

The Nights

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How many times do I have to push these feelings away,
they come and they go, but they fight to stay.

You would think that someday they would leave forever,
but they've been with me so long, I doubt it, never.

This year they will have forty years past,
they can enter your dreams and they seem to last.

How could you know, when you're young, and in the middle of a fight,
that when you go home, in the dark, you'll relive every sight.

If they wake you from your sleep, startled, and don't know where you are,
a very scary moment, when you realize you haven't come very far.

There are many nights, you'll stay awake, trying to refrain,
from falling asleep and starting the drams, that are sure to bring on the pain.

Your loved ones may inquire, into your strange habits of sleep,
is there a way to explain, that they might understand, without getting in too deep?

I don't know if there is a way, to make the cycle bend,
or if you just slide in the seat and take a ride, right to the very end.

Mark Schrimpf

Hotel Co.-2nd Bat.-5th Marines, 1968