

“My sacrifices”

I left home an excited, carefree child
So the next generation could have their freedom

I came home having seen innumerable things that should not be
seen through a child's eyes
So the next generation wouldn't have to grow up too soon.

I came home emotionless and broken
So the next generation would never have to leave.

I came home unable to sleep, kept awake by the sounds of the
battlefield in my mind
So the next generation could sleep peacefully at night.

I came home, with the joyful memories of my friends, to be
painfully reminded that they are no longer
So the next generation would always have their buddies.

I came home no longer the same
So the next generation would never have to change.

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