

Marked by the Sword

PTSD ~ *Thoughts of The Reaper*

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The fields of battle are now silent ...

A young warrior lays upon a boulder, eyes crow-plucked, bled out from wounds of battle and arched in repose on boulder's altar.

The Reaper stands watching . . . A gray warrior sets on a rotted log, legs akimbo, had staggered from the great slaughter; now clutching naked branches lest he fall over. His dull-eyes cast upon the boy whose gored-empty eye-sockets had echoed delightful battle sounds of agony and grief.

Perhaps the boy was his son... or friend... or was the *one too many horrors* to ignore, and he could stand it no more. Those who helped the warrior carry young lad to battlefield's edge had scurred back into the fracas.

It would be easy to now lift gray warrior's head from his shoulders . . . yet there is no gratification in slaying the living-dead who wanders within the horrors of his own mind—where taunting spirits hover and ghosts of yesterday's living blame him—He is *one marked by the sword*. Perhaps tomorrow's gleeful brawl will bring worthier fruit to my table.

"He despairs of escaping the realm of darkness... He is Marked by the Sword." Book of Job 15:22 (NIV)

