

Fight for your life

I hear the sound of flesh meeting hollow shells.

I see flames as grenades yell.

I wear blood stains proudly, despite the foul smell.

I'm a tight strapped soldier.

I hear enemies march closer.

I've been told to kill them cause there hearts colder.

I've abandoned all my fellow fighters.

I've returned to society where my hopes brighter.

I'm learning my ABC's.

Its time to move on from my killing spree.

Cause now I can smile with glee when I hear and see;

the word refugee.

But I cry in my sleep, when I remember there are others like me.

Dear God, help them to be free.

-Joshua Pandy

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April 28, 2009