February 2019

Gritty Residue

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss3/21

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What are these negatives that are burned onto my soul
They haunt and write and dissolve so slow
They are memories
From times ago

The beasts on tracks they trudge through the sand
The sharp chop of the blades I can no longer stand
The bombs bursting in air, only Hell's fury could compare
The blood of the innocent I can no longer bear

With sharp lines of tragedy
And blurred images of home
Innocence is my agony
This froth turns to foam

Why won't this scab heal
The VA gives me candy to help me deal
My mind wonders if it was all in vain
Why didn't I ride on that long black train

Death and I, we go way back
Back to Nebraska street, before Iraq
He is swift even when he is slow
Our names are all tattooed on his soul
He's called me by my name, and I have his
Through the death of Brothers Freedom Lives

Surrounded by sand
Surrounded by time
Surrounded by images
They are mine

Semper Fi