

For the Man who died without fighting; for those who died while fighting; and for those who stayed, dying inside.

1- Forgetfulness?

(...)

They left the pier on an old rusty barge, with salty tears running through their faces
and scared souls with the thought of never coming back.

The same tears were shared with the people who stayed, roughly screaming goodbyes in secret,
praying with a sense of loneliness "*Please God, don't let him die*";
missing the smell of their lovers – freshly baked bread and bitter wine.
Far away; they waved to Riverside while the barge went its way.

They spent days, then weeks, then months on the wild sea. Untouchable.
Praying to the same God that sent them to war,
throwing up the nostalgia impossible to cry by their eyes.
Wishing and begging to God: "***Please, don't let me die***"

How vicious is it dying before the disease gets us?
Wicked and unnecessary I say.

Bodies now sleeping below the dark ocean,
Souls walking around waiting for justice.
They develop from unenlightened peasants to War Warriors and National Symbols
in two seconds; for two seconds.

Who are they again?

2- *Hope in times of war*

When you see your life through Death eyes,
with all the things you never did;
and feel the red rust soiling the dusty floor through your leg;
and the comrade-in-arms deeply breathing
while repeating to himself – and to you,
“You are going to be fine”
you know it’s over.
The war is finally over.
And you are going to be fine.

3- Sunday Church

I still love the one who walked with Death by his side,
blind and brave.
I said goodbye knowing that his fate was in God’s hands.
God.
That bastard.
“The Lord will protect me...” he stupidly wrote in those dirty pages;
“Amen” we prayed to an empty shrine.
And here I endure, kissing a casket of nothingness.