

Dedication: I wrote this poem after watching "all quiet on the western front." It is one of those movies that you should see, but it will make you cry.

The Eyes of a Soldier

*I have been gone from my home,
For far too many years.
My wife's face is fading away,
My daughter's voice I can no longer hear.*

*Tonight let the moon fall on my face,
To reveal all my scars.
Grant me the power to let go of my past,
And express my fears on the battle field.*

*From my rest covered blade
Drips the blood of my enemy.
Yet I find it strange
When I look upon his body.*

*Wrapped in death's blanket,
He looks as I look.
No difference do I see,
How could he be so different from me?*

*He has two eyes,
Hair on his head,
A nose and a mouth,
Just as I have these things too.*

*It is only his coat,
That single torn and blood stained garment,
That tells me who is my ally
And who is my enemy.*

*If I could,
Tears would stain my muddy cheeks.
I would make this man a grave,
And use my own coat to make where he lay.*

*But I can not think of this now
For the siren now screams.
Tonight, like very night
We must take shelter down below.*

*The whistles of our enemy's bombs
Only remind me of that man's body.
That man I had slain to keep my own life
Would I be able to bury him in the morning?*

*It is not like the mornings I once knew,
I don't see much over the dust and smoke.
The sun might shine today,
but I will not hope too much.*

*I am not sure why it is only here,
In the early morning that I find peace.
In this small window of time I can breathe,
Without the smell of death clinging to the wind.*

*The picture in my pocket reminds me
I have a wife and daughter back home
In this time I can stop and wonder
How my family is doing right now.*

*My daughter is a young lady
She might have lads to admire her
My wife, when I lost saw her,
Was soon to give child.*

*I wonder what my baby looks like
Is it a boy? Or a girl?
I wonder what it looks like
Now that I have been gone nearly four years.*

*In this moment I am lost in thoughts of home
I do not hear the call of warning
I still don't notice as the other men flee
I only notice once I hit the ground.*

*My chest burns with an unknown sensation
Contradicted with a cool wetness at my side.
Each breath becomes more difficult to take in
I call for aid, but no one is near to hear it*

*Even man that shot me is gone.
I understand now that I fear I had seen.
The fear in the eyes of men,
Too injured to save.*

I tighten my already numb fingers,

*On the picture of my family.
I want to see them,
Just one last time.*

*I hold the picture in front of me.
My daughter, just a lass in the photograph,
My wife and I dressed in our very best.
How I miss their smiling faces.*

*It is now that I have seen them,
That my vision starts to blur.
I no longer feel the chilling wetness,
The burning has ebbed away.*

*Each breath is slower and easier now,
I feel a gentle warmth all around me.
If I rest just for a little bit
Then I can walk and find a doctor.*

*No matter what happens to be now,
I do not wish for my loved ones to cry.
It is here, to be the battle field, where destiny led me,
And it is here where I shall now lie.*

~LWKat~