

PTSD

## Marked by the Sword

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The fields of battle are silent ...

A young warrior lays upon a boulder, arched in repose,  
eyes plucked by crows patiently huddled clutching naked tree limbs.

A gray warrior sets on dark ground, legs akimbo,  
dull-eyes cast upon the boy whose gored-empty eye-sockets, freshly picked,  
echo the sounds of grief.

Perhaps the boy is his son... or friend...  
or the one too many horrors to ignore,  
and he can stand no more.

It would be easy to lift his head from his body; yet there is no glory in slaying the  
living dead who wander within the horrors of their mind...spirits hovering  
indecisively, and forever remain—one *marked by the sword*.

