

Heroes are Afraid to be Brave

Toby Canino

Once from behind, I watched from afar,
the brave become bloody, returning with scars.
As time went along, the brave grew depleted,
and soon more soldiers were desperately needed.
With confidence weak, and resolve even meeker,
it was my time to fight, for those who were weaker.
My heart beating fast, my lungs stung to breathe,
and that's when I realized it's panic I need.
My nerves tingled with pain, followed by sorrow,
yet I continued to fight, for the promised tomorrow.

Now out in front, with knees on the floor
I continue to fight, though death knocks on my door.
When my heart beats one final drum,
I don't feel the pain, I used to run from.
There is a difference between the brave and the scared,
now that I'm here, I know it's not fair.
We all look brave when we're in the right spot,
the one behind the camera shoots the best shot.
With the sun behind me, there was a nice glare,
his camera then caught me, I had a blank stare.
The edge of my vision, soon became faded
I knew what came next, a celebration most hated.
A cold piece of metal I'll never wear,
call me a star, but my family doesn't care.