

The Boot

I sit here with a pistol in my hand,
I stare at it but can't read its brand.
It doesn't really matter anymore,
I just need to settle the score.
In the field Jack and I were best friends,
We did our duty with no bends.
Our platoon would take our orders,
We were thousands of miles from our home borders.
We'd head out in the dawn's early light,
Praying we would see tonight.
Looking for hidden bombs was no game,
We did the best we could with no shame.
That morning our dog Sammy gave the look,
It was right out of the training textbook.
Something wasn't right Sammy's face said,
In an instant Jack and Sammy were both dead.
I lay there on my back with my head spinning.
I hoped this was a dream we were winning.
I rolled to my right and felt the sharp pain,
My face was on fire and felt like needles of rain.
I looked for Jack and Sammy and saw Jack's boot,
But the remains of Jack's body was not on his foot.
I wanted to get up and help my brother and dog,
But they both looked worse than a butchered hog.
I've been out of rehab and home for weeks,
But I try to close my only eye I get repeats.
I just can't take the loss of my friends any longer,
It is time I join where we will all be stronger.
In my mind I see Sammy and Jack's boot alone,
And I want to take it to him and give Sammy a bone.
The pain will go away if I just pull the trigger,
Each day I live the boot just gets bigger.
War is hell and leaves so many in mental distress,
I came home and don't feel at all blessed.
Maybe I should wait until tomorrow,
Hopefully I won't see the boot and have so much sorrow.
Lord help me live through this day I pray,
With Your strength I can take just one more day.

AMEN!

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