

Untitled

by Robert A. Garofalo Jr.

for Adam Brewer

The sand changes color
Depending on the temperature
Cold to the touch
Turns into granular lava
The sweat stains
Look like white spray-painted circles

Machine guns talk back and forth
The chatter is deafening and illegible
The exchange of lead is incredible
Bodies fall into strange positions
Grown men scream like kids
Their childhood left on the battlefield

In between battles the silence hurts
Talking about life is too painful
Playing spades and dominoes
Seems like an arid purgatory
Sleepless nights plague the men
Survival is the key to going home

Incoming rockets and mortars
Shake your soul loose from reality
Provides you with enough adrenaline
The smell of dried blood fills the air
Somebody's son is not coming home
Another memorial for the calendar

Seeing happy civilians is rewarding
Our frowns are eternally set
Rediscovering happiness is an endless journey
Full of hurdles within society
Normal is dead
Forever dead am I