

Smells

The smells of burning rubber,

Wafting with the essence,
Of the unspoken.
Such fires burning forever,
In the memories I have come to fear.
And thus, days come and nights go.
Never waking to the burning sun,
As I lay each night, delaying
sleep,
Each minute, laying, praying,
Through the endless nights,
Yearning, anxious for one more
day.
Fearing anything more
Would be far too greedy.
Each day, a movement to contact.
Each night, I lay trembling,
Avoiding the dreams I so fear.
Thus, to be at war,
Is to live in the present,
Nothing more.
Forsake the future
as impossible
revel in the past
wake,
each day knowing,
believing,
this could be my last.



—Maj. Edward L. Bryan, U.S. Army
January 2009