

"ALMOST"

The light of dawn.

The way it shines through the leaves,

And changes their colour to a light gold.

The way it brings out the warmth in the area,

It's comforting.

It's almost an escape,

Almost an escape from the never ending cries of death

And the shattering of the bullets,

Almost.

Most mornings I sit down and feel the warmth on my
face,

I almost forget.

I try and bring myself back to how I once was,

I try and imagine that things were actually normal.

I try so hard to pull the pieces of my old self back
together,

The life I lived when I was so ignorant and naïve.

I knew nothing.

Nothing of how life really was,
Of course, how could I?
I followed the system, I pretended,
I lived in my cosy, boxed-up little world.
I know now, and I know that I will never be the same.

People will often talk about a “near death” experience,
And how it changes them in ways unimaginable.

However, when you are the one,
The one on the supplying end of that bullet or bayonet.
It destroys almost every human part of you that ever
existed.

When you watch the life fade away from a man’s face.

When you see every part of him disappear,
His thoughts, his family,
And his existence.

I try, and almost, but never.

I can’t forget.