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wounded Soldier

By Debra Egan

I've been wounded! defeated in battle,  
life full of rain, like I lived in Seattle.  
Agony of defeat, I'm judged cause I'm flawed,  
trying to do my best, my whole life is a fraud.  
What's all the commotion? why is everybody chatty?  
getting stripes in prison, like the Bengals of Cincinnati.  
I've tried to be great, but nothing but lies were spoken,  
a monster I've awoken, and left my loved ones heart broken.  
I've committed a crime, I asked for the prison bed,  
I chose to leave my family, too many tears that I've shed.  
AHEAD my platoon, now they say that I'm deranged,  
want to go to prison? well that can be arranged.  
I never toted a gun, nor did one go bang,  
I talked with slang but look how low my head hang.  
It's a shame, wanna stick a white flag in the sand,  
Didn't get a chance, to teach my kid how to be a man.  
Prisoner of war, all I see is defeat,  
like I've been in Afghanistan, diagnosed with PTSD.  
In a pit full of snakes, attacked by a viper,  
accurate aim in battle, like the American Sniper,  
As everyone around me, keep looking over their shoulder,  
the war is far from over, as I stand as a wounded soldier.