

## **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 misled 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.