

He Never Came Back

My brother sailed away overseas
To fight those we called our enemies.

When the war was won, my brother returned
A glorious day for which we had yearned.

He stood valiant, with courageous men by his side.
His eyes were not cheerful though his voice jubilantly tried.

At nights his door squeaks open and out he slips
To pour a glass of water with what used to be a firm, now shaky grip.

His eyes gloss over at times during the day
He looks as though he is in another place very far away.

His books he used to love lay forlorn on his bed.
When he tries to talk to someone, he can't keep track of what they said.

He applied for a job at the grocery store
But he can't stay with it like he could before.

He has changed, my brother, he just isn't the same.
His mind never takes on its old fiery flame.

The gun he brought home and hung on the wall;
My parents think it perches there proud and tall.

I see his weapon now sitting there on the rack,
And, my brother, I realize, never came back.

When will he return? I do not know
O God, help all those scarred by the foe.