

5 A.M again

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By : Kalika997

A poem about a soldier's dreams about peace and the terrible reality of war

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In my dreams, there is silence,  
Lush, green fields tended by smiling people,  
Animals in the woods beyond,  
Birdsong fills the air with its sweet, harmless melody,  
All is peaceful, all is well,  
Then the world shakes and shatters,  
Gunfire fills the air as I'm shoved off my bunk,  
Told to grab my gun and get outside,  
I realise with dread that it's 5 a.m again,  
And the front line awaits my arrival,  
I look around me at the war-torn landscape,  
The muddy sodden ground where the fields once were,  
Rubble and ash where the people once lived,  
Animals have either fled or died in the bullet-riddled trees,  
Truly, I wish this was a horrible dream,  
Because this is a waking nightmare.

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