Sapper Boy

Ex-Army Boy, Sapper Boy.

Ash blonde hair and soft green eyes like the last Viking seas. Home. But his brain, my brain, little disastrous masterpieces. Thoughts like stones that weigh like iron in the backs of our skulls. Stress like spiders that creep over skin with the overwhelming sense of fear. Panic that falls like rain in the presence of dozens.

Ex-Army Boy, Sapper Boy.

Body racked with tremors the way my heart beats on, on, on. Skin covered in ink to compensate for mine's lack. Beautiful eyes behind beautiful lashes that guard scared, beautiful minds. Minds that won't listen, can't listen, minds that won't work, can't work. Minds that are filled with things we cannot even pronounce. But still, minds that see the magnificence in the brutality of life. Beautiful minds.

I tell him. You are a good soldier, you always will be. You are a good sapper, you always will be. You are a good man, you always will be. No matter how many falls, how many breaks, how many tremors. I tell him. My strong boy, my tall boy, my lost boy - My boy.

Ex-Army Boy, Sapper Boy.

Be Wise Enough to Wonder

My love, be wise enough to wonder.

When they call you names, when your heart brings you pain, When the sun cannot shine and the world only brings rain, Be wise enough to wonder.

When your mind breaks open like a badland fissure and your eyes go dark,

When the hands that once skillfully accomplished cannot even spark,

Be wise enough to wonder.

When your words become song and song becomes emotion, When you realize you are alone, your bodies no longer together, no longer woven,

Be wise enough to wonder.

When the light shines over the edge of mountains high as if from Valhalla

When your soul breaks open before the judgement of honor and valor,

Be wise enough to wonder.

When I find you in the throes of a war unseen,

And when you teach me how to be alive again, and how to believe, I will tell you,

My love, be wise enough to wonder.