Boots and Bayonets

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Laced up boots and shallow ponds are but unvarnished-bloodshed dreams delayed.

Wasted days morph to wasted years where sight, sound, or scents trigger hopscotch-dreams replay.

Depression or joy... little in between... where reality and despair unleash bizarre war dreams, and harried souls long dead howl the night way.

Revised: 2023.