

Whispers in the Clouds

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Diving for cover I embrace dampened ground wanting to vanish into her breast
Petrified with fear I cover my mouth from the pain when I land on my chest

We came to fight for freedom and protect our loved ones at home. Sacrificing all for
them and our country as our history books have shown. .
Men whom I have bonded with falling like clear cut trees in front of my eyes
Bullets gliding through their bodies like thin paper dolls in a dance of final demise

"He's gone" says a voice as if in a tunnel and I smile but keep it inside
Then the warm sunlight turn to cold on my chest as I stare at the blood on my side
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I can feel the footsteps as the troops retreat further into the woods The crying out for a
""medic"" for the wounded, though it will do no good.

Deafening sounds of war give way to long silence so soft and almost sane
The fog of gunfire begins to lift reveling the spoils of this political game

Slowly I pass through the corridor of life as my life fast forwards in my mind 'My thoughts are
now on what life was and what I left behind.

Each breath becomes shorter, and my sight closes as I try to scream out loud
No sounds of voices or bullets any more, only the whispers of wind in the clouds.
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