The Road

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The Road Through War
once begun
can never be undone

Comrades lost
never reborn
ghosting
there…but not

An echo,
voiced
unspoken
you’ve changed…

Erosion of the mind
Weep for whom you were
never to be again
who am I…
Yet to be

A composite
before,
the road,
the undone
the twilight of not right

The Path home
long and ever winding,
meanders of memories
dream lights
sounds of echoes
long past
within frames of warmth
and chills of fright

and the eternal question
… why?