Editorial comment

Some might argue that this garbage ain't poetry, and I agree it's not much *good*, but, according to everyone's favourite unreliable source of knowledge, Wikipedia:

> Poetry is a form of literature that uses aesthetic and rhythmic qualities of language to evoke meanings in addition to, or in place of, the prosaic ostensible meaning.

Which makes this *technically* actually poetry, despite not meaning it's any good at all, really.

The East Wind,
A front-line letter

My loving Emily,

I am afraid this is my last letter to you, for we are the last remaining of our squadron, with no rounds to spare. As I write these words, the last of our bretheren pass into eternal sleep, we are now only three of living souls. Until morning, we shall be none, and will join our ancestors in their eternal vigil for our people.

We were ambushed, deep in the siberian taiga, worse than ever before. So we dug, through bodies and brass, blood, and lead. No matter the aspects we capitalise on on, they keep coming. We have our last, the last ambush scheduled by 0300, and so we pray to save our souls, for our earthly vigil's swift end, and external vigil's start.

And by the lord, Emily, warn everyone. Warn them, that the East wind is coming, and it can't be stopped.

For the best of times,
Your loving,
Maggie