

Lift, Carry Me Home

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How many fallen have we seen
Lying on the ground
Alive just moments ago,
Now lifeless and waiting
Broken, some in pieces, waiting
For that final ride home.

And how many have we carried?
As we heard the words,
"Comin' for to carry me home"

Were those words in a song?
Did we sing them once?
Yes, we did, shall we sing them now?
No, not yet, not yet,
Not before we look again
And lift, our heads filling with those words,
"Comin' for to carry me home."

Looking, not wanting to think,
Not wanting to remember,
Trying, trying to ignore the words,
The blood and holes, the smell,
The sound of that dying breath,
That comes again as we lift,
To carry, to begin that ride home.

How many have we seen?
How many did we know?
The faces of friends, of enemies, the unknown?
The many faces of death, changing but all the same,
Wearing uniforms or bloody clothes.
The faces I saw last night,
The faces I'll see again tonight,
The faces that will say again and again,
"Lift, carry me home."