

"Thank You For Your Service"

*I'm Joe, a Marine, a fighter, a Vet
But my battles didn't end when I left -
The war came home with me, inside my head
The memories, the nightmares, I couldn't shed
I spiraled down, into the dark
Thank you for your service, they say
And for a moment, it feels okay
Like my sacrifice is recognized
And my duty to my country is prized
But then comes the question I dread
The one that fills me with So Much dread*

*"Have you ever killed someone?" they ask
And suddenly, it's like wearing a mask*

*I want to scream and lash out in rage
How dare they ask me about that stage
Of my life, those memories so raw
I can't just brush them off and withdraw
I know they mean well, I really do
But how the fuck would they feel in my jungle boots
To have taken a life, to have faced death
And then to be asked with such a careless breath
Fuck those questions, and fuck the pain*

*Why can't they see the hurt and disdain -
In my eyes, when they ask me that
It's not just curiosity, it's like a baseball bat
to my soul, to my heart, to my mind
And I wish they could truly see, and just be kind*

*So "thank you for your service", you say
Cool ...But please, don't ask me about that day.*