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Soldier's Honor

Robert Williams

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Soldier's Honor

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Strange places, unknown roads
Unfamiliar people, eyes filled with fear and distrust
Why does giving protection to people breed violence
Smiles behind the barrel of a gun
Seconds pass like minutes, minutes to hours, hours feel like days
In a devastating micro moment without warning sound blasts then all goes quiet
Searing unmistakable pain, disorientation
What was now, now is no more
Blood, wreckage, people frantic
Stripped, bandaged, shaking
Longest, fastest trip back
Bearing return, reality sets in
Why do we do what we do
We endure, we survive, and we die
For those who we leave behind, and those who we will soon return
Why do we do what we do
For the moment we walk through a cramped corridor with those we walked with
thousands of times before towards what we had left behind
For the moment our past becomes our present and our future appears perfect

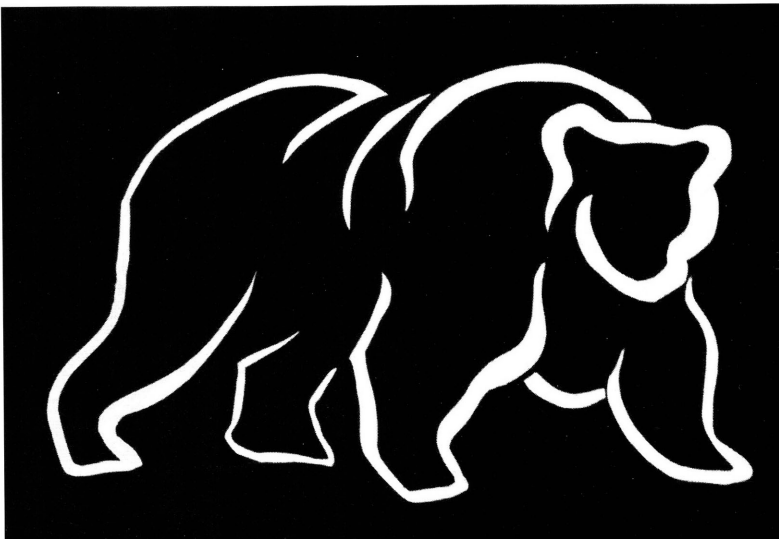


IMAGE
JAMES STUART