



The Price of a Bullet

C. Henley

Locked inside my head,
I go back there each night.
The place where life is cheap,
and with a gun you claim your right.
What a crazy mixed up place it is
where right and might make war;
where your fate can be sealed by a kiss
from your trusted friend inside your door.

They say I can't go back there,
cause I know it all too well.
But I don't think I can stay here,
after going through that hell.
Stuck between the city on a hill—
the place where brave men fell;
I try to make sense of what I feel,
and I fit in neither place too well.

The memories of that barren land
where the unlucky are turned to men.
What salvation is at hand?
What can, to them, peace send?
How can I not think of what might have been
had it been my child in his place?
He felt in him the worst of men,
and it was frozen on his face.

My thoughts now turn to those
who use young men as their shield—
at ease with a glass for their repose
their young men yearn to yield.
These men of ease never face
the ones who wished them well to war.
They have the precious, precious fate
of sleep, and war no more.

They say that I am weak
to carry this weight of war—
The knowing smirk and turn of cheek



from those who've never left this shore.
Keats spoke of this twist of fate
It comes back to us from up above:
“Those I fight I do not hate,
Those I guard I do not love.”

I don't want fight and hate,
but don't think I have a choice.
I want to rise from my torpid state;
I have to fight to find my voice.
But the only voice that I can hear,
is that of the fog of war—
The only faces that I now fear
are those who died or fight no more.

Those who bled their last in sand,
perhaps have the better fate—
They'll never have to walk this land
a slave to their eternal hate.
What is the price of a bullet then?
Will we ever truly understand?
The cost of shock and awe has been,
Paid in full by those who still stand.