

4 Months In

Soul is worn out, tired, threadbare
Fraying at the edges with sanity
Eyes are half open, dazed
Bloodshot with insomnia
And boredom.
Seconds of fear, minutes of
Excitement, hours of nothing.
A year is such a long time.
Don't even care if I rhyme.
Be professional, be polite,
Have a plan to kill everyone
You meet.
This place is rotting my
Intelligence and my mind.

—Sgt. Katharine S. Dahlstrand, U.S. Army Combat Medic
Al-Asad, May 2006