

Letters Home

Kali Hudson

His hands are numb and shaking
His expression dreary and bleak
He picks up the pen before him
His fingers cold and weak

Although his heart is heavy
His head is still held high
But when he puts the pen to paper
Tears come to his eyes

“Tell brother that I love him
And that I’ll be home soon”
Deep inside the soldier knows
The words he writes aren’t true

He can’t write about reality
His family can never know
About the horrors that he’s witnessed
Since he left home so long ago

His arms are sore and leaden
From the weight of the gun he carries
Empty sorrow fills his chest
Mourning friends already buried

His ears are always ringing
As bombs drop from overhead
Sometimes he is envious
Of the soldiers who are dead

But in letters home all is well
He is warm and safe and sound
He dares not tell the stories
From this gruesome battle ground