

A Whistle Of History

A whistle deep in the back of my mind.

A constant ringing of my past, pushing on my mind,
waiting to poke me with its horror.

A memory I'm not fond of, that whistle of history.

Nights haunted by the ghost of my past.

A muddy rain, become ghostly images of a stained rain,
That filter into the back of my mind, a constant terror
That I'll never get to outlive.

Those days, spent on a field that longed to be lonesome.

A wish far from met, the tragedy that was displayed
Will never be forgotten. The history of war haunts
Close to as many souls as it took.

That shoulder that aches at a certain angle.

A memory of heartache flashing back. The days they long
to stare out of the window and admire the peace
They sacrificed so much for.

Forever haunted by the memories it took them to get there,

They come in silence but never bring peace.

A dreaded dream they long to overtake, the sights
They've seen a memory, they don't await.

The wreckage left will never leave them be, men

And women who wish for peace, to be proud of what

They wished for their past to no longer terrorize them.

They wish for that whistle of history to leave them for peace.