

Dappled Shadows of Why

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Gents: A Memorial Day poem. A little dark, but still very true to many.

The 'Why', is like scurrying bruised clouds of combat whose dappled shadows in flight exploit valleys and folds of earth, embracing every blade of grass ... every rock ... everything.

A frightful shadow that takes but does not give, and wounds a man (did you hear his cry?) or slays another (utterly ... silently),
and you turn to laugh with him at the silver-lining having randomly skirted bunkers, divided fighting-holes and drawn so near ...
startled to find him slain and you happily (too happily) alive.

Why me? Why am I still here? Why did this mortar arc its way merrily-twisting hither, swirling upon the axis of life, nudged left, right, up or down ever so gently by winds-aloft ...
then tugged by gravities' indifferent mass, flicked by fickle fingers of toying gods ... only to slash the earth with shrapnel gleefully flying yet heartless as to the where, what,
or even if it smites flesh. Yet, he is dead ... the sandbags still bleeding rivulets of indifferent soil – and dappled shadows of 'Why'
caring not this night you will tread the first-step of decades seeking the answer to 'Why'.

Clouds passed again, often and without prediction, favoritism or fate, playing games of inequality and chance, fully shorn of joy or sadness, blasphemous and devoid of all emotion while
skipping a tuneless cleansing-purging dance ... or not.

I saw the inviolate pattern forming ...

They died ... I didn't.
They were wounded ... I wasn't.
They have Agent Orange ... I don't.
They are broken ... I am not.
They are resolute in manly strength ... I try to be.
They are coping ... as am I, mostly.
They do not sleep the sleep of innocence ... nor do I.

I'm all used up from the Why;
dappled shadows have passed me by.