

The Death of the Armour

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The end of a soldier after the war is over, and the realisation of life starts.



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*The old saggy haggard,
Trying to keep his pace proper,
Moving as if pushed by,
The torn broken Armour.*

*His eyes so sobbed,
His sight more weak,
Veins cut and bruised,
Blood clotted in creeks.*

*The empty battlefield sulk,
The cold wind brushed through,
The smell of agony and mourn,
Along with gun-powder too.*

*The armour no more so bright,
Or shinning like a sun,
Wished to go back home,
Lonely, unknown man.*

*Along the rocks and stones,
Remains the blood and flesh,
The death of dead royals,*

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Cut heads, unidentified face.

The hungry armour thirsty,

Perching on and walk,

The dusk fell upon the sunset,

No stars, and fate and luck.

He finds the globe, fight-less,

Manless, nameless, no food too,

No water, shelter, neighbour,

No aim, so lame and painful.

The rueful journey catwalks,

Silence plays the theme song,

Breathless life acts ruthless,

Who decides whatâs right, whatâs wrong?

He is weary and tired of fighting all life,

He never knew a Life without a war and rife.

The armour so proud of being alive,

In the warfront amidst all deads,

Tonight stooping on the verge of edge,

Embracing silence, peace of death.

His cry that dried, chinned up to sky,

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Prayed for well being of race,

And fell free, to the depth of death,

Died so weak; traceless.

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