

Broken S(oul)dier

Imagine your grounds for battle have been invaded
The turf pleading for redemption, as you descend towards the ground
Your suit of armour collapsing
Your battle scars bleeding
Your wounds open and exposed, charged at by the foreign threat

Perhaps you felt this way
Vulnerable, susceptible, culpable, that is
When your own train of thought was slapped with a label
“Broken soul,” gears, engine, and all
Must be re-wired
Must be re-oiled
Must be rehabilitated
For the battlefield you have descended onto has wounded your innocence
Blemishing your raw and formerly unhindered purity
Toying with what is now involuntary helplessness

Perhaps you feel as if you are to blame,
Like the turf you descended towards
Your bleeding battle scars
And exposed wounds plunged by foreign threat
Were a tri-product of an imbalance or fault
But, please note, my dear traveling soldier
The sentimental winters, mountains, and plateaus that you have soared or sunk into
Present for experience, and attentiveness to equanimity
Of which your opponents will never foresee

Vulnerability, susceptibility, and culpability after you have climbed that mountain
Or enveloped into that plateau
Shall not desecrate your mental integrity
So do not,
Dear soldier,
Be deceived into believing that your psyche slips sleekly into a category
“Broken soul,” gears, engine, and all
That must be re-wired
Must be re-oiled
Must be rehabilitated
Or contend to the invasion of your own battleground