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This Battlefield

By DeVan E. Jones

I'm a soldier, and every soldier has a story to tell,
never been to IRAQ, I got my war wounds in jail.
Never been to Afghanistan, never had a teflon vest,
watching the enemy, who wants to stab me in the chest.
Never carried a gun, never threw a grenade,
inmate manufactured weapon, with a very long blade.
Never been a marksman, never knew how to shoot,
walking round the yard, gotta lace up my boots.
Never been in a bunker, never wore fatigues,
you never been to jail? better stay in your league.
On my arms are stripes, on my chest are medals,
got a purple heart, cause I was wounded by the devil.
Never went under barbed wire, but I heard "GET DOWN"
heard loud booms here in satan's playground.
Never jumped out of a plane, never needed a parachute,
still fighting in this war, never had a 21 gun salute.
wont have a flag that'll be placed on top of my coffin,
the nightmares I'm having, are happening way too often.
Never yelled "MAY DAY, MAY DAY" in the middle of the night,
nobody to help me, inside of this constant fight.
I'm an inmate it's the same war I'm fighting still,
PLA boots on while I'm walking on this battlefield!