

To Remember is To Honour

I am lost in the sinking trenches,
When will we start? When will we stop? I ask
forgiveness, because these boots are not
own. They were stolen from my fallen

waiting.
for
my
brother.

Needle-like raindrops sting my eyes, and
cannot bear to let myself have
Hope kills more than machine guns,
I have seen proof of that. We cannot even

I
hope.
and
pray.

Soon the yelling starts. This war
madness. My anger galvanizes me, and
is blood in my mouth. So
pain. Is this cause worth more than my own

is
there
much
suffering?

Silence comes too fast. The noises
me; the quiet is uncertain. I cannot
hesitant, lest there be
attack. I wait in fear, day after

please
stay
another
day.

Something is wrong. I don't
hear bullets, but I hear screams. They leave
me paralyzed, slowly corroding me.
Yellow-green clouds seclude me, and I am alone.

I am drowning in air, unable to
scream. I start to forget
how to breathe. This is
how I die: a mist I can't seem to ignore.

As I close my eyes and wait to
fade, I can still remember
my sister's smile. I hope she is
free. I hope she will have something left of me to honour.

I cover my teeth with my lips, lest
they find my body decayed and my dog tags stolen. We
are only stories in the end, easy to forget.

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