to the battle of El Alamein
it was dark when the troops moved out.
German and Italian machine guns
many were caught in the minefields.
Secret police with machine guns
more cars going by now.
More movement in the desert
it was dangerous sixty-three years ago
it is dangerous now.

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