Perpetual Unwinding

By Nakeysha Roberts

Flowers cover the graves of the soldiers while Agent Orange continues “defoliate,” stripping away lives.
Layers of skin peel away one by one.

DOW’s concoction gave Uncle Randy cancer. Lying in his bed, eyes full of what could have been and tears.
He cries because every time I visit, I am older, which illustrates on the cruel easel—time that he had been POW to his VA sick bed.
He cries because every time I visit, too much time has passed, which reminds him of the time that he wasn’t able to see Nikki and Danny grow.
It takes years and years for him to die.

Just as flower children adorned their heads with laurel wreaths, flowers now cover the grave of the flower child.
It is still near his head isn’t it?

Still waiting for peace to shape life, flowers spring now and will later cover the headstones of heads that will be blown up tonight because they are too near the detonation.
What difference does it make?
It is all in the name of Martyrdom in one religion or the next.

Poor, faithful soldier, is your sacrifice in vain?