

Dead Body Breathing

By Andrew Scott

The nightmare wakes me every time,
pools of sweat cover my body, drenched.
It has been years now but it never leaves.
The horrific images and gaunt faces
flashing over and over in my closed eyes.
I have not slept a full night in so long
that I am starting to look like them.

I was following orders from above.
Starve them, beat them, take their dignity.
They were prisoners and should be treated
worse than a dirty, caged animal.
All prisoners were simply the enemy,

I watched our torturous efforts
day after day, month after month.
Waiting to break their body and spirits.

We did not let them bath,
the stench from their cages
made the strongest gag.
Our vomit was just added
to their night time beds.

I watched them almost vanish.
Soldiers brought to this prison
as officers that stood healthy
turned into skeletons of themselves.
Food and water only in small portions
even when skin barely covered the bone.
Blinking eyes were the only way
that us guards knew if they were alive.

My nightmares are filled
with the horrors that I gave.
The degrading whips to their soul.

Writing Raw

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I was following orders from a coward
that could not do this himself.
He did not have the stomach.
I see that now too.
He will never have to wake like this.
The shaking I experience.
Seeing it all replayed over again.
The dead bodies breathing,
Staring at me.

Andrew Scott bio: Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as published worldwide in such publications as The Art of Being Human, Battered Shadows and The Broken Ones. His books, Snake With A Flower, The Phoenix Has Risen and The Storm Is Coming are available now. To contact Andrew: <http://twitter.com/JustMaritimeBoy>, <http://andrewmccott.com>, <http://www.facebook.com/andymccott>, <http://www.facebook.com/JustaMaritimeBoy>