

Vietnam

Stepping Over Ghosts

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War was life and what was, was the dream.

Since DEROS, I've walked the walk of life,
grasping at normalcy...mostly.

War became the dream and what was, was gone.

Trying to live memories of how it was,
but things had changed and I was not ready
for my shadows to have vanished.

I wanted my-now back...to reclaim what I had
lost while I was there.

Everything was normal...seemed normal...
Except now and then, briefly, without warning
I find myself, stepping over ghosts.

Deal with it. Suck it up. And down the path of life I trod,
Up the hill and over.

Meandering trails of everyday stuff, and living the dream
Or dreaming the life. Someone's dream that sometimes blurs.

The end is nearing, within a decade or two...
Maybe even three, maybe not, but not long as time is measured,
And then, the ghosts will either join hands,
Or step over me.