

Enemy

Writer

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**I faced the enemy, ten of them
They were lined up facing me.
Their uniforms were bright and white
Behind them shadows, all I could see.**

**Twenty five yards between us now
I can see their colors plain
I wonder as I take my aim
If they will feel the pain.**

**When they go spinning, falling down
Will I have conquered all?
Or will they rise to stand again
And face me, brave and tall?**

**Will I win this final fight
And claim my trophies glory
Or will I slink away in fright
And never tell the story.**

**And when the game is over
And I tally up the score
Will I come back to fight again
Will I come back for more?**

**Will my captain beg me to return
Can I shake battle fatigue?
And will myself to join again
*My seniors bowling league?***

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