

"PTSD"

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PTSD

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I imagined the horror, he felt in his mind,
But just couldn't grasp, the hurt to mankind,
I shuddered for him, with anguish and fright,
Thankful he lived, to see the daylight.

The black of night where much was unseen,
So much expected from, the boy of nineteen.
He completes his duties and battles the fear,
He's become a man who can persevere.

New found meaning to the rising sun,
Body intact but the mind was undone.
Every day it made its' presence known,
Until the mind made the body it's own.

Memories bring forth, a racing heart,
The nagging fears that will not depart.
Dreams that invade, in the still of the night,
In darkness there's pain, no beacons of light.

But strength has a way of rearing its head,
Reminding the soul that all is not dead.
It thrusts him forward and lifts him up,
To drink once again from life's, loving cup.



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