A Soldier during The Great War

You must have been concerned.
And you must have dreamt of your glorious self
Returning in victory like
Hercules on his horse with an enemy’s head on his hand
And the public throwing flowers and yelling out your name
And your wife and even your child with the happiest smiles on their faces.

But I now know that your dreams disregarded you.
Your dreams lured you to the deepest shadow and darkness.
Obligated under the title of patriotism
Belied under the bond of camaraderie
And mislead under the sweetness of hallucination
You see your comrades lying down missing their body parts,
You hear guns firing and screams that follow
You taste solidified blood permeated in mud and air
You smell your own feet rotting
You feel regret as you grab the last photo you have of your family.

That was now more than one hundred years ago.
But that darkness over a century ago swallowed you whole
And you still lie beneath the shadow of fear and violence.