

CAN I GET AN AMEN 2.5

I lay in my bunk
Everything outside dark
Alone
Off to do god knows what

I knew you then
Never met you, true
But never knew myself either
Feeling this way
Fear
Tears
Who the hell am I kidding?
Who cares?
M16
Steel pot
Sweat and heat
No one knows or cares
Not really
Not like I need them to

And you have the hutzpah to say “don’t stereotype”
I’ll stereotype all I want,
Thanks,
Colonel
Whatever-the-hell your name is ...
And I suppose you were OK with it all, huh?
Ok with it all?

Well, I wasn’t.
I’m not now.
Not ever going to be.
And no, it’s not because I’m angry or got PTSD ...

It’s as simple as this:
All this horror isn’t worth it.
Period
Amen
Yeah,
Can I get an amen?