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?