

The Imposter in the Desert

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The GWOT is drawing down.
The young Lieutenant finally deploys
To the desert.
But 'twas the wrong one.

And the GWOT is drawing down.

The young Lieutenant stands in the desert
Of Africa.
Not Iraq. Not Afghanistan.

And the GWOT is drawing down.

The young Lieutenant sleeps soundly in the desert
camp
That was attacked months before.
Months before. Meanwhile his friend is attacked in the
Afghan mountains.

And the GWOT is drawing down.

The young Lieutenant got close.
Close to following his older neighbors, classmates,
brothers and sisters, friends to the desert.
Not close enough.

And the GWOT is drawing down.

The young Lieutenant promotes.
And promotes again.
Seven years of service goes by like grains of desert sand
through his fingers.

And the GWOT drew down.

No longer a Lieutenant.
Finally becoming a man,
He realizes the true war is within.

And the GWOT drew down.

And the true war is within.
The man realizes
If he wasn't enough without it, he would never be
enough with it.

And the GWOT drew down.

And now there is only life to be had.
Life to be had.
Somehow having it is the hardest battle.