



THE BATTLE WITHIN

...A passage of sounds rings into tomorrow through a valley of hope, and a stream of silent tears. Down the sides of my mountain rushes sorrow into a lake of guilt, best forgotten, yet constantly there. Fear can be my faithful companion anytime, as I pass amongst the living. Trying to gain a foothold into a youth lost years ago. Your eyes tell on you... as your voice tries to cover what your heart dares not say.

You are enclosed by precious limits... and to venture beyond would cause great distress. Some even wallow in a mass of self-perceived crimes. Bearing their own guilt for those of us left behind. I question if you really understand. Know that every moment you waste in that negative is more a testimony to an ego that resists rather than fitting to a soul that really lives.

Your eyes see a torn and often empty spirit in me filled with a hopeless challenge to return to the living and share in a world once known. The image is but a perception of all the emptiness you see in me. while the struggle goes on silently ...it remains hidden from your sight. Reality for me is merely to touch lightly once more the sweetness of years stolen. My smile is real. But you don't see it because of a cloud of self-imposed indifference that you were lead to believe. A shadowed past..I will live forever, chains of painful guilt not broken ... never releasing me from the confusing war... and your fatal words spoken.

Into a dawn of rising dream.. Riding the stallion of hope.. ..Memories flash and always seem to add to all I have to cope. Intruding sounds from behind me.... stark painful blasts filled the air blanketing everything I knew... loud echoes from clouds of despair. Blood on my hands with screams in my ears ... a hand feels the cold steel filling the palm.. my nostrils filled with that smell ..I stab at the darkness ... hoping to make right the wrong that was written into our hearts so long ago.Snapped back in an instant... this world summons me into reality again.. a startled look fades.... as eyes fall into a stare.... another moment stolen from life... revisiting only to search briefly for the living 18 yr old that was left to seek his own way home.

Remnant flashes slowly disengage.. only to wait in ambush for another moment to come... relentlessly jabbing, tearing, at the life that escaped the cold silence of death once offered to end my sufferings.

Pity me not... for I don't desire pity. That warrior inside is hardened to battle and will take care of what is at hand. Forward do I move my friend... however endless it might feel. For courage will move through that door and honor sheds it's own light.

Understand there will be some misery left and moments of darkened fights. Look upon this one and see what lives... a survivor.... a warrior of all that's passed.. from a spirit that burns to last.

Copyright 1998 ©Casey Piatt all rights reserved