

The war in my head

I hide like a coward, the feeling of guilt
running through my veins.
The smell of smoke invading my lungs, I can
almost taste it in the back of my throat.
The sound of gunfire ring within my ears, the
mud and sweat cling to my body.
My heart beating like a constant drum
Aim, Shoot, Kill, move on. I would repeat in my head.
that was an order, it is what I must do.
"Granddad?" A child's voice rang out, my eyes open
and I realize I'm not in the war. I'm no longer
in that battlefield.
I'm with my grandson, in a field with life instead
of death.
I'm here with my grandson watching the night sky
light up with red and blue fire works.
The innocent look in my grandson's eyes would take
me back to my youth, before the bloodshed.. and
all the lost souls.
I hug him close, afraid to lose him. I look up
at the bright lights as tears begin to well in
my eyes.
"Isn't it beautiful?" I whisper as the tears roll
down my cheek.

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