

ABC00008

Age 12

I See RED

Sometimes I look down and remember,

Even though I don't want to, I do.

I hold my Poppy, hold it for a while and think.

Think of the time I accepted the request to go to war.

Palms shaky, though I pulled the trigger.

They see red.

Think of the time we place down landmines.

Head pounding with pain, though I threw the grenade.

They see red.

Think of the day in the hospital bed I lay, before going back home.

Coughing and wheezing, I stopped breathing.

I see red.