From: VSPA
Subject: Poem - Hues of the Id
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Poem - Hues of the Id
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All the ones who fought and fell
All the ones who walked through hell; sour dreams of raining mortars and rockets; future generations with dreams of little-bombs still singing.

Some felt guilty they had lived so long
Others wondered if brothers died for their wrong.

Warriors came home burying the war in troubled Ids, and hidaway their duffle bags of whys and what-ifs.

The Id lay dormant till a time of its chosing
Laying in wait;
Patiently contriving an altered fate

And pounced with a vengeance upon one once strong, now unprepared, vulnerable, and at risk.