

Where Silence Speaks

The battlefield is gone now,
but it lives behind my eyes.
Grass grows where fire once burned.
Beneath the soil, the roots of poppies
drink what the Earth still mourns.

We called it duty,
but sometimes it felt like falling
into something bigger than reason,
smaller than forgiveness.

I buried friends with hands
that still remember the warmth of theirs.
The dirt never leaves your palms.
Nor the faces you couldn't save.

They said we fought for peace,
but peace feels heavy.
It sits in your chest at night,
asking if it was worth it.

And I wonder,
Did the stars see us then?
Did they turn away,
ashamed that flames can tear apart
the fragile parts of a human heart?

Now, when people stand in silence,
two minutes stretching into eternity,
I don't think of war.
I think of the laughter we lost,
letters never sent,
and how courage sometimes
looks a lot like fear
that refused to die.