

“PTSD”

by Oliver McKeithan

massive explosion
fireball lights up the dark sky
screams for the medic
cries for mother
torn bodies lying at my feet
snap and pop of burning ammo assaults my ears
smell of burnt flesh fresh in my nose
I am frozen in place, I can't help anyone,
my mouth moves but I can't speak
I alone am left alive.

I awake in my bed, trembling and sobbing
sweat running in torrents down my body
my hands shaking.
All tell me I am lucky
to be the only survivor.
I am helpless, lost and alone
no one understands.

Oliver McKeithan enjoys writing poetry with an eye towards irony and humor both dark and light. He is a semi-retired pharmacist who is inspired to write by listening to Celtic music. He enjoys living the rural life on ten acres of land in upstate Pennsylvania with his wife and two Border Collies. Oliver has one published poem: An Idiomatic Chicken Tale in Edition#6 of *Coop* ezine. He is an Air Force veteran 1972 through 1976. He served with and knows many Vietnam veterans and what they went through both in country and back at home.