

Days of the Week are Dead to Me

Days of the week are dead to me.
Monday, Friday, Sunday, Saturday,
They are all the same.
Days of the week are dead to me
And so they will remain.

The day I saw an IED
Through a Predator's eye
Take out that convoy of Humvees,
That day of that week
With me will remain.
The day I heard the "All Clear" call
After rockets fell from the sky,
That day I will remember, laugh a little and cry.

The day of the week that the sergeant killed
Five of the brothers over by Commo Hill.
I can't recall.
But that day of the week
Was the worst of all.
Days of the week are dead to me
And so they will remain.

But when I return
And enjoy the life
That blood has paid
Many times over and more the price,
I shall rejoice in me days I spend
With family and friends
And not worry about
What day it is, or what day will come,
Because they're all the same to me now
And I will cherish every one.

—Capt. Thomas J. Carnes III
Brigade Provost Marshal, 56th IBCB
Texas Army National Guard

Lt. Carnes was the night battle captain in the Victory Base Defense Operations Center, 11 May 2009, when a distraught soldier opened fire in the counseling center killing five soldiers at Camp Liberty, Baghdad.