

Memories

by Imani Sims

A sharp noise causes it to start,
Causes my world to fall apart,
No longer do I sit on this shady bench,
But lie on my back in a muddy trench.
Gunfire fills the air with like an overly loud *Bang*,
Causing our sanity all worn thin, by a thread to hang.
The grenades land and explode with extremely loud *Booms*,
Sending many a man and woman down into their waiting tombs.
My brothers all around me lie – aching, wounded, bleeding,
Silent prayers fill the air of want and hope and needing.
I watch as some suddenly die, my brothers through and through,
And with their passing a part of me seems to pass on too.
Then a voice pulls me back into my sunny yard,
Never seeming to understand why forgetting is so hard.
It's never easy to forget the pain and war and death,
And all of those who on that day drew their final breath.
Knowing how lucky I was to make it back to Rome,
And knowing that so many more will never make it home.