

"Sorrow"

I got on a plane, at last homeward bound, Leaving misery and death all behind. Back in the States some kissed the ground Unaware how their lives would unwind. --but there were no marching bands --there were no clapping hands --there was no ticker tape --no one in the stands.

I traded my gear for Army dress greens Queued up for my final pay call. In the mess hall ate steak, C-rations unseen There was even a clean shower stall. --but no cheering crowd --no shouting out loud --no yellow ribbons --to make me feel proud.

The time finally came one late August morn To line up for one last inspection Six medals and brass, on a uniform worn With pride for my country's protection --not one waving hand --no Army brass band --no flying flags --all over the land.

I'd signed all my papers, at last ETS Rode a bus that was bound for Seattle. A civilian at last – no more Army stress Only memories of war and of battle. --no one came out --no one gave a shout --and none really cared --what it was about.

So I boarded a jet that was headed back east The lone soldier boy on that flight. And the rest on that plane didn't care in the least I was just coming back from a fight. --none really knew --what I'd just gone through --none gave a damn --not one "How are you?"

Two years had gone by since I'd left my home At a time that could hardly be worse Now luckily far from that dreadful war zone Coming back in a jet not a hearse. --no more bivouac --no bullets, no flak --but no one in sight --to welcome me back.

Next morning came early, in Eastern Time zone I woke in my bed. Was I dreaming? Somewhere in the house the ring of a phone But no sound of bullets, no wounded, no screaming. --on Pacific white foam --briny seas I did roam --and now safe in the States --seemed I'd never left home. ©js Albany, NY February 2007

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