

Letter of War

With no one to tell and nowhere to go,
he wrote his words and sent them home.
He could never describe the sights he had seen,
but between the lines his memories were set free.

The slightest whisper carried through the air,
as they patiently waited for the sounding blare,
The horrors that never escaped his mind,
on this page they could not hide.

Delays in their advance may have ensured,
that his life was crucially detoured.
There was unimaginable guilt when he learned,
many a part of the plan never returned.

Captured in his own head,
he never discovered where the final road led.
He was one of the fortunate few,
who got to return to the place he knew.

With peace of the warm sun on my face,
I get to read his tortured words.
I now lay down in their shadows,
always remembering the fallen heroes.

by: Annie Mallory