

Captain, sir? What should I say?

By: Raylee Swanson

Captain, sir? What should I say?
I write these same letters
Often, every cursed day.
When the blood is not thick and the shells aren't too strong
It's all so unjustifiable; oh so morally wrong.
I am a simple man, my words are flat.
Why, I am just like the name under my pen.
Yet the ones at home should know none of that.

Captain, sir? What should I say?
How do I write these messages?
These boys aren't on their way home, I pray.
They've got crossed arms and pale brows.
They've been shredded by shrapnel, bullets and flak.
Why, they've seen hell and back.
Yet the ones at home should know none of that.

Sergeant, tell them what you say.
The ones who threw their cares aside, the ones who died
They were heroes, fallen yesterday.
The ones who passed on without warning, without goodbye.

Sergeant, don't tell them what you really say.
They were bloody, hungry and hurting.
Their hands were tied, their bodies weak as they lay.
They tried, burdens heavier than the weight of their packs.
Yet the ones at home should know none of that.

So, I say, Sergeant, you can't.
Your condolences can't reach farther than your words spawned from your pen.
You're just like the name on those pages, yellow and black.
You're one of many men.
Yet the ones at home know none of that.