

The Spirit of the Wall



These lonely thoughts of war we dread
Are haunted by the souls of dead;
Who stand among the shadows where
They look with cold judgmental stares.
What is it in their glance we see
That they would want from you or me?
A moment's past decision then
Had cost the lives of many men,
And left us with such guilt to bear
Beneath our own condemning stares.

The years ahead may not be kind
Because of those we left behind.
The fact that we came home again
Has left us little peace within,
And so around us we have built
The Walls we mortared without guilt;

That seems to darken evermore
The light of hope we had before.

We look for answers but find doubt;
Uncertain then what life's about;
Perhaps regretting after all
Our names weren't written on the Wall.

And so we ask the question, "Why?
Some men live while others die?"
And find no long enduring peace
When endless battles never cease.
Where we condemn ourselves because
We could not change the way it was.

The question always seems to be,
"What is our course in destiny?"

We know someday we'll join them there,
Among the shadows where they stare,
And then we'll have to face each one
Explain to them what wasn't done
And why we simply did not taste
Life's fullest cup, we chose to waste,
While dying men with trembling lips,
Had been denied just one more sip.

So if they have had the chance to give
Would they have had the will to live?
Or would they ask the question "Why?"

Some men live while others die?"
There is no way that we can see
The right or wrong of what could be.
So if our names exchanged with them
It would not change what happened then,
For no one knows where futures lie
Except, that someday, we will die.

The lives we live must now create
A deeper meaning for their fates,
Or else the guilt we wear inside
Will haunt forever 'till we've died.
The death of those succumbing first
Should not deny the lives we thirst,
But rather savor from the vine
Each day for them, life's sweetest wine.

We are their living legacy,
The last of mortal breath to be,
That speaks about what happened then
So it will not occur again.
We must not carry such a load
So let the walls of guilt erode,
Accept the fact that we should "live"
And then perhaps ourselves forgive,
And truly live their legacy
Denying death its victory.
We cannot let the years slip by
In search of answers to the "Why?"
For time and tide will wait for none
Then suddenly our journey's done.

And so without lifelong regret
We do not owe death any debt,
Except to be, then after all,
The Living Spirit of the Wall.

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Taken out of the book Voices from the Wall

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