

THE LONELIEST POST

Sunlight reflecting off the always sharp razor wire
As the armed guard walks his lonely post
His eyes scanning left and right as he walks
His rifle always held in the ready position
His finger always resting on the trigger guard
As I watch him through the bars on my window
I wonder what he thinks about as he walks his post
Does he hope for the chance to use his rifle?
Does he pretend that he is a soldier guarding the enemy?
Does he hope for the day that someone tries to escape?
Does he hope that someone would try to scale his fence?
Giving him the reason he needed and hoped for
To be able to discharge his weapon in the line of duty
Or is he just simply waiting for his long, lonely shift to end
For his eight hours to be over
For his uniform to come off
To become a regular man once again
To go home to his other life
To be just a husband or father once again
To no longer carry that burden
The burden of that weapon & uniform
And all the responsibilities that go with them
Even if it is only for just a few hours at a time
Only to wake up the next morning
Put on that uniform once again
Return to that lonely post once again
Walking with his eyes scanning to the left and the right
His rifle held in the ready position
His finger always resting on the trigger guard
Walking back and forth underneath the shining razor wire
Just waiting for his lonely shift to come to an end once again.

By John Raymond