

Behind the "Mask" (Of a Veteran)

Ross Bridle

Poetry

Sometimes he is torn
Between the real world and his mind.
The ever-present cloud of fear,
Walking that fine line.

Often at his limit,
The angst of horror pending.
Life is easier in his "cave",
Anxiety never-ending.

Fifty years, that constant fear -
Afraid of crowds and noises.
Still "at war" in daily life,
"Survive the day" - No other choices.