

Riparto d'Assalto, Ernest Hemingway

Riparto d'Assalto

Drummed their boots on the camion floor,  
Hob-nailed boots on the camion floor.  
Sergeants stiff,  
Corporals sore.  
Lieutenant thought of a Mestre whore—  
Warm and soft and sleepy whore,  
Cozy, warm and lovely whore;  
Damned cold, bitter, rotten ride,  
Winding road up the Grappa side.  
Arditi on benches stiff and cold,  
Pride of their country stiff and cold,  
Bristly faces, dirty hides—  
Infantry marches, Arditi rides.  
Grey, cold, bitter, sullen ride—  
To splintered pines on the Grappa side  
At Asalone, where the truck-load died.

The End