

Marked by the Sword

PTSD ~ *Thoughts of The Taker*

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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 was 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 shoulders; yet there is no glory in slaying the
living dead who wander within the horrors of his mind—spirits hovering indecisively;
ghosts of a former life—one marked by the sword.



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