






Tide of DEATH

When Frank said that he was going to war,
I thought of everything but the reality.
The pain that I went through,
Not outside, just in,
Was like nothing at all I could think of.
His return was awaited by all,
Children and adults alike,
Whole  experiencing the same feeling of dread.

Why did Frank have to go to war?
I've  and I've  and rubbed my  raw,
I've heard nothing from anyone,
The depths of my agony revealed to none.
I can't understand it,
The end of my sanity,
Lost to a tide of death.

Frank never came back from the war,
That was long ago now but I still feel the pain.
That wave of death,
Caused a break in reality,
A crater in society.
But worst of all,
 What it created for me,
Was the end of my life. 