

Peter Ireland



VETERANS

O lord, it's hard to be humble
When you're a veteran in every way
But on the way to becoming a veteran
Some get waylaid

The veteran's brain gets scrambled
With stuff he can't process
It makes others' lives a misery
But, the veteran doesn't know this

Then one day it happens
The veteran's life goes **'BANG'**
It falls apart around him
And this he can't understand

He doesn't comprehend
What's happened to his life
His kids, his marriage, his wife
This starts the spiral

He starts to lose control
He doesn't know what's happening
By then he's in the hole
Where everything is bleak

The hole is deep and black
Each time he starts to climb out
It pulls him back
The more he scrambles the worse it gets

He starts to panic
He gets anxiety
Then the pain in his gut
Tears start rolling down

Totally panic stricken
He starts to throw up
He doesn't understand
What the hell is going on

It is such the weirdest feeling
Hanging from a yarn
He shouts, he hollers
But nobody comes to help

Because they've gone
To a safer place no doubt
He's now alone in the hole
And frightened out of his wits

He thinks of the family he had
He doesn't want to lose them
He finds the strength to pull himself clear
Starts to regain his freedom

He must get rid of the demons
That are there every night
In his brain
They're what he has to fight

He wakes in the night
Sweating from head to toe
Shouts to his wife, whose run in fright
Because he's lost control

In the morning
He can't re-call the night
For breakfast, he goes down stairs
His Missus is nowhere in sight

He gets on the phone and asks
"Where the hell are you?"
She says,
"I can't stay anywhere near you"

The veteran is dumbfounded
He can't figure it out
Why the hell she's left him
Then he's back in the spiral

It's doing the same old trick
Pulls him down deep
Deeper into the pit
Get rid of the demons

The one fight he has to win
If you see a veteran walking down the street
Does he look wounded physically
Or is the wound in deep?